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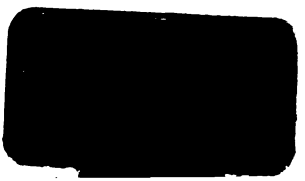
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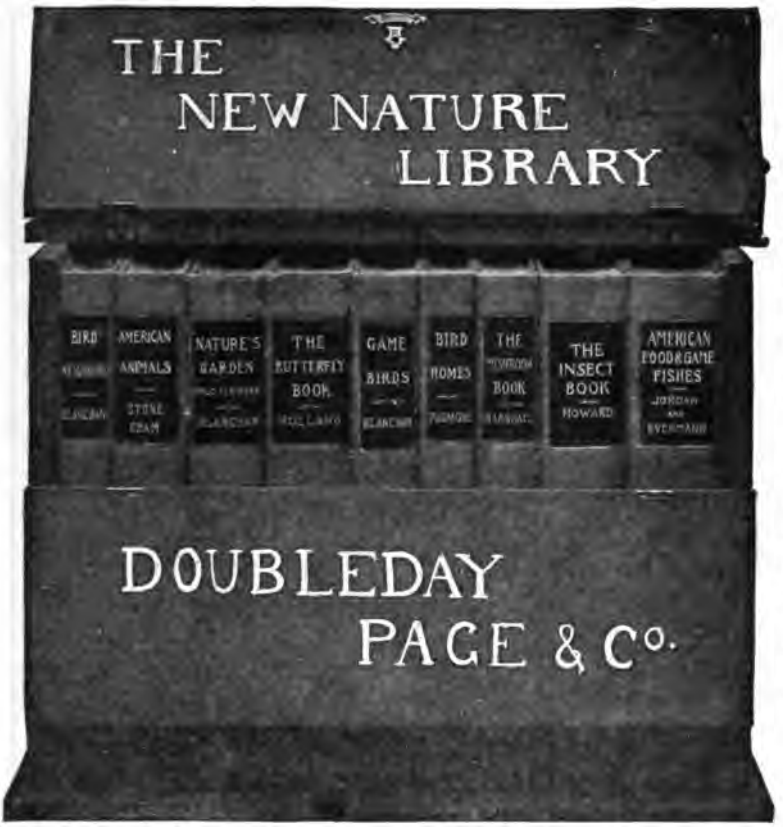
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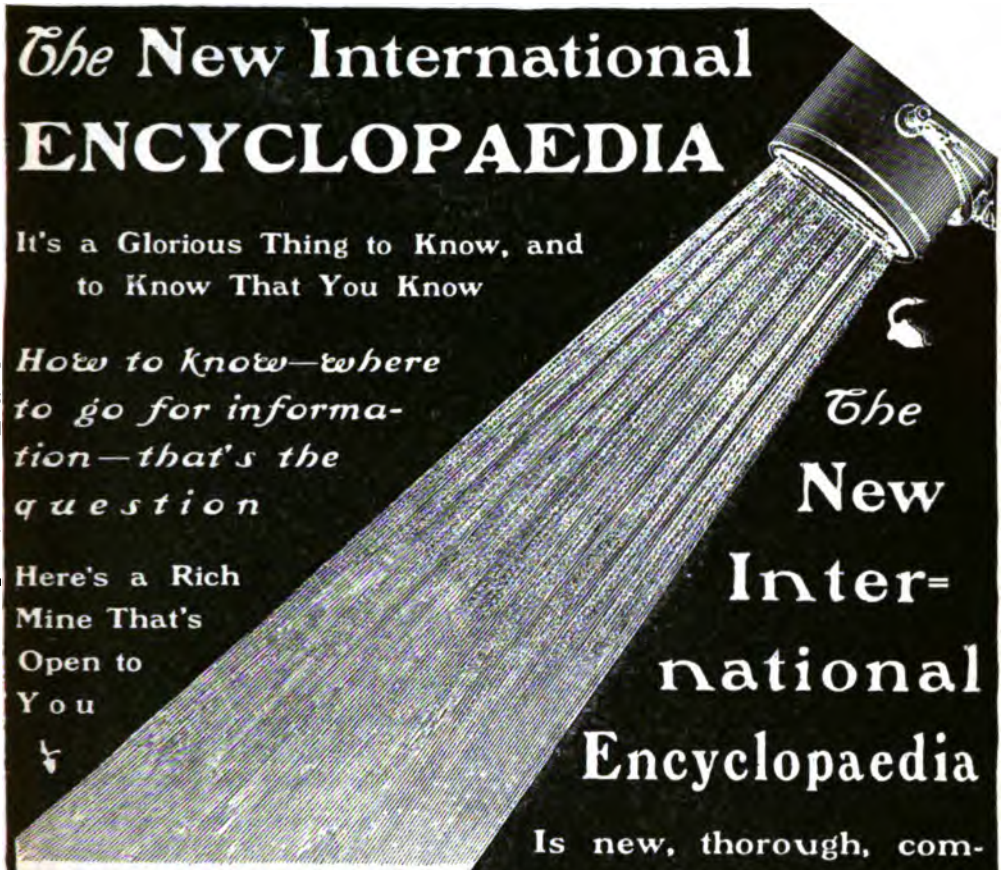
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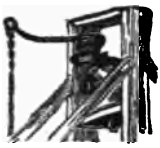
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The Late B. L. Farjeon

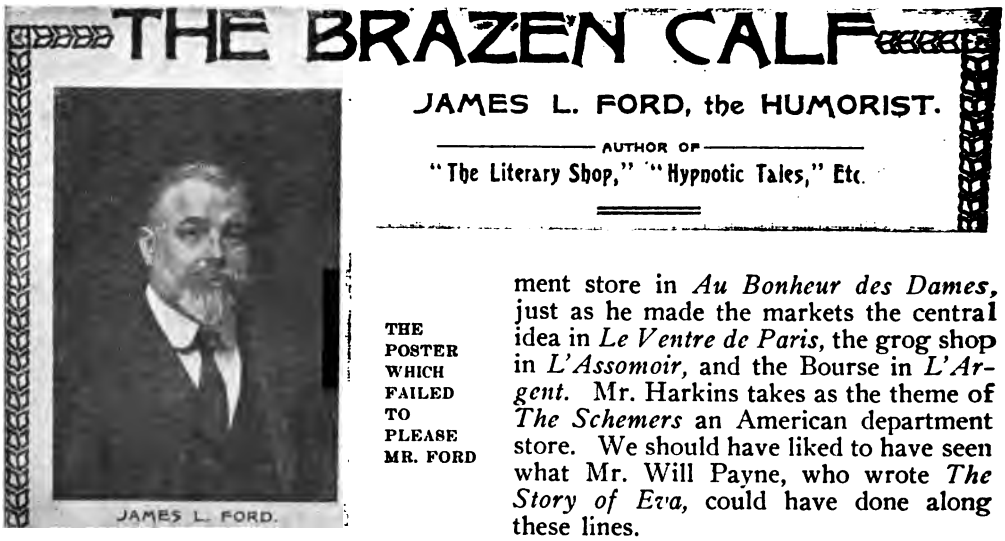
B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist, who died late in July, was a very industrious disciple of Charles Dickens, and a writer of some talent. His early career was somewhat changeable and adventurous, in great contrast to the steady, peaceful routine of his later life. He went out to Australia, and became engaged as a newspaper man, attaining considerable success, having a share in his paper, as well as the editorship. But he greatly preferred imaginative work to the dull routine of journalism, and he was fortunate enough to obtain the praise and friendship of Dickens. Thus encouraged, he returned to England, and began as a novelist. At first he had considerable success, in particular with his Christmas stories. He worked on diligently to the end, but though always acceptable to a large circle of readers, his popularity was not maintained. Mr. Farjeon set himself indomitably to meet the circumstances. Probably no novelist in London worked harder than he. His work-day was incredibly long, and all of it filled with toil. It would be interesting to know the exact number of words he turned out in a year. The great thing is that he was happy in his work. He did not whine, and he found his pleasure in his task. Mr. Farjeon was a man of the highest character, and he was greatly sustained in his labour by the brightness and affection of his home. His wife was a daughter of Joseph Jefferson. Mr. Farjeon once had the curious experience of meeting one of his own stories printed without alteration except that the title was changed and the author's name—to that of a woman.

Mr. Salt

A story which we are awaiting with some interest and curiosity is Mr. Will Payne's *Mr. Salt,* which, like his former books, is to deal with business and Chicago. While *The Story of Eva* and *On Fortune's Road* were not entirely satis-



MR. WILL PAYNE.



THE POSTER WHICH FAILED TO PLEASE MR. FORD

factory, they were books far above the average in every way, and suggested very large possibilities in their author. So we shall take up *Mr. Salt,* with the hope that these possibilities have been realized. According to the publishers' announcement, "success in business and in love is the keynote of this story." *Mr. Salt* belongs to the robust race of men to whom life is a great game. The outward action of the story moves through the cycle of hard times beginning with 1893, when it was a fight to maintain the trust, to the time of the high tide of industrial prosperity. "The action includes some stirring occurrences of 'the Street' during the panic, some of the quieter but not less activities inside of a big bank, and the formation of a trust."

The Department Store in Fiction

A good many American writers have attempted to follow in Zola's footsteps, and in all but a few cases these attempts have resulted in ignominious failure. The late Mr. Frank Norris came about as near to success as any, and with *The Octopus* he gave us what was at least a very passable imitation. But Mr. Norris had saturated himself with Zola before he began to write, whereas others confine themselves to imitating him merely along the broad lines. For instance, it is nothing but the general idea that suggests Zola in Mr. E. F. Harkins' *The Schemers.* Zola described the Paris department store in *Au Bonheur des Dames,* just as he made the markets the central idea in *Le Ventre de Paris,* the grog shop in *L'Assomoir,* and the Bourse in *L'Argent.* Mr. Harkins takes as the theme of *The Schemers* an American department store. We should have liked to have seen what Mr. Will Payne, who wrote *The Story of Eva,* could have done along these lines.

The Brazen Calf

Among the autumn publications there is to be a book called *The Brazen Calf,* in which Mr. James L. Ford, who is best known as the author of *The Literary Shop,* aims to satirise the society columns of the yellow journals, and the people who read them and believe in them with snobbish enthusiasm. The first poster design for the purpose of advertising the book on the news stands was the one which we herewith present. We fear that while Mr. Ford undoubtedly possesses a sense of the humorous, he is just a little bit lacking when it comes to a sense of humour. For some reason or other he did not seem to appreciate this poster at all. In fact, he objected forcibly, and said it wouldn't do.

Word Snobbishness

A writer for one of the magazines complains that accuracy in the use of words has given him more trouble than the thing is worth. He says there are many words which it is unsafe to use correctly,—unsafe in fact, to use at all,—because they "have been marked with the red flag of danger," by compilers of books on words and their uses, and people think there must be something the matter with them. He writes too timidly for so good a cause. He should have said that there is a large class of persons who are fairly eaten up with word-snobbish-

ness, apostles of petrifaction, who hate to see the language grow, mere insects of style, who insist that "To-morrow will be Tuesday," and say "Cannot you." Many a man's entire being is wrapped up in a few pet accuracies of diction; he thinks they are the whole of "culture." Many a man looks as complacent when he says "literatyoor" as a naked Zulu in a high



CAROLINE ATWOOD MASON, AUTHOR OF "HOLT OF HEATHFIELD."

hat. We all have our word prejudices, and on no account should we part with them, for they add to the zest of life. We cling to some small propriety as much as to say by this sign ye shall know me. You say, "His success was phenomenal," and I sneer. I say, "T'aint either," and you chuckle. And we each feel pleased and superior, which, no doubt, is why the angels brought us together. These innocent, unproclaimed triumphs make the heart of man beat faster, and it is often an act of kindness to use bad English to your neighbour just to give him a glow. We once made a party of Englishmen happy for a week, merely by deliberately mispronouncing a word or two in every sentence, thus giving them enough "Americanisms" to last their whole lives. But some of us have grown as conscious of our words as Matthew Arnold said we were of our clothes on Fifth Avenue. As some men write, their faces contrast with the pains they are taking. Style to them is a martyrdom of word-etiquette. Better to eat placidly with a knife than to strug-

gle horribly in public against doing so, and an occasional tumble in print is far pleasanter to see than the mincing steps of the verbal parvenu. Most of the discussions over words arise from the nervousness of the suddenly educated. They are scared by the richness of the language. A man once wrote a paper rebuking all verbal ambiguities, even the most innocent and long-established. Some one had referred to the "conduct of a newspaper." Do you mean the behaviour of a newspaper? said he. "A strange case," said another, and he immediately asked if he meant a strange crate or package; and so he went on, saying, finally that he had a note-book full of other instances, equally flagrant which he would some day give to the world. And there are many like him—zealots of



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

systematic illiteracy, disinheritors of words, slaves of a half-savage punctilio, a sort of shabby, foot-note, literary gentility that gives them no peace. Not that we care how much they suffer or what becomes of them. No doubt the madhouses are full of demoniacs who mutter "Was I graduated" or "Did I graduate," and rend their flesh. No doubt there are



LAYING THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE MAISON DE RETRAITE POUR LES ARTISTES DRAMATIQUES ET LYRIQUES AT PONT AU DAMES, NEAR PARIS.

This institution, the first of its kind in the world, is due to the efforts of Coquelin ainé and M. Waldeck-Rousseau, and to the liberality of many prominent persons. Three hundred thousand francs has already been raised to provide a home for broken down actors and playwrights. In the centre of the group may be seen Coquelin, Waldeck-Rousseau, Gaston Neunier and Jules Claretie.

dreadful scenes when the deathbed holds them in their last parenthesis and the last rattling sentence breaks off hideously in aposiopesis or leaves a preposition at the end. It is nothing to us. Our sole concern is the welfare of the others—the people who do not write to the newspapers to find out whether they were born "in" or "at"; minds that have never yet debated "She married him—he married her."

Déjeuner à la Fourchette

The following communication from Mr. Edward W. Townsend needs no comment:

To the Editors of "The Bookman."

GENTLEMEN: I am disposed to blame Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé for so long concealing from the public certain information he seems to possess relating to breakfast. Now that he has consented to enlighten the subject, I rejoice none the less that, by way of a start, he has exposed my ignorance. The matter is of enough importance, aside from the incident of my eclipse, to justify a warning; and in this I am willing to picture myself —and Joseph, and Frédéric—in the character of terrible examples. Mr. Vielé, in his review of my novelette, *A Summer in New York*, in the August BOOKMAN, wrote:

"Alice is introduced at Claremont to 'such a breakfast as we used to have at Paris,' and—shades of Le Grand Vatel! —the repast begins with Petite Marmite!" .

One evening in Paris, while dining at Joseph's, that inspired chef with his own hands, and in the presence of the diners, prepared for me a course which he described on the signed menu I still cherish,



ELLIS P. OBERHOLTZER.

as "La sole à Breteuil with osters." Joseph had been in this country for a time presiding over the cuisine of a Vanderbilt, before he returned to Paris and opened the Restaurant de Marivaux, and was proud of his English—hence "osters." After dinner Joseph invited me to breakfast at noon on the following day. I had an engagement, but Joseph insisted, "Because," said he, and the pride in his eyes would have made Mr. Vielé's despair, "because, for to-morrow's breakfast I shall prepare the *petite marmite myself!*" Poor Joseph! I am glad that he passed to a better place than even Paris before I had been exposed by Mr. Vielé. In Paris, also, I sometimes breakfasted at Frédéric's, which, as Mr. Vielé knows, is at the sign of La Tour d'Argent, 15 Quai de la Tournelle. I noted that on a certain day of the week there breakfasted there several men whom Paris—still groping in mists of ignorance which Mr. Vielé should long ago have dispelled—thought well of as *bons vivants.* "Why," I inquired, "do these men make a habit of breakfasting here on this day?" "Because," answered Frédéric of the side whiskers, proudly, "on this day the *petite marmite* is of a grand excellence."

Mr. Vielé summons the shade of Le Grand Vatel to bear witness to my ignorance, and I therefore am led to wonder if the cause of Vatel's suicide has been correctly stated in history. Is it likely that because the chef of the Prince of Condé did not have enough *fish* for breakfast he threw himself upon his sword? Has not Mr. Vielé exclusive information that Vatel died because he did not have enough *doughnuts* to serve Louis XIV. at *déjeuner à la fourchette?*

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

Robert Morris: Statesman and Financier

Dr. Ellis P. Oberholtzer's *Robert Morris: Patriot and Financier* will be a biography of one of the great men of the Revolution and the early days of the United States. Morris has been comparatively neglected by historians and biographers. Of late a good deal of new material about him, in the form of a large mass of unpublished and unused correspondence, has come to light. With its aid Dr. Oberholtzer has been enabled to write his biography. The author is a Philadelphian of considerable experience in historical research, who has devoted a good deai of time to collecting information from various sources about the career of his subject.

A portion of this new material is derived from sixteen manuscript volumes of papers which were acquired by the Library of Congress from the John Meredith Read estate. The adventures of these manuscript volumes would almost make a romance; the point at present is that they have been at length rescued from obscurity and put to their proper use. Of these sixteen volumes, three comprise Morris' official diary. The

entries extend from February 7, 1781, to September 30, 1784, and embrace his entire term of office as Superintendent of Finance. The next seven volumes are his official letter books, covering about the same period. The next three volumes are private letter books, and two others contain official copies of the journals of Congress; while the last is a transcript of the accounts rendered to Congress by Beaumarchais. It seems probable that this biography of the man who brought the budding country through its financial straits will rouse fresh interest in a man whose splendid services have been allowed to suffer undeserved neglect.

The Late Phil May

The death of Phil May was not only a serious loss to English comic art; it was an unexpected loss, for the artist was not yet forty years of age. It was different in the case of Du Maurier, whose successor May became in the pages of *Punch,* for when the author of *Trilby* died it was after long years of yeoman service to British humour; and while his loss was universally regretted, it was felt that he had done all of his best work, both with his pencil and with his pen. To Phil May, however, we had looked for twenty-five or thirty years more of varied achievement. Born in Leeds, in 1864, after a brief schooling he was apprenticed to a lawyer, but he did not stay there very long, joining a theatrical company, to which he was exceedingly useful as a designer of posters. Then he married and went to Australia to work for the Sydney *Bulletin.* On his return he speedily won recognition in London, doing work for the *Graphic Sketch* and other periodicals until finally his sketches began appearing in London *Punch* and in February, 1895, he was invited to take his seat at the famous *Punch* table. After Mr. du Maurier's death in 1896, Phil May became *Punch's* leading artist in social pictorial satire. Yet it was a far cry from the Belgravia and Bohemia in which du Maurier found his inspiration to the East End types among which May's best work was done. His publications include *Phil May's Gutter Snipes,* from which the accompanying illustration is reproduced, and *Phil May's Sketch Book,* which contained many of his drawings for *Punch* and *Black and White.*



THE LATE PHIL MAY.

Some Famous French Comic Papers

We believe that it will be news to most people that there was at one time a Paris Punch modelled on the lines of the famous London Weekly. Such a paper, however, had a brief existence, and how closely it resembled the publication founded by Mark Lemon will be seen from the accompanying reproduction of



THE FIRST POSTER OF LA CARICATURE, 1830.

over the *Nain Jaune* of the reign of Louis XVIII. we come to the famous *La Caricature,* which played such a part in the reign of Louis Phillipe. Established in 1830, and suppressed in 1835, *La Caricature* did much to stimulate pictorial satire. It was admirably edited by Philpoen; it had Balzac as a writer on its staff; and among the eminent artists it employed were Daumier, Grandville, Henry Monnier, David, Wattier, Pigal, and Traviés. The illustration which we present is a reproduction of the poster of this paper's first number in 1830. *L'Eclipse,* which was founded early in 1868, suspended publication from September, 1870, until June, 1871. But during these nine months of national disaster the jour-

its cover. *Punch à Paris* was illustrated by no less an artist than Cham. Six numbers were printed, beginning in February, 1850, and ending in June of the same year.

Punch à Paris naturally suggests the subject of the comic weekly in a country where it has flourished so well. Passing

nal issued five supplementary sheets with drawings by Gill. The old *L'Eclipse* ceased to exist in June, 1876, and in July of the same year the later *L'Eclipse* came into existence. Among comic papers which have been associated with the name of some individual artist were: The *Musée Philipon*, published in 1842; *La Parodie*, which bore the name of Andre Gill on the cover; the Parisian comic journal, the most widely circulated outside of France. *La Vie Parisienne* was established in 1863. Its first director was Marcelin. Grand-Carteret in his important work, *"Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France,"* refers to this journal as "the most important, the best conceived, the best executed of journals of worldy fantasy and light illustrations—light in the spirit of good society, and, above all, in the note of the Second Empire.

The Smoking Room in Fact and Fiction

Last month we were discussing at some length the subject of the sea in fiction and the admirable treatment which the man before the mast has received in recent fiction. Now since the forecastle is receiving so much discriminate attention is it quite fair that another side of life on the ocean, that dealing with those persons to whom Kipling's dour Scotch engineer, MacAndrews, refers contemptuously as "them first-class passengers," should be entirely ignored? The sailors in the rigging and the stokers down at the mouths of the furnaces may lead more exhausting and exciting lives, but is there not a little bit of romance to be found in the dining saloon, on the promenade deck and in the smoking-room? Occasionally a novelist brings in an ocean greyhound as the background for a deck-chair courtship, but the sea really has nothing more to do with the matter than if the game were being played out at Trouville or Narragansett. Typical books of this kind were Marion Crawford's *Dr. Claudius* and Richard Harding Davis's *The Princess Aline*. Mr. Davis brought in a real touch of the sea in the last chapter of *Soldiers of Fortune*, but it is a side of life which is particularly suited to his method of work, and one of which he has not made nearly enough use; so, after all, there remains only Mr. Kipling to whom one may turn for a glimpse of the adventurous in the lives of the passengers, and even then it is but a glimpse confined to A Matter of Fact which deals with three journalists on a tramp steamer in the South Atlantic, a few tales about Hans Breitman and the opening chapter of *Captains Courageous*.

The first chapter of *Captains Courageous* stands at present as the most complete picture of the smoking room of an ocean liner that has yet been shown in fiction, and any one who has ever spent many hours of an ocean voyage in that part of the vessel must have immediately been struck by the absolute and happy ac-
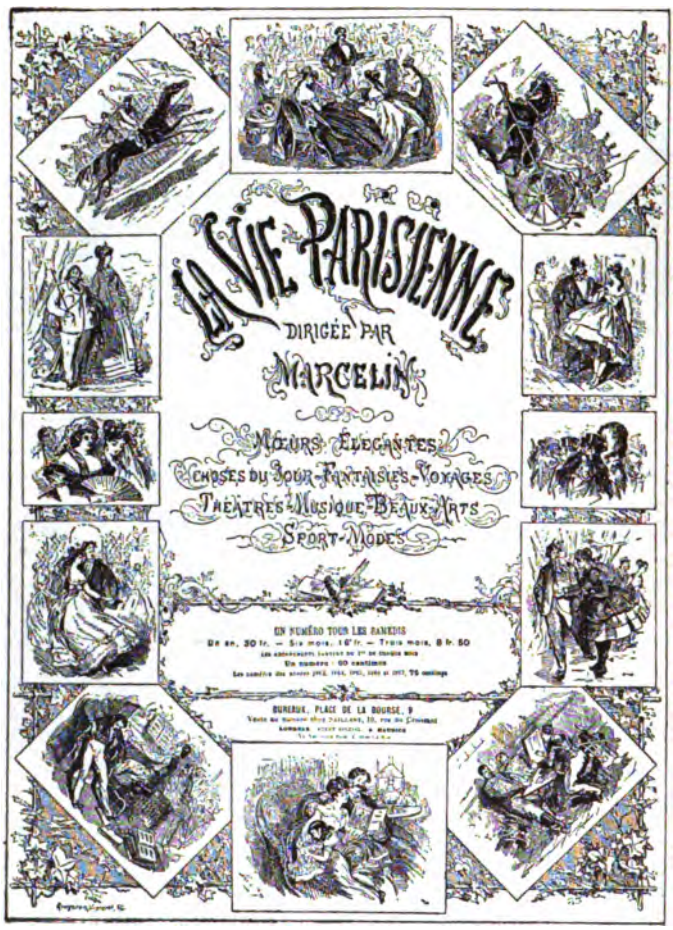


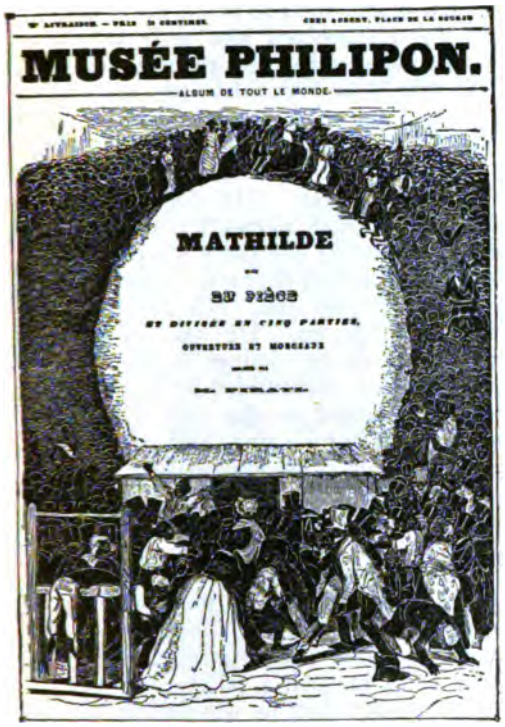
PARIS PUNCH, 1850.

curacy of the types of its frequenters. There were so many true touches in so brief a space that one felt instinctively that it was only Mr. Kipling who could have done it. Harvey Cheyne was by no means an essential of the picture, although there is hardly an ocean trip but what some badly disciplined American child of one sex or the other will be found to thrust himself or herself noisily in, but who does not recognise the stout German who gave Harvey the big black cigar? Turning again to the book we are amazed to find that so little of him

has been put down in cold type, for we certainly know him as well as if we had spent six hours a day in his company during a eight day trip. He is in business some where in Brazil or one of the other South American Republics; he has crossed the Atlantic thirty odd times and the Pacific four or five; he can tell you off-hand about the hotel accommodations in Singapore and the best way to establish railway connections between Calcutta and Bombay. And above all he does not realise that he is travelling; somehow he looks upon all this globe trotting in the same spirit that the commuter regards his morning and evening journey, in which respect he differs very much from the gentleman opposite who is taking his first trip abroad, who hails from Evanston, Ill., and who will genially impart that information wherever he may go in Europe.

Over in another corner of the smoking room, his head covered with a nautical cap of wondrous design, is "Pa," who may be briefly described as the husband of "Ma." "Pa" does not spend a great deal of time in the smoking room; in fact, he looks upon the place, its atmosphere, its card playing, and its fondness for sherry and bitters and Scotch soda, with an eye of stern disfavour. It is the first time that he and "Ma" have ventured to cross what they call "the big pond," and for months they have been labouring under tremendous excitement. Two weeks later you will perhaps run across him in the smoking-room of some London hotel. They have already done the Trossacs, Edinburgh, and the English cathedral towns, and lacking "Ma's" iron will and determination to take in everything, he is tired of sight-seeing and yearning for





home. He has cornered the smoking-room waiter and is explaining to him, enthusiastically how they work the Volunteer Fire Department in his native town in America. The waiter is saying "Yes, sir; yes sir; quite so, sir!" and struggling to escape. "Pa" does not realise this; he is human; he is lonely, and he belongs to that certain class of Americans of which more experienced compatriots cannot always be proud abroad. On the ship "Pa" and "Ma" insist on sitting at the Captain's table, right next to the Captain. At every meal throughout the voyage they ply the genial officer as to the prices of the various hotels in Europe. They are astonished and disappointed beyond measure at his lack of specific knowledge.

*

"Pa's" belief in the iniquity of this portion of the ship becomes positive conviction as he looks sternly across the room to a corner where two gentlemen are dozing uneasily. In a few minutes they will awake and will immediately touch the electric button that calls the smoking-room steward who will bring them more whiskey and soda, of which they have already had a little too much. They will generously invite every one in the smoking-room to join them, and will beam amiably on "Pa," utterly oblivious of that worthy's disapproval. Despite appearances they are not the hardened reprobates that one might imagine. They are simply, at too late an age, making their first trip abroad. In his own town at home each is a worthy, respected, and industrious citizen; but this is a new experience to them, and it has somehow got into their heads that it is to be accompanied by an entire upheaval of established habits. A common friend brought them together just before the beginning of the voyage and they decided to share the same stateroom. If you will believe either of them implicitly you will reach the conclusion that neither has been thoroughly satisfied with the arrangement. Each will take you aside confidentially, refer apologetically to the other as "the old fellow," deplore in hazy accents the other's fondness for tippling, and characterise his behaviour in general as "disgraceful." Each will assure you twenty times a day that he never knew the other before this trip. Nevertheless they will beam at each other for hours every day over their glasses, each will play on the





other countless practical jokes, and tomorrow morning each will take you aside confidentially and tell you of the trouble he had getting the other to bed the night before. The London that they will see will be the Criterion American bar; their knowledge of Paris will be confined to Henri's with a hazy evening at a café chantant, and another in company with a *guide interprête,* with an account of which on their return they will regale their friends to the end of their days.

The farce element is there, and the tragic element is not lacking. There is nothing in the demeanour of that wizened yellow Brazilian who is forever rolling cigarettes dexterously with his trembling fingers that leads you to suppose that in his head there is the certain knowledge that thirty days hence he shall have ceased to live. But coldly, impassively, he has just imparted that fact together with the story of his life to a compatriot. Inheriting a great fortune at an early age he rushed into vice and dissipation with the evil precocity of the South American, and after fifteen years of lavish and hideous debauch had found himself shattered in body and with but a pittance of his great fortune left. One day, about three weeks ago, he felt a strange thumping in his chest, and went to his physician. The physician examined him with a face of darkening gravity, and then bluntly told him that he had less than two months to live, and that there was no power on earth that could save him. The Brazilian took the news calmly, and sat down to ponder the matter over. He found that he had just enough money left to take him to Paris and to live there for one month in that shameless depravity which he had come to love so well. His mind was instantly made up. He had to die; he would die in the manner he would have liked to live, surrounded by those scenes which appealed to the evil which was paramount in his nature and which alone could stir his jaded imagination.

There is nothing about the smoking-room of an ocean liner that should suggest Mr. Henry James' *Daisy Miller*—beyond the fact that we recently re-read that book in such a place—and yet the two together start us wondering why no American novelist of recent years has seriously taken up as a theme the idea of the New Americans Abroad. Now *Daisy Miller* was all right. It belonged to a period when all Americans abroad were supposed to be eccentric and rich. American men were thought by Europeans to be all Hirams and Joshuas and when they crossed the water in search of their spouses and daughters they delighted Europeans by their lavishness and their manner of saying "I reckon," "you bet," and "to hum." This type has given way to another which is much less popular, and if Miss Daisy Miller is still to be found along the shores of Lake Geneva or about the Colosseum by moonlight, all we can say is that she is a very much changed young lady. Europeans have ceased to associate us with the ideas of vast wealth and eccentricity; and unfortunately have had too much occasion to think of us in connection with dishonest and undisciplined American jockeys, the schemes of wily American confidence men, and the successes of American millionaires who have pitted their rouleaux against the bank of Monte Carlo. Of course this charge is unjust, but it is suggestive. It is a certain phase of the new American abroad.

THE POEMS IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

Fifty years ago the child world was made glad by the appearance of Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland.* It is a universal story and so belongs to all time. It has never gone out of fashion and never will as long as children love wonder-stories and grown-ups have young hearts.

But those who read the book when it was first published found in it a delight which the child of to-day misses. Fifty years ago certain poems appeared in every reader and were read over and over again until the child was stupid indeed who did not unconsciously learn them by heart. To-day there is a new fashion in literature. Children are whirled from one supplementary reader to another, conning graceful rhymes and pretty stories all illustrated with artistic pictures, but the old things have passed away.

All the poems in *Alice in Wonderland* are parodies upon these once familiar rhymes. Scattered lines of the poems cling to the minds of older people; they remember being once familiar with them; they recognise the metre and can sometimes repeat two or three opening lines, but the complete poem eludes them, and the author they probably never did know. The children of to-day do not know the verses at all, and as a parody ceases to be a parody without the original poem as a background, the trouble of gathering these originals seems worth while.

After Alice had fallen down the rabbit hole and had passed through her first transformation, when she shut up like a telescope until she was only ten inches high and then grew bigger and bigger until "her head struck the roof of the hall," she became confused as to her identity. To make sure of it she tried to repeat a little poem which everybody in those days knew by heart, and to such children it was very funny when it came all wrong and she says,

"How doth the little crocodile
Improve his shining tail,"

when she thought she was repeating that highly moral poem by Isaac Watts,

AGAINST IDLENESS AND MISCHIEF.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be passed,
That I may give for every day
Some good account at last.

Again, in her conversation with the Caterpillar, Alice told him that being so many different sizes in a day was very confusing, as he would find when he changed into a chrysalis and then into a butterfly. She confessed that she could not remember things and told her experience with "How doth the little busy bee." The Caterpillar, wishing to test the matter, ordered her to say, "You are old, father William." How well she succeeded will appear from comparing what she said with what she thought she was going to say.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORTS AND HOW HE GAINED THEM.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"The few locks that are left you are grey;
You are hale, father William, a hearty old man;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remember'd that youth would fly fast,
And abus'd not my health and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away,
And yet you lament not the days that are
gone;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William
replied,
"I remember'd that youth could not last;
I thought of the future whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man
cried,
"And life must be hast'ning away;
You are cheerful and love to converse upon
death;
Now tell me the reason, I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William
replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage;
In the days of my youth I remember'd my
God,
And he hath not forgotten my age."

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

The Duchess's song to the pig baby,

"Speak roughly to your little boy
And beat him when he sneezes,"

is an absurdity in itself, but a much greater one when contrasted with its serious parallel. There is evidently some uncertainty as to the author of this poem, for it occasionally appears as anonymous, but is generally credited as below.

SPEAK GENTLY.

Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by love than fear;
Speak gently; let no harsh word mar
The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the little child;
Its love be sure to gain;
Teach it in accents soft and mild;
It may not long remain.

Speak gently to the young; for they
Will have enough to bear;
Pass through this life as best they may,
'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart;
Whose sands of life are nearly run,
Let such in peace depart.

Speak gently, kindly to the poor;
Let no harsh tone be heard;
They have enough they must endure,
Without an unkind word.

Speak gently to the erring; know
They must have toiled in vain;
Perchance unkindness made them so;
Oh, win them back again.

Speak gently; Love doth whisper low
The vows that true hearts bind,
And gently Friendship's accents flow;
Affection's voice is kind.

Speak gently; 'tis a little thing
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy, that it may bring,
Eternity shall tell.

G. W. LANGFORD.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little bat," which the Hatter said that he sang at the concert given by the Queen of Hearts, is the most familiarly suggestive of them all.

Jane and Ann Taylor were two English sisters who wrote together, publishing their poems under such titles as "Original Poems for Infant Minds" and "Hymns for Infant Minds." Jane was supposed to have written most of them, and this one carries her signature.

THE STAR.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

Then the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark:
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know not what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

JANE TAYLOR.

Mary Howitt wrote "The Spider and the Fly," the first stanza of which originally read,

"Will you walk into my parlour?" said the
spider to the fly,
" 'Tis the prettiest little parlour that ever you
did spy.

The way into my parlour is up a winding stair,
And I've got many curious things to show when you are there."
"Oh, no, no," said the little fly, "to ask me is in vain,
For who goes up your winding stair can ne'er come down again."

This poem has suffered various modifications and several versions appear in print, but the quoted stanza is doubtless from the original one. The beat of the metre is very perfectly kept in the Mock Turtle's "Will you walk a little faster?"

" 'Tis the voice of the lobster" which Alice repeats at the gruff order of the gryphon, returns to Isaac Watts. Probably no poem in the book is further removed from modern thought and modern literary ideals than this one.

THE SLUGGARD.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I heard him complain,
"You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber again."
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed,
Turns his sides and his shoulders and his heavy head.

"A little more sleep, and a little more slumber;"
Thus he wastes half his days, and his hours without number,
And when he gets up, he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about sauntering, or trifling he stands.

I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hung on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes till he starves or he begs.

I made him a visit, still hoping to find
That he took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking:
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

Said I then to my heart, "Here's a lesson for me:
This man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading."

"Beautiful Soup" is a very funny parody upon a popular song of the time and runs as follows:

STAR OF THE EVENING.

Beautiful star in heav'n so bright,
Softly falls thy silv'ry light,
As thou movest from earth afar,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

CHORUS:

Beautiful star,
Beautiful star,
Star of the evening, beautiful star.

In Fancy's eye thou seem'st to say,
Follow me, come from earth away.
Upward thy spirit's pinions try,
To realms of love beyond the sky.

Shine on, oh star of love divine,
And may our soul's affection twine
Around thee as thou movest afar,
Star of the twilight, beautiful star.

JAMES M. SAYLE.

The most delightful part of the parody is the division of the words in the refrain in imitation of the approved method of singing the song, with its holds and its sentimental stress upon the last word.

Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
"Beau—ootiful Soo—oop!
Soo—oop of the e—e—evening,
Beautiful, beauti—FUL SOUP!"

The poem upon which the last parody is based is not as well known as most of the others, the first two lines being the only ones often quoted.

ALICE GRAY.

She's all my fancy painted her, she's lovely, she's divine,
But her heart it is another's, she never can be mine.
Yet loved I as man never loved, a love without decay,
Oh, my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.

Her dark brown hair is braided o'er a brow of spotless white,
Her soft blue eye now languishes, now flashes with delight;
Her hair is braided not for me, the eye is turned away,
Yet my heart, my heart is breaking for the love of Alice Gray.

I've sunk beneath the summer's sun, and trembled in the blast,
But my pilgrimage is nearly done, the weary conflict's past;
And when the green sod wraps my grave, may pity haply say,
Oh, his heart, his heart is broken for the love of Alice Gray!

WILLIAM MEE.

Carroll's first writing followed the wording in the original first stanza and began:

"She's all my fancy painted him
(I make no idle boast);
If he or you had lost a limb,
Which would have suffered most?"

But for some unknown reason he dropped the first stanza, beginning with the second, thus obliterating all evident resemblance between parody and original.

The parody is not the highest form of wit and not the most skilful form of verse, but Lewis Carroll has done these eight so well that doubtless some of them will live after the originals are forgotten. Even now, in order to search them out, it has been necessary to beat the dust from many a forgotten volume in a library's unmolested corners, but the nonsense rhymes they suggested are jingling upon the tongues of children the wide world over and mingling with their happy laughter.

Florence Milner.

A VISION OF TRUTH

Truth stood upon the border of her well,
Naked she was, her cloud of sunlit hair
Caught the warm rays that kissed her shoulder bare,
And passed caressing downward to her feet.
Most still she stood, her body flushed and fair,
Her head was bowed, her lips, surpassing sweet,
Smiled softly as the sunshine round her fell.

In the cool water she is mirrored clear.
There shines the blue unclouded of the skies
Deep in the heaven of her downcast eyes.
Its very likeness, rarer far is seen,
And where the ripple on the water lies,
Around her close the walk of tender green,
And trembling clasp her, living warm and dear.

And he who sought her saw the wondrous light
That round her glows and stayed his steps in awe,
And while the perfect vision raft he saw,
A mist arose wherein she slowly sank,
Nor might he to his arms her beauty draw.
Yet of the living water deep he drank,
And still in dreams she stands before him bright.

John Curtis Underwood.

THE REAL EVANGELINE

The completeness with which the spell of Longfellow's "Evangeline" has fallen on a large part of the Bayou Teche country in Louisiana is an illustration of how a people may rise to an ideal. With no direct knowledge of the country, or of the bayou that figures so prominently in the poem, Mr. Longfellow yet framed a number of sonorous and apt descriptive generalities that are now more often used than the real facts. Stranger yet, the fiction of the poem has almost become a reality. At the very mouth of the Teche "Evangeline" oaks are pointed out. In the town of St. Martinville are more "Evangeline" trees. In the same town the site of the home of "Basil the Blacksmith" is fixed near an oak bearing his name. The village priest does not hesitate to say that he can no longer show you "Evangeline's grave," because the rebuilding of the old Acadian church forty years ago extended a corner of it over the tomb.



EVANGELINE OAKS, MOUTH OF THE TECHE.

Throughout the country, in the yet extensive Acadian settlements, the "Evangeline" sentiment is as pronounced. Weavers of homespun like to designate their products as "Evangeline" blankets or "Evangeline" portières, and antique buyers from New Orleans never fail to dub quaint desks and chairs "Evangeline." A few citizens will even point out the old plantation where the poet was entertained when he visited this country.

Although there is nothing to show that Longfellow was ever in Louisiana, his description of the Teche and the Atchafalaya lakes was not builded altogether on fancy. There is reason to believe that his knowledge of the region came from a well-known citizen of that State. There is even more reason to believe that he was told at the same time the story out of which came the poem itself; not the story as he told it, but the tale of the "real Evangeline."

One of the honoured names in Louisiana history is that of Alexander Mouton, Governor of the State in 1842 and a United States Senator subsequently, Governor Mouton was an Acadian and was born in the Teche country. His nephew is now a prominent citizen of the town of New Iberia, and this gentleman has no hesitancy in saying that Senator Mouton, while in the East, met and be-

came the intimate friend of Longfellow. Senator Mouton was a scholar of taste, and particularly felicitous in descriptive writing. In him the story of the exiled Acadian was a part of his family history. His grandmother, an exile herself, had come as a girl to Louisiana, and out of her participation in the Nova Scotia tragedy arose the tale that Senator Mouton is said to have given to the poet along with his description of the natural beauties of the "green Opelousas" in this "Eden of Louisiana."

The fact that the poem differs widely from the legend as it was handed down in the Mouton family is not significant. A variation of the tale may have best suited the poet just as the essence of the topography of the country sufficed him. The details of the story, as told by Senator Mouton's grandmother, may have been altered to suit the demands of a fresh conception, just as the poet failed to reconcile dates and distances in writing of a land he had never seen.

If the family legend, which is well enough known in the town of New Iberia, was really the inspiration of "Evangeline," it is a curious literary fact. Perhaps the good priest in the near-by St. Martinville—the St. Martinville of the poem and the old Poste de Attakapas of that century-old day—has reference to the Evangeline of Senator Mouton's family, when he tells of the grave beneath the walls of his church. If he does, the grave confirms the tale and makes doubly sure that which, it would seem, no one has a right to question.

Present-day names might be quoted, but the Acadians are as little fond of publicity as are the better-known Creoles—one of the reasons, perhaps, why the story of the "real Evangeline" has not gone far beyond the family which has been glad to record it in its archives.

Senator Mouton's great-great-grandfather was a Robichead, and one of those who suffered at the hands of the English in 1765. His daughter, Mademoiselle Robichead, after being carried to Baltimore in an English vessel with many others of her race, set her face toward Louisiana and made her way to that country on foot by way of the Carolinas and Georgia. This resolute woman married a man of the name of Bordea, and from her three daughters came three families whose names are easily enough traced in the parish registers of Iberia and St. Mary when they are not found in the records of Louisiana history. A descendant of Madame Bordea has preserved the story of the original Evangeline as he had it from his mother, who was a granddaughter of the Nova Scotia victim.



OLD CHURCH "POSTE DE ATTAKAPAS," NOW ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

The story of the exiles is well enough known; how they were driven from their homes in the not too salubrious Nova Scotia by the English to be dispersed in many places; how some of them plucked up new spirit eventually and made their way by the Mississippi, the sea, and even on foot, to their fellow-countrymen in Louisiana, and how they found an asylum there on the German coast, near Baton Rouge, or on the banks of the Teche still further westward. The fertility of the Teche land and the "fair Opelousas" was not unknown even in those days of 1765, and having gone up the Mississippi in pirogues and rude batteaux to the mouth of the Plaquemine, it was a voyage with the current down the wide-spreading Atchafalya and its lakes to the mouth of the Teche.

Brisk, fish-packing Morgan City is now opposite the opening of this almost currentless, winding, canal-like stream, up which the Acadians in their day turned their boats. Eighty miles further into the wilderness, where the live oaks came closer together overhead, the smiling soil of the Opelousas told them that their journey was at an end. At the village of St. Martin, already a settlement for some thirty years, they landed, and in that vicinity they have since lived their peculiarly distinctive lives.

The French *emigrés* who came to St. Martinville a little later, driven from noble homes in France, made for a time the glamour of La Petite Paris, as the town came to be known. After them came the men who made wealth and caste for the wide-acred sugar grower; but behind them all the Acadian, or "Caygan," as he was known in later days, has maintained his identity. Conservative he has been to his own detriment, but his pride is not the less because of that.



HOME OF "LE MAIRE DE VILLE," ST. MARTINVILLE, LA. THE ONLY STRUCTURE OF PRETENSIONS IN THE TOWN.

A well-known writer who visited the vicinity of New Iberia a few years ago, and who was misled, perhaps, by the term "Caygan," met a representative citizen of the town.

"Mr. ——," he began, "I want to meet a genuine old 'Caygan.'"

The man addressed took off his hat, and drawing himself up, replied:

"Look at me, then. I'm a genuine 'Caygan.'"

The visitor, in some confusion, exclaimed:

"I don't mean that, of course." I mean an uneducated 'Caygan.' "

"I am, perhaps, the least educated Acadian in the parish," retorted the citizen.

This was hardly true, but it shows that some of the spirit which brought this man's ancestors several thousand miles in search of a home yet maintains a distinctive racial pride. The Acadians are scattered throughout a country the limits of which are not very exactly defined. Morgan City is eighty miles west of New Orleans. Beyond that town the Teche country is generally the firmland between the gulf marshes on the south and the bayou on the north. (Weeks Island and Avery's Island on the Gulf shore are really parts of the mainland and of the "Caygan" country.)

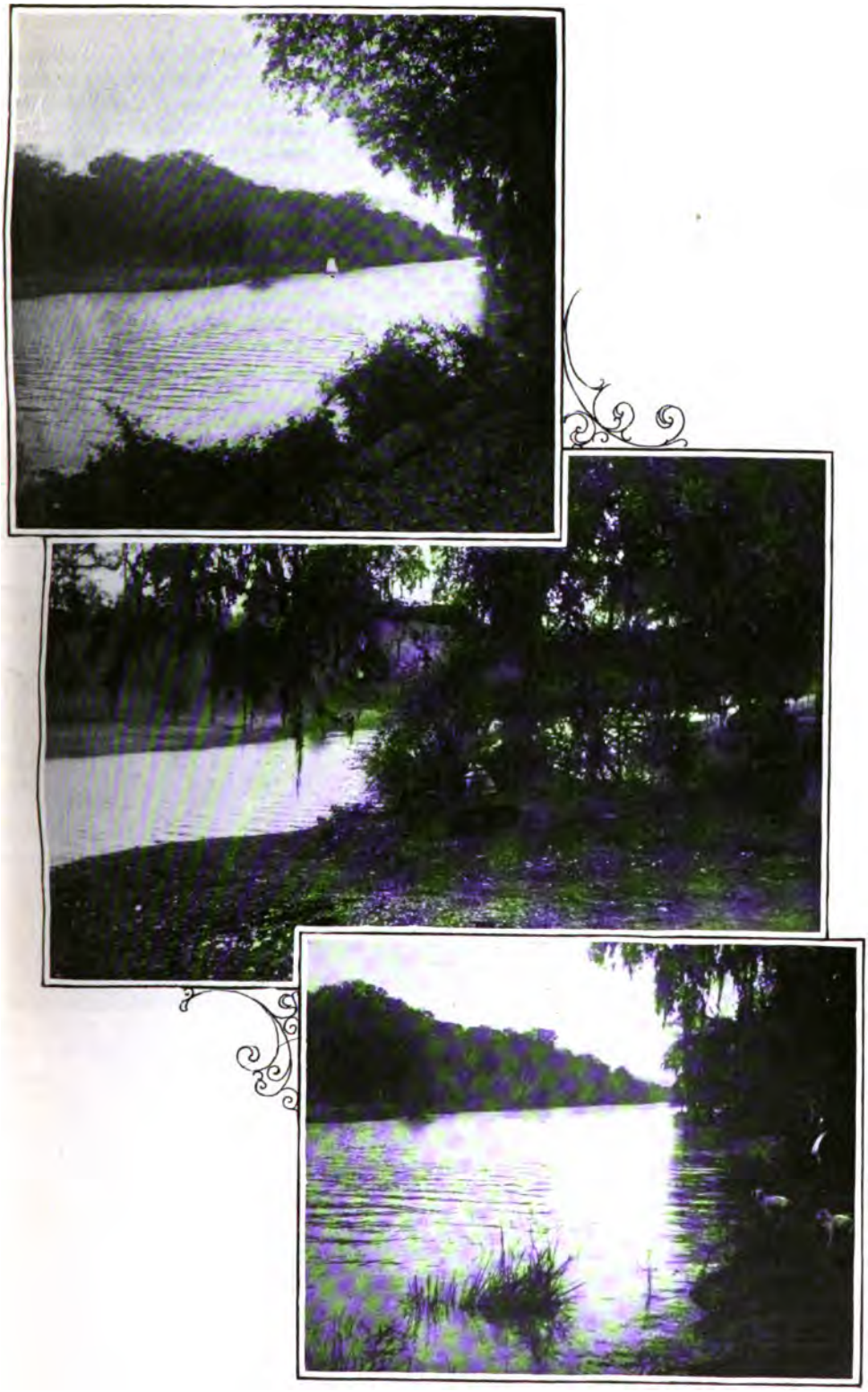
On the banks of the Teche one comes first to the town of Franklin, which, in spite of its patriotic name and an overshadowing negro population, has a good many hints of the older days. The morning bedside cup of black coffee is not now so common in Louisiana as it used to be, but in Franklin it yet prevails even in the hotels. Several old, white-columned houses tell of antebellum prosperity, and a rambling, comfortable-looking building low on the banks of the bayou is a testimonial of the days when travel by water demanded protracted and prodigal entertainment. Hereabouts the humble farmer is apt to be a "Caygan."

Twenty miles further up the bayou is New Iberia. A house here of brick, in a grove of oaks, dates to the earlier years of the last century. In this town are citizens who are proud to be of Acadian descent. "Caygan" farmers are plentiful round about, and more than one old *armoire* in the place is burdened with the homespun handiwork of Acadian looms.



"EVANGELINE'S OAK," ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

It is another twenty-five miles along the bayou before St. Martinville is reached. Here the flavour of the older days is over all—here the Evangeline legend lives. The sign of the cistern-maker is in French. In the unobtrusive church are parish records dating back to 1765; birth, death and marriage entries in French, Spanish and English. Here, just before the last century was born, the French fugitives amused themselves with an opera—the first in America, perhaps



ALONG THE BAYOU TECHE.

—and here they left the imprint of noble names that read like lists compiled in Revolutionary days in France. Here live "Caygans" whose wants are yet elemental and whose *patois* is a thing of itself. Their world is the prairies of the Opelousas, into which the railroads have only recently come, to the terror of flocks and herds. Here came Mademoiselle Robichead and Emmeline Labiche—the Evangeline of history—in the year 1765. And down beyond the low tree-shaded row of little shops; beyond the church and the convent school on the banks of the Teche, where the big oak spreads its arms, was enacted the tragedy of the "real Evangeline."

"In Longfellow's poem, Evangeline Bellefontaine and Gabriel Lajeunesse, lovers in the snowy Nova Scotian Acadia, were separated by the expulsion that made tears of Grand Pré's smiles. In time Gabriel makes his way to Louisiana and the land of the Attakapas. After long inquiry the faithful Evangeline learns this, and with a few companions sets out to follow him by way of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Down the latter the little party floated until the mouth of the Bayou Plaquemine was reached. Entering this, she rested on the second night amid "numberless sylvan islands, embowered with blossoming hedges of roses." Here, while Evangeline and her friends slept —"under the boughs of the Wachita willows"—Gabriel, who had at last been moved by the same spirit that had carried Evangeline to him, passed by on the other side of the island that was Evangeline's camp, voyaging to the north in search of his sweetheart. Ignorant of this, Evangeline continued her journey the next day, and that evening reached and entered the mouth of the Teche (a three-days' journey from the river, which in reality often required several weeks). Here, near the banks of the stream, "stood, secluded and still, the home of a herdsman, rose-wreathed, vine-encumbered, of broad and spacious verandas" —the home of "Basil, the Blacksmith." So far the Evangeline of poesy ascended the Teche. Basil's tree in St. Martin, eighty miles away, cannot have the excuse that Evangeline's tomb has, for the Robichead legend of the Acadian maiden has no Basil in it.

Evangeline lingered but a day or two to learn the truth, and then, after only this step into the edge of the Teche land, she hurried back in pursuit of her lover. This fruitless quest is one of the pathetic tales of literature; the journey with Basil through the Atchafalaya lakes, up the Wachita into the Indian country of the Arkansas; the agony of close approach, wherein hopes of certain overtaking are cruelly dashed over the yet warm embers of Gabriel's camp-fires; the renewed pursuit over many weary miles in which happiness is always just within reach, but always just beyond, is the pathos of the poem, as the tragedy of it is the final recognition in death.

The Evangeline who lived in the flesh has a story of her own not less pathetic. Madame Bordea, who has much to tell of it, is voiced now by a living descendant who puts many words into a few.

"Emmeline Labiche, the real Evangeline," she says, "was an orphan girl of Acadia whose parents died when she was yet a child, and who was taken into my great-great-grandfather's family and adopted." For the rest he tells the story as his ancestor might have told it, and, as he says, it was told to Longfellow many years ago by Senator Mouton, a member of his family.

"She was sweet-tempered, loving and grew to womanhood with all the attractions of her sex," runs Madame Bordea's narrative. "Although not a beauty in the sense usually given to the word, she was looked upon as the handsomest girl in St. Gabriel. Her fine, transparent, hazel eyes mirrored truthfully her pure thoughts. Her bewitching smile, her dark-brown hair, her symmetrical shape, all combined to make her an attractive picture of maiden loveliness. Emmeline had just completed her sixteenth year and was on the eve of marrying a deserving, laborious and well-to-do man of St. Gabriel, named Louis Arsenaux. Their mutual love dated back to their earliest years, and was concealed from no one. . . . Their bans had been published in the village church, the nuptial day was fixed and their young love dream was about to be realised, when the barbarous scattering of our colony took place. Our oppressors had driven us toward the seashore, where their ships rode at anchor, and Louis, resisting with rage and de-

spair, was wounded by them. Emmeline witnessed the whole scene. . . . Tearless and speechless, she stood fixed to the spot. . . . When the white sails vanished in the distance . . . she clasped me in her arms, and in an agony of grief sobbed piteously. By degrees the violence of her grief subsided, but the sadness of her countenance betokened the sorrow that preyed upon her heart.

"Henceforward she lived a quiet and retired life, mingling no more with her companions and taking no part in their amusements. The remembrance of her lost love remained enshrined in her heart.



THEATRE AT ST. MARTINVILLE, LA. SITE OF ONE OF THE EARLIEST PLAYHOUSES IN AMERICA, WHEREIN IT IS SAID THE FIRST OPERA WAS PRODUCED IN AMERICA BY FRENCH EMIGREES.

. . . Thus she lived in our midst, always sweet-tempered, with such sadness depicted on her countenance and with smiles so sorrowful that we had come to look on her as not of this earth, but rather as our guardian angel. Thus it was that we called her no longer Emmeline, but Evangeline, or 'God's little angel.'

"The sequel of her story is not gay, my children. My poor old heart breaks when I recall the misery of her fate. . . . Emmeline had been exiled to Maryland with us. . . . She followed me in my long overland route from Maryland to Louisiana. When we reached the Teche country at the Poste de Attakapas we found the whole population congregated to welcome us. When we landed from the boat Emmeline walked by my side. . . . Suddenly, as if fascinated by a vision, she stopped, and then the silvery tones of her voice vibrating with joy, she cried: 'Mother! mother! it is he! It is Louis!' And she pointed to the tall figure of a man standing beneath an oak. It was Louis Arsenaux. . . . She flew to his side, crying out in an ecstasy of joy and love. He turned ashy pale and hung his head without uttering a word. . . .

'Louis,' she said, 'why do you turn your eyes away? . . . I am still your Emmeline . . . your betrothed!'

"With quivering lips and trembling voice, he answered: 'Emmeline, do not speak so kindly to me. I am unworthy of you. I can love you no longer. I have pledged my faith to another. Tear from your heart the remembrance of the past and forgive me.' Then he wheeled away and disappeared in the forest. . . .

"I took her hand. It was icy cold. A pallor overspread her countenance and her eyes had a vacant stare. . . . She fol-



STORES IN ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.



ST. MARTINVILLE, LA.

A view across the bayou Teche. The church to the right; the theatre in the centre background; the tree of "Basil the Blacksmith" beyond the house boat. In the rear of the building, behind this tree, is "Evangeline's oak."

lowed me like a child, without resistance. I clasped her in my arms and wept bitterly. 'Emmeline, my dear, be comforted. There may yet be happiness in store for you.' 'Emmeline, Emmeline,' she muttered to herself, as if to recall that name, and then: 'Who are you?' She turned away, her mind unhinged. This last shock had been too much for her broken heart and she was hopelessly insane. . . . Emmeline never recovered her reason and a deep melancholy ever possessed her. Her beautiful countenance was lighted by a sad smile which made her all the fairer. She never recognised any one but me, and nestling in my arms . . . she would bestow on me the most endearing names. . . . She spoke of Acadia and Louis in such terms that one could not listen to her without shedding tears. She fancied herself still the sweet girl of sixteen, on the eve of marrying her chosen one, whom she loved with so much devotion and constancy. . . . Sinking at last under the ravages of her mental disease, she expired in my arms. . . . She sleeps in her quiet grave by the tall oak near the little church at the Poste de Attakapas, and that grave has been kept green as long as your grandmother has been able to visit it."

H. L. Sayler.

THROUGH WALLED WINDOWS

ONE might have imagined the good ship Morro Castle a great, amiable leviathan, as she permitted herself to be pulled heavily about, upbraided with ear-splitting whistles, and finally pushed to a resting-place on the Brooklyn side by a couple of pert, imperious tug boats. From her lofty deck and the pier front, opposing lines of humanity stared somewhat stolidly at one another, until, with the accompaniment of occasional shouts of recognition and exaggerated salutes, a good-natured shove from the sea monster, answered by a creaking protest on the part of the wharf stringers, announced the voyage truly ended.

Leaning against the ship's rail were two young men, who were suddenly left alone as the boat's line of spectators rapidly dissolved. They had watched the operation of warping the vessel into her slip with an indifference which might have argued that this was not a homecoming for them. Apparently neither had expected a personal greeting at the wharf, for the younger man was plainly startled when his comrade suddenly threw out his hand, calling out as he did so: "Here I am, Bronson, if I'm the man you are looking for!"

Following his gesture, the other saw a portly, dignified-looking gentleman, well past middle age, with a rosy complexion, white side whiskers closely cropped, and the whole crowned by a top silk hat—a hat of that degree of dinginess that is forbidden save to a man very sure of his position in life.

The man on the pier answered the salutation with a jerky wave of his hand, but did not make an audible reply. Instead, he turned and made his way to where some men were elevating a gangplank to the ship's side, placing himself where the disembarking passengers would soon swarm by him.

"Well, Trevor," said the younger man, "one friend has taken the trouble to greet you—that is, if the old boy in the shocking hat is a friend."

"While Bronson may have a bad hat," replied Trevor, rather soberly, "it covers a great head; the important thing about it all is that the legal affairs of our family have long reposed in his somewhat pudgy hands."

Then, looking behind him, and seeing that his man was ready with their hand baggage, Trevor took his friend by the arm. "Come," he said, "let's hear the worst."

"You seem to have a premonition, old man."

"Perhaps. You see, Raeburn, family lawyers don't usually run around the docks from pure joy of living."

To the mental attitude of his friend

Raeburn demurred, as they went along, reminding Trevor that in the bunch of correspondence received at Havana three days before, there had been no disquieting word. However, this only proved him to be totally lacking in the gift of prophecy; for Bronson, after clasping Trevor's hand, announced a serious and possibly fatal seizure of Major Trevor.

"Your uncle is at Highmere," went on the lawyer.

"Highmere!" exclaimed Trevor, with evident surprise. "Did he have the stroke there?"

"No," replied Bronson, "or, rather, he has had two attacks. After he had recovered consciousness—that was in his city apartment—he insisted on being taken to Highmere, and he had the second stroke after we had been there two days. He knew, of course, that you were nearly home, and he had shown so much anxiety to see you that I decided to meet your boat myself and make sure that you would go up to-night. I was at Highmere with him—he wanted me to go over some of his business affairs."

"But when was this?"

"Only yesterday—the second one. And frankly, Mr. Trevor, I do not think my old friend can recover. I can be of no further use, and will not go back."

After a little further talk Bronson started for the New York side, and while the young men waited for the customs officials to release their baggage, Trevor pleaded strongly with Raeburn to accompany him.

"Come, old man," he said, "a day or two more will make no difference to your people, and after two years' absence the rest of Chicago has certainly forgotten that you ever lived. Highmere is a ghastly enough place at any time; no one has stayed there for ages except a few servants, and I wonder Uncle keeps it. You heard what Bronson said—the end is near, and save for the major I have neither kith nor kin above ground. Come; it's in the Highlands, less than two hours away—don't desert me now."

To this appeal there could be but one answer. Trevor and Raeburn soon afterward landed from a Wall Street ferry, and late in the afternoon were speeding northward on the east side of the Hudson; Raeburn doing entire justice to the menu afforded by the buffet car, while Trevor, eating less and smoking more, gazed sad-eyed at the beautiful panorama unrolled before the broad window.

And yet, though he had never seen Major Trevor, Raeburn keenly felt the striking down of his friend's relative; for, since they had formed a friendship two years before, he had, unknowingly, often proved both a guardian and a sponsor to the travelers.

The meeting had taken place on the deck of a steamer outbound from San Francisco to Hawaii. Each was starting on a pleasure trip, which was to be limited only by the circumference of the globe, and being nearly of an age, and discovering in each other many mutual likings, they soon struck hands upon a uniting of their routes.

Raeburn remembered that one of Trevor's first remarks introduced the Major. "We have a great country, my boy," Trevor had quoted him as saying; "you have to go around the world to see it all now. Go and see it for both of us."

On the first day out, they had found the gruffness of a fellow-passenger—an elderly army officer—quickly turned to fatherly attention when Trevor's identity had been learned. It was by means of Major Trevor's letters of introduction that the quartermaster in charge of an army transport found it possible to carry them from Honolulu to Manila; that they were invited on 'hikes,' and given delightful water trips about the islands. Through the efficacy of the same documents they had been warmly greeted from Hong Kong to the headquarters of the Legation Guard at Peking, and afterward speeded—through Asia, India, and Europe—by every grade of their country's representatives; for in each abode of diplomatic or consular dignitary, they always found some one who knew, respected, or loved Major James Trevor, Retired, U. S. A.

From England they had loafed through Spain, and this was an especial pleasure to Trevor, for he had been a lieutenant in a New York Volunteer regiment, and, though he had missed the fighting, he had seen a little of Cuba in the Army of Occupation, and Spain had thus gained new interest for him. Puerto Rico had been reached by a Spanish Royal Mail steamer, and from that island Trevor had led his friend through Cuba, finding new

delight in sharing his already acquired knowledge of cosas Cubanas, and in again meeting army folk who had not forgotten his family name.

It was in the midst of a flood of such memories that Raeburn was touched on the arm, and followed Trevor out upon a little station platform, beside which a ramshackle trap, in charge of a shock-headed retainer, was in waiting. As no one had counted, apparently, on so large a party, nor on half the amount of plunder that accompanied it, Trevor left the heavy trunks with the station master, and picked out such small baggage as was likely to be needed for the night.

"I'll send back for the rest this evening, no doubt," he remarked, "but we will be on the safe side."

After discovering that little new could be learned from the driver as to the patient's condition, the three-mile ride to the estate was made in silence. Trevor's preoccupation seemed to increase as the distance lessened, while Raeburn, with patriotic pride, drew a mental contrast in which Cuba's rank guinea grass, Spanish bayonet, and even her stately royal palms were found wanting, when weighed against the Highland landscape with its trimly-kept farms and velvety verdure. Fresh from the abrupt nightfall of the tropics, there was a delightful, almost magical witchery in the way the soft twilight tints were prolonged. He remembered afterward that the rose lights changed to grey and the heavens grew ashen just at the moment when they turned in at a tenantless lodge, and their wheels grated harshly on the long, unkempt gravel path leading to Highmere.

"Peculiar old pile, isn't it?" asked Trevor, shaking off his mental lethargy. "Locally it's more often called the Hacienda than Highmere; and with some reason, as you will find when you look about the place. Grandfather was the builder, and you will discover architectural lines that may be traced to his extended army service in New Mexico and Arizona.

"It was a sort of retreat for the old gentleman, and when Uncle James married he began life here—with—with his young wife——" ending the sentence with a little shiver that his companion attributed to the chill of approaching night.

"I have told you," Trevor continued, "that he was the elder son. This place was made over to him several years before he married, and he spent a good deal of time here when he was stationed near enough. He married after a four years' tour of service—utilised his accumulated leave to set up a household——" again Trevor checked himself, but soon added, in a livelier tone, "I believe he loved this old spot in his academy days—West Point is not far away—across the river—and it was not a half bad place at that time. Some very good families had country houses hereabout, and there were exceedingly gay times, I have been told. In fact," he concluded, after a slight pause, "that was conclusively proved."

By this time they were approaching the building, and Raeburn was studying, through the gathering gloom, its heavy outline. The Hacienda was a long, one-story building, with a semi-circular porte cachère jutting out from the centre of a broad veranda; the latter reaching across the building's front and along the west side. To the east he caught a faint sheen of water, and could just define a small lake spreading through a little valley, and which seemed to approach within a hundred yards, or less, of that side of the house.

As the porte cochère was reached the great front door was opened, and a man bearing a lantern stepped upon the veranda.

"That you, Dawley?" called Trevor.

"Yes, Mr. Frank," replied the man addressed, holding up the light and thus revealing the face of an elderly servitor, whom Raeburn later learned was the long-time body servant of Major Trevor.

"It's a sad welcome I'm giving you, sir," continued Dawley. "The major hasn't spoken since yesterday's attack; I'm fearful of the worst. And he was so anxious to see you again."

"Well, let's hope while there is life, Dawley," replied Trevor, as they entered the hall, and were greeted anew by another oldish man, who was attired as a butler—though the garb showed long disuse—and a sweet-faced, little old woman; the twain, Raeburn learned, being in charge of the house, and the

grandparents of the tousle-headed driver.

It was soon apparent, also, that Raeburn's advent was not only unexpected, but disconcerting; for while there was no lack of rooms in the old pile, it appeared that few were fit for immediate occupancy.

"I shall put your friend in the second room of the east wing, Mr. Frank," said the housekeeper, hesitatingly—almost inquiringly—"if you will give me a few moments to make it ready."

To this Trevor demurred, but Raeburn stopped him, begging him to go to his uncle and not bother over rooms.

But Trevor was plainly in two minds. "Oh, very well," he said, after a moment of indecision. "Martha can find you another place to-morrow, if that one is—not satisfactory. Make yourself at home till my man comes for you," and with that he departed toward the west wing with the butler.

Trevor's valet had seemed to be in no uncertainty as to where his master would lodge, for he had already led the way in the direction taken by the butler. Martha hurried off to attend to the room designated for Raeburn, and the latter rambled on through the wide central hall-way to see what manner of place the Hacienda might be. As he did so he felt himself inwardly approving that local title. Low, almost squat, with very thick walls, he felt as he reached a tiled patio at the end of the hall, that the place was so thoroughly Southwestern that by the addition of a round-domed tower with its cluster of silver-throated bells, or the installation of a few spindly-mounted brass cannon, Highmere transported to the valley of the Rio Grande could serve as a typical mission or fort—as circumstances might direct.

Imagine a great E, with its upright double thick, and the centre arm removed, and it will give you the floor plan of Highmere. Place the longest side to the south, so that the two wings will run northward, and there is little to add to the description except to say that the central hallway referred to exactly divides the building into east and west halves.

Raeburn found that to the east the main portion of the building contained a front and back drawing-room, and on the west, similarly located, a library and dining-room. At either end of the building, he later learned, were great bed chambers. To the rear of these apartments, in either wing, were all the other sleeping-rooms of the house; and these, with the exception of the two corner chambers, had their entrances from the central court. This patio struck Raeburn as typically Spanish. It had a fountain—now dismantled—in its centre, and flower spaces, empty save for a few humble garden blooms, were arranged conventionally about the enclosure.

Returning to the library he glanced along the dusty shelves until Martha came to escort him to his room, where he found Trevor's man already unfastening his hand baggage. The apartment, the full width of the wing, was a commodious one, with two windows and a door giving on the patio.

Raeburn crossed the room and idly drew away the heavy curtains which seemed to cover a window space in the eastern wall, only to find himself staring at a blank surface. Somewhat puzzled, he tried the other pair of curtains on that side, and found a second blind window.

Turning inquiringly to the valet, Raeburn learned from him that there were no windows on that side. "Leastways, never in my time," he added. But the two on the patio would be ample for light and air, the man suggested. He further said that a doctor from New York was in attendance, and that he was lodged in the large corner room adjoining, while Major Trevor was lying in the corresponding apartment at the other end of the building. The man also volunteered the information that Trevor's bed-chamber was the counterpart, in the other wing, of Raeburn's, and that he and his uncle had always occupied those rooms upon the rare occasions when they had visited Highmere.

"And what about our trunks?" Raeburn inquired, after the man had arranged clothes and toilet articles, and was leaving the room.

"If the boy has not started by now, I am afraid you will not get them till morning, sir, for it will soon be raining."

This surprised Raeburn, and he walked to the front veranda to take a peep at the weather. Sure enough, the sky was heavily overcast, and there was that tense

calm in the air that so often precedes a summer storm. Off on the horizon lightning flashes were already showing luridly at short intervals.

Lighting a cigar Raeburn sat down on a broad settle, and was watching the storm gather with the disinterested delight one feels if he has but recently left the deck of a ship when Trevor joined him.

"Poor old man," he said, "the doctor gives us no hope. It's paralysis of a most thorough sort, and really the third attack, for it seems he had a slight one six months ago."

"Did he recognise you?" asked Raeburn, for want of a more sympathetic remark.

"Not at all. He is a man in a stupor. He may die at a moment's notice, or he may live a day or two and rally a bit before the end. Please God, it will be the latter; for it would be a comfort to me, and, I hope, to him, if he might feel the clasp of my hand again. I owe so much to him, you know——" he ended, tenderly.

Together they sat in silence till the rising wind brought a few rain drops splashing in their faces, and they decided to go in, and to bed.

Raeburn's room was lighted by a student lamp of a large size. It might be more correct to say that a lighted student lamp was in the room; for, even after he had removed the upper opal shade, the great apartment was gloomy almost to an oppressive degree. Looking about, Raeburn decided that the dull, lustreless Indian stuff with which the room was hung made it a hard place to illumine, for the hangings seemed fairly to absorb the light beams, exhausting rather than reflecting such brilliancy as reached them. Double doors separated the room from the larger corner one, indicating that they had at one time been arranged as a suite. On the north wall was a mantel of dark oak, matching, sombrely, the door and window finishing.

At the right of the mantel hung the full-length portrait of a beautiful woman, in what was apparently a bridal costume. The face, he thought, was a good one; round rather than oval, with soft, fair curls accentuating its girlishness. The lips were slightly parted, as though the happy, smiling young wife were just about to speak. This idea was heightened by the eyes, which were painted in so true a line that they seemed to follow him about the room.

The effect was not only repugnant but disconcerting to Raeburn, for he was of that not inconsiderable class that finds in this old trick of portrait painters a cumulative eerieness that is disagreeable —and trying. Indeed, he thought for a moment of veiling, in some fashion, those brilliant, searching orbs, but decided to resist the impulse.

On the corresponding space to the left of the fireplace was the companion portrait of a young man, thirty or thereabouts, in the uniform of a captain of artillery. That the couple were the elder Trevor and his wife Raeburn made no doubt, and taking up the lamp carefully studied the counterfeit presentiment of the man whose life was slowly ebbing, only a few paces away.

In the heydey of his youth, Raeburn had promptly judged, the Major had been good to look upon, if the artist were no flatterer. There was something hawk-like about the nose, but Raeburn recalled that Wellington and Sir Charles Napier had set a good fashion for soldiers in that respect. He smiled to himself as Martial's saying came to him, "Not every man is so lucky as to have a nose." The mouth seemed good, but as he scrutinised its level line and thin upper lip more keenly it seemed to develop a shade of cruelty; yes, and not a little of what might be haughty pride or infernal insolence, according to occasion. He stepped back and saw the face lose its hardness as the light receded. Then forward again, with the lamp closer still, till he distinctly saw the face grow cold, set and merciless as the illumination brought into high relief those characteristics which the strong light—or his fancy—emphasised.

But the eyes were not turned on him: their gaze was directed toward the smiling bride. Trevor had never mentioned his aunt before that evening, and he fell to wondering whether his divination were true sooth. Did she laugh and look away with eyes that unceasingly challenged admiration; and did her soldier husband's gaze change at last from pride to hate—with that hard, malignant sneer?

"Come, come, old man," he finally said to himself, "it's bad manners at the very least to be searching for soul traces in these dusty old canvases. Set the lamp down — that's better — and get some sleep.

As he placed the lamp on the table he noticed a small curtained bookcase standing under the picture of the Major, and drawing back its hangings glanced at the shelves for some volume which might be sipped luxuriously for a little time, with the lamp close to the head of his couch. But there were more odds and ends than books. Indeed, shelves and their contents seemed to have been deposited there by some domestic high waters, rather than through some definite arrangement. He quickly discovered that those books which were not devoted purely to military science were paper-backed publications of the War Department, and one of the latter was picked up gingerly, and enough dust brushed from its outer page to allow him to read its title. It was an Army Register for 1888, and curiously he turned the pages for some mention of Major Trevor. After finding him in his place on the retired list, Raeburn was about to throw the book back, when his eye fell on the list of officers upon whom brevet rank had been conferred. Among the T's he was pleased to find the name of his involuntary host, and to note that he had been thrice honoured, the three commissions and the reasons for their bestowal being set forth thus:

> First Lieutenant: Gallant and meritorious services in the battle of Battery Wagner, South Carolina.
>
> Captain: Specially gallant and meritorious services in the Atlanta campaign.
>
> Major: Gallant services in action against the Indians at the Clearwater, Idaho, where he was severely wounded.

Here was food for pride but not for extended thought, so he tossed the book on the table and turned to his bed; a brass, camp-like affair that had doubtless been trundled in that very night for his accommodation. Soon he was resting easily, undisturbed by the storm which was steadily rising in its intensity. In fact, lulled by its very croon he fell asleep.

It seemed to Raeburn that he had hardly closed his eyes when he found himself awake and on the floor, standing with his hands on one of the heavy window curtains at the east wall of his room. He was faintly conscious that some unusual sound had roused him, and very thoroughly at that. But as his senses quickly cleared, and he listened to the shrieking wind and lashing rain he was very sure that no disturbance of the elements had taken him from his bed, though the noises were certainly enough to disconcert any one but a well-seasoned traveller.

As he stood, each nerve alert, to catch again some sound, he knew not what, there came a distinct tinkling, as of metal on glass, and it seemed that some one was tapping on the window in such a manner that a ring, or other hard substance, was producing the dominant tone. Quickly he threw back the hangings, but all was dark. At that moment a flash of lightning flooded the chamber sharply, and he saw the wall, which brought to his mind what he had forgotten for the time being: that there was no window on that side of the room.

A strange, gruesome sensation spread over his body, and he felt his flesh tingle as the sound came again:

"*Tap, tap, tap, tap,*" in quick, impatient time.

Why he should be so uncannily impressed he knew not; but the sensation was not unlike that given by a telephone, in this, that the call was to him in so individual a sense that he felt another, though standing but a few feet away, could not have been conscious of that clear, vibrant alarm. Then he heard, or rather, was conscious of a voice: a woman's. It was low, intense, but with such a despairing, beseeching quality that each word fairly tugged at his heart.

"Open the window, James . . . do . . . in God's name . . . let me . . . come back to you. . . think, beloved, of the many, many times it has opened for you . . . forgive . . . your faithful wife. . . . Forgi . . ."

The voice was lost—or blended—in so weird and terrifying a wail from the storm that Raeburn's blood ran chill. Another vivid flash filled the room with its baleful glare, and by it he caught again those painted eyes and saw once

more the parted lips of the bride. But the face photographed on his retinea in that instant was drawn and piteous; there was a yearning, imploring look in the eyes, and the lips seemed to be forming that last word, "forgive."

And so he stood while one might have counted a score, and then with dry mouth and uneven footsteps, turned to the dressing-table and groped about for his watch. No other flash coming quickly to his aid, he noted the time by the help of a match. It was 12:05.

For a few moments he revolved in his mind the idea of dressing and going outside; or, if not that, the calling of some one who would do so. But each impulse was instantly met by a thought which seemed to reach him, rather than be evolved, and which convinced him that no living creature was beyond that walled window.

Morning was long in coming; for, though the storm had reached its height at midnight, he was restless and wide-awake, scarcely closing his eyes until a servant knocked to let him know that it was seven o'clock. Trevor joined him at breakfast, at which meal they were served by the butler alone, and Raeburn was informed that there had been no change in the patient. Dawley had watched with his master, and during the greater part of the night Trevor and the doctor had slept well. Raeburn's own unrefreshed appearance was not noticed, to his great relief, and when he found that Trevor wished to put in the morning going over his uncle's papers, he suggested that he be allowed to pilot himself about Highmere.

"Go ahead, old man," said his friend, "and its kind of you to let me have the morning. You will not find much of interest about the place, I fear. Nearly all of the ground has been put under cultivation except the small demesne. Our farmer lives on the other side of the place, and the crops go out by a different road than the one we used last night."

Naturally Raeburn's first wish was to see the outer wall of his room; and he was not greatly surprised to find that while there had been windows there at one time, as the copings indicated, they had been bricked up, leaving no sign of glazing. That the closing of the windows had been done after the building was finished was shown by the line of demarcation between the old and new material, but it was all so weather-stained that it required a close inspection to detect even this.

Pondering on the events of the night, he turned to the little lake, whose surface was now smiling and dimpling in the morning sunlight. It was a narrow sheet of water, though of some length; meandering between low hills, so that he could not see its full extent. On either bank the place was well wooded, but it had the appearance of a natural forest, or the remains of one, rather than the more park-like aspect to have been expected in a grove so near a dwelling.

Raeburn wandered along the north bank toward a small summer-house among the trees, and, taking out a cigar, strove to recount, chronologically and definitely, the matter that was uppermost in his mind; but in that brilliant sunshine he found it difficult to assume an adequate mental poise. It did seem just a trifle absurd, he confessed to himself, and not within a couple of centuries of ready credence. After a moment he became aware of a monument some little distance further on, and walking toward it saw that a place had been cleared for a tiny burying-ground, and enclosed by a low stone wall. Within was a single shaft, and as he drew closer he read the simple statement that Miriam, wife of James Barfield Trevor, and daughter of Colonel George Barry Plimpton and his wife, Alice, had departed this life, July 12th, 1872, in the twenty-first year of her age.

Raeburn was conscious of the fact that the grave was strewn with fresh flowers, but it was not until he had re-read the inscription that the thought came to him that it had been precisely thirty years since this young life had gone out, and he was musing over the coincidence of the anniversary; wondering vaguely if that might bear somewhat on the mystery of the previous night, when he saw Trevor coming toward the little graveyard.

"What strange influence has led you to this spot to-day?" began Trevor, and then, as Raeburn stammered some unintelligible reply, he went on, "Almost the first paper I touched reminded me of the date, and I felt that I must come here, if only for a moment." Then, as he saw

the flowers, "but dear old Martha has been here before us both. She has visited the tomb of her beloved 'very early in the morning.' Come back to the summer house, Raeburn, and I will tell you the story.

"I hardly know where to start, or why I feel called upon to tell you of this tragedy," Trevor began, "except that there is a curious weaving of this date into my uncle's life. Sixty years ago to-day he was born; thirty years ago his wife—met her death, and on July 12th, 1903 he lies dying. And she who passed away at that middle milestone sought her own death—and found it in the little lake before us. Her body lies within a stone's throw of where it was recovered. It is not for me to judge that old man; and yet a word from him would have averted the catastrophe."

Trevor arose and paced the little platform several times before he resumed. "I have told you that my uncle frequently visited this place before he married. There were bad men and worse women for his neighbours, whose influence harmed him in many ways. Doubtless it was a mistake to bring his young wife here, and my grandfather must have realised the fact, for he came up to visit the young people before they had been here a month. Ten years older than his young wife, the gay young captain of artillery had by no means finished sowing his wild oats, and my grandfather's whole heart was set upon the idea that marriage would work a reform. My aunt had been grandfather's ward; the orphan child of old army friends—we Trevors have all been army people until my generation—and she was brought up in our old home. That, therefore, the marriage had for years been an event fixed will not surprise you, and I grieve to say that while uncle had long been the girlish ideal of my Aunt Miriam, there was more tolerance than love on the other side.

"Poor young thing, she was neglected before my grandfather came here, and after that; for, though his servants unostentatiously watched the doors, he still slipped out nightly to join his carousing friends. The windows of his room—your room last night, where her picture still hangs—were secretly opened to let him ride away——"

"The windows in my room?" exclaimed Raeburn.

"Yes; I will soon explain. Many a night the young wife locked the casement behind him as he rode off on his horse, and softly admitted him again in the early hours. We know that she begged—entreated him to give up his evil associates, and yet she shielded him for very pride's sake until after grandfather had gone back to New York.

"Then came the serpent—though this was scarcely an Eden—in the guise of one of uncle's friends. The man lived near, and became a daily visitor. He made much of her neglected condition. Finally, one afternoon, he persuaded her that a party of young people, mutual friends, were to meet at a town some ten miles away. Martha heard a portion of their conversation, and has always maintained that my aunt was given to understand that she would later meet my uncle, and be brought home by him that night.

For a wonder uncle came home early that evening, and of course there was a terrible scene. Martha stoutly defended her mistress's motives, but uncle raged like a wild man. Later it came on to storm in a frightful fashion, and it must have been near midnight when she came alone and on foot to uncle's window and tapped for admission—but no answer came. Doubtless she felt that she must see him, and no other, before she would dare to enter the place. Then, heartsick, frantic, wearied in flesh and spirit, believing that she could never convince her husband of her innocence, she turned her tired feet down the hillside to the lake—and ended it all."

Trevor paused and looked toward the softly lapping waves, while Raeburn felt within him a strange sympathy for this broken-winged butterfly of a bygone day, and there was a lump in his throat as he pictured the laughing face, whose image he had studied on the previous night, lying cold in such a bitter death.

"In the morning," said Trevor, "uncle came from his room early, a picture of misery and remorse, and shortly afterward one of the work-people found the body. Her silken shoes were stained and torn with running along the road, so we know that she must have fled from the tempter when she found, too late, that she had been lured away by lies.

Hard—hard it must have been to fight her way homeward in that blinding storm only to find her husband's heart locked against her.

"Of course all this came out at the inquest; it will come out anew when he is laid away, and I am telling you the story that my best friend may better understand the man who has shown me such love as few fathers bestow. Perhaps, behind a shield of cold, hard pride, few men have suffered more.

"Granted that the wrong was monstrous—I know, as perhaps none other knows, the pitiless meed of its atonement.

"That is all, I think—no, your windows. I am told that my uncle kept that apartment for a time after the tragedy. That those about him felt that he occupied rather than slept in it; for each morning he emerged more worn and broken, as though every night added a score to his years. Finally, he gave orders—we never knew why—that those two windows should be bricked up. He saw the masons begin; then left Highmere for ten years, and his evil ways forever."

"Why," inquired Raeburn, after a pause, "did you wish me placed somewhere else?"

"I can give you no reason, except that all my life I have had a horror of the very room itself. My uncle never entered it during our rare visits here, and so I grew up with an aversion to the place. Do you wish to change?"

"Oh, no," was the reply; "I am very comfortable."

There was no perceptible alteration in Major Trevor's condition during the day. Raeburn wandered about the place, ending the morning in the library. He found that nearly all the books in that large room bore directly upon the art of war or the lives of the world's famous captains. One little book upon the life of Sir Charles Napier appealed to him in a whimsical fashion, when he recalled his thoughts of the night before upon the large noses of some great fighters. Taking up the book, it opened at a place where a newspaper clipping had been inserted. This was an excerpt from an old copy of the London *Times*, and contained an appreciation of Sir Charles's life. Raeburn's eye caught its keynote in the following lines: "High spirits, immense courage, great ingenuity, and prodigious egotism."

Here Trevor found him, and picking up a bound volume of the Army Register said, "I do not know that the stars fight for or against us, but I believe that there are climacterics to which heaven and hell lend their powers. My uncle won three brevets by personal valor——"

"Yes," interrupted Raeburn. "I have read the record."

"But they do not show one important point. Listen: Battery Wagner, July 12th, 1863; July 12th, 1864, he rendered the particular services for which he was brevetted a captain. July 12th, 1877, was the date of the battle at the Clearwater. There he received the wound that placed him on the retired list, and there he won our army's glorious guerdon, the Congressional Medal of Honour."

Rapidly turning the pages he found the record of men who wear that decoration, and read, with glistening eyes:

"Major James Barfield Trevor: For most distinguished gallantry in action at the Clearwater, Idaho, where he voluntarily and successfully conducted, in the face of a withering fire, a party which recovered possession of an abandoned howitzer and two Gatling guns, lying between the lines and within a few yards of the Indians."

"I feel—I know—he hoped for death that day with honour. But Fate said: "No; not now. Suffer yet many years." Turning to Raeburn he held out his hand and said, in a choking voice, "Come and see him."

Raeburn softly followed to the room from whence the master of Highmere was slowly drifting to meet the Great Mystery. He saw a face which seemed to bear little more than a family resemblance to the portrait, save in the hawk's bill nose. For the rest, the jaws seemed more square, the black hair had turned a frosty iron grey, and though he could not see the eyes, he did not need their evidence to tell him that firmness was the chief characteristic of that weather-beaten, martial countenance. As he gazed he wondered in how great degree that tragedy of thirty years ago was responsible for the presence at Highmere

of the Major. Had he recognised the stroke in New York as a certain warning of death's approach, and had he then determined to face the Grim One where another had once sought surcease? Not much prospect of an answer to that riddle, Raeburn decided.

In the evening the two young men sat long on the broad veranda, consuming countless cigars, while they discussed their wanderings, their respective futures, and their ideals. Raeburn prolonged the conversation as long as possible, that he might go at a late hour to his room alertly awake—in such a mood that no drowsy senses should play him tricks—to listen for, and to calmly, consider, any unusual event.

And so it lacked but a few moments of midnight when he was standing at his dressing-table, slowly divesting himself of garments; gazing from time to time at the painted features of Major Trevor and Miriam, his wife. In fact, he had partly persuaded himself that he might have heard nothing on the night before but the rattle and wail of the storm, when, abruptly, out of the quiet night came the tinkling of light blows on a window pane.

"Tap, tap, tap, tap."

Again they seemed to impinge palpably upon bared nerves. Again that creepy, tense-fleshed sensation, and he was irresistibly drawn toward those blind, blank window places. Then came —appealing to his inner consciousness— a sob; an agonised, piteous burst of grief, and he sensed that pleading voice once more:

"Love . . . Oh, my love . . . forgive. . . ."

Tingling from his heart to the roots of his hair, he waited, listening, when suddenly the voice rang out clearly, and in its new tone were joy and recognition, thrilling through a single word:

"James!"

Raeburn caught his breath as though some glad tidings had suddenly been borne to him, as well, and stood, absorbed, until he heard a knock at the door.

"Well?" he called, rather brokenly.

"It's me, sir," came the butler's voice. "Mr. Frank wished you to know—the Major is dead."

William Harley Porter.

A DAY BETWIXT

A day betwixt—when nothing can be done
 Until some great affair is fairly past
 And folk are free to work or play at last
To suit themselves—that is a day to shun,
A weary day ere it be well begun!
 Its only use, that we may it contrast
 With some dear day that flitted all too fast,
Illumined with happiness but newly won.

Yet, while we wait, how great a joy to turn
 The vision backward to the glowing hours
When we were young and little could discern
 Between our passions and our native powers;
When, fearless of the future, love could burn;
 When fame foreseen could gild our airy towers.

Charles Woodward Hutson.

THE SCHEDULED NOVEL

There is great excitement in Iceland at this moment. Hall Caine is on his way there equipped with a large novel-producing plant, including cameras, sheep shears, filing cabinets, blank forms of affidavit, a hectograph, ten stenographers, and a barrel of ink. He will learn the language on shipboard so that no time may be lost. The matter is urgent, for punctually on the morning of Aug. 1, 1904, there is due from him a novel of great primitive passions, strong, deep, fresh and true, of which the scene must be laid in Iceland. It will be written with terrific force throughout, and with abundant evidence of first-hand impressions. Types studied on the spot, actual events in the life of the people, their very words, a background of ice, snow, Arctic twilight, penguins and walruses, a foreground of fierce primitive hate and equally fierce joy, all to be first seen, then snap-shotted, then dictated, then carefully revised, read back, punctuated, and filed —it will be a busy and a fruitful fortnight. But he will not fail. The elements will be there as per invoice on the morning of Aug. 1. "What will your next novel be? Religious?" asked a friend a year or two ago. "I've done religion," said Mr. Caine, calmly. "Social?" ventured the other. "I have finished the social problems," he replied with a touch of asperity. "Civilized man," he went on, "is complete in my books. Primitive man now awaits me. He will be ready on August 1; dramatized on October 15. I then turn to ideal love on a background of simplicity. I shall study it in the Vale of Cashmere, June 10 to June 20, both inclusive, 1905." Splendid executive ability, promptitude and push, head like a "dry-goods emporium," heart like a modern hotel, no costly whims or private prejudices, a man for the many and a publisher's delight, an inexpensive democratic Zeitgeist—we would rather own a hundred shares of stock in him than in any other industrial afloat. Ere this goes to print, Mr. Caine will have landed, and the berserker hum of the primitive passions confessing will be heard on all sides.

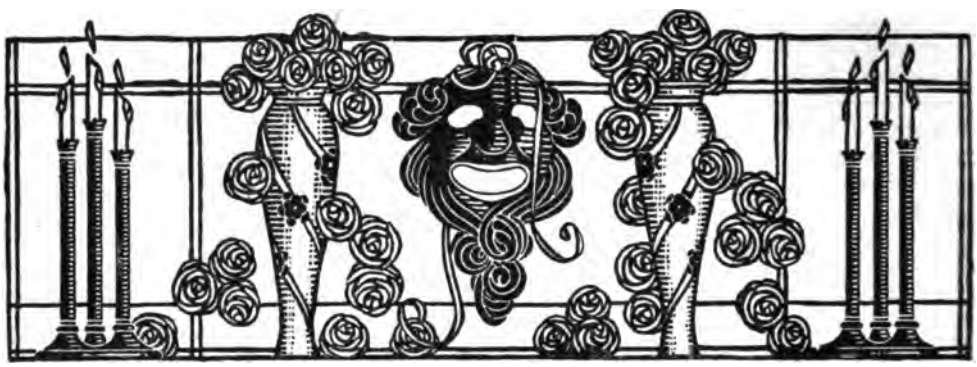
Speaking of "getting up" a novel, Mr. Henry James in his delightful essay in the August *Atlantic* has described the wonder he felt at some of Zola's attempts at it. He visited Zola twice, and his mind still dances at the recollection of the enormous horse-power of Zola's purpose. Once he asked him if his work left him any time for travel, and in particular if he had seen Italy—

> A country from which I had either just returned, or which I was luckily—not having the Natural History of a Family to count with —about to revisit. "All I've done, alas," he replied, "was the other year in the course of a little journey to the south, to my own *pays*—all that has been possible was then to make a little dash as far as Geneva—a matter of a few days." *Le Docteur Pascal*, the conclusion of *Les Rougon Macquart*, had appeared but shortly before, and it further befell that I asked him what plans he had for the future, now that, still *dans la force de l'âge*, he had so cleared the ground. I shall never forget the fine promptitude of his answer—"Oh, I shall begin at once *Les Trois Villes*." "And which cities are they to be?" The reply was finer still—"Lourdes, Paris, Rome." It was splendid for confidence and cheer, but it left me, I fear, more or less gaping. . . . He was an honest man—he had always bristled with it at every pore; but no artistic reverse was inconceivable for an adventurer who, relating in one breath that his knowledge of Italy consisted of a few days spent at Genoa, was ready to declare in the next that he had planned on a scale a picture of Rome.

Like Mr. Caine indomitably sailing the northern waters, Zola never turned back, and at the time appointed the three books appeared, not so much books, though, as three huge blocks of frozen purpose. But there is a sense of waste here quite lacking in the other instance. If he had not tied himself down, art might have flown away with him as it did in *L'Assommoir*, and we should all have been happy. Among authors, great men are best when they forget; little men when they remember. If there is nothing more particular in a man than there is in the papers he clips from, where is the waste? In literature the main thing is the person; in the market the main thing is other people; and while it is sad to think of Zola "getting up" Rome, it is altogether pleasant and edifying to know that Mr. Caine is

"doing" Iceland. Most novels, like most hats, are made for the average head, of definite constituents, and with no call for fantasy in the manufacture. There is no danger that art and industry will be permanently confounded, and for our part we are glad to hear about new blast furnaces, and opening mills, and increased shipments, and authors ploughing the Spanish main for a pirate atmosphere, taking notes on a mining hero underground, carting off Kentucky turf for a Blue Grass background, poets in tree tops writing their bird-notes on the spot, fishermen's lays draughted precisely while they fish, everywhere the buzz of honest toil, full dinner pail, better clothes, more shoes, more books, and new schools opening in the South for pickaninnies to learn to read them. Thrift and method may be bad for art and death to geniuses, but the steady hand and the business head are the things for current literature.

Frank Moore Colby.



The HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE

By Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

PART SEVENTH
THROUGH THE END OF THE CENTURY

IN looking backward over a century of caricature, it is interesting to ask just what it is that makes the radical difference between the cartoon of to-day and that of a hundred years ago. That there is a wide gulf between the comparative restraint of the modern cartoonist and the unbridled license of Gillray's or Rowlandson's grotesque, gargoyle types, is self-evident; that comic art, as applied to politics, is to-day more widespread, more generally appreciated, and in a quiet way more effective in moulding public opinion than ever before, needs no argument. And yet, if one stops to analyse the individual cartoons, to take them apart and discover the essence of their humour, the incisive edge of their irony and satire, one finds that there is nothing really new in them; that the basic principles of caricature were all understood as well in the eighteenth century as in the nineteenth, and and that, in many cases, the successful cartoon of to-day is simply the replica of an old one of a past generation, modified to fit a new set of facts. When Gilbert Stuart drew his famous "Gerrymander" cartoon, he was probably not the first artist to avail himself of the chance resemblance of the geographical contour of a state or country to some person or animal. He certainly was not the last. Again and again the map of the United States has been drawn so as to bring out some significant similarity, as recently when it was distorted into a ludicrous semblance of Mr. Cleveland, bending low in proud



A *Punch* slip: a cartoon published in anticipation of an event which did *not* occur—*viz.*, the meeting of General Gordon and General Stewart at Khartoum.

—BY TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 7, 1885.



Telegram, Thursday Morning, Feb. 5.—"Khartoum taken by the MAHDI. General GORDON'S fate uncertain."

—BY TENNIEL, FEBRUARY 14, 1885.

humility, the living embodiment of the principle, *L'Etat, c'est Moi,* and again, showing a capital likeness to Uncle Sam, the Atlantic and Gulf States forming his nose and mouth, the latter suggestively opened to take in Cuba, which is swimming dangerously near. *Puck's* famous "Tattooed Man" was only a new application of an idea that had been used before; while the representation of a group of leading politicians as members of a freak show, a circus, or a minstrel troup, is as





THE LONDON TIMES AND THE SPURIOUS PARNELL LETTERS.



old as minstrels or dime museums themselves. Few leading statesmen of the past half century have not at some time in their career been portrayed as Hamlet, or Macbeth, or Richard III.; while as for the conventional use of animals and symbolic figures to represent the different nations, the British Lion and the Russian Bear, Uncle Sam and French Liberty, these belong to the raw materials of caricature, dating back to its very inception as an art. And yet, while the means used are essentially the same as in the days of Hogarth and Cruikshank, the results are radically different.

The reason for this difference may be summed up in a single word—Journalism. The modern cartoon is essentially journalistic, both in spirit and in execution. The spasmodic single sheets of Gillray's period, huge lithographs that found their way to the public through the medium of London print shops, were long ago replaced by the weekly comic papers, while to-day these in turn find formidable rivals in the cartoons which have become a feature of most of the leading daily journals. The celerity with which a caricature is now conceived and executed, thanks to the modern mechanical improvements and the prevailing spirit of alertness, makes it possible for the cartoonist to keep pace with the news of the day, to seize upon latest political blunder, the social fad of the moment, and hit it off with a stroke of incisive irony, without fear that it will be forgotten before the drawing can appear in print. The consequences of all this modern haste and enterprise are not wholly advantageous. Real talent is often wasted upon mediocre ideas under the compulsion of producing a daily cartoon, and again a really brilliant conception is marred by overhaste in execution, a lack of artistic finish in the detail. Besides, the tendency of a large part of contemporary cartoons is toward the local and the ephemeral. This is especially true of the caricatures which appear during an American political campaign, in which every petty blunder, every local issue, every bit of personal gossip, is magnified into a vital national principle, a world-wide scandal. And when the morning after the election dawns, and business settles down into its wonted channel, these momentous issues, and the flamboyant cartoons which proclaimed them suddenly become as trivial and as empty as a spent firecracker or roman candle.



Tenniel's famous cartoon at the time of Bismarck's retirement.



HORATIUS CLEVELAND AT THE BRIDGE. From New York Life.

But another change which the spirit of journalism has wrought in the contemporary cartoon, and a more vital change than any other, is due to the definite editorial policy which lies behind it. The dominant note in all the work of the great cartoonists of the past, in the English Gillray and the French Daumier, was the note of individualism. Take away the personal rancour, the almost irrational hatred of "Little Boney" from Gillray, take away Daumier's mordant irony, his fearless contempt for Louis Philippe, and the life of their work is gone. The typical cartoon of to-day is, to a large extent, not a one-man production at all. It is frequently built up, piecemeal, one detail at a time, and in the case of a journal like *Punch* or *Judge* often represents the thoughtful collaboration of the entire staff. In the case of the leading dailies, the cartoon must be in accord with the settled political policy of the paper, as much as the leading articles on the editorial page. The individual preferences of the cartoonist do not count. In fact, he may be doing daily violence to his settled convictions, or he may find means of espousing both sides at once, as was the case with Mr. Gillam, who throughout the Cleveland-Blaine campaign was impartially drawing Democratic cartoons for *Puck* and Republican cartoons for *Judge* at the same time.



THEY'RE OFF! From Puck.

The Presidential race between Harrison and Cleveland in 1892.



THE END OF THE CHILIAN AFFAIR. From Judge

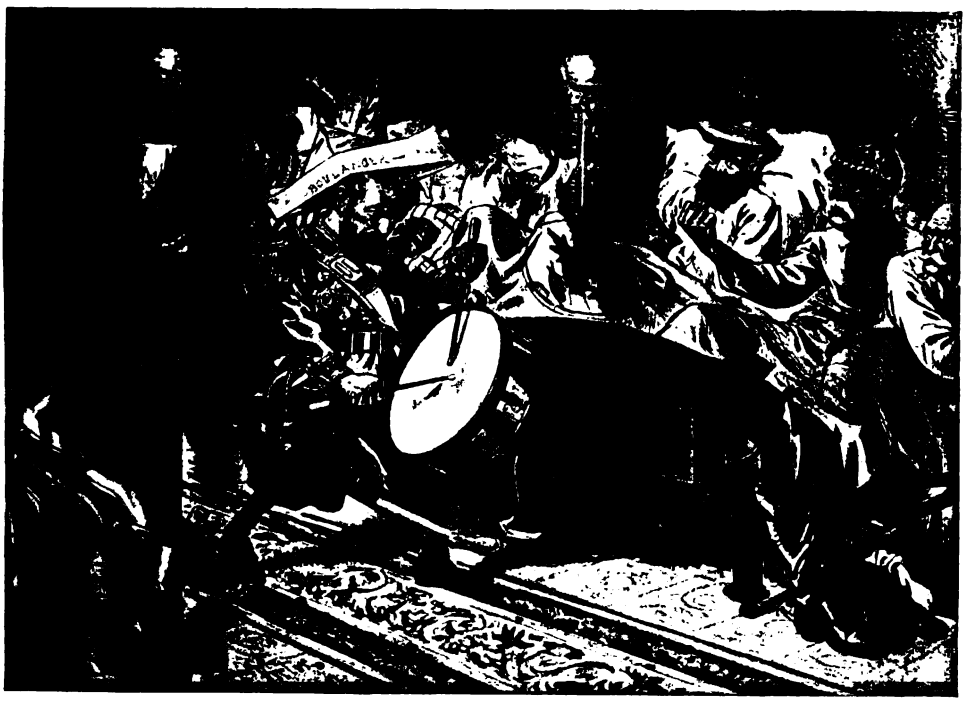


L'ENFANT TERRIBLE. From Puck.

The Baccarat Scandal at Tranby Croft in 1891.



THE POLITICAL COLUMBUS WHO WILL NOT LAND IN 1892.
By Gillam in Judge. (For full description see page 56.)



THE BOULANGER EXCITEMENT.
The Noisy Boy in the European Lodging House.
From Judge. (For full description see page 50.)



THE HARRISON PLATFORM.

By Keppler in Puck.

What the political cartoon will become in the future, it is dangerous to predict. There is, however, every indication that its influence, instead of diminishing, is likely to increase steadily. What it has lost in ceasing to be the expression of the individual mind, the impulsive product of erratic genius, it has more than gained in its increased timeliness, its greater sobriety, its more sustained and definite purpose. At certain epochs in the past it has served as a vehicle for reckless scandal-mongering and scurrilous personal abuse. But this it seems happily to have outgrown. That pictorial satire may be made forceful without the sacrifice of dignity was long ago demonstrated by Tenniel's powerful work in the pages of *Punch*. And there is no doubt that a serious political issue, when presented in the form of a telling cartoon, will be borne home to the minds of a far larger circle of average every-day men and women than it ever could be when discussed in the cold black and white of the editorial column.

Another interesting effect of the growing conservative spirit in caricature is seen in the gradual crystallization of certain definite symbolic types. Allusion has already been made, in earlier instalments of this work, to the manner in which the conception of John Bull and Uncle Sam and other analogous types, has been gradually built up by almost imperceptible degrees, each artist preserving all the essential work of his predecessor, and adding a certain indefinable something of his own, until a certain definite portrait has been produced, a permanent ideal, whose characteristic features the cartoonist of the future could no more alter arbitrarily than they could the features of Bismarck or Gladstone. And not only have these crystallised types become accepted by the nation at large—not only is Uncle Sam the same familiar figure, tall and lanky, from the New York *Puck* to the San Francisco *Wasp*, but gradually



RIP VAN WINKLE AWAKES AT LAST.

By Gillam in Judge.

(For full description see page 54.)



JOSEPH KEPPLER OF PUCK.



BERNARD GILLAM OF JUDGE.



THE CHAMPION MASHER OF THE UNIVERSE.

By Gillam in Judge. (For full description see page 60.)



THE STABILITY OF THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.
From Il Papagallo (Rome).

these national types have migrated and crossed the seas, and to-day they are the common property of comic artists of all nations. John Bull and the Russian Bear, Columbia and the American Eagle, are essentially the same, whether we meet them in the press of Canada, Australia, Cape Colony, or the United States. And for the very reason that there is so little variety in the obvious features, the mere physical contour, the subtler differences due to race prejudice and individual limitations are all the more significant and interesting. There are cases, and comparatively recent cases, too, where race-prejudice has found expression in such rampant and illogical violence as prompted many of the Spanish cartoons during our recent war over Cuba, in which Americans were regularly portrayed as hogs—big hogs and little hogs, some in hog-pens, others running at large—but one and all of them as hogs. The cartoonists of the Continent, Frenchmen, Germans, and Italians alike, have difficulty in accepting the Anglo-Saxon type of John Bull. Instead, they usually portray him as a sort of sad-faced travesty upon Lord Dundreary, a tall, lank, much bewhiskered "milord," familiar to patrons of Continental farce-comedy. But it is not in cases like these that race prejudice becomes interesting. There is nothing subtle or suggestive in mere vituperation, whether verbal or pictorial, any more than in the persistent representation of a nation by a type which is no sense representative. On the other hand, the subtle variations of expression in the John Bull of contemporary American artists, or the Uncle Sam of British caricature, will repay careful study. They form a sort of sensitive barometer of public sentiment in the two countries, and excepting during the rare periods of exceptional good feeling there is always in the Englishman's conception of Uncle Sam a scarce-concealed suggestion of crafty malice in place of his customary kindly shrewdness, while conversely our portrayal of John Bull is only too apt to convert that bluff, honest-hearted country gentleman into a sort of arrogant blusterer, greedy for gain, yet showing the vein of cowardice distinctive of the born bully.

II.

In marked contrast to the preceding lengthy period of tranquillity, the closing decade of the nineteenth century wit-

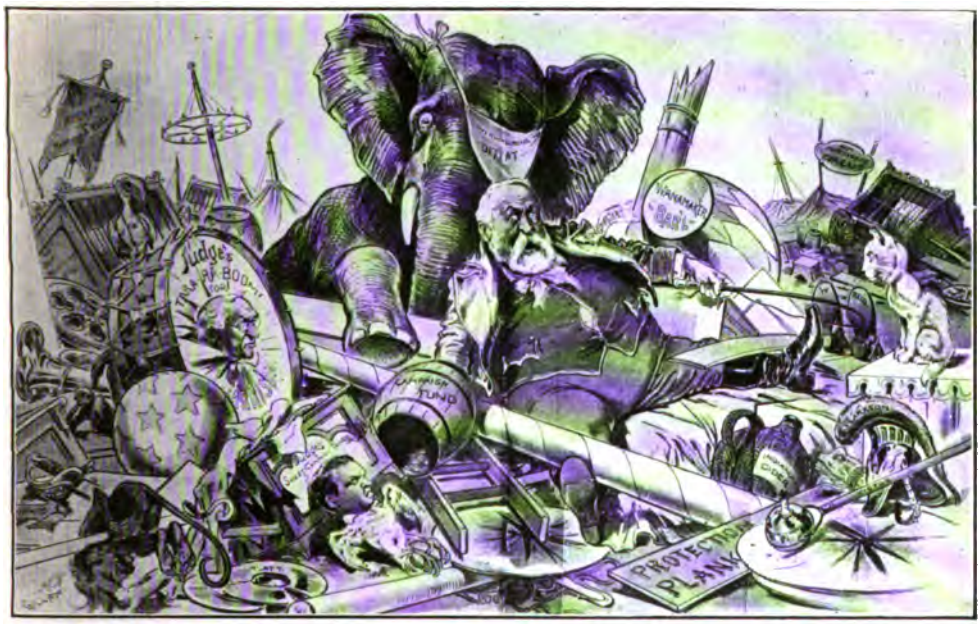


WILLIAM BLUEBEARD.
"My first two wives are dead. Take care, Caprivi, lest the same fate overtake you."
From La Silhouette (Paris).



RETURN OF THE SOUTHERN FLAGS.

By Gillam in Judge. (For full description see page 58.)



"WHERE AM I AT?"

By Gillam in Judge. The famous redrawn cartoon which in its original form depicted Mr. Cleveland and the Democratic Party disastrously routed at the polls in 1892. (For full description see page 55.)



GULLIVER CRISPI.
From Il Papagallo (Rome.)

nessed a succession of wars and international crises well calculated to stimulate the pencils of every cartoonist worthy of the name. One has only to recall that to this period belong the conflict between China and Japan, the brief clash between Greece and Turkey, the beginning of our policy of expansion, with the annexation of Hawaii, our own war with Spain, and England's protracted struggle in the Transvaal, to realize how rich in stirring events these few years have been, and what opportunities they offer for dramatic caricature.

A cartoon in the August paper of this series, entitled "Waiting," showed General Gordon gazing anxiously across the desert at the mirage which was conjured up by his fevered brain, taking the clouds of the horizon to be the guns of the approaching British Army of relief. Early in 1885 the relief expedition started under the command of General Henry Stewart, and on February seventh there was published in *Punch* the famous cartoon "At Last," showing the meeting between Gordon and the relieving general. This was a famous *Punch* slip. That meeting never occurred. For on February fifth, two days before the appearance of the issue containing the cartoon, Khartoum had been taken by the Mahdi. The following week Tenniel followed up "At Last" with the cartoon "Too Late," which showed the Mahdi and his fanatic following pouring into Khartoum, while stricken Britannia covers her eyes.

The *Times* challenge to Charles Stewart Parnell was, of course, recorded in the caricature of *Punch*. The newspaper, it will be remembered, published letters, which it believed to be genuine, involving Parnell in the murders of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke in Phœnix Park, Dublin, in 1882. When these letters were proved to have been forged by Pigott *Punch* published a cartoon showing the *Times* doing penance. Both of these cartoons were by Tenniel. "The Challenge" appeared in the issue of April 30, 1887, and "Penance" almost two years later, March 9, 1899.

A cartoon which marked Tenniel's genius at its height, a cartoon worthy of being ranked with that which depicted the British Lion's vengeance on the Bengal Tiger after the atrocities of the Sepoy rebellion, was his famous "Dropping the Pilot," which was published on March 29, 1890, after William II. of Germany had decided to dispense with the services of the Iron Chancellor. Over the side of the ship of state the young Emporer is leaning complacently looking down on the grim old pilot who has descended the ladder and is about to step into the boat that is to bear him ashore. The original sketch of this cartoon was finished by Tenniel as a commission from Lord Rosebery, who gave it to Bismarck. The picture is said to have pleased both the Emperor and the Prince.



A HAND AGAINST EVERY MAN.
From London Judy, April 13, 1892.



By Linley Sambourne.

The baccarat scandal at Tranby Croft and the subsequent trial at which the then Prince of Wales was present as a witness was a rich morsel for the caricaturist in the early summer of 1891. Not only in England, but on the Continent and in this country the press was full of jibes and banter at the Prince's expense. The German comic paper, *Ulk,* suggested pictorially a new coat-of-arms for his Royal Highness in which various playing cards, dice, and chips were much in evidence. In another issue the same paper gives a German reading from Shakespeare in which it censures the Prince in much the same manner that Falstaff censured the wild Harry of Henry IV. The London cartoonists all had their slings with varying good nature. *Fun* represented the Prince as the Prodigal Son being forgiven by the paternal British nation. Point to this cartoon was given by the fact that the pantomime *L'Enfant Prodigue* was being played at the time in the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The *Pall Mall Budget* showed the Queen and the Heir Apparent enjoying a quiet evening over the card table at home. The Prince is saying: "Ah, well, I must give up baccarat and take to cribbage with Mamma."

Moonshine, in a cartoon entitled "Aren't They Rather Overdoing It?" took a kindlier and a more charitable view of the whole affair. His Royal Highness is explaining the matter to a most horrible looking British Pharisee. "Don't be too hard on me, Mr. Stiggins," he says, "I am not such a bad sort of a fellow on the whole. You mustn't believe all that you read in the papers." The nature of the American caricature of the scandal may be understood from the cartoon which we reproduce from *Puck,* on page 40. This cartoon speaks for itself.

The Emperor William and his chancellors inspired *La Silhouette,* of Paris, to a very felicitous cartoon entitled "William Bluebeard." William is warning Hohenlohe and pointing to a closet in which are hanging the bodies of Bismarck and Caprivi robed in feminine apparel. "My first two wives are dead," says the Emperor. "Take care, Hohenlohe, lest the same fate overtake you!"

The increase in European armament in 1892 suggested to Tenniel the idea of the cartoon "The Road to Ruin," which



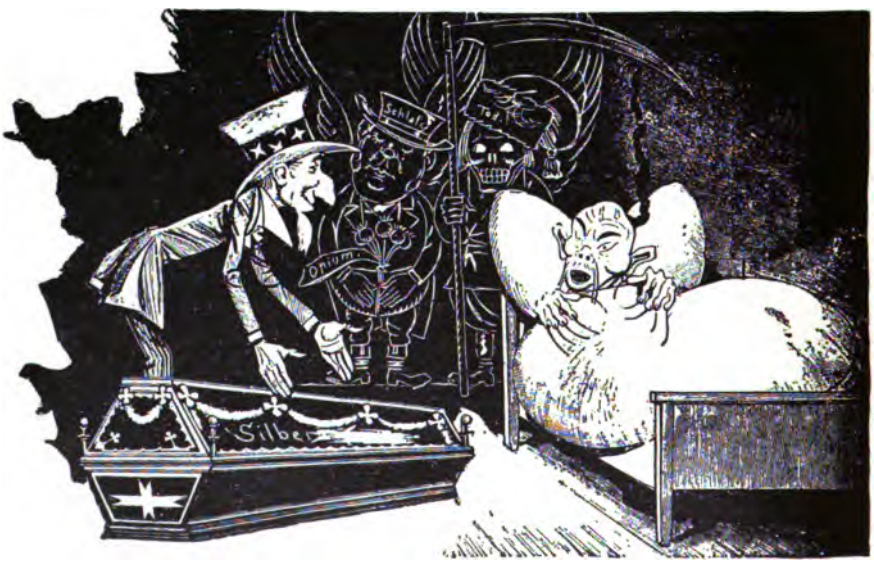
JAPAN—"DOES IT HURT UP THERE?"
om Kladderadatsch. (For full description see page 50.)



CHRISTIANITY AND THE BIBLE IN CHINA.

An exact copy of a Chinese native cartoon. Reproduced in the San Francisco Wasp, Jan. 2, 1892.

appeared November 5th of that year. It shows the figures of two armed horsemen, France and Germany, each burdened with armies of four million men, riding along "The Road to Ruin." Their steeds, weighed down by the burdens they bear, are faltering in their strides. A cartoon published shortly afterwards in the London *Fun* shows the figure of Peace welcoming the emperors of Germany and Austria, and urging them hospitably to lay aside their sword-belts.



BUSINESS AT THE DEATH-BED—UNCLE SAM AS UNDERTAKER.

From Kladderadatsch (Berlin). (For full description see page 49.)

"Thanks, Madam," rejoins Kaiser Wilhelm, "but we would rather retain them ——in your behalf!"

The brief war between China and Japan was necessarily of a nature to suggest cartoons of infinite variety. It was the quick aggressive bantam against a huge but unwieldly opponent, and one of the earliest cartoons in *Punch* utilized this idea in "The Corean Cock Fight." The big and clumsy Shanghai is warily watching his diminutive foe, while the Russian bear, contentedly squatting in the background, is saying softly to himself: "Ha! whichever wins, I see my way to a dinner." Every feature of Chinese life offered something to the caricaturists. For instance, in a cartoon entitled "The First Instalment," London *Fun* shows the Jap slashing off the Chinaman's pigtail. Now this idea of the pigtail in one form or another was carried through to the end of the war. For example the Berlin *Ulk* offers a simple solution of the whole controversy in a picture entitled "How the Northern Alexander Might Cut the Corean Knot." China and Japan, with their pigtails hopelessly tangled in a knot labeled "Corea," are tugging desperately in opposite directions, while Russia, knife in one hand and scissors in the other, is preparing to cut off both pigtails close to the heads of his two victims.

Punch characteristically represented the



TABLEAU.
End of the Chinese-Japanese War.
From Toronto Grip.

contending nations as two boys engaged in a street fight, while the various powers of Europe are looking on. John Chinaman has obviously had very much the worst of the fray; his features are battered; he is on the ground, and bawling lustily, "Boo-hoo! he hurtee me welly much! No peacey man come stoppy him!" The end of the war was commemorated by Toronto *Grip* in a Tableau showing a huge Chinaman on his knees while a little Jap is standing on top of the Chinaman's head toying with the defeated man's pigtail. *Kladderadatsch*, of Berlin, printed a very amusing and characteristic cartoon when the war was at an



THE START FOR THE CHINA CUP.
From Moonshine (London).



Mr. Gladstone in the Valley.

end: "Business at the death-bed—Uncle Sam as Undertaker." This pictorial skit alludes to the proposition from the United States that China pay her war indemnity to Japan in silver. It shows a stricken Chinaman tucked in a ludicrous bed and about to breathe his last. Uncle Sam, as an enterprising undertaker, has thrust his way in and insists on showing the dying man his handsome new style of coffin.

Still another clever cartoon in which the *Kladderadatsch* summed up the situation at the close of the war shows a map of the eastern hemisphere, distorted into a likeness of a much-perturbed lady, the British Isles forming her coiffure, Europe her arms and body, and Asia the flowing drapery of her skirts. Japan, saw in hand, has just completed the amputation of one of her feet—Formosa—and has the other—Corea—half sawn off. "Does it hurt you up there?" he is asking, gazing up at the European portion of his victim. The same periodical a few months later forcibly called attention to the fact that while France and Russia were both profiting by the outcome of the war, Germany was likely to go away empty-handed. It is entitled "The Partition of the Earth; an Epilogue to the Chinese Loan." China, represented as a fat, overgrown mandarin, squatting comfortably on his throne, serene in the consciousness that his financial difficulties are adjusted for the time being, is explaining the situation to Prince Hohenlohe, who is waiting, basket in hand, for a share of the spoils. On one side Russia is bearing off a toy engine and train of cars, labeled "Manchuria," and on the other France is contentedly jingling the keys to a number of Chinese seaports. "The world has been given away," China is saying; "Kwangtung, Kwangsi, and Yünnan are no longer mine. But if you will live in my celestial kingdom you need not feel any embarrassment; your uselessness has charmed us immensely."

The Boulanger excitement, which so roused France until the bubble was effectually pricked by the lawyer Floquet's fencing sword, was satirised by *Judge* in a cartoon entitled "The Noisy Boy in the European Lodging House." The scene is a huge dormitory in which the various European powers have just settled down in their separate beds for a quiet night's rest when Boulanger, with a paper cap



TO THE DEATH.

One of Thomas Nast's later cartoons.



THE CHINESE EXCLUSION ACT.
From the San Francisco Wasp.

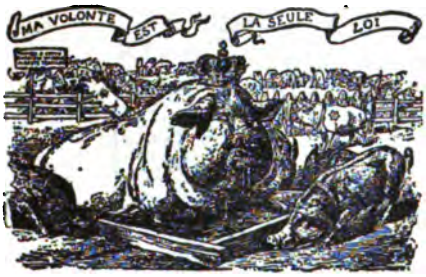


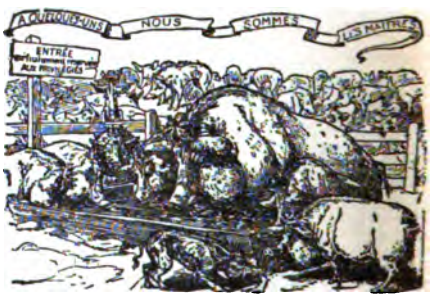
A GERMAN IDEA OF IRISH HOME RULE.



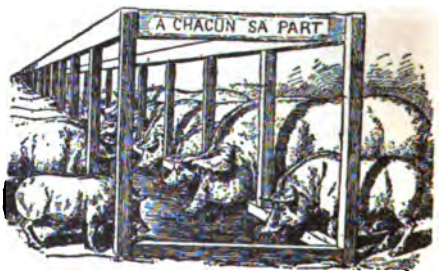
THE JOHN BULL OCTOPUS IN EGYPT.

From Il Papagallo (Rome).









I. ABSOLUTE MONARCHY.
II. CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT.
III. MIDDLE CLASS REPUBLIC.
IV. SOCIAL REPUBLIC.

A PRESENT DAY LESSON.

From the Revue Encyclopédique.

on his head, comes marching through loudly beating a drum. In an instant all is turmoil. King Humbert of Italy is shown in the act of hurling his royal boot at the offending intruder. The Czar of Russia has opened his eyes and his quarters, has joined in the popular outcry. The lodgers with one voice are shouting, "Drat that Boy! Why doesn't he let us have some rest?"

The old allegorical idea of Christian passing through the dangers of the Val-



A GROUP OF MODERN FRENCH CARICATURISTS.

features are distorted with wrath. Bismarck is shaking his iron fist. The Emperor of Austria is getting out of bed apparently with the intention of inflicting dire punishment on the interrupter of his slumbers. Even the Sultan of Turkey, long accustomed to disturbances from all

ley of the Shadow of Death in Bunyan's *Pilgrim Progress*, which has been appearing in caricature every now and then, since Gillray used it against Napoleon, was employed by Tenniel in a cartoon of Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule published in *Punch*, April 15, 1893. The old war-



A FIXTURE.

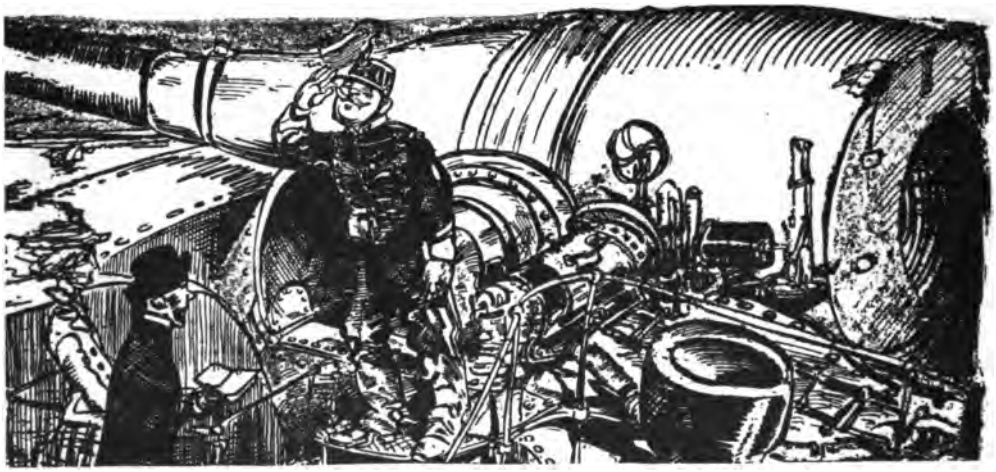
rior, sword in hand, is making his way slowly along the narrow and perilous wall of Home Rule. On either side are the bogs of disaster suggestive of his fate in case his foot should slip.

The Panama scandals in France and the ensuing revelations of general political trickery suggested one of Sambourne's best cartoons, that depicting France descending into the maelstrom of corruption. This cartoon appeared in the beginning of 1893. It shows France in the figure of a woman going supinely over the rapids to be hurled into the whirlpool below.

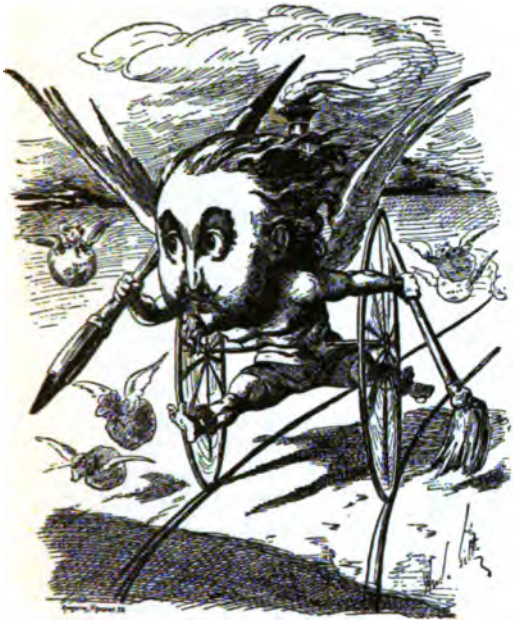
British feeling on the Fashoda affair was summed up by Tenniel in two cartoons which appeared in October and November, in 1898. The first of these called "Quit—Pro Quo?" was marked by a vindictive bitterness which appeared rather out of place in the *Punch* of the last quarter of the century. But it must be remembered that for a brief time feeling ran very high in both countries over the affair. In this cartoon France is represented as an organ-grinder who persists in grinding out the obnoxious Fashoda tune to the intense annoyance of the British householder. The second cartoon represents the Sphinx with the head of John Bull. John Bull is grimly winking his left eye to signify that he regards himself very much of "a fixture" in Egypt.

III.

The dangerous condition in which the United States found itself about the time we began the building of our new and greater navy was depicted in *Judge* by the cartoon entitled, "Rip Van Winkle Awakes At Last." It shows a white-bearded, white-haired Uncle Sam seated on a rock about which the tide is rapidly rising, looking round at the great modern armaments of England and France and Germany and Italy, and murmuring as he thinks of his own antiquated wooden ships of war and brick forts, "Why, I'm twenty years behind the age." In his old hat, with the broken crown, are the feathers of Farragut, Perry, Paul Jones and Lawrence, but these alone are not enough, nor will even the "Spirit of '76," which hovers over him in the shape of an eagle, quite suffice. He has his musket of 1812 and his muzzle-loading gun of 1864, but in the background are those huge cannon of European foes and above them is the



"YES, CITIZENS, SINCE THE DISARMAMENT THIS HAS BEEN MADE INTO A TELESCOPE. FORTUNATELY IT WAS NOT A MUZZLE-LOADER, SO THEY HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PUT IN A LENS AT BOTH ENDS.
A French cartoon aimed at the Peace Conference.



ANDRE GILL.

gaunt, grim figure of a helmetted Death. A little more and it would have been too late. Now there is yet time. Rip Van Winkle awakes at last.

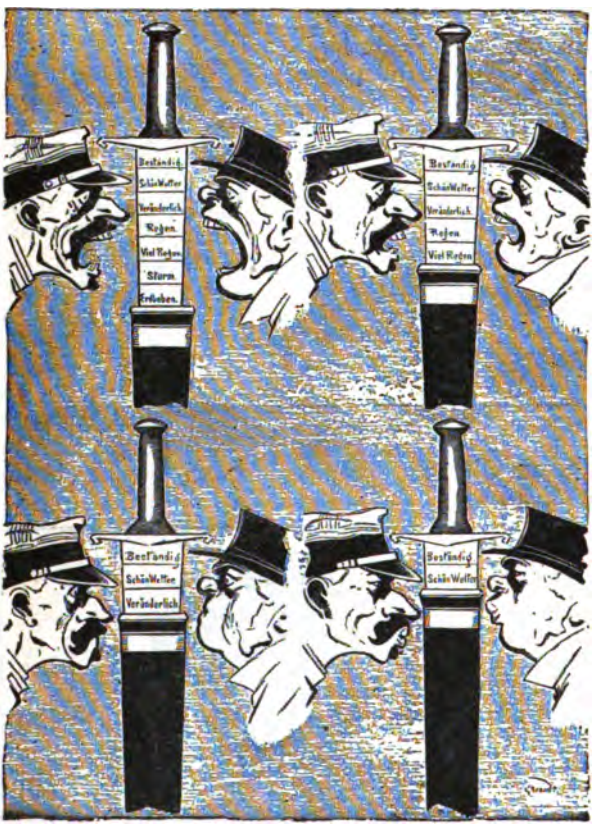
An interesting variant upon the old type of "Presidential Steeplechase" cartoons appeared in *Puck* during the summer of 1892, after the Republican convention at Minneapolis and the Democratic convention at Chicago had respectively nominated Mr. Harrison and Mr. Cleveland. The cartoon is entitled "They're Off!" and is drawn with admirable spirit. The scene is a Roman amphitheatre, and the two presidential candidates, in the guise of charioteers, are guiding their mettlesome steeds in a mad gallop around the arena. Mr. Cleveland's horses, "Tariff Reform" and "Economy," are running steadily, and seem to be slowly forging to the front, while those of Mr. Harrison, "High Protection" and "Force Bill," are not pulling well together, and with ears pointed forward, look as though they might at any moment become unmanageable.

In connection with this campaign of 1892, there was no cartoon of more interest than that entitled "Where Am I At?" which Bernard Gillam drew for *Judge*, and this interest lies less in the cartoon itself than in the amusing story of its conception and execution. Right up to election day not only Gillam but the entire staff of *Judge* were perfectly confident of Republican success at the polls. To them the election seemed to be a mere formality which had to be gone through with, in order that General Harrison might remain in the White House for four years more. So a conference was held, after which Mr. Gillam began work on the cartoon which was to commemorate the Republican victory. The idea used was that of a general smash-up, with Mr. Cleveland in the middle of the *dêbacle* and the Republican elephant marching triumphantly over the ruins. Along these lines a double-page cartoon was drawn with an immense variety of detail, reproduced, and made ready for the press. Election Day came around, and a few hours after the polls had been closed it became evident, to the consternation of Mr. Gilman and his associates, that instead of the expected Republican victory, Mr. Cleveland had swept the country by overwhelming majorities. What was to be done? It was too late to prepare another cartoon, so that the plate already made was taken from the press, and the cartoonist set to work. To the discomfited countenance



CARAN D'ACHE.

of Mr. Cleveland Gillam attached a beard which transformed the face into a likeness to that of the defeated Republican candidate. A huge patch drawn over one of the eyes of the Republican elephant changed its appearance of elation to one of the most woe-begone depression. Other slight changes in the legends here and there throughout the picture transformed its nature to such an extent that only the most practised eye could detect anything that was not wholly spontaneous and genuine. To cap it all, in a corner of the picture Gillam drew a likeness of himself in the form of a monkey turning an uncomfortable somersault. With a knowledge of these facts the reader by a close examination of this cartoon, which we reproduce, will undoubtedly detect the lines along which the lightning change was made. Nevertheless, it will be impossible for him to deny that the transformation was cleverly done.



THE ANGLO-FRENCH WAR BAROMETER.

FASHODA!!! FASHODA!! FASHODA! Fashoda.

From Kladderadatsch (Berlin).

Besides being the year of the presidential campaign, 1892 was a year when the thoughts of Americans were turned backward four centuries to the time when Christopher Columbus first landed on the shore of the Western Hemisphere. The original ships of Columbus's fleet were being brought over the water from Spain; the Columbus idea was being exploited everywhere in topical song and light opera; and it would have been strange indeed if it had failed to play some part in political caricature. Gillam in *Judge* made use of it in the cartoon entitled "The Political Columbus Who Will NOT Land in '92." It represents the ship of the Democracy with Mr. Cleveland as Columbus gazing anxiously and uneasily at the horizon. At the bow of the ship is the lion's head and the shield of Britannia in allusion to Mr. Cleveland's alleged pro-English sympathies. The sail upon which the ship is relying for its progress is marked "Free Trade" and is a woefully patched and weather beaten bit of canvas. The crew of the ship is a strange assortment which suggests all sorts of mutiny and piracy. In the front of the vessel and close behind the captain are Dana, Croker, Sheehan, and Hill. Beyond them we see the figures of Cochran, Carlisle, Crisp, Brice, and Mills and Flower. In the far aft are Blackburn and Gorman. Evidently crew and captain are animated by despair, although the gull, bearing the features of Mr. Pulitzer, of the New York *World*, that is circling around the ship shows that land is not so many miles away. "I don't see land," cries Cleveland-Columbus. And the despairing crew pointing to the Free Trade sail calls back, "And you never will with that rotten canvas."

In contrast with the vindictive and

malicious character of the cartoons which heralded Mr. Cleveland's first election, there was a marked absence of unpleasant personalities in those which belong to the period of his second term. There was no disposition, however, to spare him in regard to the growing difficulty he had in holding his party together or his assumption of what Republicans regarded as an entirely unwarranted degree of authority. This autocratic spirit was cleverly satirized by a cartoon in *Judge*, to which allusion has already been made in the present article. It consists simply of a map of the United States so drawn as to form a grotesque likeness of the President. He is bending low in an elaborate bow, in which mock-humility and glowing self-satisfaction are amusingly blended, his folded hands forming the Florida peninsula, his coat-tails projecting into lower California. Beneath is inscribed the following paraphrase:

My country, 'tis of ME,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of ME I sing!

Mr. Cleveland's troubles with his party began early in his second administration. As early as April we find him depicted by *Judge* as the "Political Bull in the Democratic China-Shop." The bull has already had time to do a vast amount of havoc. The plate-glass window, commanding a view of the national capitol, is a wreck, and the floor is strewn with the remains of delicate cups and platters, amidst which may still be recognized fragments of the "Baltimore Machine," "Rewards for Workers," "Wishes of the Leaders," etc. An elaborate vase, marked "N. Y. Machine," and bearing a portrait of Senator Hill, is just toppling over, to add its fragments to the general wreckage.

The general depression of trade and the much-debated issue of tariff reform recur again and again in the caricatures of the second Cleveland administration, especially after the Republican landslide of 1893. Thus, in December of that year, a significant cartoon in *Judge* represents



DON QUIXOTE BRYAN MEETS DISASTER IN HIS ENCOUNTER WITH THE FULL DINNER PAIL.
By Victor Gillam in Judge.

the leading statesmen of each party engaged in a game of "National Football," the two goals being respectively marked "Protection" and "Free Trade." "Halfback" Hill is saying, "Brace up, Cap; we've got the ball," and Captain Grover, nursing a black eye, rejoins disconsolately, "That's all very well, boys, but they've scored against us, and we've got to put up the game of our lives to beat them."

In January the same periodical published a pessimistic sketch, showing Uncle Sam, shivering with cold, and his hands plunged deep into his pockets, gloomily watching the mercury in the "Industrial Thermometer" sinking steadily lower from protection and plenty, through idleness, misery, and starvation, to the zero point of free trade. "Durn the Democratic weather, anyway," says Uncle Sam. A more hopeful view of the situation found expression in *Puck*, in a cartoon entitled "Relief at Hand." Labor, in the guise of an Alpine traveler, has fallen by the wayside, and lies half buried beneath the snows of the "McKinley Tariff." Help, however, has come, in the form of a St. Bernard, named "Wilson Tariff Bill," while Cleveland, in the guise of a monk, is hastening from the neighbouring monastery, drawn in the semblance of the national capitol. Still another cartoon harping on the need of tariff reform represents McKinley and the other leading Republicans as "Ponce de Leon and His Followers," gathered around a pool labeled "High Protection Doctrine." "They think it is the fountain of political youth and strength, but it is only a stagnant pool that is almost dried up." Among the many caricatures in which *Judge* supported the opposite side, and heaped ridicule on the Wilson Bill, one of the best shows Uncle Sam retiring for the night, and examining with disgust and wrath the meagre crazy quilt (the Wilson Bill) with which he has been provided in lieu of blankets. "I'll freeze to death," he is grumbling, "and yet some of those idiots call this a protective measure."

Mr. Cleveland's determination to return to the South the flags captured in the War of Secession in the hopes of putting an end to sectional feeling brought down upon his head the wrath of the more extreme Republican element, a wrath which was reflected strongly editorially and pictorially in the papers of the day. To *Judge* it suggested the cartoon entitled "Halt," in which Mr. Cleveland in the act of handing back the captured flags is restrained by the spirit of Lincoln, which says, "Had you fought for those flags you would not be so quick to give them away!" To which Mr. Cleveland is made to reply, "Great Scot! I thought you were dead and forgotten long ago. I only meant to please Mr. Solid South. They're rubbish any how." This is another cartoon from the hand of the prolific Gillam.



MR. MCKINLEY AS A POLITICAL TAM O'SHANTER.

By Gillam in Judge.



THE ENGLISH WORLD KINGDOM OR BLOODY CARTOGRAPHY.
From the Lustige Blatter.

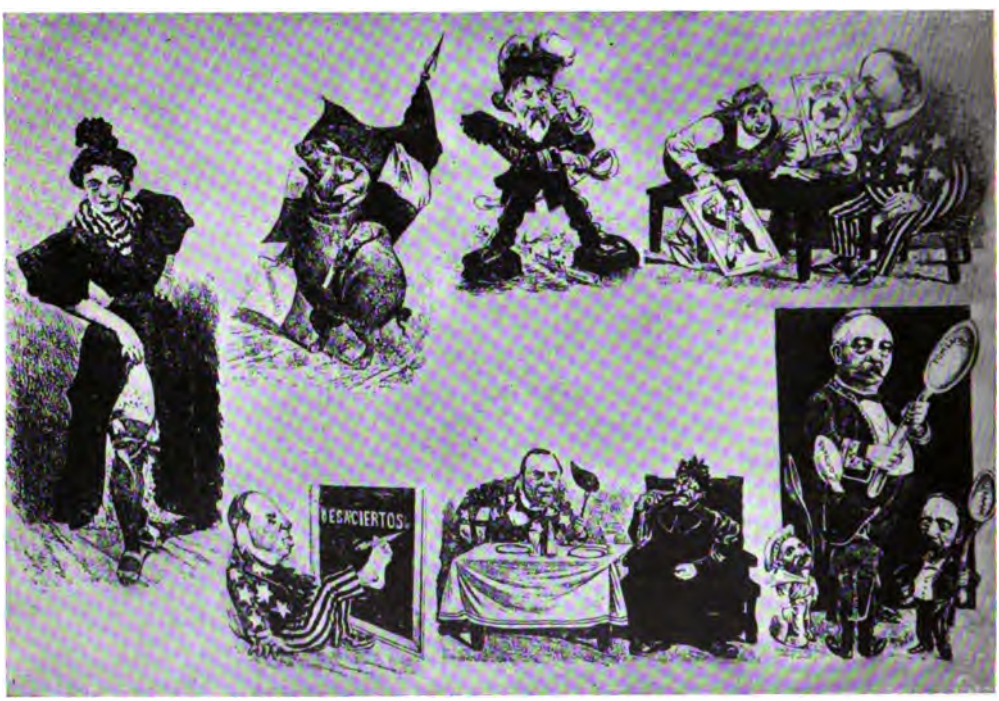


MR. RHODES—THE NAPOLEON OF SOUTH AFRICA.
From the Westminster Budget (London).



THE SITUATION IN SOUTH AFRICA
SOME BOER WAR CARTOONS.
By Gillam in Judge.

The movement for the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands, which occurred in the spring of 1893, and which many Americans were inclined to regard with suspicion and disfavor, was commemorated in a great variety of cartoons, both in this country and abroad. It was only natural that a movement which owed its inception to a Republican administration, should receive the cordial approval and endorsement of *Judge*. A cartoon, dated February 18th, represents Columbia in the guise of an exemplary modern school-mistress, serenely holding in order her turbulent class of mingled Chinese, negroes, Indians, Italian organ-grinders, and Russian anarchists, while she gives a cordial welcome to the small, half-naked new scholar from the Pacific, who is timidly begging to be admitted. Canada, represented as a demure little maiden, stands just behind Hawaii, an interested spectator, apparently more than half inclined to follow his example. In much the same spirit was a design that appeared in the *Wasp*, representing Uncle Sam in the character of St. Peter, holding the key to America's political paradise. "Poor little imp," he is saying to the Hawaiian applicant, "I don't see why I should shut you out, when I've let in all the tramps of the world already." Another cartoon which appeared in *Judge* was entitled, "The Champion Masher of the Universe." This represents Hawaii under the form of a dusky but comely damsel being borne off complacently by a gorgeouslv attired Uncle Sam, while his discomforted rivals are looking on in chagrin and disgust. These rivals are England, under the form of John Bull; France, shown under the features of President Sadi Carnot; Germany, the Emperor William; and Italy, King Humbert. This cartoon was drawn by Gillam.



A knife for the American pigs.

PIRATICAL—(Spain accused an American ship of flying the Spanish flag in order to cut the cable.

The result of the war—defeats.

SAMPSON—"Where is Cervera's fleet?"

McKinley and England.

MCKINLEY—"I wonder what he holds?"

The Minister of Revenue has a spoon for the war kettle.

From Don Quijote (Madrid).

SPANISH CARTOONS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

The Toronto *Grip* saw the matter in quite a different aspect. Hawaii, a badly frightened savage, is bound to a stake, while Uncle Sam, in the guise of a missionary, is whetting the knife of annexation, preparing to give him the coup-de-grace, and at the same time waving off John Bull, who holds his knife, "Protectorate," with similar intent. "Hol' up," says Hawaii, "didn't you say it was wrong to eat man?" and Uncle Sam rejoins benevolently, "Yes—but—well, circumstances alter cases, and the interests of civilization and commerce, you know—— You keep off, John; he's my meat." The suggestion that England was merely waiting for a good excuse to step in and take possession of Hawaii, while the American administration and Congress were trying to reach an understanding, was eagerly seized upon by other journals as well as *Grip*, especially in Germany. The Berlin *Ulk* portrayed Queen Liliuokalani, armed with a broom, angrily sweeping Uncle Sam from his foothold in Honolulu, while John Bull, firmly established on two of the smaller islands, "laughs to his heart's content," so the legend runs, "but the Yankee is mad with rage." In similar spirit the *Kladderadatsch* depicts John Bull and Uncle Sam as "Two Good Old Friends," trying to "balance their interests in the Pacific Ocean." With clasped hands the two rivals are see-sawing backwards and forwards, each striving to retain a precarious foothold, as they straddle the Pacific from Samoa to Hawaii, and each quite oblivious of the discomfort of the squirming little natives that they are crushing under heel.

The fiasco of Mr. Cleveland's ill-advised attempt to restore Queen Liliuokalani to her throne was hit off in *Judge* by a cartoon portraying him as Don Quixote, physically much the worse for wear, as a result of his latest tilt at the Hawaiian windmill. The knight's spirit, however, is unbroken, and he is receiving philosophically the well-meant consolation of Sancho Panza Gresham.



"You can't unbuckle that shoe." Cervera bottles up Schley. McKinley's condition. Dewey's situation. After Sampson's scalp. America's Real Desire. Castelar writes a letter. "This is for you if you don't behave."

From Don Quijote (Madrid).

SPANISH CARTOONS OF THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.



THE LATEST WAR BULLETIN.
By Hamilton in Judge.

Another cartoon of sterling literary flavour is that representing Mr. McKinley as a political Tam o'Shanter, which appeared during the exciting election of 1896. The countenance of Tam in this cartoon shows none of the anxiety and mental perturbation of the hero of Burns' poems. You can see that he has full confidence in his good mare, "National Credit," and is perfectly convinced that she will carry him unscathed over the road to Good Times, Prosperity, and Protection. The carlins have been close at his mare's heels, however, and as he passes the bridge over which they dare not cross, the foremost of his pursuers has caught and pulled away as a trophy the tail of the steed. The tail, however, is something with which he can well part for it typifies four years of business depression. The leaders of the pursuing carlins are Free Trade, Anarchy, Sectionalism, and Popocracy.

Mr. Bryan's appeal to the farmer in 1896 was hit off by Hamilton in a powerful but exceedingly blasphemous cartoon entitled "The Temptation." Bryan in the form of a huge angel of darkness has taken the farmer to the top of a high mountain to show him the riches of the world. As far as the eye can see stretch oceans and cities and hills and rivers and mountains of silver. It is a great pity that so grim and powerful a cartoon should have been marred by that display of bad taste which has been too frequent in the history of caricature.

The caricature produced by the compaign between Mr. McKinley and Mr. Bryan in 1900 offers few if any cartoons more admirable than that by Mr. Victor Gillam, representing Don Quixote Bryan meeting disaster in his fight against the full dinner pail. This cartoon has that literary flavour which has been too much lacking in American caricature, and which raises this particular cartoon far above the average in the same school. The idea, of course, is based on Don Quixote's disastrous encounter with the windmill, which that poor crack-brained gentleman took to be a giant. The body of the windmill is a huge dinner pail and its arms are a crossed knife and fork. Don Quixote, incased in armour from head to foot, and mounted on the Democratic donkey with free silver for a saddle, has tilted against the solid structure with disastrous results. His lance is shattered and he and his faithful steed lie prostrate and discomfited on opposite sides of the road. The Sancho Panza needed to complete the picture appears under the familiar features of Mr. Richard Croker, who, leading the Tammany Tiger by a rope, is hurrying to his master's assistance. In the distance may be seen the White



THE SPANISH BRUTE—ADDS MUTILATION TO MURDER.
By Hamilton in Judge.



Speaker Reed to McKinley—"You've got to bank the fire some way or other: I can't hold in this steam much longer."—Minneapolis Tribune.

House, but the road in that direction is completely barred by the staunch windmill that has so successfully resisted the mad Knight's onslaught.

IV.

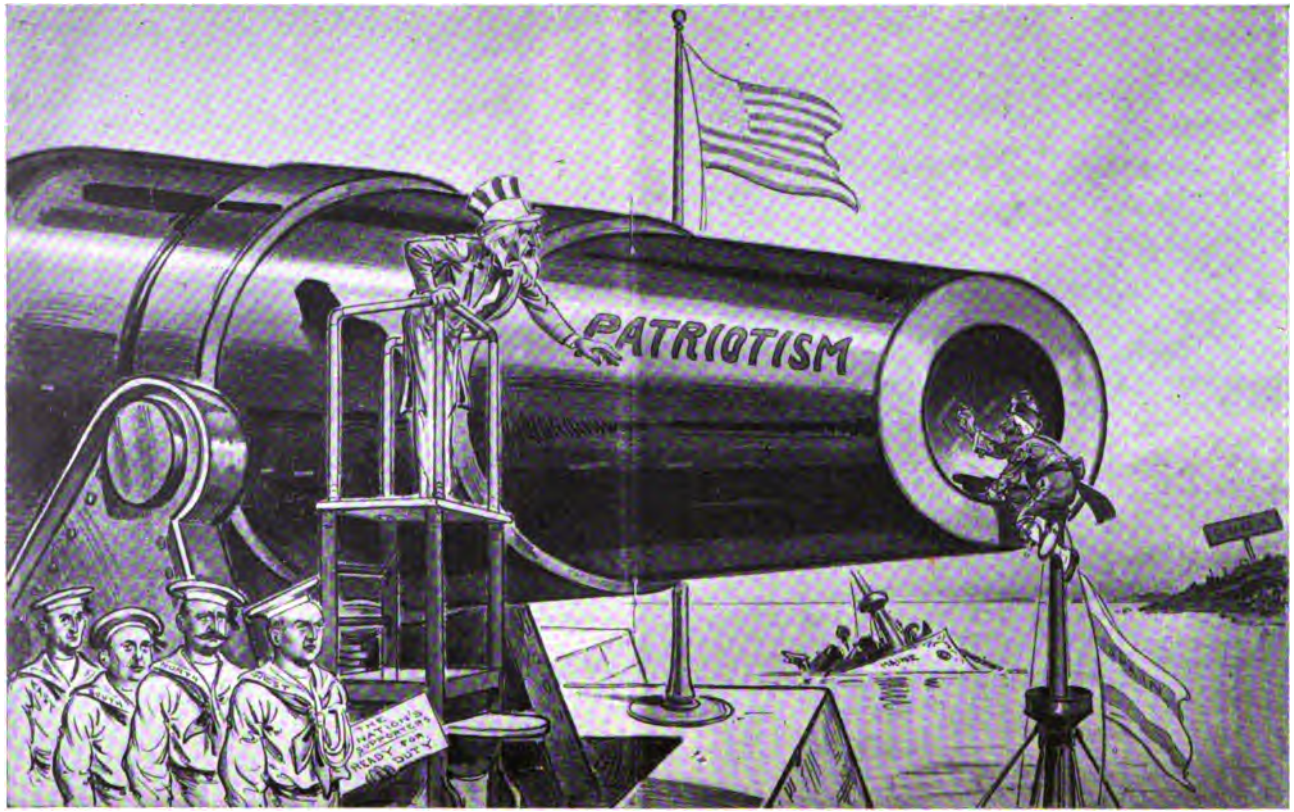
The pent-up feeling throughout the United States, which reached a dangerous degree of tension during the weeks preceding the declaration of war against Spain, was forcibly symbolized in the Minneapolis *Herald*. The dome of the national capitol is portrayed, surmounted by a "Congressional safety-valve." McKinley, clinging to the cupola, is anxiously listening to the roar of the imprisoned steam, which is escaping in vast "war clouds," in spite of all the efforts of Speaker Reed, who is freely perspiring in his effort to hold down the valve.

One of those cartoons which are not to be forgotten in a day or a week or a month; one which stirs the blood and rouses the mind to a new patriotism even when seen years after the events which inspired it, is Victor Gillam's "Be Careful! It's Loaded!" which appeared a few weeks before the outbreak of the Spanish-American War and which we deem worthy of being ranked among the twenty-five or thirty great cartoons which the nineteenth century has produced. To realise to-day its full force and meaning one has to recall the peculiar tension under which the American people were labouring during the months of February, March, and April, 1898. The Maine had been destroyed in Havana Harbour, and although we no longer regard that event in the manner we once regarded it, then it was too much for our overwrought nerves; the condition of Cuba was growing every day more deplorable, and every one felt that the inevitable conflict was hourly at hand. In the picture American patriotism is symbolised by a huge cannon. A diminutive Spaniard has climbed to the top of a mast of a Spanish vessel and monkey-like is shaking his fist down the muzzle. Uncle Sam, standing by the gun and realising the Spaniard's imminent peril calls out, excitedly, "Be Careful! It's Loaded!" a warning to which the latter seems little inclined to pay any attention. In its very simplicity this cartoon differs greatly from most of those of the school of *Puck* and *Judge*. There is none of that infinite variety of detail which makes an elaborate study necessary in order to arrive at a full comprehension of the meaning of a cartoon. "Be Careful! It's Loaded!" like the most striking English and



BRITANNIA AS LADY MACBETH TRYING TO WASH AWAY THE STAINS OF THE BOER WAR.

From the Lustige Blätter.



BE CAREFUL IT'S LOADED!
By Victor Gillam in Judge.

French cartoons may be understood at a glance.

A cartoon like Grant E. Hamilton's "The Latest War Bulletin" we find amusing at the present time. We did not find it so a little over five years ago. This latest war bulletin, printed in asbestos, is supposed to have been just received from the infernal regions. His Satanic majesty, with a sardonic grin upon his face, has just composed it to his own entire satisfaction. Marked up on the burning furnace of Hades it reads: "Only Spanish will be spoken here until further notice—P. S. Guests will please leave their crowns and Spanish 4's in charge of the night clerk."

Another equally hideous cartoon by Hamilton is that entitled "The Spanish Brute Adds Mutilation to Murder." It shows a hideous ape-like monster representing Spain, one blood-dripping hand smearing the tombstones erected to the sailors of the *Maine* and the other clutching a reeking knife. All about him under the tropical trees are the bodies of his mutilated victims. The expression of the monster's countenance is a lesson in national prejudice. It shows how far a well-balanced nation may go in moments of bitterness and anger.

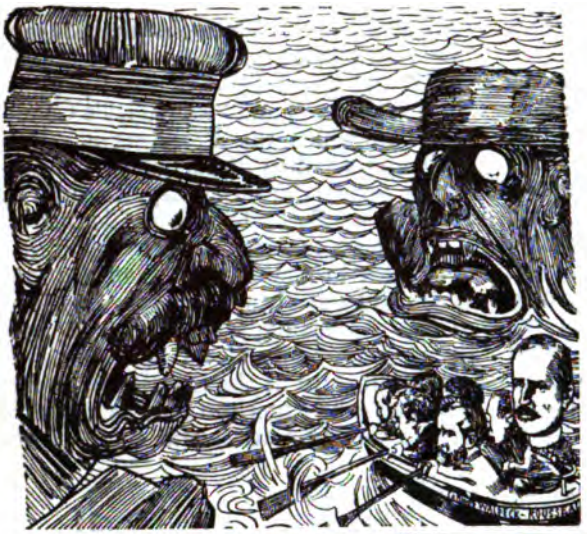
One of the most striking and amusing of all the cartoons evoked by the results of the Spanish-American War appeared in *Punch* at a time when our departure from our traditional policy began to cause comment in Europe. There are two figures, that of Dame Europa and that of Uncle Sam. Dame Europa is a lady of frigid aspect, with arms folded, and who has drawn herself up to full height as she gazes scornfully at the complacent and unruffled Uncle Sam. "To whom do I owe the honour of this intrusion?" she asks, icily. "Marm, my name is Uncle Sam." "Any relation of the late Colonel Monroe?" is the scathing retort.

No less interesting than the American cartoons of the Spanish War are those contributed by Spain herself, although in the light of subsequent events they are chiefly amusing for their over-weening confidence and braggadocio insolence. Among the more extravagant flights of Spanish imagination, which later news turned into absurdities, may be cited "Dewey's Situation," in which the victor of Manila is represented as a disconsolate rat, caught in the Philippine mouse-trap; "Cervera bottled up Schley," a situation which the sober facts of history afterwards reversed; and "McKinley's Condition," in which the President is represented as swathed in bandages, and suffering severely from apocryphal injuries received at Porto Rico and Cienfuegos. All of these cartoons appeared at different times in the Madrid *Don Quijote*, which did not always keep on this level of empty boasting, but occasionally produced some really clever caricature. A regular feature of the Spanish War cartoons was the American Hog as a symbol of the United States, and some of the



From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

applications of this idea in the *Don Quijote* were distinctly amusing. For instance, in reference to Spain's accusation that an American ship flew the Spanish flag at Guantanamo in order to approach near enough to cut the cable, America is shown as a fat hog, triumphantly strutting along on its hind legs and ostentatiously waving the Spanish colors. Again, the Sampson-Schley controversy is hit off in a picture showing Sampson surrounded by a number of naval "hogs," each armed with gigantic shears and bent upon obtaining the Admiral's scalp. Still another cartoon seeks to explain



BETWEEN SCYLLA AND CHARYBDIS.

WALDECK-ROUSSEAU—"Forward, dear friends, look neither to the right nor the left, and we will win through at last."

From Humoristiche Blätter (Berlin).

the "real purpose in getting Cuba away from Spain. A drove of pigs have clustered around a huge barrel of Cuban molasses and are eagerly sucking the contents through tubes. Of a more dignified type are the caricatures representing Spain as a beautiful and haughty Senorita, boldly showing how she keeps beneath her garter "a knife for the American pigs"; or pointing to her shoe on which Cuba serves as a buckle, and arrogantly challenging a diminutive McKinley, —"you can't unbuckle my shoe!"

V.

A cartoon which was a forerunner of the Transvaal War and the railway between Capetown and Cairo was that entitled "The Rhodes Colossus," which appeared in *Punch* December 10, 1892. It was by the hand of Lin-



THE LAST PHASE OF THE DREYFUS CASE.

Justice takes Dreyfus into her car.

From Amsterdammer.



A DUTCH VIEW.
The present condition of the French general staff.
From Amsterdammer.

ley Sambourne. It shows a colossal figure of Cecil Rhodes standing on a map of Africa with one foot planted in Egypt and the other at the Cape. In his hands he holds a line suggesting the telegraph wire connecting the two places.

Although the German Government refused to interfere in the protracted struggle in the Transvaal, the sympathy of Germany with the Boers found expression in a host of cartoons, bitterly inveighing against British aggression. Thoroughly characteristic is one which appeared in the *Lustige Blätter* entitled "English World-Kingdom; or Bloody Cartography." A grossly distorted caricature of Victoria is standing

before a map of the world, and dipping her pen in a cup of blood, held for her by an army officer. Chamberlain, at her elbow, is explaining that "the lowest corner down yonder must be painted red!" Another of the *Lustige Blätter's* grim cartoons, alluding to the terrible price in human life that England paid for her ultimate victory in the Transvaal, depicts Britannia, as Lady Macbeth,



FIRE!
From Psst (Paris).

vainly trying to wash the stain from her bloody hands. "Out, damned spot!" In lighter vein is the cartoon which is here reproduced from the *Wiener Humoristische Blätter*, showing "Oom Paul at His Favorite Sport." Kruger, rakishly arrayed in tennis garb, is extracting infinite enjoyment from the congenial exercise of volleying English soldiers, dressed up as shuttlecocks, over the "Transvaal net" into the watery ditch beyond.

With the Spanish-American War, the *Affaire Dreyfus* in France and England's long struggle for supremacy in the Transvaal, the period arbitrarily chosen as the scope of these articles comes to a brilliant and dramatic close. But the cartoonist's work is never done. Nimble pencils are still busy, as in the days of Rowlandson and Gillray, in recording and in influencing the trend of history.



TOWARD FREEDOM.

MADAME LA REPUBLIQUE—"Welcome, M. Le Capitaine. Let me hope that I may soon return you your sword."

From Punch (London).



AT DEVIL'S ISLAND.

THE MASTER OF THE ISLAND.—"They take away one captain from me: but look here, a whole handful of generals! Oh, after all, the arrangement is not so bad."

From Lustige Blatter (Berlin).

CARTOONS ON THE DREYFUS CASE.

and a hundred years from now, whoever attempts to do for the twentieth century a service analogous to that which has here been undertaken for the nineteenth, will find an even ampler and richer store of material, thanks to the group of younger satirists in the full blood of their enthusiasm, who are valiantly carrying on the traditions of the men of the past; of Leech, and Tenneil, of Daumier, and Philipin, and Cham and André Gill, of Nast and Keppler, and Gillam, and who have already begun to record with trenchant pencil the events that are ushering in the dawn of the new century.



OOM PAUL'S FAVORITE PASTIME.
From the Wiener Humoristiche Blätter.

THE END.

WHISTLER AND SWINBURNE

WHEN Whistler's pictures were held to ridicule by the unknowing and the unknown of thirty-five years ago, a champion stepped forward in the person of a man of letters, Algernon Charles Swinburne. His fellow artists were not so willing to accord him merit, although Alma Tadema declared "Jimmy has a knack of doing things with his colour that no one else can do." However, neither Alma Tadema, nor Millais, Poynter, Colin Hunter, or Leighton at all agreed that these things were to be taken seriously, and they smiled in their sleeves. It usually takes the finer perceptions of a poet to uncover the subtilty beautiful, so that Swinburne's praise in his little pamphlet on the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1868 came to the many as a revelation. It is to be regretted that this pamphlet is so rare as to be almost inaccessible, for it contains some of the most beautiful prose descriptions ever written. In speaking of the difficulty of conveying in words any adequate conception of a painted picture, and with direct reference to Whistler's work, Swinburne wrote:

"No task is harder than this translation from colour into speech, when the speech must be so hoarse and feeble, when the colour is so subtle and sublime. Music or verse might strike some string accordant in sound to such painting, but a mere version such as this is a psalm of Tate's to a Psalm of David's. In all of the main strings touched are certain varying chords of blue and white, not without interludes of the bright and tender tones of floral purple or red. . . . They all have immediate beauty, they all give the direct delight of natural things; they seem to have grown as a flower grows, not in any forcing house of ingenious and laborious cunning. This is, in my eyes, a special quality of Mr. Whistler's genius; a freshness and fulness of the loveliest life of things, with a high, clear power upon them which seems to educe a picture as the sun does a blossom or a fruit."

At another time Whistler's "Before the Mirror," furnished Swinburne the inspiration of these lines:

"I cannot see what pleasures
 Or what pains were;
What pale new loves and treasures
 New Year's will bear;
What beam will fall, what shower,
What grief or joy for dower;
 But one thing knows the flower; the flower
 is fair."

Whatever his eccentricities, whatever his mannerisms, whatever his affectations, no one can burden the memory of the Gentle Artist with any charge of ingratitude. True it is that he wrote at length of "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies," but until he felt there were enemies he had nothing to do with the making. Swinburne was no exception; Whistler thanked him from the bottom of his heart for the service of his appreciation. Of course, he took it sensibly as his due, yet he was overjoyed to find that he was not the only David in the camp of the Philistines. "I shall etch your portrait, Swinburne," said he. "You must sit to me. It takes the infamous, you know, to make the famous famous." And he kept his word. Swinburne came over to Whistler's house in Chelsea for a day, and there Whistler made a remarkable study of him in drypoint, which Mr. Mortimer Menpes has, or did have, in his possession.

But alas! Whistler invaded the poet's own territory unwittingly with his remarkable little lecture, "Ten o'Clock." A century before Sir Joshua Reynolds had embodied many of the same ideas in his lectures at the Royal Academy, but Whistler had a more brilliant way of saying things, wherefore, though Sir Joshua's "Addresses" had been accepted without a murmur, Mr. Whistler's "Ten o'Clock" was pounced upon by the critics, and by Mr. Swinburne most severely of all, in his article which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* for June, 1888. Whistler, amazed and hurt, wrote to Swinburne:

"Why, O brother! did you not consult with me before printing, in the face of a

ribald world, that you also *misunderstand* and are capable of saying so; with vehemence and repetition.

"Have I then left no man on his legs?—and have I shot down a singer in the far off, when I thought him safe at my side?

"Cannot the man who wrote *Atalanta*—and the *Ballads* beautiful—can he not be content to spend his life with *his* work, which should be his love—and has for him no misleading doubt and darkness—that he should stray about blindly in his brother's flower-beds and bruise himself! . . . O Brother! where is thy sting! O Poet! where is thy victory!"

"How have I offended! and how shall you in the midst of your poisoned page hurl with impunity the boomerang rebuke?

" 'Paradox is discoloured by personality, and merriment is distorted by malevolence.' "

But Mr. Swinburne did not quite understand, perhaps, or he had nothing to explain, or he was tired of Mr. Whistler, or the matter is none of our business; a reconciliation was not effected, and one fine morning shortly after, at just ten o'clock, a letter from Whistler came to Swinburne's notice concluding with these words:

"Thank you, my dear! I have lost a confrère; but, then, I have gained an acquaintance—one Algernon Swinburne—'outsider—Putney.' "

Gardner C. Teall.

RECOMPENSE.

When I reflect on all thou givest me,
Beloved, in the hours I cherish so,—
The vision of love's wonders that I know
I never might have dreamed of but for thee,—
And when I look upon myself and see
How in thy tender care a soul may grow,
In gratitude I would on thee bestow
More love than in one human heart may be.

But when I gaze into thy softened eyes
At my adoring eyes reflected there,
I feel, O Love of mine! that in some wise
I may give more than I am now aware;
That my soul's ardent and insatiate prayer
May be thy lonely spirit's long-sought prize.

Elsa Barker.

A NEW POEM BY LORD BYRON

BYRON the poet though not, perhaps, so universally read as was the case some thirty or forty years ago, is still the common property of all who take any real interest in British classical literature. Byron the man, notwithstanding that it has always been open to us to know him better through the kindly medium of his friend Tom Moore, has, it is to be feared, meant little to most modern readers beyond a kind of vague embodiment of all that was dissolute and reprobate and quite unfit to be introduced into the midst of a respectable family circle. Just lately, however, a great step has been taken towards the reawakening of our interest in him, and the showing him in his true light in the giving to the world of his Letters and Journals; a labour of love by whose fulfilment both Mr. Rowland Prothero, the editor, and Mr. John Murray, the publisher, have surely raised themselves a monument more lasting than brass. There we have Byron as he really was, in all his pathetic loneliness. It might almost be said, in his equally pathetic littleness—for, with all his undoubted talents, Byron cannot truly be reckoned amongst the world's great men—were it not that we should remember that his faults were nearly all as much of the world's making, as of his own. Vain, self-conscious, petty, passionate, peevish, even spiteful, he undeniably was, each and all in their turn; but who can wonder at that, when, after a boyhood during which his deformity was being constantly brought home to him—even his own mother, otherwise kind, not disguising her disgust at his misfortune—the world first raised him on a pedestal as a popular idol, and then as suddenly dashed him from it, execrating him for crimes at the very mention of which—weak of principle as Byron must be allowed to have been—even a ten times more dissolute man than he would have shuddered. What wonder that he became embittered, cynical, an Ishmaelite amongst his fellow men, believing every man's hand to be against him, and therefore revenging himself, ahd at the same time seeking consolation for his own wounded feelings, by exposing the vanity and emptiness, which as it seemed to him, lay beneath the thoughts and words and deeds of even the best of his contemporaries? What wonder, even, that branded as he was in the world's opinion with unnameable guilt, forsaken by his wife, and deprived of all those stays in life which go to the saving of a man, he should, in his very despair, have become callous to opinion, and plunged deeper into those excesses his natural inclinations for which had been so pharisaically condemned? Rather, it would seem, does the blame of his wasted life rest with those who dealt with him so thoughtlessly and unchristianly: for himself, in the nearer knowledge that we now have of him, we can surely have nothing but the sincerest pity.

With the interest in Byron thus revived, after having for so long lain comparatively dormant in the public mind by the publication of documents so intimately personal, it must naturally follow that any further relics of the man and his work which may be suspected to exist will be eagerly sought after and, when discovered, as eagerly welcomed. It may therefore be regarded as a somewhat remarkable coincidence that just about the same time that Mr. Prothero was bringing his pious work to a conclusion, the MS. fragment which forms the subject of this article should have come to light, by the purest accident, amongst a bundle of Byron's letters found in a desk formerly belonging to the late Mr. ——, Byron's close associate while they were together at Cambridge, and one of the few persons whom he counted as his intimate friends in after life.

Of the authenticity of the MS. there cannot be the smallest doubt. Besides having been found, as already said, amongst a number of Byron's letters to ——, in itself a sufficiently reasonable proof of both letters and MS. having been derived from the same source, and filed awav as such, a careful comparison of the handwritings of the one and the other has shown them to be identical: while a further examination of the fragment side

by side with previously known specimens of what may be classified as Byron's handwriting of composition reveals certain peculiarities unquestionably his own —such as the commencement of the lines with capitals of abnormal size, and the variations between the looped and unlooped "f's." That the metre in which the stanzas contained in the MS. are written is one which has come to be regarded so distinctively as Byron's own perhaps does not go for so much in the way of proof, metres being open to imitation: but the most cursory perusal will afford ample and convincing evidence of their Byronic origin, in the easy, almost conversational, flow of the language, the ingenuity of the rhymes, and, above all, the tone of intense sarcasm pervading the whole composition —sarcasm of that kind in which Byron had made himself so eminently a master, hurting the worse because as a rule so playfully, and even delicately, expressed.

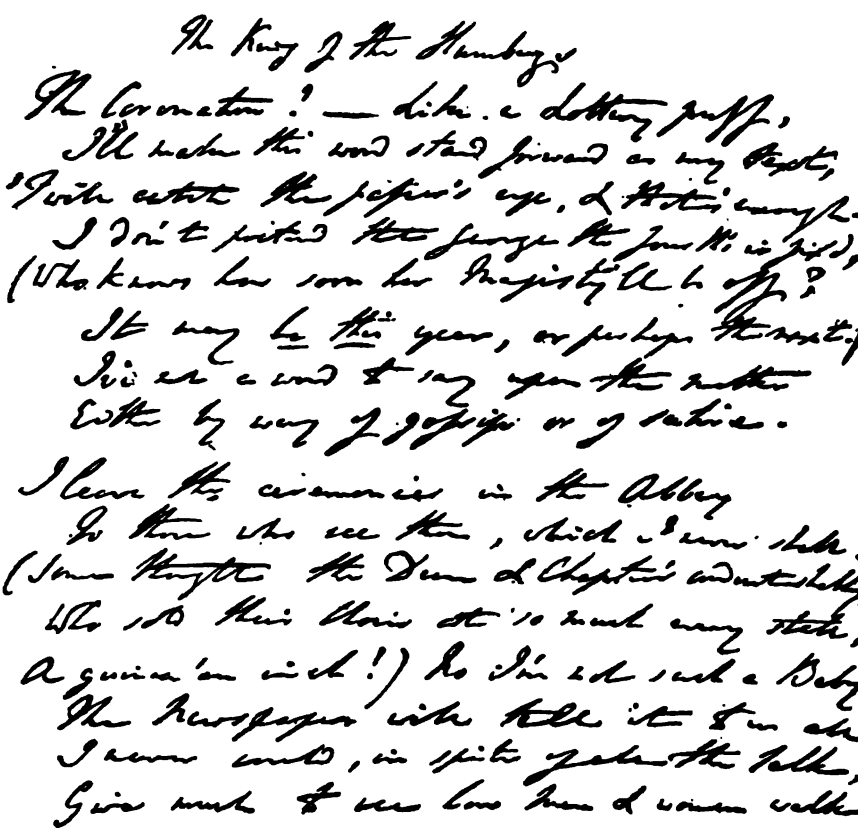
The MS. is contained in three loose sheets of the hand-made note-paper of the time, used for the rough draft of the composition and the jotting down of ideas and rhymes as they might occur, and a small quarto copy book (6¼ inches by 7¾ inches) in which a fair copy has been made of the finished stanzas, with gaps of one or more pages left between stanzas, or groups of two or more stanzas, to be filled up as the poem progressed toward completion. The title of the fragment and the opening lines of the first stanza show it to have been written round the coronation of George IV., a fact which not only helps to approximately fix the date of its composition, but also seems to afford some explanation of its having been found where it was found. George IV.'s coronation was originally fixed for August 1, 1820, but was eventually postponed, on account of the difficulties arising through the claim made by the King's discarded wife, Princess Caroline, to be recognised as Queen Consort, until July 19, 1821. The intended poem must therefore have been commenced either shortly before the first of these dates, or at some period between the two, Byron in stanza 2 line 2 clearly referring to the ceremony as still to take place, and internal evidence appears to point to the first of these alternatives as being the more likely of the two. A very reasonable explanation would seem to be that the work was begun in anticipation of the coronation, and, when the ceremony was postponed, was put aside and never taken up again. At about that time we know from Moore's *Life of Byron* that —— was paying a visit to his friend at Ravenna; while in Byron's own letter of February 19, 1820, to ——, pressing the latter to come and stay with him, he speaks of a drawer full of manuscript, notably the last cantos of *Don Juan*, which he proposes that his guest shall convey for him to England. What, then, can be more likely than that, when the manuscripts were being turned over, this unfinished work should have been found among them, and that Byron, having abandoned the idea of completing it, should have acceded to ——'s request to be allowed to keep it?

Though the poem, as has already been said, was obviously suggested by the coronation, it is not quite evident from as much of it as is in complete shape whether it was intended directly as a satire against George IV. himself—a companion poem, it may be, to *The Vision of Judgment*—or whether simply as a general castigation of some of the prominent men of the day. Perhaps the most likely interpretation is that Byron had the latter purpose most chiefly in his mind when he began, but his feelings of indignation toward the King—his sympathies being wholly with George's persecuted wife—made him stray from his original object as he went on. It is not necessary to give here an account of all the rough notes, unfinished stanzas, etc., which the MSS. include (though some are shown in the reproductions in facsimile), as they will be given fully when the poem is published, as it is to be, in another form. We give below the completed portions only, with such notes as seem necessary to its understanding. The poem is called:

THE KING OF THE HUMBUGS.

I

The Coronation!—Like a Lottery puff,[1]
I'll make the word stand forward as my text,
'Twill catch the passer's eye, and that's enough—
I don't pretend that George the Fourth is fix'd.
(Who knows how soon Her Majesty 'll be off?[2]



It may be this year, or perhaps the
next.)
I've not a word to say upon the matter,
Either by way of gossip or of satire.

II

I leave the ceremonies in the Abbey
To those who see them, which I never
shall.
(Some thought the Dean and Chapter's
conduct shabby,[3]
Who sold their Choir at so much every
stall,
A guinea an inch!) No, I'm not such a
Baby,
The Newspaper will tell it to us all.
I never could, in spite of all the talk,
Give much to see how men and women
walk.

(1) *Line* 1—"Lottery puff."—Lotteries were abolished by 6 Geo. IV. c. 60, Oct. The last was drawn Oct. 18, 1826. Hone gives a number of examples of lottery puffs in his *Every Day Book* (vol. ii., pp. 1503 *et seq*), pointing out, as Byron here insinuates, that though they might contain a large amount of matter seemingly of general interest, the sole gist of them lay in the announcement that a lottery was to take place, and an admonition to the public that it was advisable to take tickets at once.

(2) *Line* 5—"how soon Her Majesty'll be off."—This may refer, according to the date at which the poem was written, to (*a*) Princess Caroline's journey from Italy in 1820 to claim her rights as Queen; (*b*) the passing of the Bill of Pains and Penalties brought in to Parliament against her; (*c*) her departure from England, with the consequent ending of the popular agitation in her behalf.

"There can be but little doubt that had the Queen been found guilty and divorced, George IV.'s position as King would have been imperilled." Dict. Nat. Biog. *art.* Caroline of Brunswick Wolfenbuttel.

(4) *Line* 1.—"The Congress."—There had been several Congresses held in the years immediately preceding the composition of the poem, but Byron probably had most particularly in his mind those of Vienna, Nov. 3, 1614, and Carlsbad, Aug. 1, 1819, at the first of which England, Austria, Russia, and Prussia bound themselves together for the complete suppression of Napoleon, and at the second the same Powers decreed measures to curb the liberal press, etc., both of which purposes were particularly obnoxious to Byron.

III

Then I've no taste for sitting hugger mugger.
We'll have a Coronation of our own.
You shall have tickets, we'll be vastly snugger,
Step in and see—Here is a royal crown:
But whether it is made of cake and sugar
Or Diamonds is not easy to be known,
But then in one respect we should prefer it
Before all crowns; it is adjudged to merit.

IV

To merit! What, the Congress takes no part?[4]
The Holy Alliance,[5] has that nought to say?
I thought I knew their principles by heart;
Can they sit by and see crowns given away?
Even so. Unless some one amongst them start
To win the prize, as some of them well may,
For 'tis to-day the Humbugs have appointed
To see their King elected and anointed.

V

Where are these Humbugs? O the search I've made
To find their country! 'Twas a tedious process,
I've turned to every Atlas in the trade,
Systems complete with all their texts and glosses,
I've called all Tours and Voyages to my aid.
Last in despair I turned to Captain Ross's,
Hoping to see their Kingdom marked perhaps
Somewhere near Croker's Mountains on his maps.[6]

VI

Poor Croker! It is very hard to lose
One's Mountains! But a truce with maps and charts.
For some one whispers—(Could it be my Muse?)
That Humbugs are found natives of all parts,
And scattered through all nations like the Jews,
And have, like them, great skill in little arts,
Yet not, like them, held up to scorn and laughter,
They're feasted, listened to, and followed after.

VII

Then I have known some few—It is a sect
Enjoys so much beyond mere toleration
(More even than the Catholics expect)[7]
There's scarce a post of honour in the nation,
Never a star with which they're not bedecked.

(5) *Line* 2.—"The Holy Alliance"—ratified at Paris, Sept. 26, 1815, between the Emperor of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia, by which they ostensibly bound themselves, among other things, to be governed by Christian principles in all their political transactions with a view to perpetuating the peace they had achieved—an example of humbug well worthy of Byron's satire!

(6) *Lines* 6 *to* 8.—"Captain Ross—Croker's Mountains."—In 1818 Captain (afterward Rear-Admiral Sir John) Ross, R.N., was appointed commander of an expedition, consisting of the "Isabella" and "Alexander" (the latter commanded by Lieut. Parry) to endeavor to make the North West Passage through Davis Straits. The expedition resulted in the rediscovery of Baffin's Bay. Ross then attempted to go westward through Lancaster Sound, but being deceived, presumably by a mirage, he described the passage as being barred by a range of mountains which he named "Croker's Mountains," after the Secretary to the Admiralty, and returned to England. Doubts being cast on the reality of the mountains in question by Captain Sabine, a member of the scientific staff of the expedition, a hot controversy on the subject raged for some time. Byron seems to be here alluding to the weight of scientific opinion being in favour of Sabine's contention. The Admiralty next sent out another expedition under Parry, who returned in October, 1820, with proof that Ross had been too hasty in his judgment.

The Rt. Hon. John Wilson Croker, author and politician, and Secretary to the Admiralty from 1809 to 1830. His strong Tory prejudices, and perhaps particularly for the caustic manner in which he expresses them in *The Quarterly Review*, made him especially obnoxious to the Whig party as witness Macaulay's wholly uncalled for attack on him in his review of Croker's *Boswell's Life of Johnson*. Byron, whose politics may, perhaps, be best summed up as "against the government," here seems also to consider him a proper subject for, at least, irritation.

To have a King then of their own creation
Is but one step, nay scarce a step I doubt
When Almack's tickets fly to seek them out.[8]

* * * *

Here there occurs a hiatus in the finished copy, Byron evidently being unable to get the next stanzas to his liking. In the draft, however, there are a series of incomplete stanzas and half-worked out ideas. He seems first to have contemplated describing the procession of Humbugs. Then breaking off for a time, he turns to the consideration of the question, who is most fit to be king of the Humbugs!

The prosecution of this theme being probably for the time not congenial, Byron leaves it, to turn to the discussion of another point in his satire—the place where the coronation, or the election, of the Humbug Monarch was to be held. In this direction he was for a brief period more successful, the next three stanzas having apparently been written at once into the copy book, without any previous drafting, the sequence of the rough copy going to prove that no part of it has been lost, and such alternative readings as have occurred to Byron being inserted in the fairy copy.

(7) *Line* 3.—"More even than the Catholics expect."—Bills in favour of the Roman Catholics were frequently brought in without effect from 1813 to 1828. Pitt himself had proposed measures for their relief at intervals between 1801 and 1804, but had given them up.

(8) *Line* 8.—"Almack's"—Almack's Assembly Rooms, King Street, St. James's, erected by a Scotchman named Almack, or McCall, and opened February 12, 1765, were at first very exclusive. They were afterwards known as Willis' Rooms, and have now been utilised as a fashionable restaurant.

(9) *Line* 2.—"Easy Holland's scribbler-sheltering roof." Henry Richard Vassall Fox, third Lord Holland, who restored Holland House, and there gathered round him a brilliant circle of statesmen, wits, men of letters, and other people of distinction, giving the house a European celebrity. *Cf.* "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers:"

"Blest be the banquets spread at Holland House,
Where Scotchmen feed, and critics may carouse!
Long, long beneath that hospitable roof,
Shall Grub Street dine, while duns are kept aloof."

(10) *Line* 7.—"The Princess of Madagascar."

VIII

Some thought no properer spot could be assigned
Than easy Holland's scribbler-sheltering roof,[9]
For 'twas a haunt familiar to their kind
Where they could creep and feed and strut and puff,
All had discoursed there, and some few had dined—
But then my lord's consent was not enough:
There was the Princess too of Madagascar—[10]
And no one had the courage e'en to ask her.

IX

The number qualified was found prodigious,
And all with very palpable pretensions,
Both civil, military, and religious,
Some there had patents, others stars and pensions,
Half those who print, and with their thoughts oblige us,
The Authors of all manner of inventions
Oxford and Cambridge severally sent Messrs. . . .
With very good degrees . . . and some professors.

X

There must be room to swagger and to bluster
To bustle and look big or all will fail,
Some of the places which have been discussed are
Enough perhaps to lodge them in detail,
And by instalments—But a general muster!
No house is sure of a sufficient scale,

—Elizabeth Vassall, Lady Holland, called the Princess of Madagascar because figuring under that title in Lady Caroline Lamb's novel *Glenarvon* published in 1816, of which Byron was represented as the eponymous hero. Lady Holland had great powers of fascination, but could make herself extremely offensive to those to whom she took a dislike, and was particularly severe in her treatment of poets. Byron, supposing that she had prompted the article on his *Hours of Idleness* in the *Edinburgh Review*, satirised her in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, but afterwards made amends by dedicating *The Bride of Abydos* to her husband.

No, not his gracious Majesty's pavilion[11]
Though that is said to have cost him near a million.

* * * *

Having achieved this much, however, Byron's ideas must have again failed him, for there is another break in the continuity of the fairy copy. That he endeavoured to follow up his temporary success is evident from the rough draft, but all that his effort resulted in were two, what Lord Halsbury would probably call "sorts of stanzas," mainly composed of suggestions of various places where the ceremony should be held.* At last he gets the idea of holding it in the now vacated booths of Smithfield fair, and goes ahead again:

(11) *Line* 7.—"His Majesty's Pavilion."—The Pavilion at Brighton, founded in 1784, and greatly enlarged between that year and 1823, on the model of the Kremlin at Moscow. In 1849 it was sold to the town of Brighton for £53,000.

*"Hobhouse and Co. spoke loud for Palace Yard
For Humbugs of reform. . . . It oft had held them and again it could
Till one objected that 'twas somewhat hard
They should take this exclusive tone
As though all others no regard
Though they were many and at least as good when each
Had styled himself the people in his speech
Patriots and sovereigns by the self same figure
Speak in the plural to appear the bigger."

"Religious humbugs throw in a word for Clapham Common
Dark the King's architect bid them not regard
Since he could knock down all between Holborn and
The Strand . . . and rebuild it in putty
Some thought the Penitentiary would do
So few people in it
If Van (?) would guarantee them from a pelting
Which the reformed inmates (penitents) sometimes dealt in
Haydon and Hoffman shew'd their Exhibitions
And puff'd their works as better far than Titian's."

The inspiration eventually dies out in the following rough notes, hurriedly jotted down to be returned to and fashioned into shape at some more propitious time:

"Twas on the day when Bartholomew Fair had ceased—'Tis not generally reckoned lucky to come a day after the fair—But in this case it was for all the Booths were to be allowed to stand and to be occupied by the novel candidates."

XI

We all I think must own a happy hit owes
Much to the aptness of the opportunity.
The Fair[12] had ceased, and Brooks's[13] and Polito's[14]
Had summoned homewards their four legged community
With Bears and Sloths with two toes and with three toes.
The Booths might now be entered with impunity,
And there they stood so handy and inviting
For all the Humbugs both to speak and write in.

It is interesting to trace the train of Byron's thought here. His first idea was to write "Pidcock's or Polito's," but it then occurred to him that the satire would be more complete if he coupled "Brooks's" with the menagerie, treating the occupants of both as so many varieties of wild beasts. When making the fair copy he, either by a slip of the pen or in a temporary fit of compunction, again wrote "Pidcock's," but, finally deciding that second thoughts were best, restored the name of the club.

(12) *Line* 3.—"The Fair."—Bartholomew Fair, held in Smithfield. The charter was granted by Henry I. in 1133. The shows were discontinued in 1850 and the fair was proclaimed for the last time in 1855.

(13) *Line* 3.—"Brooks's."—Originally a gaming club in Pall Mall, kept by Almack and afterwards by Brooks. It gradually became the leading Whig Club, and in 1778 it was removed to St. James's Street, where it still is.

(14) *Line* 3.—"Polito's."—A menagerie established at Exeter Change in the Strand, on about the same site as that occupied by the Lyceum Theatre. The proprietors of the collection were, successively, Pidcock, Polito, and Cross. On the demolition of Exeter Change the animals were removed to the Surrey Zoological Gardens. One of the chief features of the collection was "Chunee" the elephant, whose fate, when he went mad and had to be shot by a platoon of soldiers, excited as much public sympathy as the sale of "Jumbo" in more recent times.

(15) *Line* 1.—"The Bonassus."—An imaginary wild beast, encountered by the Ettrick Shepherd (James Hogg), *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, xlviii., April, 1850.

(16) *Line* 2.—"One Cæsar."—The Emperor Caligula (A.D. 37-41) made his favourite horse Incitatus Consul in ridicule of the Senate and Roman People.

(17) *Line* 8.—"One Consul at Patras."—The British Consul at Patras with whom Byron came most into contact, according to his letters, was Mr. Strani. It does not seem very clear,

XII

Why the Bonassus[15] budged, is still a question,
Some blame him for not standing firm his ground,
And think that 'twas a plausible suggestion
To have him named a candidate, and crowned,
Since there's no clause that Humbugs must be Christian,
And though four legs has but an awkward sound,
There is no act or statute old or new
That ever has restricted Kings to two.

XIII

Nebuchadnezzar grazed and reigned on four—
One Cæsar made a Consul of his horse—[16]
Far longer ears some Consuls since have wore,
(So that the Cæsar might have chosen worse)
Whatever comes to their long ears, and more
Our Consuls nowadays write home of course.
O had Caligula preferred an ass,
He might have found one Consul at Patras.[17]
* * * *

Byron was evidently now wearying of his task, the rough draft being temporarily abandoned, and a number of attempts which seem from their sense to be little more than memoranda for rhymes are entered directly into the copy book.

But, leaving the intermediate stanzas to take care of themselves for the time being, he resumes his theme at a later point with slightly better fortune.

XIV

When Wood[18] came forward all cried out, 'tis pity
He don't try somewhere else. This won't do here.
Remember, Wood, that Smithfield's in the city,
You're known—You might get snuff-boxes elsewhere.
Some even boldly ventured to be witty,
Upon his civic or political career,
While those who knew him better as a brewer
Wished that the ingredients of his beer were fewer.

XV

This was a sweeping deathblow to the hopes (Note. Some read hops)
Of all the orators of Common Council,
Who came full charged with metaphors and tropes
Though some ways whispered that they would pronounce ill.
See how dejected honest Waithman mopes,[19]
Like one next morning after cheery bounce ill,
Squats him down quietly among the dumb ones
And looks as small as in the House of Commons.
* * * *

however, why Byron should have thus desired to pillory him, as no complaint of his conduct, official or otherwise, appears in the letters, except that when Byron was laid up ill at Patras in October, 1810, Mr. Strani seems to have temporarily annoyed him by forcing a doctor upon him. Hardly sufficient cause for a life-long grudge!

(18) *Line* 1.—"Wood."—Sir Matthew Wood, hop merchant of Southwark, became a Member of the Common Council 1802, Alderman 1807, Sheriff 1809, Lord Mayor 1815-1816, in which last capacity he suppressed by his great tact and firmness a dangerous riot in Spa Fields and as a reward was re-elected to the Mayoralty 1816-1817. During his second term of office he successfully interposed to prevent the execution of three Irishmen mistakenly condemned to death, for which act of humanity he was presented by public subscription with a handsome service of plate and received the thanks of the Corporation of Dublin. It is to this incident that Byron no doubt alludes in this stanza, and it is possible also that he has confused Spa Fields with Smithfield, but of that there can be no certainty. Wood was returned to Parliament for the City while Lord Mayor and retained his seat during ten successive Parliaments. He was one of the chief supporters and counsellors of Queen Caroline during her troubles, thereby earning for himself great popularity with the masses. He became trustee to the Duke of Kent, and it was mainly owing to his influence that Queen Victoria came to be born in England: a service which her Majesty rewarded by conferring a baronetcy upon him at the time of her first visit to the City after her accession. Sir Matthew Wood was the grandfather of General Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., G.C.B., G.C.M.G.

(19) *Line* 5.—"Waithman."—Robert Waithman, political reformer, was born at Wrexham in 1764. He came to London and speedily made a fortune. Under the influence of the French Revolution he threw himself into

The MS., both rough draft and fairy copy, here lapses into a state very nearly approaching chaos, the remaining two stanzas given as perfect standing out as solitary columns which have resisted the wrath of the destroyer might stand out amidst a mass of ruins.

XVI

For suits and services, long, hard at work
A Court of Claims has sat in solemn "séance"—
Holland provides the King a knife and fork,
Burgess of sauces has the sole purveyance.[20]
To find him his first dish of tea Dow Cork[21]
And the Miss Berrys[22] have it in abeyance.
Hunt[23] gives an ounce of imitative (?) coffee
Worthy, he says, the Sultan or the Sophy.

XVII

Soaps (aye, if any he should chance to use)[24]
There are some fifty species to his hands—
And all with names most classic and abstruse—
Blacking from Day and Martin's in the Strand—
Waterproof coats, impenetrable shoes,
Anti-attrition if he post by land,
Or, if he prove a sailing King, air jackets
Much worn by those blown up in the steam packets.

Here the copy book version ends. There is one further effort at continuing the poem on the inner page of sheet two of the draft and a wilderness of fascinating fragments and rough notes, but out of them nothing like finished poetry can be evolved. Altogether the "find" is a decidedly interesting one. One could hardly hope to find a more instructive example of Byron's methods of work.

politics as a warm advocate of reform. He was elected to the Common Council in 1796, and in 1818 returned to Parliament, ousting the former member, Sir William Curtis, a strong Tory. At the following general election, however, Curtis regained his seat. Waithman was elected Alderman in 1818, Sheriff in 1820, and Lord Mayor in 1823. He was a man of no education, but possessed of remarkable and persuasive powers of oratory.

(20) *Line* 4.—"Burgess."—Evidently the sauce manufacturer whose tasty inventions are still with us.

(21) *Line* 5.—"Dow Cork."—Apparently intended as a familiar designation for the Dowager Lady Cork, widow of the 7th Earl of Cork and Orrery. Lady Cork was formerly Miss Monckton, Johnson's friend (*vide* "Boswell's Life" *passim*), and in after life was noted as a chief among the Bluestockings. Byron calls her in one of his letters as "that female Pidcock" in allusion to her passion for seeking out "lions" of the day. Tea was of course a standing beverage at "Blue" parties.

(22) *Line* 6.—"Miss Berrys."—Mary and Agnes Berry, the friends of Horace Walpole, who left Strawberry Hill to them jointly. Mary Berry was herself an authoress and another leader of the "Bluestockings."

(23) *Line* 7.—"Hunt."—Probably Leigh Hunt the author: but possibly Henry Hunt, the demagogue. It is not clear, however, what connection Byron can have had in his mind between either of these and coffee.

MR. ALLEN'S "THE METTLE OF THE PASTURE"

CONCEIVE of a wholesomely chastened Sterne with a comfortable sense of leisure and agreeably perverse turn of thought, plus the standpoint of an intelligent naturalist ever interpreting mankind by the light of the animal kingdom, and vice versa. Let this combination produce an impalpably light tale, pleasantly set in scenes of American rural life, and we at once have *The Kentucky Cardinal.* This was quickly followed by *Aftermath,* a sequel in the same vein, showing intensified characteristics of style. With *Summer in Arcady* Mr. Allen became firmly seated in the saddle,

riding away on his hobby, the responsibilities of heredity; and for fear of being misunderstood he kindly explained it all in the preface. Still, his story had much charm, interest, and beauty. In fact, the author had grown even dangerously expert at describing. The sympathetic Sternian flavour showed signs of being completely superseded by Darwin and Herbert Spencer, warmed to blood heat or a trifle hotter, the style keyed very high. Mr. Allen seemed to be developing into a full fledged realist, with an exquisite manner veiling the somewhat unexquisite nature of his theme. About this time his friends may be suspected of convincing him that *Summer in Arcady* was too "steep," that even a preface recommending it as a guide to American daughters might fail to reassure the American mother. At all events, in his succeeding books, he has incontestably avoided steepness and a few other of his early characteristics along with it.

His latest publication, *The Mettle of the Pasture,* opens in one of those aristocratic Kentucky homes so frequent in fiction. The usual young lady expects the advent of her lover. He is about to receive the answer to a written proposal of marriage, and Isabel's reply is a foregone conclusion, since her affection for Rowan is such that even the patent approval of her assembled family cannot render his addresses unwelcome. She kisses them all, with that lavish exuberance often observable in young ladies who have every reason to keep their embraces for special use, absolutely including in her caresses a regular Lady Kew of a grandmother—Lady Kew with an engaging exterior, since "The very curves of her (Isabel's) neck implied generations of mothers who had valued grace."

Then comes a charming description of the girl awaiting Rowan, of dusk and evening falling on a pleasant, rural town —charming, though a little self-conscious and long, undeniably long.

The young man arrives and tells her—(this delicate interview Mr. Allen continues like the resourceful sergeant in *Punch,* "The company will now disband and immediately reform on the other side of the fence")—We infer that Rowan tells her of his past.

This is always an interesting problem, how far a man is bound to enlighten his future wife, how far it is true love and manliness to deceive her. Isabel has no doubts; she incontinently dismisses her lover, thereby giving as much trouble to old Mrs. Conyers as ever Ethel Newcome did to her baffled and efficient grandmamma, and greatly increasing the daily discomforts of a maiden aunt who in some way, unexplained by science, missed the family heritage of beauty.

After that, we see remarkably little of either Rowan or Isabel, as a perfect procession of characters is marshalled in to help or hinder their affair. Prominent among these is an elderly judge who "Praiser of a bygone time, recalled the great period of practice when he was the favourite *criminal* lawyer of the *first* families, defending *their sons* against the Commonwealth, etc." (the italics are not Mr. Allen's). A whole neighbourhood and the exact environment of each family is minutely portrayed by very deliberate narrative and lengthy philosophic conversations, in which we catch considerably more than a glimpse of Mr. Allen's views of life. From the lofty style and tone the dullest reader will gather that some underlying current of destiny is revealed in these solemn pages, but unless it is that collateral descendants of Johnathan Edwards should not cross with ordinary people of the world, a careful study of the book fails to establish exactly what this current may be. And Mr. Allen can hardly mean that. Only think what the universe would come to if both Puritan and worldly strain should be perpetually strengthened by unmodified in-breeding!

Perhaps his drift could be more easily followed if the writer had not set himself an impossible task, no less than clothing a scientific habit of thought in a garb of the most romantic language. This frequently causes odd statements to appear. "Perhaps he realised that the scientific son can never be the idol of a household until he is born of scientific parents;" and odder still, "Soldiers, illustrious in the army and navy." It would be trivial to cavil at these minor points, if the story itself were held in hand, if the people talked and behaved like people, if the really serious and vital problem presented at the beginning were seriously and fundamentally worked out: above

all, if the whole possessed movement, interest. Movement, however, is hardly possible with incessant breaks and pauses, for the introduction of new characters, explained with elaboration, no matter how slight their function; or when the home of every family is described as if for purposes of identification, and where the better part of a chapter is made up of extracts from an ancient book of deportment. These digressions are so frequent as to suggest Mr. Allen's having started his tale and then tired of it, letting himself be beguiled into side paths, straying off into a disquisition on criminal law, into queer little irrelevant flights of imagination, rather cheap at that, as when "The chairs, the curtains, the rugs, the card table, the punch-bowl, the other walking-sticks and the rubbers and umbrellas seemed to say in affectionate chorus, 'Well, now that you are in safe for the night we feel relieved. So, good-night and pleasant dreams to you, for we are going to sleep;' and to sleep they went."

Now, talking furniture is sometimes permissible, so is a Darwinian view of humanity, but there can be no justification for binding in one cover a sentence in the preceding mode, shortly followed by another beginning: "Throughout bird and animal and insect life there runs what is recognised as the law of protective assimilation. It represents the necessity under which a creature lives to pretend to be something else, as a condition of continuing to be itself— . . . etc. Mrs. Conyers availed herself of a kind of protective assimilation when she exposed herself to the environment of Mrs. Meredith . . ." Nor can such eminently rationalistic narrative alternate with a page of personified clocks: "Then another clock in a more attenuated and cobwebbed steeple also struck ten, reaffirming the gloomy view of its resounding brother and insisting that the town clock had treated the subject with sinful levity." Points of view so incompatible cannot be driven abreast. No one can simultaneously be Ik Marvel and Bernard Shaw, and while a writer's moods are entitled to every possible indulgence, there is likewise need of some care for the feelings of a reader batted to and fro between 1840 sentiment and 1880 pseudo-science.

Even a manner as consistently homogeneous as Mr. Allen's fails to be a satisfactory medium for such irreconcilable matter, and in trying to achieve the impossible his real gifts are squandered. Moreover, he himself is wearied to the point of actual carelessness, certainly fatigue alone can explain a writer of his calibre permitting himself to say "becomingly raimented," or using "inerrant" in the sense of unerring.

If Mr. Allen were capable of no better, this gentle tale could easily pass muster as an inconsiderable production, readable, pleasantly if rather vaguely written, good to occupy an idle afternoon, not demanding serious recognition.

Granted his real gifts and capacity, granted *The White Cowl, Sister Dolorosa, The Kentucky Cardinal,* and *Summer in Arcady,* granted these, notwithstanding occasional happy epigram and skillful word-painting, it is hard to accept without demur *The Mettle of the Pasture.*

Mary Moss.

THE PROPHECY OF SAINT MALACHY

IT would be ungrateful to comment too invidiously on the discoverable shortcomings of the daily papers, when they have devoted so much of their space to gratifying our desire to know what was happening in Rome during the days when it was the centre of interest for the world. Positively, though, "high astounding terms" have been tossed about with a disregard for the most easily attainable correctness which gives one, as the French say, furiously to think; and in many cases a commentary by those who happen to know something of the matters involved has been felt to be desirable.

From time to time there flitted through the despatches vague and tantalising allu-

sions to a certain prophecy, evidently familiar to people in Rome, and considered by them to have some definite and intelligible bearing on the election of a new Pope. It passed, apparently, under the name of Malachi; and one enjoys the thought of the conscientious newspaper man ascertaining with satisfaction that there actually was a seer of that name among the twelve minor prophets, but wondering curiously what the popes had to do with a Hebrew vaticination.

Fortunately he has managed to discover that the prophecy was not the work of this Malachi, but (as in Mark Twain's famous solution of the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy) of "another fellow of the same name." Saint Malachy O'Morgair, he discovers, was not a Hebrew but an Irish prophet, who was born in 1095, occupied the archiepiscopal See of Armagh for some strenuous years, devoted to reforming the rather chaotic conditions of the Celtic Church, and died in 1148 at Clairvaux, in the arms of the great St. Bernard, his intimate friend and counsellor.

The prophecy which has been ascribed to him is in the form of a long list of mottoes, purporting to designate, in one way or another every pope from Celestine II. (1143) to the end of time. External evidence, however, is entirely lacking for Malachi's authorship. St. Bernard himself, though in the account he has left of his Irish friend he ascribes to him the gift of prophecy, knows nothing of this (if it were true) most striking instance of its exercise. The document first emerges demonstrably into light with its printing at Venice in 1895, in the *Lignum Vitae* of the learned Benedictine Arnold Wion, who himself is not prepared to support its authenticity.

The internal evidence is not much more satisfactory. The seventy-four mottoes which cover the period from 1143 to 1595 are in most cases transparently simple plays on the name, the birthplace, or the coat-of-arms of the successive popes; in one case even going so far as to give the exact Italian family name. After 1595, it must be conceded, in most cases, no slight ingenuity is required to determine the application of the mottoes; and on the whole the weight of evidence may be said to be in favour of the theory which regards the list as having been concocted with a view to influencing the choice of the conclave of 1590, and, after the irresponsible fashion of those days, commended by the assumption of a venerable name.

Allow, however, the question of authorship to be definitely settled against Malachy, and you have by no means destroyed the interest of the thing. It is at the very least one of the most singular of historical coincidences that, certainly three hundred years after the assignment of these mottoes, they should in so many cases offer so obvious an interpretation. Those which fall within the nineteenth century are most easily applied; but this may quite well be for the reason that we are more familiar with the details of that time. The points at which a phrase may touch its subject are so many that it is easy to miss the particular contact in a given case. *De balneis Etruriae,* for instance, "from the Tuscan baths," designates Gregory XVI.; and so painstaking and usually well-informed a scholar as the late Lord Bute is content to say "again there is no explanation" for this phrase. When we know, however, that Gregory was a Camaldulite, the only pope whom this branch of the Benedictine Order has given to the Church, and that the mother-house of the congregation, not far from Florence, is famous for its warm medicinal springs, the application, while it has none of the high dramatic import of some of them, is almost startling in its literal appositeness.

It is surely no strained or fanciful interpretation that sees in the mottoes for Pius VI. and Pius VII. a distinct foreshadowing of the ruthless mastery of Napoleon. *Peregrinus apostolicus* is the former, "the apostolic wanderer," dragged by the conqueror from place to place, to die finally in exile at Valence. And, besides that Pius VII. himself bore an eagle in his arms, *Aquila rapax* surely points with equal clearness to the imperial eagle, ravening for the spoil, that swooped down from the Alps on him, too, and carried him off in its talons to its eyrie at Fontainebleau.

I confess myself unable to offer any solution for the enigma which belongs to Leo XII., *Canis et coluber,* "a dog and a snake;" and the *Vir religiosus* of Pius VIII. is too general to be striking, if the epithet be taken in its wider sense, while

it does not fit if the narrower be preferred. But when we find the name of Pius IX. placed against the motto *Crux de cruce,* we are thrown once more into the current of momentous affairs of state. "A cross from a cross"—as in so many cases, it is armorial—referring, however, not to the Pope's own bearings, but to the cross argent of the House of Savoy, which was destined to be a heavy cross indeed to the aged pontiff.

The *Lumen in cœlo,* "light in heaven," which follows was supposed in the last years of Pius IX. to designate Cardinal Hohenlohe ("High light") as his successor; but the comet which the Pecci family bore in chief answered sufficiently when the election was made. It scarcely needs a word, however, to indicate the deeper meaning which the peculiarly luminous character of the whole reign of Leo XIII. gives it for us who look back on that quarter-century of wonderful accomplishment.

As in the case just mentioned, there were those who expected, after Leo's election, the working out of *Ignis ardens* by the succession of Cardinal Franchi, already classed among *papabili* in the previous conclave and secretary of state under the new reign, because his arms bore cloven tongues of fire. But Leo outlived him by twenty-five years, and one who in those days was but a humble parish priest now sits in the chair of Peter. Oddly enough, in none of the many articles which have been written on the new Pope have I seen any allusion to the coincidence which would justify us in putting Mr. Hall Caine also among the prophets—the fact that he was inspired to choose the name of Pius X. for the pope who does so many remarkable things in *The Eternal City.* It should be a compensation to him for some of the unkind words which have been said about the book, that some one has at last noticed this triumphant vindication of his prophetic insight.

It is safe to predict that the real Pius X. will not feel bound to follow in every particular the path thus obligingly traced out for him; but it is yet too early to say what meanings of the "burning fire" the course of his pontificate will disclose to us. Meantime, though it is true there is a star in the arms granted to him by his predecessor, one may desiderate a closer satisfaction of the phrase. For my own part, I am inclined to see more significance in the fact that the election was finally reached on the feast of St. Dominic—not so much because of what has been pointed out by the penetrating exegesis of the daily papers, that Dominic was "a militant saint," as because of the dream which his mother had just before his birth. It seemed to her that she brought forth a dog with a blazing torch in his mouth, who ran throughout the world, kindling a fire wherever he passed. To this day the preaching friars bear such a picture in their escutcheon, and have been known to call themselves, with a playful allusion, in the mediæval taste, to their vigilant guarding of their flocks from heresy, *Domini canes,* the watch-dogs of the Lord. There is a parallel, too, for this kind of application in the case of Innocent X., whose motto, *Jucunditas crucis,* "the joy of the Cross," has been explained by the fact that he was elected on September 14, the feast of the Exaltation of the Cross.

Religio depopulata, "religion laid waste," which is the next in order, seems likely to refer not so much to the hand-to-hand conflict between the forces of faith and those of irreligion which many acute observers foretell, as to that assault upon the outposts which the attitude of more than one civil government toward the "religious" orders, technically so called, brings nearer and nearer.

In all, there are but eight more mottoes; and then the author of the prophecy speaks no more in riddles, but rises to a solemn apocalyptic strain, to an awe-struck vision of the last things. "In the final persecution of the Holy Roman Church, Peter, a Roman, shall sit upon the throne. Amidst many tribulations shall he feed his flock, and then shall the City of the Seven Hills be destroyed, and the dread Judge shall appear to judge His people." Neale reminds us that the last monarch of Old Rome, like the first, was a Romulus, and the last Emperor of New Rome a Constantine. If history repeats itself there is a remarkable fitness in this recurrence of the name of Peter, which, since the Galilean fishermen came to Rome, his successors have constantly, out of reverence for him, declined to bear.

A. I. du P. Coleman.

THE COPYRIGHTING OF PLAYS

ONE day I went into a book store for the purpose of purchasing a copy of Mr. Pinero's *Sweet Lavender,* my one, only, and frankly acknowledged reason for so doing being a desire to read the play, to read it to myself, and for no object whatsoever except my own personal amusement, enlightenment, and edification. I mention all these details because I found it necessary to mention them, as well as many others, before I succeeded in buying a copy of *Sweet Lavender* in that book store. "Why?" you sympathetically ask. Because *Sweet Lavender* is a copyrighted play. The clerk did not allow it to leave his hands until he had assured himself beyond the shadow of a doubt that it was not to be employed in any way, shape, or manner which could possibly be described as an infringement of Mr. Pinero's rights.

These same rights are defined, repeated, and insisted upon on the several pages preceding the first act of the printed play. "Acting rights reserved," appears in very black letters on the cover. On the first fly-leaf is a note which one is requested to "read carefully." This note begins by pointing out the dire calamities that will fall upon one's head if one dares to perform or represent the play without the "express consent" of the "author's agents"; and ends by telling one how to go about getting this necessary permission. The title page bears another reminder of the fact that *Sweet Lavender* is a copyrighted play: "Performance forbidden, and right of representation reserved." Then, as if to clinch the matter, the next page takes up the refrain, and sweepingly proclaims "All rights reserved." After winding one's way in and out of all this red tape, one finds it really delightful to reach the preface, and read that other persons have done it, and that *Sweet Lavender* actually has been "performed and represented," not only in the United States and England, but also in Australia, South Africa, the West Indies, Germany, Italy, and Russia. Mr. Pinero's copyright has evidently not defeated the purpose of his play.

But what of other dramatists and other plays? The United States statutes referring to copyrights, give the "author, or proprietor of any . . . dramatic . . . composition . . . the sole liberty of . . . publishing . . . and vending the same, and . . . of publicly performing or representing it, or causing it to be performed or represented by others." In the use of this "sole liberty" the "author or proprietor" in question sometimes does very queer things.

Miss Ellen Terry's recent appearance in America as "Madame Sans-Gêne" called one of these things to mind. As we all recollect, M. Sardou had difficulty in finding an American purchaser of the rights to *Madame Sans-Gêne.* Mr. Charles Frohman refused it, as did also Mr. A. M. Palmer and Mr. Augustin Daly. Finally the play was bought by Miss Kathryn Kidder. Shortly afterwards Mme. Rejane made her remarkable success in it in Paris; and Mr. Daly, suddenly realizing that the title rôle was exactly what he wanted for Miss Ada Rehan, tried to secure it from Miss Kidder by offering her three times the amount she had paid for it. Miss Kidder, as some one writing about the matter says, "had the gratification of refusing." And this is the point. Wherein rested the gratification? Why should Miss Kidder have objected to Miss Rehan's playing *Madame Sans-Gêne?* Miss Kidder was brilliantly successful in the part; but surely this was no "firm reason" for desiring to withhold the right to play it from Miss Rehan. Was not that same desire, to express it very mildly, a trifle ungracious? Even Miss Terry herself, in order to play the part in America, was obliged to obtain Miss Kidder's consent, and to pay her a royalty!

"But," perhaps you say, "Miss Rehan's triumph might possibly have diminished Miss Kidder's." Did it, however? On the contrary, when finally Miss Rehan played *Madame Sans-Gêne,* her triumph being, as it turned out, a lesser one, rather increased Miss Kidder's. Had it been otherwise, need any one have feared for Miss Kidder's laurels? Mr. James O'Neill's success as D'Artagnan did not

lessen Mr. Sothern's; nor the reverse. Year before last both Mr. Hackett and Mr. Faversham played Don Cæsar de Bazan without professionally injuring each other in the very least.

Cyrano de Bergerac was not copyrighted in this country, and many and diverse performances of it were given; no one of these neutralized or enfeebled the others; but rather the reverse. In New York, for instance, the public saw Mr. Mansfield's production, and then, for purposes of comparison, went eagerly to the Daly representation. In Boston, certain theatregoers who otherwise would not have gone to Mr. Mansfield's performance, did go because they had seen the play at the Castle Square Theatre. No modern drama has been more extensively, variously, and fully acted in this country than *Cyrano de Bergerac.* And this, because it was uncopyrighted. Had it been solely the property of Mr. Mansfield, or Mr. Daly, or indeed, any one person, how greatly would the American public have been the losers!

We saw *Cyrano de Bergerac;* and in some sort we all saw it. But what of *L'Aiglon? L'Aiglon* was copyrighted in America; and the entire right of presentation in English sold to Mr. Charles Frohman. We know the result. Mr. Frohman gave the title rôle to Miss Maude Adams. Miss Adams did much with it that was exquisitely beautiful and touching, but she did not act it; she was sweet and appealing and gentle, but she was not the Eaglet; she was a weakling, but not *the* weakling. In short, she was not Napoleon's son. Now the Eaglet was; and as Mr. Norman Hapgood would say, "really, you know, that makes a difference."

Strictly speaking, we saw *L'Aiglon* not at all. But might we not have seen it, had the play not been copyrighted? Before the play was produced, we heard various rumors of the possibility of Miss Julia Marlowe's playing the chief rôle. That Miss Marlowe did not, is to be regretted not only on our own account, but on M. Rostand's as well. Whatever else Miss Marlowe might not have been in the part, she would have been "still the Eaglet"; and isn't that just exactly the principal thing required in the acting of the part in question? M. Rostand portrayed one person, and Miss Adams quite another, and all the loveliness of the perversion cannot alter the fact that it was a perversion, and that it left us still lacking in such large measure M. Rostand's greatest play. Now, how much less would this have been the case had both Miss Marlowe and Miss Adams, and as many companies as desired, given *L'Aiglon,* as Mr. Mansfield, and the Daly company, and others gave *Cyrano de Bergerac!*

Then, that same year, there was *Mrs. Dane's Defence,* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's remarkable play. Mr. Jones, in pursuance of that "sole liberty" which is his legal right, disposed of the American copyright to Mr. Charles Frohman. Mr. Frohman apportioned it to his Empire Theatre stock company; and Miss Margaret Anglin took the part of Mrs. Dane for two entire seasons. Miss Anglin is an interesting actress, but the part of Mrs. Dane she unquestionably mis-acted. Her Mrs. Dane was somewhat of Camille and more of Mrs. Tanqueray. And yet, the very defence of the woman in Mr. Jones's play, lay solely in the fact that she was nothing of the one, and less than nothing of the other. The part was acted as the author did not write it; and when a part is acted as the author did not write it, it is not acted at all—is it? Therefore, we did not see *Mrs. Dane's Defence;* we merely heard the lines read, and saw nothing so much as what we were losing, and because of our copyright law, must continue to lose.

"Mrs. Fiske ought to play this," I overheard some one say at a performance of *Mrs. Dane's Defense.* "But she can't! it's copyrighted," was the reply. Alas, yes! it's copyrighted!

"Is it not a little absurd," Professor Baker, of Harvard, said recently, "that, when the first freshness is gone, plays such as Mr. Pinero's farces, his *Sweet Lavender, The Amazons,* and *The Princess and the Butterfly,* or Mr. Jones's *The Dancing Girl, The Case of Rebellious Susan,* or even *Mrs. Dane's Defence* should be shelved or handed over to the tender mercies of amateurs?" We all of course agree that it is. Isn't it more absurd, absurd to the point of grotesqueness, that plays such as any of these should be so emphatically and superabundantly protected by their copyrights, that they are shelved without being really

acted at all? Isn't this protection rather run into the ground? When we realize our dreams of a subsidized theatre, this ill will, as Professor Baker proves, be abolished. Meanwhile, we have no subsidized theatre, and we have these copyright laws, which are so stringent that they sometimes protect a play against being so much as put on the stage; as in the case of Mr. Stephen Phillips's *Herod.* Mr. Mansfield secured the sole right to play *Herod* in America, but he did not play it. No one else had the right; and we are still waiting for a stage representation of *Herod.* When we reflect that plays are primarily written in order that they may be acted, do we not find something childishly ridiculous in a law which prevents that acting?

It is always interesting to observe the use that people make of their rights; and in cases of dramatic rights, it is positively engrossing. One day, at a performance of Miss Maude Adams in *The Little Minister,* I innocently began to take down a line or two of the verses to Lady Babbie, which the shocked elders found on the minister's desk, and mistook for a sermon. I wished to quote the lines, and feared to trust them to my unaided memory;—all of which I explained to the attendant who informed me in sepulchral tones that the play was copyrighted, that no word of it might be taken down, much less quoted. He was very serious about the matter, and I, of course, immediately desisted. Presently, he returned, and kindly told me that if I wrote to Miss Adams, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Frohman, it was quite possible without being in the least probable that I might obtain permission to take the verses down, and even to quote them. Unfortunately, I lacked time in which to try the experiment.

Now comes the occult reason side of the story. Year before last Miss Adams had another play by Mr. Barrie, managed again by Mr. Frohman. In it was a poem again written by the hero to the heroine. The circumstances are identical in every particular. And the poem. The poem was printed in the programmes, and printed on the souvenir books, printed in the advance notices. One was not given the trouble of taking it down, and as for quoting it, one was not only allowed, but encouraged to quote it. Of course, Miss Adams, Mr. Barrie, and Mr. Frohman had an unalienable right to do exactly as they chose with those two poems. We can all understand that; what puzzles me is why they chose to do as they did!

A student of modern drama and the present-day stage is hindered by the copyright law to a degree which to be thoroughly appreciated must be actually experienced. Except in a comparatively few instances, new plays and new arrangements of old plays are not published; and the playgoer is denied the practical benefits of reading them, and studying them at leisure, in the prompt-book, in addition to witnessing performances of them on the stage. Mr. Phillips's dramas are published, to be sure, and M. Rostand's, Hauptmann's, and Ibsen's. A certain degree of patience will secure copies of Mr. Pinero's; but Mr. Esmond's plays are unpublished. One may buy Mr. Clyde Fitch's *Barbara Frietchie* and *Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines;* but *The Climbers,* which would be far more interesting reading, is not printed.

With new arrangements, we have Mr. Sothern's prompt-book of *Hamlet,* and Miss Adams's acting version of *Romeo and Juliet,* and Mr. Mansfield's arrangement of *King Henry V.* Miss Marlowe's version of *As You Like It* is shortly to be published, but not her arrangement of *Colombe's Birthday.* Interesting and useful as all these printed arrangements mentioned are, would not that one still unprinted be equally and signally valuable; and that, not only to all persons interested in the acted drama, but also, and especially to those persons particularly interested in the peculiarities of Robert Browning's stage-craft and dramatic expression? For my part, I do not presume to question Miss Marlowe's right to refrain from publishing her version of *Colombe's Birthday,* but I do venture to wish that she would not refrain.

That product of our present time, growing out of our dearth of creative dramatic faculty, the dramatized novel, is so carefully protected by copyright that we are unable to give it even the amount of serious consideration that it merits. Instead of the dramatization itself, in printed form, we are overwhelmed

with reprints of the novel, embellished with photographs of the star and of scenes from the play. The reader is familiar with them; no doubt possesses several of them? There is Mrs. Fiske's edition of *Vanity Fair;* Miss Adams's edition of *The Little Minister;* Miss Marlowe's, of *When Knighthood Was in Flower;* and only yesterday I saw copies of *Soldiers of Fortune,* illustrated with Mr. Robert Edeson's photographs, exhibited as heralds, so to speak, of Mr. Edeson's next engagement.

When one is in "a holiday humour," one hugely enjoys these books, for they are charming. But we are not children, and the drama and dramatic art are great and serious forces in our national life. Shall we amuse ourselves with picture books; and study reprints of vague flash-lights of our players, and engravings of photographs of their signatures when we should be studying their plays and their playing? We hear very much regarding the proverbially low average of intelligence among theatregoers in America. Some of this we hear from critics, but most of it, after all, from the actors themselves, and from their managers. In some measure, unquestionably, it is true, but need it continue to be as largely true?

It is generally conceded that an audience at a Shakespearean production is of a higher order, as a whole, than an audience at a performance of a new play of Mr. Fitch or Captain Marshall. The reason for this is not only that those present are in many cases Shakespearean scholars, but also that they are in all cases persons who possess in some degree, however small, a knowledge of the play which they have come to see. They have come, not casually, nor because they were advised to come, but definitely, and from a motive which sprang out of their own individual preference. Certainly an audience of this kind is superior to one composed of people whom other persons' preferences have brought to the theatre; as superior as leaders are to those who follow.

Why should not all our dramatic literature, good, bad, and indifferent, be as easy of access to the reading public, as are Shakespeare's plays? Surely such a condition of things would develop and quicken, and add to the appreciative powers of the theatre-going public. Not only that; it would increase that public itself. The reading of plays inspires a desire to see them acted, just as the seeing of plays acted arouses a wish to read them.

It is to the interest of players, dramatists, and managers to make the play-going public larger, and to raise its standards of taste. There seems little doubt that a more extensive studying of the contemporary drama in printed form would materially aid their efforts in this direction. This being true, why do not players, dramatists, and managers make greater use of that "sole liberty," which the "law allows" them in this particular, and publish all their plays, dramatizations, arrangements, and adaptations?

The copyright statutes protect the dramatist, the player, and the manager only in so far as they choose to be protected; and it is readily seen that some degree of protection is necessary. In the performances of plays; even in the publication of plays, there are rights to be most strictly reserved; but granting this, is it not a little short-sighted of players, dramatists, and managers to reserve so many rights that in order to keep them, they must surrender and lose as many much more valuable privileges; and, furthermore, involve the public in that same surrender and loss?

Elizabeth McCracken.

THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XVIII.

'GENE CRAWLEY'S SERMON.

"'Gene, 'tain't none o' my business, understan', but 'pears to me you ain't doin' a very sensible thing in hirin' out to Jestine Sherrod like this. She'd oughter have some one else down there 'tendin' to the place. You ain't the feller, take it jest how you please. She's all alone, 'cept ole Mis.' Crane, an' folks is boun' to talk, dang 'em. I don't think it's jest right fer you to be there."

"There ain't nothin' wrong in it, Martin. There ain't a thing. Do you think there is?"

"We—ll, no, not that, 'zackly, but it gives people a chanst to *say* there's somethin' wrong," said Mr. Grimes, shifting his feet uncomfortably. The two men were standing in the farmer's barnyard about a fortnight after it became generally known in the community that Jud had gone to Europe. "Y'see, ever'body recollects that nasty thing you said down to the tollgate the night o' the weddin'. 'Tain't human natur' to fergit sitch a brag as that wuz. What a gosh-amighty fool you wuz to talk like—"

"O, I know I wuz, I know it. Don't be a throwin' it up to me, Martin. I wish to God I'd never said it. I wish I'd died while I wuz sayin' it so's I could 'a' gone right straight to hell to pay fer it. I wuz crazy mad, Martin, that's what I wuz. Ever'body knows I didn't mean it, don't they?"

"We—ll, mos' ever'body knows you couldn't kerry out yer boast, no matter ef you meant it er not. But, you c'n see fer yerself 'at your workin' over on her place ain't jest the thing, with all the talk 'at went on a couple year ago. Like 's not ever'thing's all proper an' they ain't no real harm in it, but—"

"Look here, Martin Grimes, do you mean to insinyate that it ain't proper? 'Cause ef you do, somethin's goin' to drap an' drap all-fired hard," exclaimed 'Gene, his brow darkening.

"Don't be so tetchy, 'Gene. I ain't insinyated a blame thing; cain't you see I'm tryin' to lay the hull case afore you clearly? 'Tain't no use beatin' 'round the bush, nuther. She's boun' to be compermised."

Crawley stared long and silently at a herd of cattle on the distant hillside.

"Martin," he said, at last, "that girl's made a different man of me. I ain't the same ornery cuss I wuz a couple of year ago. Anybody c'n see that. I ain't tetched a mouthful of whiskey fer purty nigh a year. Seems to me I don't keer a damn to swear—I mean I don't keer to swear any more. That one slipped out jest because talkin' to you like this kind o' takes me back to where I used to be. I go to church purty reg'lar, don't I? Well, it's all her. She's made a different man of me, I tell you, an' I wouldn't do her no wrong ef the hull world depended on it. She's the best woman that ever lived, that's what she is. An' she keers more fer Jud Sherrod's little finger than fer all the balance of the world put together. There ain't no honester girl in Clay township, an', darn me, if ever I hear anybody say anything mean a'gin her, I'll break his neck. I'm helpin' her over on the place an' she's payin' me wages, jest like she'd pay any hand, an' I don't know whose business it is but her'n an' mine."

"I know all that, 'Gene, but people don't—"

"Who in thunder is the people? A lot of old women who belong to church an' go to sociables jest to run one 'nother down, an' all the time there ain't one-tenth of 'em that ain't jealous of the women they think's goin' wrong. They're so derned selfish an' evil minded that they cain't even imagine another woman doin' somethin' that ain't right without feeling' jealous as blazes an' gittin' dissatisfied with ever'thing around 'em. You cain't tell me nothin' about these old scarecrows that keep a sign hangin' out all the time—'virture is its own reward.' Say, Martin, you don't suppose that I'm

the *only* hired hand workin' around these parts, do you?" snarled 'Gene, malevolently.

"No, course not, but—what you mean, 'Gene?"

"I'm not the only man that's workin' on a farm where there's a woman, am I?" grated 'Gene.

"Lookee here, 'Gene, 'splain yerself. That don't sound very well," exclaimed Martin, turning a shade paler and glancing uneasily toward his own house.

"There ain't nothin' to explain, but it's somethin' to think about, Martin. You c'n tell that to all the old women you see, too, an' mebby they won't do so much thinkin' about Justine Van. That's all. If I'd waited fer any of these other women 'round here to do me a good turn, I'd be worse than I ever wuz. T'ain't in 'em, Martin; all they c'n do is to cackle an' look around to see if they got wings sproutin' on theirselves. They don't think of nobody else, unless they think bad. Justine ain't that sort, I want to tell you. Here I wuz, her enemy, an' no friend of her husband's. I'd done a hull lot o' mean things to her an' him. But did she hold it up ag'in me when the chanst come fer her to do some good fer me? No, sir, she didn't. She tole me that I had the makin' of a man in me an' then she tuck holt of me an' give me a new start. She said I wuz a beast an' a drunkard an' a coward an' a hull lot o' things, but she said I could be a good man if I'd try. So I tried an' I hadn't no idee it wuz so easy. She done it an' she don't keer no more fer me than she does fer that spotted calf of your'n over yonder. Now, I want to tell you somethin' Martin. She needs me down there on the place an' I'm goin' to stay there till she tells me to quit. Then I'm goin' to quit like a man. It don't make no difference what I said two er three year ago, either, 'cause I'm not the same man I wuz then. If Clay township don't like the way I'm doin', let 'em say so an' be done with it. Then we'll settle some scores."

Grimes shuffled his feet frequently and expectorated nervously without regard to direction or consequences during this unusually long speech. Mrs. Grimes was recognised as one of the most ravenous gossips in the neighborhood and her husband knew it. Yet he was too much in dread of Crawley's prowess to take up the cudgel in her defense. He had also suspected, years before, that she was in love with one of his "hired men"; hence, his uneasiness under 'Gene's implications.

"You better not talk too much, 'Gene," he said at last. "I'm yer friend but I cain't stave off the hull township fer you. Ef it gits out that you're makin' sitch bold talk an' braggin'—"

"Braggin'! Who's braggin'? I mean ever' word I said an' a heap sight more, too. You jest tell 'em what I said an' let 'em come to me. But if any of 'em goes to Justine with their sneakin' tales an' their cussed lies, I'll not stop to see whether it's a man er a woman. I'll wrap 'em up in a knot an' chuck 'em out into the middle of the lane."

"Now, that wouldn't be a wise thing to do, don't you see?" said Grimes, growing more and more uncomfortable. At this point it may be announced that Mr. Grimes had been deputized by his wife to convince 'Gene of the error of his way and of the wrong he was doing Justine. "You'd have the constables down here in two shakes of a dead lamb's tail."

"Old Bill Higgins an' Randy Dixon? They wouldn't try to arrest me if I wuz tied hand an' foot an' chloroformed into the bargain. But, say: there ain't no use talkin' about this thing. I want the folks to know that I'm goin' to stick to Justine an' help her out as long as I can. I'm doin' it honest an' I'm gittin' paid fer it like anybody else. Martin, I don't want to have 'em say anything ag'in her. She's as good as gold an' we all oughter be proud of her. Jud's in hard luck, I reckon. Leastwise he looked it last time he wuz here. Mebby he'll git on his feet over there in Europe, an' then he c'n do the right thing by her. But, I'll tell you, Martin, we all want to stick to her now. She's all broke up an' I c'n see she's discouraged. She wouldn't let on fer the world, allus bright an' happy, but old Mrs. Crane told me t'other day that she'd ketched her cryin' more'n onct. That gosh-darned little farm of her'n ain't payin' a thing, an' I want to tell you she needs sympathy 'nstead of hard words."

"They ain't a soul ever said anything ag'in her, 'Gene," broke in the other. "But they're apt to ef it goes on. But,

go ahead; you know best, 'Gene, you know best."

"I don't know best, either. That's the trouble. I c'n talk to you an' sweat about it, but I don't know what to do. I'm awful worried about it. Of course, if any responsible person ever said anything wrong she could sue him in the courts, somehow er other, but she'd hate to do that," said 'Gene, reflectively. Plainly, he saw the girl's position better than his loyalty would allow him to admit. Martin started violently at the word "sue" and was from that moment silenced. He lived in terror of a law-suit and its dangers.

"D'you suppose she'd go to court?"

"She wouldn't want to, but me—me an'—me an' Jud could *coax* her to do it," said 'Gene, shrewd in an instant. "I don't reckon folks remember about the courts, do they?"

Martin pulled his nerves together sufficiently to send a long stream of tobacco juice into a knot-hole in the fence, fifteen feet away, and said:

"Well, they'd oughter remember, by ginger!"

After a few minutes of rather energetic chewing for him Martin rarely chewed tobacco vigorously because of the extravagance) he calmly reopened the conversation.

"When are you liable to git through plantin' over there?"

"In a couple of days, if it keeps dry."

"I'll let Bud Jones go over an' help you ef you need him."

"O, I c'n git along, I guess."

"I wuz thinkin' a little of sendin' Bud over this week with a couple bushels of potaters fer Jestine. Never seen sitch potaters in my born days."

"I think she's got a plenty, Martin."

"You don't say so. Well, how's she off fer turnips?"

"She could use a few bushels of turnips an' some oats an' little corn, I reckon. Dern it, I believe she's jurty nigh out of hay, too," said 'Gene, soberly.

"Tell her I'll drive over this week with some," said Martin, wiping his brown.

"She'll pay you fer the stuff when you take it over."

"I didn't 'low to ask fer pay."

"Well, she ain't askin' fer favors, either."

Martin stared down the road for some minutes.

"But I got more'n I c'n use," he said.

"If that's the case you c'n send it over an' she'll be mighty thankful. An' say, I guess I c'n use Bud to-morrow an' next day."

"We're purty busy an' I don't see how—"

"Don't send him, then. You said you'd thought of it, you know."

"I'll send him, though, come to think of it. You say pore little Jestine 'pears to be discouraged?"

"Kinder so, I should say. Poor little girl, she's—" here he leaned over and uttered an almost inaudible bit of information. Martin's eyes bulged and he gasped.

"The devil you say! Well, I'll be danged!"

'Gene started down the lane, his jaws set and hard for the moment. Suddenly he turned, and, with the first chuckle of mirth Grimes had heard from him that day, said:

"Don't fergit to send over them potaters, too, Martin."

Then he trudged rapidly away, leaving Mr. Grimes in a state bordering on collapse. Between the startling bit of information 'Gene had given him, the hint at lawsuits, the insinuation against other women in the locality and his own astounding liberality he was the most thoroughly confused farmer in Clay township. He went to the house and talked it all over with his wife and the words of advice that he gave to her savored very much of the mandatory. He dreamed that night that some one sued him for damages and got judgment for $96,000. The next day he sent a wagonload of supplies to Justine, after which he told his wife she could not have the new "calico" he had been promising for three months.

Eugene Crawley's position on the old Van farm was queer. He was a self-appointed slave, as it were. True, he was paid wages and he was given his meals in the little kitchen where Justine and Mrs. Crane ate. That privilege was the one recompense that made slavery a charm. In his undisciplined heart there had grown a feeling of reverence for the wife of Jud Sherrod that displaced the evil love of the long ago. His love, in

these days, was pure and hopeless. He thought only of lifting the burden that another's love had left upon her shoulders. The 'Gene Crawley of old was no more. In his place was a simple, devoted toiler, a lowly worshipper.

Against her will he had attached himself to the farm, and at last he had become indispensable. The fear with which she had once regarded him was gone with the wonderful alteration in his nature. Innocent, unsuspecting child that she was, she thought that his love had died and that it could never be awakened. She did not know the depths of his silent adoration.

At nightfall each day he trudged back to Martin Grimes's barn to sleep, and in the morning, before sunrise, he was at his post of duty again. So thoughtful was he of her welfare that he never lingered after the night's chores were done, realizing that the least indiscretion would give rise to neighborhood gossip. Their conversations were short but always free and friendly. They met only as necessity obliged and nothing could have been more decorous than their conduct. Yet 'Gene went to his little room in the barn that night with a troubled heart.

"Sure they cain't talk about her," he thought. "She's an angel, if there ever wuz one."

Months before he had said aloud to himself, off in the field, as he looked toward the house in which his fair employer lived:

"I wouldn't harm her by word er thought fer all heaven. She's honest an' I'm goin' to be. She's Jud's wife an' she loves him an' I ain't got no right to even think of lovin' her. 'Gene Crawley, you gotter give up. You gotter be honest."

And he was honest.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PURE AND THE POOR.

For four months Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Sherrod wandered over Europe. They saw Paris, Venice, Rome, Amsterdam, Brussels, Vienna, and quaint German towns, unknown to most American tourists. Celeste had visited the Old World many times before, but it was all new to her now; she was traveling with the man she loved. To Sherrod, the wonders of the land he had never hoped to see were a source of the most intense delight. His artistic, romantic nature leaped under the spur of awakening forces; his love for the beautiful, the glorious, the quaint and the curious was satiated daily. He lived in the perfect glory of the present, doggedly disregarding the past and braving everything that the future might bring forth, good or evil.

Basking in the love of this fair girl, adoring her and being adored, he lost all vestige of conscience. The shadow that hung over him on the wedding day drifted away into forgetfulness, and he saw nothing but the pleasures of life. A dread that the law would surely find him out and snatch him from the love and respect of two women, devastating the lives of both, was dissipated by degrees until scarcely a line across his brow was left to mark its course within.

Once a week he sent loving letters home to Justine, letters full of tenderness and affection. Often a mist of tears came to his eyes as he thought of her, wishing that she too might be with them on this happy tour. At times he saw his selfishness and was ashamed, but the brightness of life with Celeste overcame these touches of remorse and he sank back into the soft cushions of bliss and—forgot. Letters from Justine were rare and he kissed them passionately and read them over and over again—before he destroyed them. Here and there the Sherrods wandered, the rich and loving wife's purse the provider, dawdling and idling in dreamland.

At last she confessed to him that she was tired of the continent and was eager to get back to Chicago, where she could have him all to herself in the home over which he was to be master. So deep in luxury and forgetfulness was he, that future pain seemed impossible, and he did not even oppose her wish. But as the steamer drew away from the dock he grasped the rail and for an instant his body turned numb.

"Back to America!" he gasped, realizing at last. "My God! How long can I hold it off? What will be the end of it?"

In the meantime, Clay township was in

a turmoil of gossip. Poor Justine was discussed from one prayer service to another, and with each succeeding session of the gossips the stories were magnified. Quite unconscious of the storm brewing about her innocent head, she struggled painfully on with her discouraging work, the dullness of life brightened once a week or so by letters from across the sea. Every night she prayed for the safe return of that husband-lover and there was no hour that did not find her picturing the delights of meeting after these months of separation.

She heard nothing of the wedding that Parson Marks and Jim Hardesty discussed months before. The few Glenville and Clay township people who saw the account in the papers may have regarded the coincidence in names remarkable, but attached no other significance to the affair. Certainly no one mentioned it to Justine. Jud's letter swept the doubts and fears from the mind of Mr. Marks and the incident was forgotten.

From her face there began to disappear the glorious colors of health; the bright eyes were deep with a new wistfulness. But her strong young figure never drooped.

At last 'Gene Crawley became aware of the gossip. He saw the sly looks, the indirect snubs, the significant pauses in conversations when he or she drew nigh. For weeks he controlled his wrath, grinding his teeth in secret over the injustice of it all. In the end, after days of indecision, he told himself that but one course was left open to him. He must leave the country.

But there was left the task of telling Justine of his resolve. Would she despise him for deserting her in the hour of greatest need? He could not tell her that scandal was driving him away for her sake. To let her know that the neighbors had accused her of being false to Jud would break her heart. To run away surreptitiously would be the act of a coward; to tell her the real reason would be cruel; to leave designedly for a better offer of wages would be base under the circumstances. In the last few weeks she had depended on him for everything; he had become indispensable.

While he was striving to evolve some skillful means of breaking the news to her gently, the populace of Clay township made ready to take the matter in its own hands. Parson Marks, to whom nearly every member of his congregation had come with stories of misconduct at the little place down the lane, finally felt obliged to call a general meeting to consider the wisest plan of action in the premises. The word was passed among the leading members of the church, and it was understood that a secret meeting would be held in the pastor's home on a certain Thursday night. Justine had a few true friends and believers, but they were not asked to be present; no word was permitted to reach the ears of either offender.

That Thursday night came and with it also came to 'Gene's troubled mind the sudden inspiration to go before the young minister and lay bare his intentions, asking his help and advice.

The "neighbors" timed their arrival at the parson's home so thoughtfully that darkness had spread over the land long before the first arrival drew up and hitched his team in the barn-lot. By half past eight o'clock there were twenty immaculate souls in the parlor and sitting-room of the parsonage, and Mrs. Ed Harbaugh, the president of the Women's Home Missionary Society, was called upon to state the object of the meeting, Mr. Marks observing that he preferred to sit as a court of appeals. A stiffer-backed gathering of human beings never assembled under the banner of the Almighty, ready to do battle for Christianity. There was saintly courage in every face and there was determination in every glance of apprehension that greeted the creaking of a door or the nicker of a horse. When Jim Hardesty, while trying to hitch his horse to a fence post in a dark corner of the barn-lot, exploded as follows: "Whoa, damn ye!" everybody shivered, and Mrs. Bolton said she wondered "how 'Gene Crawley heerd about the meetin'." Mr. Hardesty never could understand why his entrance a few minutes later was the signal for such joy.

"It's our bounding duty," said Mrs. Harbaugh in conclusion, 'to set right down as a committee an' directate a letter to Jud Sherrod, tellin' him jest how things is bein' kerried on over to his house. That pore feller is off yander in Europe or Paris some'ere's, doin' his best

to git ahead in the world, an' his wife is back here cuttin' up as if old Satan hisself had got into her."

"But how air we to git a letter to Jed ef we don't know where he's at?" demanded Mr. Hardesty. "I been workin' fer the gover'ment long enough to know that you cain't git a letter to a feller 'nless it's properly addressed. Now, who knows where he's to be found?" The speaker looked very wise and important. The truth is, he was inclined to favor Justine, but his wife's stand in the controversy made it imperative for him to express other views.

"I sh'd think a postal card would catch him at Europe," volunteered Ezekiel Craig. Parson Marks stared at the speaker.

"But Europe is not a city, Mr. Craig," he said.

"No, of course not," exclaimed Mr. Hardesty, contemptuously. "It's an umpire."

"Well, I didn't know," murmured Mr. Craig, and his voice was not heard again until he said good-night to the door post when he left the parson's house.

"Mebby somebody could find out his address from Justine," said Mrs. Grimes. "Needn't let on what it's fer, y'see, an' thataway we couldn't take no chances on wastin' a stamp."

"I kin ast her," said Mrs. Bolton. "I'm goin' over to her house tomorry to see if I c'n borry a couple pounds o' sugar. Dear me, I never did have sitch luck with watermillon preserves as I'm havin' this year. Silas, I leave it to you if I ain't sp'iled more—"

"We ain't yere to talk about preserves, Liz, so shet up," interrupted her better half, sourly.

"That's right, Si. I wisht to gosh I could shet mine up like that," said Mr. Hardesty, enviously.

"Why Jim Hardesty, you ain't sayin' that I talk too much," cried his wife, indignantly.

"You don't say 'leven words a day, my dove," said he, arising and bowing so low that his suspenders creaked threateningly. Then he winked broadly at the assemblage and the women tittered, whereupon Mrs. Hardesty glared at them greenly.

"We are getting away from the subject, please," came the mild reproof of the pastor.

"How fer had we got?" demanded Deacon Bossman.

"We ain't got anywheres yet," said Mrs. Harbaugh. "That's what we're talkin' about, deacon."

"Hain't found out where Jud's at yet?"

"Have you been asleep?" demanded the chairman.

"I'd like to know how in thund—I mean, how in tarnation—er—how in the world I could go to sleep with all you women talkin' to onct about dresses an' so forth—"

"We ain't mentioned dress to-night," snorted the chairman. "You better 'ten to—"

"Come, come; we must get along with the business," remonstrated the pastor.

"I want to make a motion," said the postmaster, rising impressively. When he secured the attention of the crowd, he walked solemnly to the door, opened it, and expectorated upon the porch. Then, wiping his lips with the back of his hairy hand, he returned to his position in the circle.

"I move you, Mr. Cheerman—er, Mrs. Cheerman, beggin' your excuse—that we app'int a committee to see how much truth they is in these reports afore we go to puttin' our foot—er, properly speakin' —our feets in it too da—too extry deep." There was a dead silence and Jim looked serenely up at the right hand corner of the parson's clothes press, expecting the wrath of the virtuous to burst about him at any moment.

"I don't think we need any more committee than our own eyes, Jim," said his wife, feeling her way.

"Well, then, if that's the case, I move you we app'int a committee of hearts to work j'intly with the eyes," said James, soberly, still looking at the closet.

"I make an amendment," said Mrs. Bolton, sharply. "Mrs. Cheerman, I amend that we app'int a committee of three to go to Justine an' tell her this thing's got to stop an' —"

"It seems to me—" began Mr. Marks.

"I think it'd be best if we'd write to her an' sign no name," said Mrs. Grimes.

"That's a good idy," mused Mr. Bolton.

"Mrs. Cheerman, I withdraw my motion," said Hardesty. "I move you now

that we app'int a committee composed of Mr. Bolton, Mr. Craig, an' Mr. Grimes to go an' notify 'Gene Crawley, 'nstead of her."

A mighty shiver swept through the room. The men gasped and the perspiration started on their foreheads. Their wives moved a bit closer to them and looked appealingly toward the chairman. Postmaster Hardesty had considerable difficulty in suppressing a chuckle.

"What's the use seein' 'Gene?" stammered Martin Grimes. "He ain't to be reasoned with't all, Jim, an' you know it."

"Well, you might *try* it," insisted Jim.

"I think Justine's the most likely to be sensible," said Bolton.

"Course, she'd cry an' take on turrible, while ef you went to 'Gene he might do somethin' else, so I guess it'd be best to have a committee go over an' tell her fust. She could break it gentle-like to 'Gene, y'see," agreed Hardesty, reflectively. "'N'en he could do jest as he liked."

"Come to think of it," said Grimes, 'I reckon it's best to write to Jud."

"Then I'll move you, Mrs. Chairman, that the secretary address a letter to Mr. Sherrod, setting forth the facts as they exist," said Pastor Marks.

"I can't do it alone," cried meek little Miss Cunningham, the school teacher.

"We c'n all help," said Grimes, mightily relieved. "Git out yer writin' paper."

The secretary nervously prepared to write the letter. Her pen scratched and every eye was glued on the holder as it wobbled vigorously above her knuckles.

"I've got this far: 'Judley Sherrod, Esq., Dear sir,'" she said. "What next?"

"His name is Dudley," corrected the parson.

"Oh," murmured the secretary, blushing. Then she wrote it all over again on another piece of paper.

"You might say something like this," said Mr. Marks, thoughtfully. "'It is with pain that we feel called upon to acquaint you with the state of affairs in your home.' Have you written that?"

"'Fate of astairs in your home,'" read Miss Cunningham. Mr. Hardesty was looking over her shoulder and at times his unconscious chin-wiskers tickled her rosy ear.

"'We are sure that you will forgive the nature of this missive and yet we know that it will hurt you far beyond the pain of the most cruel sword thrust. You, to whom we all extend the deepest love and respect, must prepare to receive a shock, but you must bear it with Christian fortitude.' Do I go too fast, Miss Cunningham?"

"'You, who toom—' I mean,—'to whom, etc.,'" wrote the secretary.

"Sounds like we're trying to tell him there's a death in the family," said Mr. Hardesty.

"'Your wife has been left so long to the mercies of the—' No; please change that Miss Secretary. 'Your wife has not conducted herself as a good woman should. She has forgotten her wifely honor—'"

"Good Lord!" came a hoarse voice from the hallway. The assemblage turned and saw Eugene Crawley. Jim Hardesty afterwards admitted that he did not "breathe fer so long that his lungs seemed air-tight when he finally did try to git wind into 'em."

"What's goin' on here?" grated the unwelcome visitor, after a long pause. He was half-stunned by what he had heard, having entered the hall just as the letter was begun. So intent were the others that no one heard his knock or his entrance.

"Why—why," stammered Mr. Marks, "we were—ahem—writing to—"

"I know what you were doin', so you needn't lie about it, parson. You're writin' a pack of lies to Jud Sherrod, a pack o' lies about *her*. That's what you're doin'. Who's the one that started this dirty piece of business? How'd you come to meet here this way? Why don't you answer?" snarled Crawley, stepping inside the door.

"We jest happened to drop in an'—" murmured Mr. Bolton, from behind his wife.

"You're a liar, Sam Bolton. You're all liars. You come here to ruin that poor girl forever, that's all there is to it. I come here, parson, to ask you to help me befriend her. An' what do I find? You—you, a minister of the Gospel,—helpin' these consarned cats an' dogs here to jest naturally claw that girl to pieces. You git up an' preach about charity an' love an' all that stuff in your pulpit, an'

I set down in front an' believe you're an honest man an' mean what you say. That's what you preach, but if God lets such pups as you 'tend to His business down here He's a fool an' a sensible man had better steer clear of Him. The size of the matter is, you meal-mouthed sneak, God made a mistake when you was born. He thought you'd be a fish-worm an' he give you a fish-worm's soul. What are you goin' to do with that letter?"

"Eugene, will you let me speak earnestly to you for a few moments?" asked the young parson. He felt, uncomfortably, that he might be blushing.

"You'll have to speak earnest an' quick, too," returned the other. "Don't talk to me about my soul, parson, an' all that stuff. I c'n take care of my soul a heap sight better'n you kin, I've jest found out. So, cut it short. What you got to say for yourself, not fer me?"

"It is time you and she were made to understand the penalty your awful sin will bring down upon—"

"Stop! You c'n say what you please about me, but if you breathe a sound ag'in her I'll fergit that you're a preacher. It won't do no good to plead with you people, but all I c'n say is that she don't deserve a single harsh word from any one. She's the best woman I ever knowed, that's what she is. She's been one of your best church people an' she's as pure as an angel. That's mor'n you c'n say fer another man er woman in your congregation. Don't look mad, Mrs. Grimes. I mean what I say. You are the meanest lot of people that God ever let live, if you keep on tryin' to make her out bad. This thing's gone fer enough. I know I'm not a good man—I ain't fit to live in the same world with her—ut she's been my friend after all the ugly things I done to her an' Jud. I come here to-night, parson, to tell you I wuz goin' to leave her place an' to ask you to tell her why. Now, I'm going' to stay an' I'm goin' to make you an' all the rest of these folks go over an' tell her you're her friends.

"I'll do nothing of the sort," snapped Mrs. Harbaugh.

"Yes, you will, Mis' Marbaugh, an' you'll do it to-morrow," said 'Gene, his black eyes narrowing and gleaming at her.

"Mr. Crawley, you must certainly listen to reason," began the preacher, softly.

"Not until you listen to it yerself," was the answer. "You are committin' an outrage, an' you've *got* to stop it right now." He strode across to where Miss Cunningham sat. Pointing his finger at the partially written letter, he said: "Tear that letter up! Tear it up!"

The paper crackled and fluttered to the floor from the secretary's nerveless fingers. He picked it up himself and scattered the pieces about the table.

"Now, how many of you are goin' to kerry this thing any further?" he demanded, wheeling about and glaring at the speechless crowd. There was not a sign of response. "How many of you are goin' to treat her fair?" he went on.

"We intend to treat her fair," said Mr. Marks.

"Do you call it fair to write a letter like that?"

" 'Gene's right, by ginger," cried Jim Hardesty. "Shake, 'Gene. I've been ag'in this thing all along."

"I never did approve of it," said Mr. Bolton.

"Nobody could ever make me believe 'at Justine ever done anything wrong," said Mr. Bossman, emphatically. "You know how I ojected to this thing, Maria."

The women looked nervous and ready to weep.

"Mebby we've been too hasty," said Mrs. Harbaugh, in a whining tone.

"I'm goin' over to Justine's tommory, pore girl," said Mrs. Bolton.

"I'm goin' home now," said 'Gene, "but I want to say jest this: I'll see that she gits fair play. Now, you mark that, every one of you. An' as fer you, parson, I want to say, bad as I am, that I'm too good a man to got inside your church ag'in."

He went out, slamming the door behind him. After a long pause, James Hardesty exploded:

"Who in thunder called this meetin', anyhow?"

CHAPTER XX.

THE SOCIABLE.

On the day following the meeting at the home of Parson Marks, Justine was surprised to receive visits from half a

dozen of the leaders in the church society. Mrs. Harbaugh came first, followed soon afterwards by Mrs. Grimes. The "chairman" was graciousness itself. Crawley, from a field nearby, saw the women drive up, one by one, and a grim smile settled on his face.

"I'd like to be in the front room jest to hear what the old hens say to Jestine," he mused; "I'll bet she's the surprisedest girl in the world. I hope they don't say anything 'bout that meetin' an' what I done to 'em last night. It 'u'd hurt her terrible."

Properly subdued, Mrs. Harbaugh did a surprising thing—and no one was more surprised than she. On the way over to Justine's place the ex-chairman had been racking her brain for a motive to explain the visit—the first she ever had accorded Justine. Mrs. Harbaugh, it may be said, regarded herself as "quality," and was particular about her associates.

Mrs. Sherrod was very uncomfortable and so was Mrs. Harbaugh, during the first five minutes of that visit. They sat in the cold, dark little "front room," facing one another stiffly, uttering disjointed commonplaces. Before Mrs. Harbaugh realized what she was doing, she committed herself to an undertaking that astonished the whole neighborhood.

"Justine, I've been thinking of giving a sociable an' an oyster supper next week an' I want you to be sure to come," she said in desperation, after a long and trying silence.

Now, the truth is, such a thought had not entered Mrs. Harbaugh's head until that very moment. She felt called upon to do something to prove her friendship for the girl, but, now that she had done it, she would have given worlds to recall the impulse and the words. In her narrow heart she believed the worst of Justine. How could she reconcile her conscience to this sudden change of front? She had been the most bitter of denunciators—in fact, she herself had suggested the meeting of the night before. And now she was deliberately planning a "sociable" for the sole purpose of asking the girl to be one of her guests! Mrs. Harbaugh was beginning to wonder if her mind was affected.

Justine was speechless for a moment or two. She was not sure that she had heard aright.

"A sociable, Mrs. Harbaugh?" she asked.

"And an oyster supper," added the other, desperately.

"I—I should like to come, but—I am not sure that I can," said Justine, doubtfully. She was thinking of her scant wardrobe.

"Oh, you must come. I won't take 'no' for an answer," cried Mrs. Harbaugh, who hoped in her heart that Justine would not come. For the first time she bethought herself of the expense, then of her husband's wrath when he heard of the project. Next to the Grimeses, the Harbaughs were the "closest" people in the township.

While Justine was trying to frame excuses for not attending the party, Mrs. Harbaugh was just as earnestly explaining that "bad weather," "sickness," "unforeseen acts of Providence," and a lot of other emergencies might necessitate a postponement, but, in case nothing happened to prevent, the "sociable" would take place on "Friday night a week." Mrs. Grimes came in while the discussion was still on. When she was told of Mrs. Harbaugh's plan to entertain the "best people in the neighborhood," Mrs. Grimes made a remark that promptly decided the giving of the party.

"My sakes, Mrs. Harbaugh, how c'n you afford it? We couldn't, I know, an' I guess Martin's 'bout as well off as the next one 'round about here," she said, superciliously.

Mrs. Harbaugh bridled. "Oh, I guess we c'n afford it an 'more, too, Mrs. Grimes, if we'd 'a' mind to. I know that most people 'bout here is mightly hard up, but who's to give these pleasant little entertainments unless it's them that's in good circumstances? That's the way Mr. Harbaugh an' me feels about it."

Mrs. Harbaugh was hopelessly committed to the "sociable." Other women came in and they soon were in a great flutter of excitement over the coming event. Justine was amazed by this exhibition of interest and friendship on the part of her rich neighbors. She did not understand the significant smiles that went among the visitors as each new arrival swelled the crowd in the "front room." The look of surprise that marked each face on entering the room was succeeded almost instantly by one best de-

scribed as "sheepish." Not a woman there but felt herself ashamed to be caught in the act of obeying 'Gene Crawley's injunction so speedily.

Bewildered, Justine promised to attend the "sociable." The meaning expressed in the sly glances, smirks, and poorly concealed sniffs escaped her notice. She did not know what everyone else knew perfectly well—that Mrs. Harbaugh's party was a peace-offering, and a sacrifice that almost drew blood from the calloused heart of the "chairman."

That evening she told 'Gene of the visitation from the "high an' mighty" (as Crawley termed the Clay "aristocrats") and she made no effort to conceal her distress.

"How can I go to the party, 'Gene?" she said in despair. "I have nothing to wear—absolutely nothing—"

"Now, that's the woman all over," scoffed Crawley, resorting to badinage. "I wouldn't let that worry me, Justine. Go ahead an' have a good time. The clothes you've got are a heap sight more becomin' th'n the fine feathers them hens wear. Lord 'a' mercy, I think they're sights!"

"But, 'Gene, it's the first time any one of them has been to see me in months," she protested, dimly conscious of distrust.

"Well, I—I guess they've been purty busy," said he, lamely. Crawley was a poor dissembler.

"Besides, I don't care to go. Jud isn't here and—and, oh, I can't see how it could give me any pleasure."

'Gene shifted from one foot to the other. He was beginning to accuse himself of adding new tribulation to Justine's heavy load. He had not anticipated such quick results from his onslaught of the night before, nor had he any means of knowing to what length the women might go in their abasement. That they had surrendered so abjectly had given him no little satisfaction until he had seen that Justine was distressed.

"You'll have a good time, Justine. Ever'body does, I reckon. Seems like they want you to come purty bad, too," he said encouragingly.

"They really did insist," she agreed, smiling faintly. Crawley's gaze wavered and then fell. Out in the barn-lot, later in the evening, he worked himself into a rare state of indignation.

"If them folks don't treat her right, over at the 'sociable,' they'd oughter be strung up," he was growling to himself. "If I thought they wuz jest doin' this to git a chanct to hurt her feelin's some way, I'd—I'd—" But he could think of nothing severe enough to meet the demand.

Mr. Harbaugh did just as his wife expected he would do when she broke the news to him. He stormed and fumed and forgot his position as a deacon of the church. Two days passed before he submitted and she was free to issue her invitations. Their social standing in the neighborhood was such that only the "best people" could be expected to enjoy their hospitality.

"How are you goin' to invite 'Gene Crawley 'thout astin' all the other hired men in the township? He hain't no better 'n the rest," argued Mr. Harbaugh, sarcastically.

"I'm not goin' to invite Mr. Crawley," said his wife firmly.

"Well, then, what air you givin' the shindig fer? I thought it was fer the purpose o' squarin' things regardin' them two."

"We are under no obligations to 'Gene. Besides, he's no gentleman. He ain't fit to step inside the parlor."

"I noticed he stepped into one t'other night, all right," grinned Mr. Harbaugh.

"I s'pose you are defendin' him," snapped his wife.

"'Pears to me he c'n keer fer himse'f purty well. He don't need no defendin'. But, say,—don't you think he'll rare up a bit if he don't git a bid to the party?"

"Well, he won't take it out o' me," she spoke, meaningly.

"Course not," he exclaimed. "That's the tarnation trouble of it; he'll take it out o' me." Mr. Harbaugh involuntarily glanced over his shoulder as though expecting Crawley to appear in the doorway as mysteriously as he had appeared on the night of the "meeting."

"It don't make any difference. You'll have to stand it, that's all. I'm not goin' to have that low-down fool in *my* house," was Mrs. Harbaugh's parting shot. The result was that Crawley was not invited—he had not expected to be—and Har-

baugh felt obliged to "dodge" him carefully for the next two or three months.

The "Harbaugh oyster supper" was the talk of an expectant community for a full and busy week. Justine Sherrod apparently was the only person in the whole neighborhood who did not know the inside facts concerning the affair. Generally, it was said to be a "mighty nice thing in the Harbaughs," but everyone interested knew that the influence of Eugene Crawley prompted the good intentions.

Half-heartedly, the unconscious guest of honor prepared for the event. Her ever-neat though well-worn garments were gone over carefully, not to her satisfaction but to the delight of Mrs. Crane. Mr. and Mrs. Grimes stopped for her on their way over to Harbaugh's on the night of the party. Trim and straight and graceful in the old black dress that looked new, Justine sat beside the fluttering Mrs. Grimes on the "back-seat" of the "canopy top." There was a warm flush in her cheek, a half-defiant gleam in her eyes. She went to the party with the feeling in her breast that every woman there would "tear the old black dress to shreds" and in secret poke fun at her poverty. Crawley stood in the barn-door as she drove away with the Grimeses. There was something bitterly triumphant in the slow smile that uncovered the gleaming teeth as he waved a farewell to her—not to Mrs. Grimes, who was responding so eagerly.

"I'd like to be there,—jest to see how much purtier she looks than the rest," he murmured, wistfully, as he turned away to finish the evening's chores.

Despite her illness, suffering, and never-ceasing longing for Jud, she was by far the prettiest woman in the motley crowd. The men unhesitatingly commented on her "good looks," and not one of them seemed to notice that her dress was old and simple. Many a woman went home that night envious and jealous of Justine's appealing beauty. Hard as they felt toward her, they were compelled to admit that she was "quality." She was a Van—were she ever so poor.

She was young. The heartiness with which she was received, the gaiety into which she was almost dragged, beat down the shyness that marred her first half-hour. Pride retreated before good spirits, and, to her own surprise, she came to enjoy the festivities of the night.

Glenville supported one newspaper—a weekly. Its editor and publisher and general reporter was a big man in the community. He was a much bigger man than his paper. Few people in Clay township did not know the indefatigable and ubiquitous Roscoe Boswell, either personally or by reputation. His *Weekly Tomahawk,* made up largely of "boiler-plate matter" and advertisements in wonderful typography, adorned the pantry-shelves of almost every house in the township. Jim Hardesty once ironically remarked that he believed more housewives read the paper in the pantry than they did in the parlor. For his own part, he frequently caught himself spelling out the news as he "wrapped up bacon and side-meat" with sections of the *Tomahawk.* But Mr. Boswell was a big man politically and socially. His "local and personal" column and his "country correspondence" column were alive with the gossip of the district. If 'Squire Higgins painted his barn, the "news" came out in the *Tomahawk;* if Miss Phœbe Baker crossed the street to visit Mrs. Matlock the fact was published to the world—or, at least, to that part of it bounded by the Clay township lines; if our old friend and subscriber George Baughnacht drove out into the country with his new "side-bar" buggy the whole community was given to understand that it "looked suspicious" and that a "black-haired girl was fond of "buggy-riding."

Mrs. Harbaugh's party would not have been complete without the presence of Roscoe Boswell. He came with his paper-pad, his pencil, and his jokes. Incidentally, Mrs. Boswell came. She described the dresses of the ladies. Everyone was nice to Roscoe. The next issue of the *Tomahawk* was carefully read and preserved by the guests at the "sociable," for it contained a glowing account of the "swell affair," and it also had a complete list of names, including those of the children.

Now, Mr. Boswell, besides being a big man, was an observing person. He had seen a Chicago paper containing the news of the Wood-Sherrod wedding, but, like others, he was convinced that the groom was not the old Clay township boy.

Nevertheless, he made up his mind to question Justine, when he saw her at the "sociable."

"How do you do, Mrs. Sherrod?" he greeted, just before the oysters were served. She was passing through the parlor in search of Mrs. Harbaugh.

"Why, Mr. Boswell," she said gaily. "It is quite an honor to have you with us. Is Mrs. Boswell here?"

"Yes—she'll be getting a description of your dress pretty soon," he said, glancing at the plain black. "My, but you look fine to-night," he added, observing the embarassed look in her eyes. "Black's my favorite colour. Always sets a woman off so. What do you hear from Jud?"

"He has been in Paris, Mr. Boswell, studying art, and he is very well. I heard from him a day or so ago." . .

Roscoe Boswell breathed a sigh of relief.

"How long will be be over there?" he asked.

"He is expected back this week. Perhaps I'll get a letter from him in a day or two."

"Say, would you mind letting me have the letter for publication?" cried Roscoe, quickly. "It would make great reading for his friends here. He's an awfully bright fellow, and his letter would be a corker. Won't you please send it up to me?"

"Oh, I'm sure it wouldn't be good reading, Mr. Boswell," cried Justine, flushing with pleasure. "They are mostly personal, you know, and would sound very silly to other people."

"I'll cut out the love part," he grinned, "and use nothing but the description of Paris or whatever he says about the old country."

"I don't believe he would like it, Mr. Boswell," said she, but in her mind she was wishing that one of his interesting letters could be given to the public. She wanted the people to know how splendidly he was doing.

"We'll risk that," said Roscoe conclusively. "He won't mind, and besides, he won't see it. He don't take the paper, you know. I haven't many subscribers in Chicago just now," he added, reflectivelv.

"He will come to see me just as soon as he gets back to Chicago and then I'll ask him about it," she said.

"Is he coming down soon?" asked the editor, going back to his original object.

"Oh, yes. He will be down in a week or two, I am sure."

"Are you—er—do you expect to go to Chicago to live?" he asked rather nervously for him.

"Yes—quite soon, I think. Mr. Sherrod is making arrangements to have me come up very shortly. He says he is getting a home ready for us on the north side. Do you know much about the north side?"

"Er—I—well, not much," murmured Roscoe Boswell, who had been in Chicago but once in his life—he had spent two days at the World's Fair. "I'm pretty well acquainted on the south side and the east side though. Great old city, ain't she?"

"I have not been there since I was a small baby, but Jud says it is wonderful."

"It'll be mighty nice for you both when Jud takes you up," said he, not knowing how to proceed. He could not bring himself to ask her if she had heard of that strange similarity in names in connection with the Chicago wedding.

"It will, indeed, and I'll be so happy. Jud wants me so much, and he'll be earning enough soon to keep us both very nicely," she said simply. Roscoe Boswell not only believed in the integrity of Jud Sherrod as she went away smiling, but he swore to himself that the stories about her and 'Gene Crawley were "infernal lies."

He saw her from time to time in the course of the evening and she seemed so blithe and happy that he knew there was no shadow in her young heart.

"I'm glad of it," he mused, forgetting to respond to Mrs. Harbaugh's question. "It would have been a thundering good story for the *Tomahawk* if it had been our Jud, old as the story is by this time, but I'm darned glad there's nothing in it." Then aloud, with a jerk: "What's that, Mrs. Harbaugh?"

Nevertheless, he could not help saying to Parson Marks just before the party came to an end:

"Mrs. Sherrod is having the time of her young life, ain't she? She's a mighty pretty thing. Jud ought to be mighty

proud of her. Every man here's half or dead in love with her."

"We all admire her very much," said Mr. Marks with great dignity. He did not like the free and easy speech of the editor.

"I noticed a curious thing in a Chicago paper not long ago," said Boswell, whose eyes were following the girl. "Fellow with the same name as Jud's was married up there. Funny, wasn't it?"

"Not at all, Mr. Boswell," said Mr. Marks stiffly. "There are hundreds of Sherrods in Chicago; the name is a common one. I saw the same article, I presume. It so impressed me, I confess, that I took the liberty of writing to Jud Sherrod to inquire if he knew anything about it."

"You did?" cried the editor, his eyes snapping eagerly. "And did he answer?"

"He did, most assuredly."

"Well?" asked Boswell, as the pastor paused. "What did he say?"

"He said that he knew nothing about it except what he had seen in the papers, that's all."

"That's just what I thought," said the editor, emphatically. "I knew it wasn't our Jud."

"How could it be our Jud? He has a wife," said the minister severely.

"Well, such things do happen, Parson," said Boswell somewhat defiantly. "You hear of them every day; papers are full of them."

"You may rest assured that Jud Sherrod is not that sort of a boy. I married him and Justine Van, and I know them both," said Mr. Marks, with final scorn, and went away.

"These darn-fool preachers think they know everything," muttered Boswell.

When the Grimeses set Justine down at her gate just before midnight, 'Gene Crawley, who stood unseen in the shadow of the lilac bush, waited breathlessly for the sign that might tell him how she had fared among the Philistines.

All the evening he had been anxious. He could not put away the fear that she might be mistreated or slighted in some way up at Harbaugh's. But his heart jumped with joy when he heard her voice.

"Good-night," called Justine as she sprang lightly to the ground. "I've had such a good time, Mrs. Grimes. And it was good of you to take me over with you."

There was no mistaking the ring in her voice. Crawley's deep breath of relief seemed to himself almost audible.

"I thought you was having a right good time, Justine," said Martin Grimes with a laugh. "You cut in pretty free."

"Well, it was an awfully nice party," said Mrs. Grimes. "Everybody seemed to enjoy it."

"I'm so glad I went. Thank you, ever so much," Justine said, and there was a song in her voice.

Her step was light and full of life as she sped up the path to the door of the cottage.

"Thank the Lord," thought 'Gene, as he strode off into the night, "I guess it was all right for her, after all. She's been happy to-night."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE COMING IN THE NIGHT

Soon after their return to Chicago Celeste began to observe changes in her husband's manner. He gave up newspaper illustrating and went in for water colours, and began to take lessons in oil painting. The cleverness of Jud Sherrod, the boy, was not wanting in the man. In a short time the born artist in him was mastering the difficulties of colour and he was painting in a manner that surprised not only his critical friends but himself. He toiled hard and faithfully; his little studio on the top floor of their home was always a place of activity.

Feverishly he began these first attempts at colouring, Celeste his only critic. With loving yet honest eyes she saw the faults, the virtues and the improvement. He worked day and night despite her expostulations. The bright eyes he turned to her when he took them from the canvas were not the gray, hungry ones that dulled into reverie when he was alone with his pigments. His eyes saw two dancing faces in the colours as he spread them; one dark, distressed and weary, the other fair, bright and happy.

There came to him a powerful desire to see Justine, but with it the fear that he could not leave her if again he felt her presence touching his. For an hour at

a time, day after day, he would hold Celeste in his arms, uttering no word, stroking her hair, caressing her face, gloomily repentant. The enormity of his mistake —he would not call it crime—had come full upon him. It was not that he had broken the laws of the land, but that he had deceived—deceived.

Men about town remarked the change and wondered. Douglass Converse, in anxiety, sought to ascertain the cause, fearing to find Celeste unhappy. She was, beyond doubt, blissfully happy, and he fell back upon the old solution: Sherrod was not well. The latter, in response to blunt questioning, told him he was not sick, not tired, not worried, but his heart quaked with the discovery that the eyes of his friends were upon him and always questioning.

"Dudley, dear, let us go to Florida next month," said Celeste one night as they drove home from the theatre. He had drooped moodily through the play and had been silent as they whirled along in the carriage. In casting about for the cause of his new apparent weariness she ascribed it to overwork.

"Do you really want to go, Celeste?" he asked, tenderly. "Will the stay down there do you good?"

"I want to get away from Chicago for awhile. I want to be where it is bright and warm. Why should we stay here through all this wretched winter when it is so easy to go to such a delightful place? You must finish your picture in time to start next month. You don't know how happy it will make me."

If he could only take Justine with them! That longing swelled his heart almost to the bursting. "If Justine could only enjoy it all with me," he groaned to himself. "If she could go! If she could go where it is warm and bright! If I could have them both with me there could be no more darkness, no more chill, no more unhappiness."

As the days dragged along, nearer and nearer the date set for the departure for Florida, he grew moodier, more dejected. But one thought filled his mind, the abdonment of Justine; not regret for the wrong he was doing Celeste, but remorse for the wrong he was doing Justine. Sleepless nights found him seeing her slaving, half-frozen, on that wretched farm, far from the bright world he had enjoyed and she would have enjoyed.

At last, a week before the day set for their departure for Florida he reached a sudden determination. He would see Justine, he would go to her in the night and kiss her and take her up in his arms and bear her to Chicago with him, there to—but no! He could not do that! He could only kiss her and take her in his arms and then steal back to the other one, a dastard. There could be but one, and it was for him to choose between them.

He wondered if he could go back to the farm and live, if he could give up all he had won, if he could confess his error to Justine, if he could desert Celeste, if he could live without both of them. Selfishness told him to relinquish Justine, honour told him to strip the shackles from Celeste, even though the action broke her heart.

Then there came to his heart the design of the coward, and he could not get away from its horrible influence. It battled down manly resistance, it overthrew every courageous impulse, it made of him a weak, forceless, unresisting slave. With the fever of this malignant impulse in his blood, he stealthily began the laying of plans that were to end his troubles. But one person would be left to suffer and to wonder and she might never know the truth.

One dark night there descended from the railway coach at Glenville a roughly clad man whose appearance was that of a stranger, but whose actions were those of one familiar with the dark surroundings. There had been few changes in Glenville since the day on which Jud Sherrod left the place for the big city on the lake, but there had been a wondrous change in the man who was returning, under cover of night, to the quaint, old-fashioned home of his boyhood. He had gone away an eager, buoyant youth, strong and ambitious; he was coming back a heartsick, miserable old man, skulking and crafty.

Through unused lanes, across dark, almost forgotten fields, frozen and bleak, he sped, his straining eyes bent upon the blackness ahead, fearfully searching for the first faint flicker in a certain window. He did not know how long it took him to cover the miles that lay between the vil-

lage and the forlorn cottage in the winter-swept lane. He had carefully concealed his face from the station-men and there were so few people abroad in that freezing night that no one knew of the return of Justine's long absent husband. His journey across the fields was accomplished almost before he knew it had begun, so full was his mind of the purpose that brought him there. Every sound startled and unnerved him, yet he hurried on unswervingly. He was going to the end of it all.

At last he came to the fence that separated Justine's little farm from the broad acres of David Strong. Scarce half a mile away stood the cottage, hidden in the night. He knew it was there and he knew that a light shone from a window on the side of the house farthest from him. It was there that she loved to sit, and, as it was not yet ten o'clock, she could not have gone to bed. He swerved to the south and by a wide detour came to the garden fence that he had built in the days gone by. As he slunk past the corner of the barn his gaze fell upon the lighted window.

He clung to the fence and gazed intently at the square blotch of yellow in the blackness. She was there! In that room! His Justine! For a moment his resolution wavered. Then he doggedly turned his back upon the kindly glimmer in her window, and looked into the shadow. He did not dare to look again upon the loving light that stretched its warmth out to him as he shuddered and cringed on the threshold of his own home, almost within the clasp of those adoring arms.

But with his back to her, his face to the darkness, he waited, waited, waited. It seemed to him that hours passed before he dared again to face the house, fearing that another glimpse of her light would break his resolution. His mind was a blank save for one tense thought—the one great thought that had drawn him from one woman to the other. He thought only of the moment when the light in the window should disappear, when stillness should be in Justine's bedchamber, when no accusing eye could look upon what was to follow. His numb fingers felt for the knife that lay sheathed in his overcoat pocket, and he shuddered as they touched it.

His eyes again turned apprehensively toward the house. The window was dark; he could see nothing except the dense outlines of the square little building against the black sky. There was a dead chill in the air. The silence weighed upon him. He made a stealthy way to the weather boards of the house. The touch of his numb fingers against the frosty wood was uncanny, and he drew his hand sharply away. For a moment he paused and his crouching form straightened with a sudden consciousness of its position. The deepest revulsion swept over him, the most inordinate shame and horror. Why was he coming to her in the dead of night, like an assassin, sneaking, cringing, shivering. With a groan he recklessly strode forward to the dark window frame. His fingers touched the glass of two or three panes, then the rags that kept the wind out of others. In there she was lying asleep, alone, breathing softly, dreaming of him perhaps. He was within ten feet of that dear, unconscious body, and she was sweetly alive—a tender breathing thing that loved him better than life. Alive, and he had come to take life away from her! He had come to steal the only thing that was left to her—her life.

With wild eyes he sought to penetrate the darkness beyond the glass. As plainly as if it were broad daylight his imagination revealed to him the interior of the bare room. There were his drawings on the walls; the worn ingrain carpet of green and red; the old rocking-chair and the two cane-bottom chairs; the walnut stand with its simple cover of white muslin, the prayer-book and the kerosene lamp; Justine's little work-basket with its yarn, its knitting, its thread, thimble, patch-pieces, and the scissors. Across the back of a chair hung her pitifully unfashionable dress of calico, her white underskirt, her thick petticoat; beside the bed stood the heavy, well-worn shoes with her black stockings lying limp and lifeless across them. The white coverlet, rumpled and ridged by the lithe figure that snuggled underneath; the brown hair, the sweet, tired face with its closed eyes, sunk in the broad pillow; the gentle breathing, the regular movement of the covers that stretched across the warm, slumbering body; the brown, strong hand that wore his ring resting beside the cheek of the sleeper—a sudden eag-

erness to clasp the hand, to hold it firm, to protect it from something, came to him. He wondered for a moment why she should need protection—before he remembered.

How could he live without her? The folly of trying to do so! Better, far better, that he should die and take her with him, leaving the other to wonder and at last find her young way back to happiness through forgetfulness. Foresworn to end his own misery and to destroy every possible chance that might convey his faithlessness to the trusting Justine, he had slunk away from the city, bidding farewell to the world that had weakened him, and was now clinging to her window sill with love and murder in his heart. He had come to kill her and to kill himself. He must have it over. There was no other way. His legs trembled as he sped on to the kitchen door. The door was bolted and he sought the narrow window. It moved under his effort, creaking treacherously, but he did not pause. A half-dead fire smouldered in the kitchen stove—their kitchen stove—and he sank beside it, craving its friendly warmth. He crouched there for many minutes, steeling himself for what was to come. Indecision and weakness assailed him again and again, but he overcame them; the fear of death made him cast glances over his shoulder, but he set his teeth; the terror of crime shook him, but he fought it away. There was but one way to end the tragedy, there was but one way to save Justine. It would be over in a moment; there was relief in that.

How he crept through the kitchen and the dark sitting-room he did not know, but at last he found himself, breathless and pulseless at her door. Then came the stunning thought: was she alone in the room? Was old Mrs. Crane with her or was she in the little half-story room at the head of the stairs? He shrank back to the kitchen noiselessly. Groping his way to the table he ran his hand over its surface until it touched the candlestick that he knew was there, as well as if he had seen it. He lighted the candle from the flickering blue flame in the stove, and, shading it with his hand, glided swiftly to her door.

After what seemed an hour of irresolution he softly pressed the latch. The almost imperceptible noise sounded like a crash of thunder in his sensitive ears, but the door swung slowly open and he stood in his wife's room. Yes! There was the bed and there was the mass of brown hair and the white, blurred face, and—

But what was that noise? His heart stopped beating—his wide eyes saw Justine's hand slowly stretch out and, as if its owner were acting in her sleep, apparently tuck in the covers on the side of the bed nearest the wall. A faint, smothered wail came to his ears. There was no mistaking the sound.

A baby!

As he stood there in the doorway, frozen to the spot, the candle in one hand, the knife in the other, Justine moved suddenly and in a moment was staring at him with wide, terrified eyes.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE FIRST-BORN.

Slowly she half raised herself from the pillow, her right arm going out as if to shield the tiny bit of life beside her, her great eyes staring at the intruder; the inclination to shriek was met by the paralysis of every faculty, and she could do no more than moan once in her fear. The eyes of the tall, gaunt man, upon whose face the fitful light of the candle threw weird shadows, held her motionless.

"Wha—what do you want?" she finally whispered.

"Justine, don't you—don't you know me?" he asked, hoarsely, not conscious of the question, motionless in the doorway.

"Oh, oh," she moaned tremuously, and then her hand was stretched toward him, wonder, uncertainty, fear in her eyes.

"I am Jud—Jud; don't you know me? Don't be frightened," he went on mechanically.

"It is a dream—oh, it is a dream," she whispered.

"No, no! I thought you were asleep. Don't look at me, Justine, don't look at me! I cannot do it—I cannot!" He fell back against the wall, the knife clattering to the floor. Half convinced, now that she was thoroughly awake, Justine pressed her hand to her eyes and then,

Suddenly, with a glad cry, threw back the bed covers and sprang to the floor.

"Don't come near me," he cried, drawing back. She paused in amazement.

"What is it, Jud—what is it?" she cried. "Why are you here? What has happened?" The candle dropped from his nerveless fingers.

"Justine!" he groaned, stricken with terror in the darkness.

An instant later he felt her warm arms about him and her trembling voice was pleading with him to tell her what had happened. He was next conscious of lying back in the old rocker, listlessly watching her relight the candle. It was freezing cold in the room. His lips and cheeks were warm where she had kissed them. And he had thought to touch her dear, loving lips only after they were cold in the death he was bringing.

"Tell me, Jud, dear Jud," she cried, dropping to her knees beside him, her hands clutching his shoulders. Even in the dim, uncertain light he could see how thin and wan she had grown—he could see the suffering of months. A muffled wail come from the bed and her face turned instantly in that direction. His hand fell heavily upon hers.

"Whose child is that?" he demanded harshly. She looked up into his face with a quick, startled glance, the bewildered expression in her eyes slowly giving way to one of pain.

"Why, Jud!" she cried, shrinking back. Her honest brown eyes searched his face.

"Is it mine?" he asked, blind with suspicion.

"How could it be any one's but—oh, Jud Sherrod! Do you mean that—that—you don't think he is—my husband, do you think that of me?" she whispered, slowly sinking away from him.

"I—I—you did not tell me," he muttered, dazed and bewildered. "How was I to know?"

"Oh, I have loved you so long and so truly," she faltered. A sob of shame and anguish choked her as she arose and turned dizzily toward the bed. She threw herself face downward upon it, her arms across the sleeping babe, and burst out into weeping.

Startled into sanity by the violence of her grief, he cast himself on his knees beside the bed.

"I was mad, crazy, Justine," he cried. She shuddered as his hands and arms touched her. "My wife, my girl, don't shrink from me like that. I did not mean it, I did not know what I was saying. Look up, Justine, my Justine!" He seized her hand and covered it with kisses. At first she struggled to withdraw it; then suddenly abandoned it to him. Presently she pressed it against his lips, and then, in an instant, her face was turned toward him, the cheeks wet, the eyes swimming.

"Oh, Jud, you did not think it, I know you didn't," she choked out, and sobbed again as he lifted and clasped her to his breast. In that moment he forgot his dreadful mission, forgot the baby and the misery of everything, and she was happier than she had been in months. Once more the tender and thoughtful Jud, he drew the covers over her shivering body and tucked them in while she smiled happily up into his wan face.

"Don't you want to see the baby, dear?" she asked timidly, after a long time. He had seated himself on the side of the bed, his coat collar turned up about his chilled throat, his red hands clasped under his arms. "He is three months old, Jud, and you never knew. It is so strange you did not receive my letter. I could not write, though, for many weeks, I was so weak. Oh, Jud, you don't know how much I have suffered."

It was the first complaint she had ever expressed to him in all those weary, despairing months of loneliness and privation, and he covered his face with his hands. She drew them gently away, so that he might look at the baby. It was with a feeling of shame that he first saw his child. Young as it was, it bore the features of its father; there could be no doubt. He gazed upon the little face and the clenched fists, and a deep reverence came to him. Pity for the baby, the mother and himself overcame him, and he dropped his head upon Justine's shoulder.

"Justine, forgive me, forgive me," he sobbed.

'There is nothing to forgive, dear. Don't cry," she said softly. "It will all come right some day and we'll be so proud of the boy. Isn't he strong? Just

feel of his little arms. And isn't he just like you? I hope he will grow up to be as good and as strong as you, Jud." He looked dumbly into her eyes, still dewey with tears, and dropped his own, lest she should see the deceit in them. But she was not looking for deceit.

"You are so cold, dear," she went on, "and you look so ill and tired. Come to bed and let me get up and make some hot coffee for you. Why, Jud, it is past midnight, and it is bitterly cold outside. How did you come from Glenville?"

"I walked," he answered wearily.

"Walked?" she cried. "Why, Jud, what is wrong? Why are you here? Has anything happened to you?" Her voice was sharp with dread.

"I am the most wretched man in the world, Justine."

"Tell me all about it, Jud; let me help you. Don't look like that! It must be all right, dear, now that we are together. All three, Jud." She went on cheerily. I would not even name him before you came, but I want you to call him Dudley." He felt the loving arms tighten about his neck and there came the eager desire to confess everything and to beg her to hide from the world with him in some place where he could never be found out. The love for Celeste was deep, but it was not like this love for Justine. He must keep it. The other might go; he and Justine and the baby would go away together. But not yet. Justine must not know, after all—at least not yet.

"Everything has gone wrong, dear, and I had nothing to live for," he began warily, and then with a skill that surprised him he rushed through with a story that drew the deepest pity from his listener and gave him a breathing spell in which to develop a plan for the future.

"You will loathe and despise me, Justine, but I couldn't bear the thought of going into the hereafter without you," he said, after he had confessed his object in coming. "I had failed in everything and life wasn't worth living. My position is gone, I have no money and I don't seem to be able to find work. You were everything in the world to me and you were so proud of me. I just couldn't come back here and tell you that I had failed after all the chances I have had. When I opened your door to-night I had that knife in my hand. Do not be afraid, dearest; it is all over, and we'll live to be happy yet. God help me, I was going to kill you while you slept, kiss you to prove to your departing soul that I loved you, and that it was not hate that inspired the deed, and then, the blade, wet with your dear blood, was to find its way to my heart. Thank God, you awoke. Had it not been for that we would be lying here dead and our boy, hidden in the bed, would have escaped my hand only to be thrown upon the world, a helpless orphan. But God has helped me to-night, and He will not again forget me. With His help and your love, I will go forth again with new courage and I'll win my way."

She shuddered and thanked God alternately during his story, and when he paused after the firm declaration to win his way she cried:

"You have been brave so long and I have been brave, too, Jud. Why should we give up the fight? I have hardly enough to eat in the house, and I have endured more than seemed just from our loving God, but I did not forget that I have you and you are everything. It has been hard, terribly hard, but I did not give up."

Then she confessed her secret, timorously at first, then eagerly, pleadingly. She told him of 'Gene Crawley's reformation, his kindness, his real nobility, expecting at the outset that Jud would be angry and displeased. But he was thinking of the future, not of the past or the present. After a moment or two of surprise and chagrin he accepted her course in regard to Crawley as a natural condition, and, trusting her implicitly, found no fault with her action. He went so far as to credit Crawley with more manhood than he had suspected. A flood of joy enveloped her when she saw that he was reconciled; the weight of her only deception was lifted from her troubled heart.

Already he was thinking of the ordeal ahead of him: the return to Celeste, the confession of his duplicity, his plea for forgiveness and leniency, and then the life of peace and solitude with Justine and the boy. He knew that Celeste's heart would be crushed, but it was the only way back to the path of

honour. Justine should never know of his marriage to Celeste; that was the one thing the honest, virtuous country girl would not forgive. He even found himself, as he always was in emergencies, impatient to have the ordeal over, to know his fate, to give torture to one that he might be happy with the other. With the arms of the real wife about his neck, he trembled with the desire to be off to the side of the deceived one, there to unmask himself, to grovel at her feet and then to fly from the world. How he could face Celeste he knew not, but he must do it. There seemed no way to lighten the blow he must deal and there seemed no escape from it. He was a bigamist, a criminal.

To leave her without an explanation would result in a tireless search, inspired by her love; the discovery of his duplicity by the police would mean conviction; even Celeste could not save him. Shrewdly he brought himself to believe that, though she could not forgive him, she would release him to avoid a scandal. He knew that he must play out to the end his rôle of the coward and the supplicant and the liar.

(*To be continued.*)

Be Sweethearts Now As Then.

Alas! that vows should broken be,
And hearts disdainful grow,
That love should from the cottage flee,
Or bitter winds should blow;
Her once kind words should sting like whips,
And he should never see
The winning smile on tiny lips
Of children at his knee.

But years of youth are all too fleet,
The fires of love grow cold,
And winter with its snow and sleet
Bedims the summer's gold.
The raven locks are streaked with grey,
And brows are seamed with care—
O, thou whose heart is changing! pray
Think once of springtime fair.

What though the years have left their trace,
And sorrows thick and fast
Have clouded thy once beaming face?—
Life's storms will soon be past.
What though thy load seems hard to bear,
And griefs thy pathway strew?
Remember—she—the woman's share
Of burden bears with you.

Recall the half-forgotten tunes
That once she used to sing;
Remember now the dear, dead Junes
When life was blossoming.
Let no day's sun set on thy wrath—
Each hour with kindness fill;
'Twill smooth the end of life's rough path
When those dear hands are still.

Remember now the wicket gate,
Where purple lilacs grew:
The robin chose his russet mate—
He won thy love from you.
And thou, in all thy manly pride,
Thy youth renew again,
Recall the days of life's spring-tide—
Be sweethearts now as then.

George N. Lowe.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Zebadiah Sartwell. By Dr. S. Paige Johnson.

A rustic novel. One David H. Beecher says of it: "Better than Eben Holden or David Harum," and the publishers say that "Zeb is one of the most unique and lovable types of a rustic wit in all literature." There is really nothing to add to these statements, beyond pointing out to the publishers that this absurd method of exploitation has outlived its usefulness.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The One Woman. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

Mr. Dixon's new novel which received considerable advance notice, and which at the present time is attracting attention. Mr. Dixon's previous book, The Leopard's Spots, continues on its prosperous way. A review of The One Woman will be found in a later number of The Bookman.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Ireland and Her Story. By Justin McCarthy.

A short history of the Irish people. In a prefatory note, Mr. Howard Angus Kennedy writes: "The angry time has already passed when no Irishman could read with patience and profit a history of his native land by an Irishman of other politics than his own, and when the predominant partner was inclined to shut his ears to both."

Harper and Brothers:

The Rise and Progress of the Standard Oil Company. By Gilbert Holland Montague.

A study of the Standard Oil Company from its beginning in 1865 down to the present time.

Macmillan Company:

The City of God. By St. Augustine. Translated by John Healey. In Three Volumes.

These little volumes are brought out in the Temple Classic Series of which Messrs. Dent and Company are the publishers in London and the Macmillans in this country.

Philip. By William Makepeace Thackeray. Two Volumes.

New volumes in the Dent edition, edited by Walter Jerrold, and illustrated by Charles E. Brock. "A Shabby Genteel Story" is prefixed in volume I. We shall say more of this series later.

The Call of the Wild. By Jack London.

A story which has done much to augment Mr. London's reputation. The tale has for its hero a dog named Buck, a cross between at St. Bernard and a Scotch shepherd. Mr. London gives a vivid picture of the primeval life of the Klondike after the gold fever set in. The story was greatly praised during its serial run in the Saturday Evening Post, and will be discussed at greater length in this magazine.

The Saint of the Dragon's Dale. A Fantastic Tale. By William Stearns Davis.

The fifth volume in the Macmillan Little Novel Series. Mr. Davis will be remembered as the author of "A Friend of Cæsar" and "God Wills It."

Putnam's Sons:

Arnold's March from Cambridge to Quebec. By Justin H. Smith.

The author of this book, a professor of Modern History in Dartmouth College, has written a history of the American invasion of Canada in 1775 and 1776. The book contains a number of maps and a reprint of Benedict Arnold's Journal.

Francis Adrian van der Kemp. Edited, with an historical sketch, by Helen Lincklaen Fairchild.

An autobiography covering a period from 1752 to 1829. Although portions of this autobiography have appeared both in this country and in Holland, it is believed to have appeared entire in print but once, in 1837, in an English periodical. The volume contains a number of extracts from Mr. van der Kemp's correspondence.

Revell and Company:

The Faith of Robert Louis Stevenson. By John Kelman, Jr., M.A.

The author of this book is a preacher in Edinburgh, and he has been called the legitimate successor of Professor Drummond. The Rev. Mr. Kelman's study of Stevenson from a religious point of view is, therefore, of particular interest.

Scribner:

The Works of F. Hopkinson Smith. The Under Dog. Volume X.

Mr. Smith's latest collection of short stories may be found in this volume. The edition, which is sold by subscription only, is complete in ten volumes. The publishers call it the "Beacon Edition" in

honour of the author's prominence as an engineer and as a builder of lighthouses.

Cooke:

Tales in Metre, and Other Poems. By Frederic Crowninshield.

A collection of poems limited to an edition of one hundred and fifty. Mr. Crowninshield is the well known mural painter as well as the author of "A Painter's Moods" and "Pictoris Carmina."

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Tools and Machines. By Charles Barnard.

A book of instruction for boys and girls on the practical use of various kinds of tools. Mr. Barnard is an editorial contributor to the Century Dictionary.

Stories from the Hebrew. By Josephine Woodbury Heermans.

A text-book for use as a supplementary reader in the public schools.

Holt and Company:

A Duke and His Double. By Edward S. Van Zile.

An amusing little tale of New York life to-day that contains the elements of a pretty good comedy. The Duke's double is, as a matter of course, a mystery.

Treat and Company:

Plain Hints for Busy Mothers. By Marianna Wheeler.

A paper covered handbook by the Superintendent of the Babies' Hospital, New York, and author of "The Baby."

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Sociable Ghost. Written down by Olive Harper and Another.

A sensational looking novel, described in the sub-title as the adventures of a reporter who was invited by the Sociable Ghost to a grand banquet, ball, and convention, under the ground of old Trinity Churchyard. In the illustrations skeletons figure conspicuously.

Comrade Publishing Company:

Revolutionary Essays in Socialist Faith and Fancy. By Peter E. Burrowes.

A collection of fifty-six essays which are certainly revolutionary in character.

Naturalism in the Recent German Drama. With Special Reference to Gerhart Hauptmann. By Alfred Stoeckius, A.M.

A pamphlet "submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy, in the Faculty of Philosophy, Columbia University."

Miss Träumerei. A Weimar Idyl. By Albert Morris Bagby.

A novel which is now in its fourth edition, and which has been published by the author. Lizst figures in the story, and the illustrations show in his Music Room, his Sleeping Room, and his Monument in the Grand Ducal Park.

Boston.

Ginn and Company:

Boston. A Guide Book. By Edwin M. Bacon.

This Guide Book was prepared for the Convention of the National Education Association, July 6-10, 1903.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

A Parish of Two. By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins.

A story told in letters which pass between an invalid clergyman and his man-of-the-world friend. "Percy Collins" is a pen name. The idea of two men writing to each other has also been carried out in The Kempton-Wace Letters, although it is pretty generally known that in that book one of the correspondents is a woman.

Andy Barr. By Willis B. Hawkins.

A story of the lives of two boys up to the time when they fight for their country in the Civil War. The scenes are laid in a small village, and the quaint sayings of Andy are generously sprinkled through the story.

A Partnership in Magic. By Charles Battell Loomis.

This, we believe, is the first long story from the pen of Mr. Loomis, the well known humourist. A Partnership in Magic may be classed as a juvenile, but there is lots of fun in it for the adult.

On Special Assignment. By Samuel Travers Clover.

A sequel to Paul Travers' Adventures, in which the hero of Mr. Clover's former story has some experiences in different parts of the far West, in connection with his work as a newspaper correspondent. This is a book to appeal to the young rather than to the old.

Badger:

Young Ivy on Old Walls. By H. Arthur Powell.

A book containing about sixty poems, the subjects being divided between Nature, Life, Love, and Varying Moods.

Page and Company:

The Schemers. By F. F. Harkins.

A novel dealing with the life of a large department store, and this fact in itself is of interest. A further notice of the book will be found under the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

The Captain's Wife. By W. Clark Russell.

A story which may be classed under

the heading of "The Sea in Fiction," which subject was discussed in the August Bookman.

Philadelphia.

Biddle:

Peggy O'Neal. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

An historical novel by the author of Wolfville. The hero of the tale is General Jackson, for whom the author expresses a warm admiration. Mr. Henry Hutt has made the illustrations, which are in colour.

Jordan:

The Crimson Dice. By George Nox McCain.

The author of this novel of adventure and mystery is a member of the editorial staff of the Philadelphia Press. He has had twenty-five years' experience as a political writer, newspaper staff correspondent, and lecturer. The publishers compare this novel to the works of Conan Doyle and Anthony Hope. We do not.

San Francisco.

Robertson:

As It Was in The Beginning. By Joaquin Miller.

A long poem of forty-one stanzas by the well-known Western poet. Mr. Miller has dedicated the poem to the "Mothers of Men."

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

The Harkriders. By Opie Read.

A new novel by the author of many well-known stories. The book contains a triple love story and a graphic description of a fox hunt. The illustrations are in colour.

Childhood Classics. Edited by Uncle Charley.

A collection of Mother Goose melodies and stories, nursery rhymes, and fairy tales, with two hundred and fifty illustrations. Such favourites as Mother Hubbard, Cinderella, Blue Beard, Little Red Riding Hood, and the Sleeping Beauty may be found therein.

Jungle Larks. By "Gar." (R. H. Garman.)

Under this title may be found a collection of funny animal stories for the little people. The illustrations are in colour, and the cover design shows some of the animals dancing around a Maypole improvised by a giraffe, the ribbons being composed of snakes and monkeys.

Red Wing, Minnesota.

Argus Press:

The Failure of Jesus and His Triumph. Anonymous.

Of these "silhouettes" the publishers have this to say: "It is a product of rationalism, but it is a protest against the negation of agnosticism."

Washington.

Government Printing Office:

Natick Dictionary. By James Hammond Trumbell.

This Dictionary is published by the Bureau of American Ethnology, of which Mr. J. W. Powell is the director.

Neale Publishing Company:

Lingo Dan. By Percival Pollard.

A novel by the author of The Imitator and Cape of Storms. Mr. Pollard first introduced "Lingo Dan" to his readers in 1894, through the San Francisco Argonaut "If it be objected against me," writes Mr. Pollard, "that I have delayed nearly ten years in thus continuing the chronicle begun in 1894, I retort that even this has taken a deal of temerity; my gentleman is still alive, and there is no knowing what form his reproaches for these indiscretions of mine may take."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between June and July, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York—Downtown.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. Loudon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
6. Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 25c.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. J. Lane. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. Loudon. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Drexel Biddle.) $1.50.
6. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wee Macgreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Captain's Tollgate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. People of the Whirlpool. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Letters and Diary of John Rowe. (Clarke Co.) $3.00 net.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Prince of Luimers. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown, & Co.) $1.50.
6. A Few of My Feathered Friends. Leslie Bradley. (The Old Corner Bookstore.) $1.00 net.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. People of Whirlpool. Anonymous. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Garden of Commuter's Wife. Anonymous. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
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3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Captain's Tollgate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

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According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50	237
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50	150
3. The Gray Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	88
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50	80
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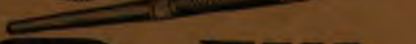
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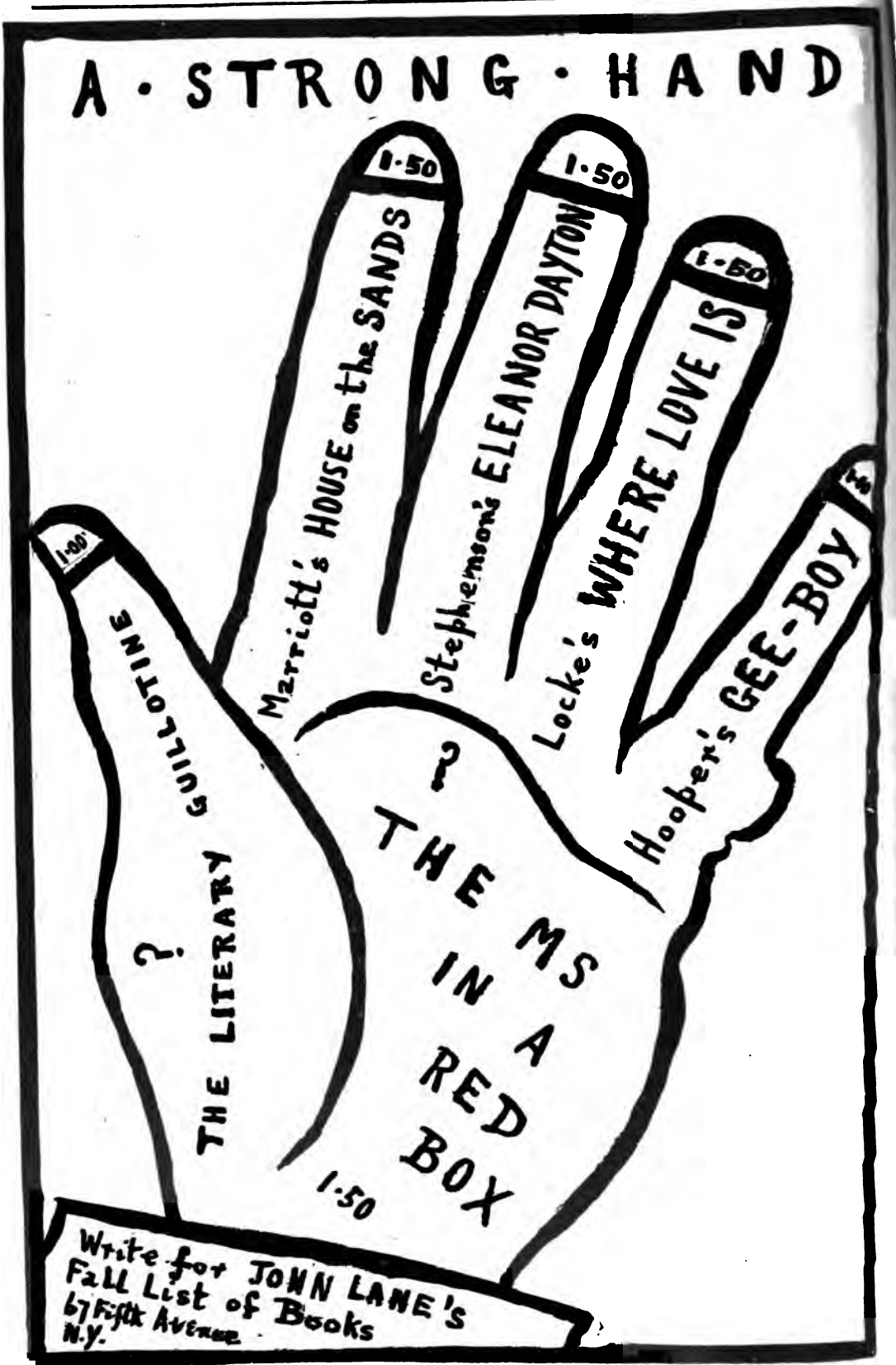
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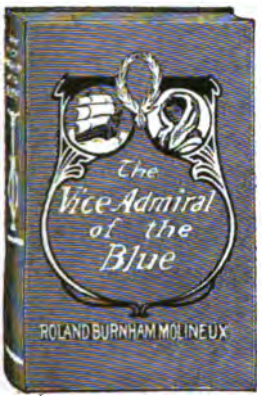
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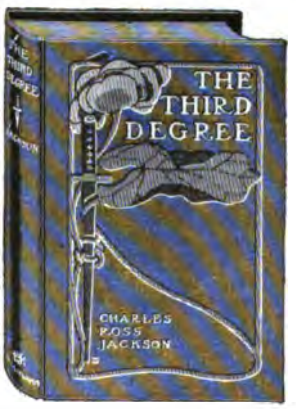


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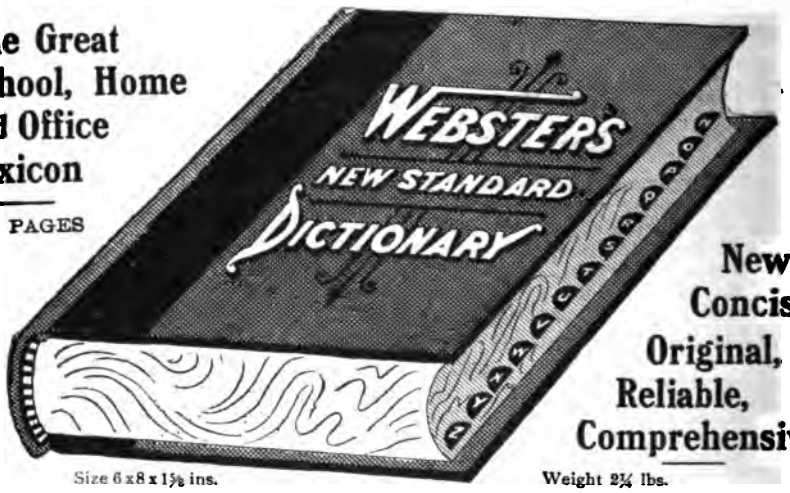
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The Men Who Made It.

ONE hundred years ago Noah Webster—journalist, scholar, patriot—was brooding a great undertaking. He had worked with Jay and Hamilton for the adoption of the Constitution and the support of Washington's administration; freedom and order were established; now for a science and literature worthy of the young republic! At the foundation of all is language. Webster had already made a Speller which speedily became and long remained a text-book for the entire people, training to uniformity of spelling and pronunciation, and yielding the author a maintenance which enabled him to carry on the vast and uncompensated work of "An American Dictionary of the English Language." In the exposition of that language no real advance had been made since Johnson's dictionary, sixty years before. The new age and the new country had produced a flood of new words and usages for which there was no interpreter or arbiter. Webster essayed to cover the whole literature and the living use of the English-speaking race, with special inclusion of the new nationality. He brought to the task a natural genius for language, a special aptitude for lucid, exact, and terse definition, a ripe scholarship, and a tireless industry. With his work well begun, he stopped to broaden his knowledge, and mastered the main vocabularies of twenty languages. He studied for a year in Europe. Johnson worked intermittently for eight years on his dictionary; Webster spent twenty years on his. He gave it to the world in 1828—a splendid monument of scholarship, and in its substance fitted to every-day needs. But it was in two bulky volumes, its price was $20, it contained a few eccentricities of spelling, and the American public was not yet emancipated from deference to English authority. The first edition of 2500 copies was enough for thirteen years. Webster stood to his guns, bated no jot of his peculiarities even where most unpopular, revised the work on its original lines, and brought out a new edition, at $15, in 1841. That, too, found little sale; and in 1843 Webster passed away, after a full and happy life, but with his *magnum opus* lying stranded like Robinson Crusoe's boat, a vessel too big for the builder to launch.

One hundred years ago, to a country printer in western Massachusetts was born his first son, George Merriam. The second son was Charles, and then came a flock of brothers and sisters. The boys were educated in the district school and the printing office; they toiled early and late; when their father died they gave their slender patrimony to their mother and sisters, and pushed their own way; and in 1831 G. & C. Merriam began business as retail booksellers in Springfield, Mass. They gave to business every hour not given to their families or their church. They began publishing in a modest way, notably an admirable series of school readers—the "Child's Guide," "Village Reader," etc.—compiled by the elder brother. When at Dr. Webster's death his book came into the market they discerned something of its potential value, and bought the unsold edition and the publishing right. That purchase marked an alliance of business and scholarship which has borne fruit for sixty years. The new publishers' first care was to fit the scholar's wares to the public's wants. They employed Prof. Chauncey A. Goodrich, Webster's son-in-law and literary heir, to re-edit the book; the eccentric spellings were dropped and the reasonable changes retained; such scientists as Silliman and Dana were employed as contributors; and in 1847 the full work was brought out in one volume for $6. The public favor was instantly won and never was lost. Webster's executors had appraised the copyright for the unexpired ten years at $3000, and the Merriams bought it for that. They so increased its value that when the copyright was renewed for fourteen years they made terms with the Webster family by which during that period they paid to them, for the large book with its Abridgements and the Speller, a quarter of a million dollars. The Merriams leased the Abridgements and the Speller to other houses, and concentrated their whole energy on the large book.

In 1850 it was proposed in the Massachusetts legislature, unsuggested by the publishers, that a copy of Webster's large dictionary be placed in every district school. Before the legislative committee the advocate of a rival book sneered at Webster as an ignorant pretender. Professor Noah Porter of Yale College replied with so eloquent a vindication of Webster's scholarship and services that local prejudice was conquered. The schools were offered their

choice, and 3035 took Webster and 105 its competitor. Soon after, New York state placed 10,000 copies of Webster in its schools, and thus began its acceptance as a school standard which to-day extends over the entire country.

When the enlargement of Worcester to an illustrated quarto was announced in 1859, the Webster publishers made a prompt counter-stroke. They put into a supplement a large number of classified illustrations—a new feature in an American dictionary—added a supplement of new words which had long been accumulating; appended a valuable table of synonyms by Prof. Goodrich; and brought out their enlarged work well in advance of the new Worcester, which never approached it in popularity.

Then they set to work on a radical and thorough revision. Under Dr. Porter's supervision, with the aid of a group of eminent scholars, the advances in linguistic science and in popular usage were inwrought with Webster's solid groundwork. The period of this revision was that of the Civil War; business fell of; the Southern market was lost; the income from the Speller was intermitted, and payments to the Webster family were by amicable arrangement postponed; war taxes were heavy; but the three brothers (Homer Merriam being now included) pushed steadily the revision, while they supported the war, and looked for the return of peace and prosperity. So came to birth the great book of 1864, known familiarly as "The Unabridged;" its predecessor being completely superseded and withdrawn from the market, until revamped and foisted upon the public under false pretenses half a century later.

A battle of pamphlets turning largely on the question of spellings; the general prevalence of the Websterian practice, and an eclipse of all rivalry in the commercial field; a fresh supplement of new words in 1879; the gradual addition of biographical and geographical tables—these were incidents preliminary to the next great revision. To this revision—a work covering ten years and costing over a third of a million dollars—were given the fuller elaboration, the larger permanent staff, the freer employment of specialists, and the exact attention to every detail, which accord with the advanced methods of modern scholarship and business. In a work carried on thus through generations, there has developed a special art of dictionary-making, with an invaluable tradition of experience, yet progressive and always expanding to meet the new conditions. The result appeared in 1890 in a work whose title marked the supremacy won throughout the English-speaking world, Webster's International Dictionary.

Its improvement has never ceased for a day. New matter has been added; tables have been scrupulously brought up to date; the accumulation and sifting of new words and meanings has gone steadily on. A Supplement of new words in 1900; tables of biography and geography substantially made over in 1902; a steady accession of improvements with no special announcement—this has been the later history of the book. To the chief editorship so long and ably filled by President Porter has succeeded Dr. W. T. Harris, United States Commissioner of Education and a scholar of the highest repute.

It is to the alliance of scholarship and business sagacity that Webster has owed its success and growth. From that alliance has sprung a harmonious aim and a comprehensive plan of work. Before setting forth that ideal, a word more may be given to the personnel of the combination, past and present. On the publishers' side the force was strengthened in 1877 by the addition of Mr. O. M. Baker, trained as an educator and a school superintendent; an experienced and able bookseller, Mr. H. C. Rowley, came in two years later; the change by incorporation to "The G. & C. Merriam Company" in 1892 was a change of form only, the same hands still manning the ship; to the directors was added Mr. K. N. Washburn, who had been long engaged in the company's service; and while the first two Merriam brothers have passed away, the directorship includes two of the family name, and Homer Merriam still presides in a hale old age.

At the head of the editorial force have been in succession three scholars of high repute; Dr. Goodrich, the heir of Dr. Webster in mental acumen; President Porter, with a rare combination of original intellect, acquired knowledge, and practical sagacity; and Dr. Harris, officially the first man in the American educational world, and eminent in a wide variety of studies. Next to these have been a group of contributors of the highest standing in general scholarship or special branches, such as Dr. Mahn of Germany, Prof. W. D. Whitney, President D. C. Gilman, Professors Hadley, Lounsbury, Sheldon, Remsen, Verrill, Justice Brewer—the list could be indefinitely prolonged. Of highest practical service have been men perhaps less famous who have through arduous years perfected themselves in the technical art of dictionary-making; as chiefs of staff should be named, among the departed, William A. Wheeler and Loomis J. Campbell, and, among the living, F. Sturges Allen.

With these have been scores of faithful and serviceable workers, whose lot has been "to widen knowledge and escape the praise."

So much for the men who have made the book; the ideals they have followed and the methods they have used will be given next month.

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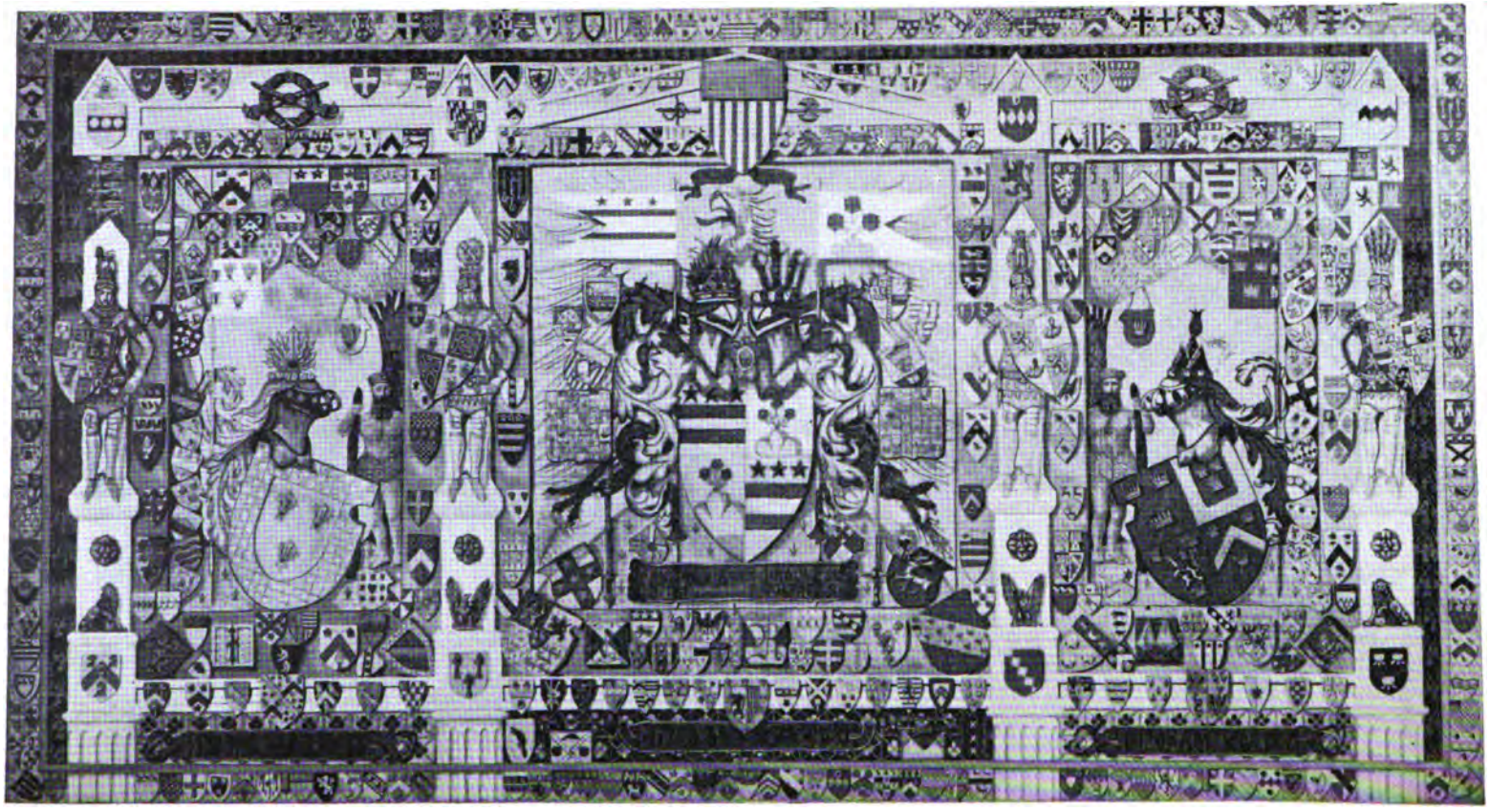
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

Manuscripts submitted to THE BOOKMAN *should be addressed to "The Editors of* THE BOOKMAN." *Manuscripts sent to either of the Editors personally are liable to be mislaid or lost.* & &

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Baffling Cipher.

The best thing in *The Red Triangle*, Mr. Arthur Morrison's recent contribution to detective literature, is an exceedingly clever cryptogram which we think we could safely defy the most astute and persevering of our readers to decipher if they would battle with it strictly on the merits of the case and refrain from looking ahead. The crytogram, which is of vital importance in the story of *The Red Triangle*, is found written in a fine hand on a strip of paper which has been rolled and concealed in the hollow of a key. It consists of a series of figures, running in the following order:

9, 8, 14, 4, 20, 18, 5, 9; 15, 19, 20,
0, 3, 9, 8, 5; 3, 23, 0, 0, 5, 13, 14,
19; 19, 20, 0, 0, 0, 0, 6, 1; 5, 20, 0,
0, 0, 0, 3, 22; 1, 15, 0, 0, 0, 0, 18,
5; 1, 8, 20, 11, 18, 9, 5, 20; 12, 5,
23, 14, 14, 1, 1, 20

Now at the very first glance this cryptogram appears to be almost childish in its simplicity. If we except the naughts, the numbers most frequently repeated are 5 and 20, which occur seven times each. Now, the vowel most frequently occurring in average English writing is e, and we see at once that e is number five in the alphabet, counting from the beginning. Moreover, if we go on so counting we find that 20 is t, which is one of the most frequently occurring consonants. Thus it seems that the cipher is of the simplest nature, consisting merely of the substitution of figures for letters in the exact order of the alphabet. But what of the naughts? They are baffling, especially when we note that in three places there are actually four naughts in succession; and, of course, no letter is repeated four times successively in any English word. This is as far as Brett, Arthur Morrison's Dr. Watson, the companion and historian of Martin Hewitt, Arthur Morrison's Sherlock Holmes, is able to proceed. So he passes it on to the "great detective" who promptly points out the significance of the semicolons which divide the missive into eight lines of eight figures each, and demonstrates with the aid of a chess board and the move of a knight starting at the proper point, that the cipher expanded to a freely expressed message, reads: "The plunder is in the ventilator, the loss is discovered, take away the booty at once; Martin Hewitt is here, and I fear I may be watched."

A Family Affair.

World's Children, one of the handsome illustrated books of the autumn, strikes us as being decidedly a family affair. The text is by Miss Dorothy Menpes. The pictures, about one hundred in number, are the work of her father, Mortimer Menpes, the well-known artist. These pictures have been reproduced by the artist's daughter, Miss Maud Menpes. Finally, the illustrations were engraved and printed at the Menpes press. We should say that this establishes a record.

A Precursor of Omar.

The introduction of a precursor of Omar Khayyam to the American reading public is the avowed object of a rather



DOROTHY MENPES.

curious volume, *The Quatrains of Abu'l-Ala,* which has been rendered into English by Ameen F. Rihani. Abu'l-Ala, according to the preface of the book, lived in the latter part of the tenth and the first half of the eleventh centuries, and, at a time when Europe was arming itself for the first Crusade, was fighting against the fallacies, the shams and the lies of the ruling class of his time in its social, religious, and political aspects. When a boy, his father taught him the first principles of grammar and thus instilled in his mind a love for learning. Subsequently he was sent to Aleppo, where, with a private tutor, he pursued his studies. His poetical tendencies were developed in his boyhood, and his first attempts were made when only eleven years of age. He was attacked by smallpox when a child and almost lost his sight as a result of the disease. Thereafter his eyes were always weak, and he became, in middle age, totally blind. In his twenty-fifth year he visited Bagdad, the centre of learning and the capital of the Abbaside Califs, remaining there about nineteen months, attending the lectures of the leading Sufis and doctors, and making the acquaintance of the learned men of his time. His career as poet and scholar actually dates from the time of his return from Bagdad, and according to his biographer he soon became "the master of the learned, the chief of the wise, and the sole king of the bards of his century." Marrah became the Mecca of every literary aspirant.

*

The translator points out the similarity of thought existing between Omar Khayyam and Abu'l-Ala. The former, he thinks, was an imitator or a disciple of the latter. The birth of the first and the death of the second poets are not very far apart from each other; they both occurred about the middle of the eleventh century. Whoever will take the trouble, urges the translator, to read Omar Khayyam in conjunction with what in this volume is



MAUD MENPES.

translated of Abu'l-Ala cannot fail to see that the skepticism and pessimism of Omar are, to a great extent imported from Marrah. In his religious opinions the Arabian philosopher is far more outspoken than the Persian poet. "I do not say that Omar was a plagiarist, but I say this: Just as Voltaire, for instance, acquired most of his liberal and skeptical views from Hobbs, Locke, and Bayle, so did Omar acquire his from Abu'l-Ala." While we do not thoroughly agree with the estimate of the translator, we are reprinting a few of the quatrains in order that our readers may judge for themselves:

Behold the Night, lest vauntingly we say,
"He fell a-bleeding, 'neath the sword of Day,"
Again recharges with his starry host,
While all the fiery Suns in ambush lay.



MORTIMER MENPES.



CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS, AUTHOR OF "CHEERFUL AMERICANS."

Many a Grave embraces friend and foe,
And grins in scorn at this most sorry show;
A multitude of corses therein pressed—
Alas! Time almost reaps e'er he doth sow!

The Days devour us all; none will they spare,
And fang'd hours, Lion-like, upon us stare;
Anon they bound, and twixt their teeth we groan,
Anon return to their eternal Lair!

The door of Certainty we can't unlock,
But we can knock and guess and guess and knock:
Night quickly carries us upon its Sail,
Ship-like, but where, O Night-ship, is thy dock?

Enchained in blindness of both Faith *and* Sight,
I two long nights make of my darkest Night;
Once Ummu-lila luring I espoused,
But even she my darkness could not light.

Lord Salisbury as Journalist.

The articles in the daily and weekly newspapers elicited by the death of the late Lord Salisbury have been in the main as commonplace and perfunctory as might be expected. One which appeared in the London *Academy* was rather out

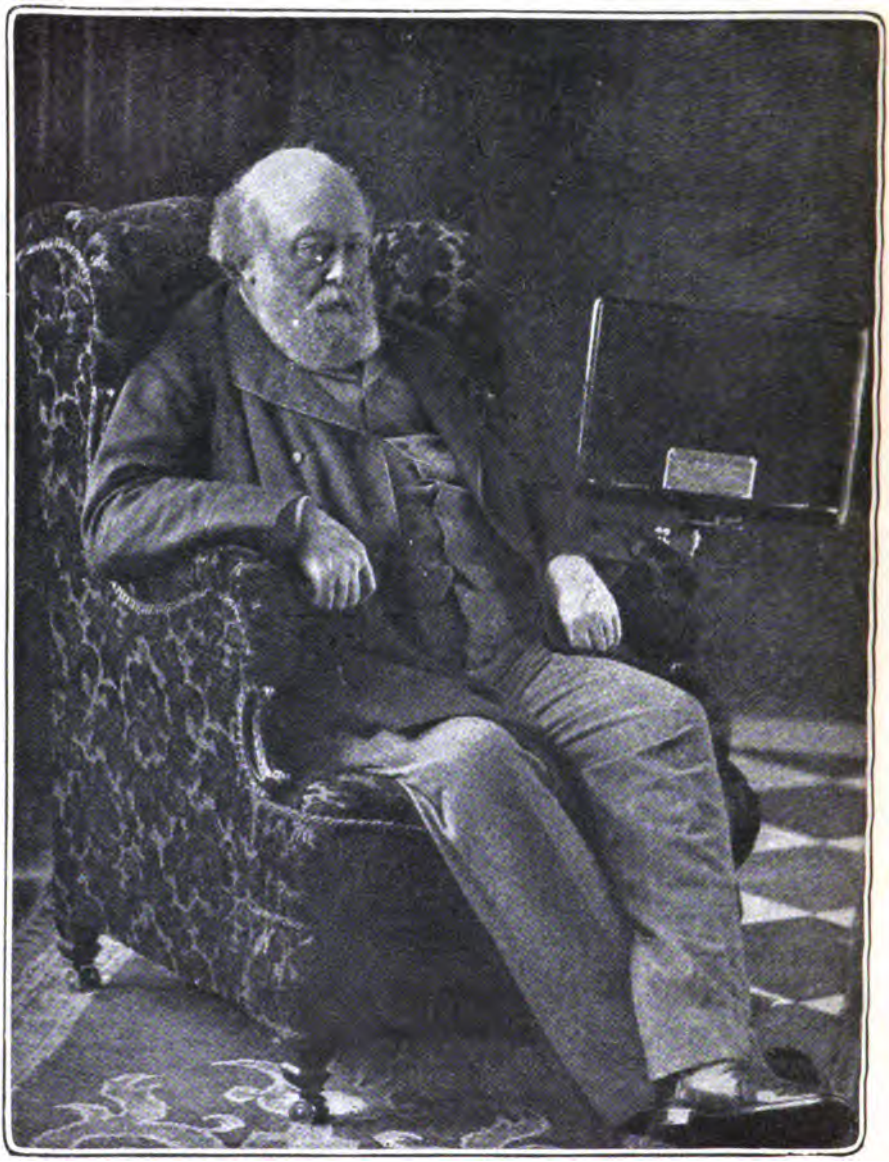


BEULAH MARIE DIX, AUTHOR OF "BLOUNT OF BRECKENBROW."

of the usual, since it went back of his diplomatic career and confines itself entirely to "Lord Salisbury as Journalist." When Salisbury, at the age of twenty-seven made an unmercenary marriage, money became a matter of much moment to him. His father would not increase his allowance, English politics offer little profit to the beginner, so he began writing for the press. The *Saturday Review* had been started a year before and in its columns was published the series of articles on which Salisbury's rank as a journalist mainly rests. And this rank the *Academy* considers a very high one. Whether the "master of flouts" gave tone to the *Saturday*, or, on the contrary, took tone from the *Saturday*, is a matter which his final biographers must seek to determine. Meanwhile a personal opinion may be recorded—that the *Saturday Review* was in reality a creation of the future Premier's; and that, in the capacity of creator, he has left a clearer stamp on the journalism of the day than that made by any other one man of his generation. Matthew Arnold thought Disraeli was the only living statesman among his contemporaries

who had really felt "the spell of literature"; but Matthew Arnold would have been the very first to own the obligations which literary men, himself not excepted, owed to the existence of the *Saturday Review.*

where, yet are signed everywhere. Especially during that Reform period, when Disraeli completed the 'education' of his party, the success of the adventurer added more gall than before to the ink of the seceder. The men who had not seceded



THE LATE LORD SALISBURY.

"Wisely enough, perhaps," thinks the *Academy,* "no record was kept of the complete series of articles contributed to the *Saturday Review* by that caustic pen. But many of the articles are signed no-

were at least to be taught their *place as* puppets. Such was the natural attitude of the man who had withdrawn without drawing after him all the stars of the Tory firmament. 'Mr. Dis-

raeli,' the readers of the *Saturday Review* of July 6, 1867, were told, 'accurately estimated the weakness of his followers, and saw how easily they would yield to a little firmness'; but he has even now to do many things that they do not like. Especially he has to adopt a course that must be very trying to his subordinates.' In the early part of the session he used Sir Stafford Northcote and Mr. Gathorne Hardy as his instruments for ascertaining the temper of the House. They were allowed and were encouraged to talk as if they still believed in Conservative principles; and when they flagged, the Attorney-General was 'instigated,'—and so forth. 'Instigated,' 'allowed,' 'used,' 'instruments,' 'subordinates'—these are the flouts which pepper this article, and many another like it, week after week. The idea was to detach stragglers, and not only their grievances are imagined, but their own sufferings in the bearing of them. 'But these useful persons do not like to be put up only to be knocked down, and Mr. Disraeli has had to use humbler people as his ninepins. In the discussion on giving a third member to the great towns he found in Mr. Adderley exactly the very ninepin he most wanted; and, having stimulated him to stand up, he knocked him down completely, and with a contemptuous and almost cruel indifference.' The cynicism with which the manœuvres of the game of high politics are treated is a note of all these articles; and, for men who could bear without affront to be called 'ninepins,' there was a last insult—to be bracketed with Bright."

Literary "Impossibilities."

A little over two years ago we printed in this department ten or a dozen letters for the purpose of illustrating the sort of utterly impossible communications which make their way into the editorial offices of magazines. We published these letters without any especial enthusiasm, even a little wearily; but because we believed them to be undoubtedly amusing and because they tended to bear out our firm conviction that no Impossibility in any other walk of life is quite so utterly impossible as the Impossibility with literary aspirations. This has always been so, and it is growing more so every day. When Thackeray was the editor of the *Cornhill Magazine* he contributed to that periodical a half humorous, half pathetic little Roundabout Paper entitled "Thorns on the Cushion," in which he told of the ennuis and irritations of editorial work, and the letters, pleading, abusive, threatening, insulting, which caused an editor soon to learn to hear with a shudder the knock or the whistle of the postman. In this paper he told of the indignant epistle of a little Irish actress with an imaginary grievance, of the letters enclosing a poem, a pitiful story, and a prayer for acceptance, of the pangs which went with the rejection which duty and common sense made inevitable; in fact all the thorns on the cushion which conspired to render the occupation of the chair joyless and thankless. How keenly Thackeray felt all this was shown by his speedy resignation of the editorship of the *Cornhill*. Yet we do not think there is an editor connected with a large magazine to-day who will not smile rather pityingly as he rereads "Thorns on the Cushion," and maintain stoutly that the troubles of which Thackeray complained were not very great, after all, when contrasted with similar troubles of the present time. You see there are ten literary Impossibilities to-day where there was one half a century ago. And that, we think, tells the story.

While part of the material of the paragraphs printed two years ago came through the mail addressed to this office, the letters which we are now printing have nothing whatever to do with THE BOOKMAN, but were received by another magazine. We are quite ready to vouch absolutely for their authenticity and for two reasons: In the first place, because of our personal knowledge of the gentleman, one of the editors of the magazine in question, who has kindly allowed us to publish them. In the second place, because as we have pointed out before, no one human mind is capable of the invention of any such series of letters. And here we wish to say that for the paragraphs which follow credit is due to Mr. Charles Hanson Towne.

There seems to be prevalent, Mr. Towne thinks, the general impression that an editor leads a secluded existence which by keeping him out of touch with

the rest of the world renders him sour and surly and ill-natured. That is why, our young school-girl friend will tell you, he is so cruel and exasperatingly rude. He does not clasp hands with humanity; he is selfish and altogether impossible. But does he not come into touch with humanity? They would think differently if they could see his desk any morning of the week, piled high with the personal notes of entreaty, accompanied by the wonderful brain-children of, it would appear, every being who can hold a pen. Budding geniuses write to him, and sentimental lovers, in submitting to his critical judgment their sad effusions, tell him that their particular love is the most beautiful the world has ever known. And over-worked mothers take time to inform him of the astonishing sonnets their latest pair of twins are producing; tired fathers write of "Harold's rondeaux" (though they do not spell rondeaux correctly); and country school-mistresses entreat an early reading of their "poems" and demand a prompt remittance, as they are "saving up for the Saint Louis Exposition."

❧

This is all interesting, some one will ask here, but is it funny? Is it not more pitiful than humorous that so many simple souls come to such an unfeeling confessor in his unadorned confessional and lay bare their very hearts and reveal their desires and hopeless aspirations? At first, most editors will tell you if you speak to them of this, that their hearts are touched by such epistles and complete confessions. But as time goes on and the kindly editor has received, in answer to his thoughtful responses to young and inane literary aspirants, a reply somewhat as follows, he ceases to care. Indeed, after a dozen or more such abusive missives are hurled back upon him, he becomes utterly callous, or, if he is wise, he laughs. When a busy man has given a half-hour of his valuable time to dictate a word in season to a youth who will never be able to write, as even a blind man could discover, and receives no more thanks for his pains than this, one cannot wonder that he grows indifferent:

Dear sir, your crazy, i *can* right, you dont know what your talking about. Your a d—— fool and your old paper aint no goo anyhow. i no good potry wen i see it, and my prose is exellent to, having bin critcised by the best. Their is those who strive to keep us from getting to the front where we belong, but it aint no use. So ile take your old paper and throw it in the fire and ile tell all my frens to do the same. All edtors are fools anyway. Your a bigger one. . . .

Lines followed which are unprintable. Is it possible to pity such a person? One regrets—but, then, editors are always regretting!

❧

Any one would smile when a poor little note like this comes in from a man far off in a remote Western town:

Please don't return this story to me if you don't want it, as I do not wish my wife to know it has been rejected. She would laugh so at me.

The simple request was borne in mind, of course, and the bulky manuscript destroyed. A woman in Kansas once wrote to a certain editor, asking him what price he paid for stories. He told her that his regular rate was ten dollars a thousand. Back came a letter, saying she thought she would "rather stick to chicken-raising, as it would take her so long to write a thousand stories!" Letters very similar to the following are often addressed to magazine editors. Let us quote it with all its wonderful punctuation:

Gentlemen: I am greatly in need of money at the present time. I have written some at the request of different publishers, of both poetry and prose; a man who is at the head of one Publishing House in Chicago, I have never yet seen him: told me by letter—that I was "a bright literary lady:" (but he only paid me—starving prices). I felt that that, was the highest compliment I had ever received; at that time I was a guest at a relatives house, and I tried to *keep* that letter; but without avail.

I had been told by the *servant* of the wife, of my relative, whose guest I was, that his wife meddled with *my* writings. I had not the convenience of locking them up securely. I would as soon cut my own hand off, as I would have read the contents of a postal card, addressed to her name; but a *letter* is a *more* sacred thing. I am a *mother*, and at a very early age of their life, I taught each one, the dishonor of reading the letter of another person, without his or her permission.

I would like to take The Management of Children,—for my subject: but if *you prefer* to give me a subject, it will be equally as easy a task for me.

Pleading most earnestly, for a position as one of your contributors: I shall impatiently await your reply.

Most Respectfully yours:

❧

The reading of manuscripts is a weari-

some task, and the letters which accompany the majority of them are usually uninteresting enough. But often a delicious epistle will come that causes the most languid editor to smile, and lightens the cares of the day's work. He sometimes gains such an insight, through one of these notes, into the secret affairs of his distant correspondents, as would have delighted the soul of Balzac. Take this, for example, which came from a California woman who had sent under another cover the closely written pages of an interminable novel:

I am most ambitious to appear in the leading magazines and papers throughout the country, and if you like the first hundred thousand words of my novel, I will send you the rest as soon as it is completed. I am working hard on it now. My husband idles his days away. He will not work, but is only too willing to sleep, and I have to do something to support the family. I am conscientious about my literary work, and feel sure that I was cut out to be an author. I cannot afford to pay the express charges on my story, so send it at your expense. If you return it—and oh, I pray you won't!—please prepay the package, for we are very, very poor. I have been writing ever since I was a child, and I am now forty-three years old, but I have never had anything published either in a paper or a book. But I know I am just as big a genius as Hall Caine, only I have never had the chances he has. We have had hard bacon for breakfast so long that I'm tired of it; so please hurry my check if you accept my story, as I would like a change of food, and also I would like to surprise my indolent husband.

The same post brought the following note from the same town:

Dear Sir: By this mail I understand that my daughter, who is married, is sending you a pleading letter—I know it must be pleading, for she has been writing them for years—and a big manuscript. I beg you to believe it will be the *greatest kindness* if you will pay no sort of attention to her story or her letter. She is the mother of three young children, and while her husband does all he can to support her and them, he cannot earn very much, owing to a heart weakness. She should take in washing, as I have had to do, and try to help out, by that instead of by writing fool stories. She has always had an idea that she was a great author, and we cannot keep the pencil out of her hand, although we hide it and the paper pads too. If she would spend more time in doing honest, sensible work instead of wasting her days in composing novels that I know are trash, she would be better off. So please don't answer her request, and don't encourage her in any way. I am her mother, and I know. Yours in all sincerity,

It is strange how countless are those who take to literature in order to make a livelihood, when they would be better occupied in the most menial manual labour. One of the saddest things an editor encounters is this waste of energy in ignorant, or at least semi-ignorant, people. They seem never to weary of their efforts, and day after day their sorrowful manuscripts flock to the judgment desk. No one takes to painting in this way, or—to street-cleaning. Perhaps it is the deathless desire to see one's name in print which causes this fearful, unending band to work so ceaselessly. But even sadder still it is when an editor's personal friends, who have hitherto been in the insurance business or have been managers of shoe-factories, solemnly take up the pen. "Smith is running a magazine," they will say; "he will help me along. It is so easy to write." Previous normal ambitions are forgotten; the square of land and the wholesale price of leather are relegated to oblivion. These big sane men sit up nights to finish a problem novel or a five-hundred line epic. They forward their manuscripts to Smith with absolute confidence, saying, in a little note, "I know if I haven't punctuated this all right you'll fix it up"; or, "if the rhymes aren't perfect, you can easily remedy such a trifle." And when Smith is forced, through a sense of duty, to return their contributions, they cease to speak to him.

The class of people who demand that their effusions be accepted is of course only to be laughed at; but there is another class which is really to be pitied. Even in the hurly-burly of his work, he would indeed be a hard-hearted editor who did not pause to wonder if the writer of the following note carried out his threat:

Dere sir: i am in poverty. Unless you except this pome by leven oclock thursday morning i will jump into the hudson river. do not think i am fooling. i am in ernest. i have strugled two hard and i am tired of being rejected.

Such letters are by no means infrequent. They are probably genuine, but of course they emanate from disorganized brains; yet they are wofully pathetic and make an impression upon the most indifferent. Almost invariably, however, no definite address is given. The following note reveals an equally hopeless state of mind:

Dear Sir—I wrote to you sometime ago and

sent a poem—I was *actually* suffering for food and I know my work was all right. Your answer was a *printed* notice saying you would be pleased to hear from me again. Now I am *suffering* for food and *shelter* and shoes and actual living necessities. My rent is overdue two weeks, and neighbors are helping me until help comes. Now I have a number of poems —first class, and should not be suffering when I am so tallented. But I will not give out any more of my work without money. Will you send some one quickly to interview me—as I have no care fare and actually borrowed for paper and stamp. I have *beautiful* poems. But I will not trust any more. I have been fooled enough and my suffering now is too great. I sent you one called "A Suicide." I thought it would reach your sympathy. But it failed to do so. Please dont fail me now, for I am a genius.

One reads, sometimes, in articles of "Advice to Young Authors," that it is best not to enclose any letter at all when forwarding a manuscript. The latter will speak for itself. It is true that the majority of notes accompanying stories or poems are superfluous; and they are never kept on file in editorial offices, except in rare instances. There is a well-known poet, however, whose finished lyrics are appreciated by thousands of verse-lovers, and the editor of one magazine, at least, would regret the absence of the delightful little rhymes which invariably accompany those sent for publication. With a Valentine poem recently came this bit:

Dear Editors:

When February comes around
And roses (save those in the ground)
Will very probably be found
 At florists only,
Perhaps from off the lyric vine
You may remove this Valentine,
And keep the roses—yours and mine—
 From feeling lonely.

A clever verse was accompanied by this:

Duly—but not Dooley—done
So it is not truly Dunne.
 And for these tricks
 The dollars six
Are not an unruly dun!

And this he wrote one day:

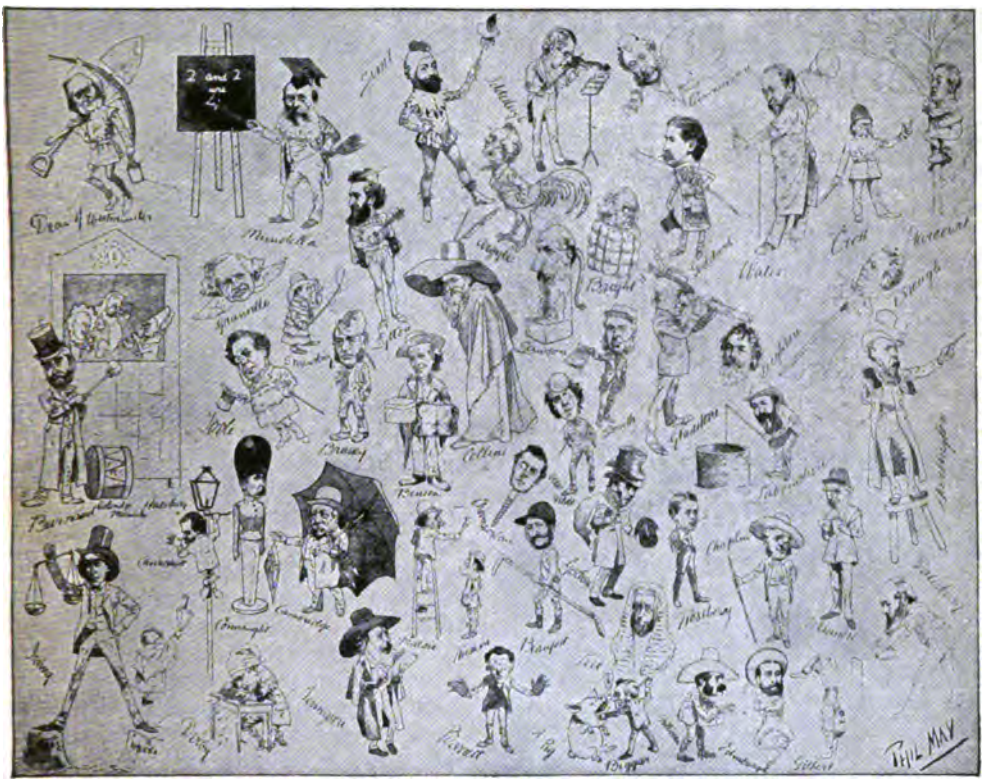
As you will see, this lyric turns
Upon a song by Bobbie Burns.
You like the one by Robert B.——
Perhaps you'll like this one by me.

The Greatest Feat of Magic Ever Performed.

For some time we have intended to call attention to an article by Professor Brander Matthews, which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for May of this year. The article was about what Professor Matthews called "The Greatest Feat of Magic Ever Performed," and was notable in that the writer offered a very convincing solution of a feat of which the performer, the great Robert Houdin, in his Memoirs did not reveal the secret. Houdin told the story of the trick, but only on one point did he even hint at anything which would serve to clear away the mystery. In 1846 the magician was at the height of his popularity, and upon one occasion was invited to Saint Cloud to give an exhibition of his dexterity before Louis Philippe, the royal family, and the Court. The performance was given in one of the drawing rooms of the palace within a certain number of square feet inclosed by silken ropes, and Houdin with only his young son as an assistant could not rely for his effects upon the tricks of lights and mechanism which would have been at his disposal had he been exhibiting on the stage of his own theatre. Nevertheless, despite these handicaps, the conjuror not only gave an admirable performance, but he brought it to a conclusion by a trick that was invented especially for the occasion—the trick to which Professor Matthews refers as the greatest feat of magic ever performed.

Houdin borrowed from the noble spectators several handkerchiefs, which he made into a parcel, and laid on the table. Then, at his request, different persons wrote on cards which the conjuror handed about, the names of places whither they desired their handkerchiefs to be invisibly transported. When this had been done, Houdin approached the King and begged him to take three of the cards at hazard and choose from them the place he might consider most suitable. "Let us see," Louis Philippe said, "what this one says: 'I desire the handkerchiefs to be found beneath one of the candelabra on the mantelpiece.' That is too easy for a sorcerer; so we will pass to the next card: 'The handkerchiefs are to be transported to the dome of the Invalides.'

That would suit me, but it is much too far, not for the handkerchiefs, but for us. Ah, ah!" the King added, looking at the last card, "I am afraid, Monsieur Robert-Houdin, I am about to embarrass you. Do you know what this card proposes?" "Will your Majesty deign to inform me?" "It is desired that you should send the handkerchiefs into the chest of the last orange tree on the right of the avenue." "Only that, Sire? Deign to order, and I will obey." "Very good, then; I should like to see such a magic act. I, therefore, choose the orange tree chest." The King gave an order in a low voice and a number of attendants immediately ran out to guard the orange tree, in order to prevent any fraud. Houdin placed the handkerchiefs beneath a bell of opaque glass, and taking his wand, he ordered them to proceed to the spot chosen by the King. Then he raised the bell; the little parcel was no longer there, but a white turtle dove had taken its place. An attendant in whom it was impossible to suspect collusion was sent to the orange tree to open the chest. This was done with considerable difficulty, the attendant thrust in his hand, and, with a cry of surprise, drew out a small iron coffer eaten by rust. The King asked whether the handkerchiefs were to be found in this coffer. "Yes, sire," replied Houdin, "and they have been there, too, for a long period." "How can that be? The handkerchiefs were lent you scarce a quarter of an hour ago." "I cannot deny it, Sire; but what would my magic powers avail me if I could not perform incomprehensible tricks? Your Majesty will doubtless be more surprised when I prove that this coffer, as well as its contents, was deposited in the chest of the orange tree sixty years ago. If your Majesty will be kind enough to open this casket the proof will be supplied. Deign to remove from the neck of this turtle dove the key of the casket which it has just



PHIL MAY'S FIRST SOCIAL CARICATURE PUBLISHED IN THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF "SOCIETY," 1885.

brought you." The King unfastened a ribbon that held a small rusty key, unlocked the coffer, and read the following:

This day, the sixth of June, 1786. This iron box, containing six handkerchiefs was placed among the roots of an orange tree by me, Balsamo, Count of Cagliostro, to serve in performing an act of magic, which will be executed on the same day sixty years hence before Louis Philippe of Orleans and his family.

Underneath the parchment containing these words was found a parcel which, when opened, was seen to contain the six handkerchiefs which had been placed on the table only a few minutes before.

This is the story of the trick as it was told by Houdin in his Memoirs. The magician offered nothing in explanation beyond dropping a hint that he had procured a duplicate of Cagliostro's seal from a fellow magician some time before. Professor Matthews, however, in his article guesses at the manner in which the feat was done in a way that is, to say the least, ingenious and plausible. According to him it was less a trick than a shrewd bit of psychological guessing on the part of Houdin, who knew Louis Philippe to be clever in small things, and divined which of three cards the King would choose. To a conjuror of Houdin's attainments it was, of course, the merest child's play to make the King take among the cards on which the guests had written, three which Houdin himself had prepared. He knew that the first place of concealment suggested would be dismissed from the King's mind on the ground that it was far too easy. The second was certainly difficult enough, but it was entirely too far away. The third place, being both difficult and convenient, was undoubtedly the one which would be chosen. In other words, Houdin played a variation on the guessing game invented by Poe's boy with the marbles. The rusty coffer had been prepared and placed in the chest of the orange tree days before, the substitution of the turtle dove for the parcel of handkerchiefs was in Houdin's every day repertory, and the whole feat becomes simplicity itself.

Professor Matthews's amusing article had the effect of sending us back to reread the Memoirs of the man who was unquestionably the most extraordinary conjuror of modern times. His attainments not only won him wide success on the stage of his own theatre; they obtained for him official recognition and made him for a time a dignified representative of the French Government. In developing the African Empire in the fifties the French administrators were harried and hampered by the fanatical Marabouts, who by their tricks of juggling easily persuaded their followers that they possessed supernatural powers and used this belief to stir up insurrections against the French domination. It was impossible to counteract this malevolent influence by ordinary means, so it was decided to invite the great Robert Houdin to Algeria in order to pit his magic against that of the Marabouts. So the conjuror went out to the Colony as a great personage. Of course his task was mere child's play and he not only overthrew the influence of the Marabouts by the performance of feats which made those of his antagonists seem infantile, but he astounded the Marabouts themselves. Nevertheless this expedition was not without its dangers. On the stage of the theatre in Algiers he had allowed himself to be shot at with pistols loaded by the Marabouts. On one occasion on a trip to the interior of the country when he was absolutely without the necessary tools it was insisted that he repeat the experiment. Houdin confesses that he was in a tight fix and was thoroughly frightened. Nevertheless he did not allow this to be seen. He explained that he was without his charmed talisman which was absolutely essential if the feat was to be performed at once, but added that he might do without it if they were willing to wait until the next morning, in order that he might pass the night in prayer. Houdin did not spend the night in prayer; he employed about two hours in insuring his invulnerability and then went soundly to sleep. The next morning the test was made before a great crowd of Arabs. Houdin insisted that the pistols should be loaded by the Marabouts themselves in the sight of every one and then calmly took his place and gave the signal. The pistol went off and an instant later the conjuror opened his lips showing the bullet between his teeth. The infuriated Marabout tried to seize the other pistol, but Houdin reached it



ANNA ROBESON BROWN,
Whose recent Novel "The Millionaire's Son," is reviewed elsewhere in this issue.

before him. "You could not injure me," said the conjuror, "but you shall now see that my aim is more dangerous than yours. Look at that wall." He pulled the trigger, and on the newly whitewashed wall appeared a large patch of blood, exactly at the spot where he had aimed. The spectators raised their eyes to heaven, muttered prayers, and regarded this European magician with a species of terror.

The Late "M. Bibi."

"Our maiden aunts would not approve of 'Bibi,'" wrote recently the Paris correspondent of the London *Sketch*, "but he is dead and so *de mortuis*." Besides, I must confess that all the youth in me warmed sympathetically each time I met the stooping, shambling figure, with absinthe-washed eyes, Voltaire-like and unshaven face, long elf-locks, and the costume reminiscent of his charitable friends. "Jacques has passed his examination," one would hear one student on the Panthéon *terrasse* say to another. "Sure?" "Quite; and he has gone home to his people. I saw his frock-coat—the one with the broad velvet collar and the buttons missing—on 'Bibi' yesterday." "Bibi" got every one's old clothes, and bought them with old jokes and anecdotes. He was the slippered Pantaloon, tricked out *en arlequin*, and when he died last week, at sixty-seven, *sans* money, *sans* food, *sans* soap, *sans* everything save his perennial gaiety, in the Hôtel Dieu, the Paris pauper hospital, where the other outcasts looked up to "Monsieur Bibi" as a demi-god, he left this world with a jest on his lips.

"His name was André Salis, and he failed to pass his law examinations in the Quarter five-and-forty years ago. He loved the careless and unstudying student life, but drink and utter laziness soon dragged him down into Bohemianism's lowest depths, where dirt was nature, work a crime, and borrowing the only means of livelihood. He lived with and,

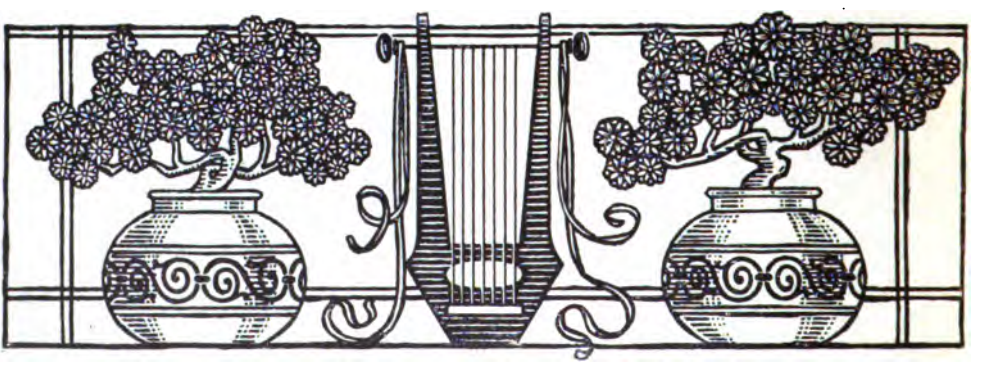


THE LATE "M. BIBI" (ANDRE SALIS) THE SATELLITE OF PAUL VERLAINE.



NOVEL-MAKING UP TO DATE. MR. GUY BOOTHBY AT WORK.

when the poet had money, on Verlaine, and since his death the poor old reprobate 'Bibi' usually went hungry, for fried potatoes, bought in halfpennyworths, are not very nourishing, and, though few people whom he met upon his prowlings failed to put up drinks, solids were rarely offered him. Had 'Bibi' cared to work, he might have been a brilliant writer. His gift for repartee was wonderful, and there were not many in the Quarter who cared to cross wits with him a second time. One noted journalist—he is a member of the Cabinet to-day—who was notorious for personal untidiness, once tried to make a butt of 'Bibi' and offered him a franc 'to get a bath.' 'Divisons, voulez-vous?' said the old scallywag, quite quietly, and a great roar of laughter, in which the victim joined, showed that the day had gone against the journalist."



VENEZUELA AND KINGSLEY'S "WESTWARD-HO!"

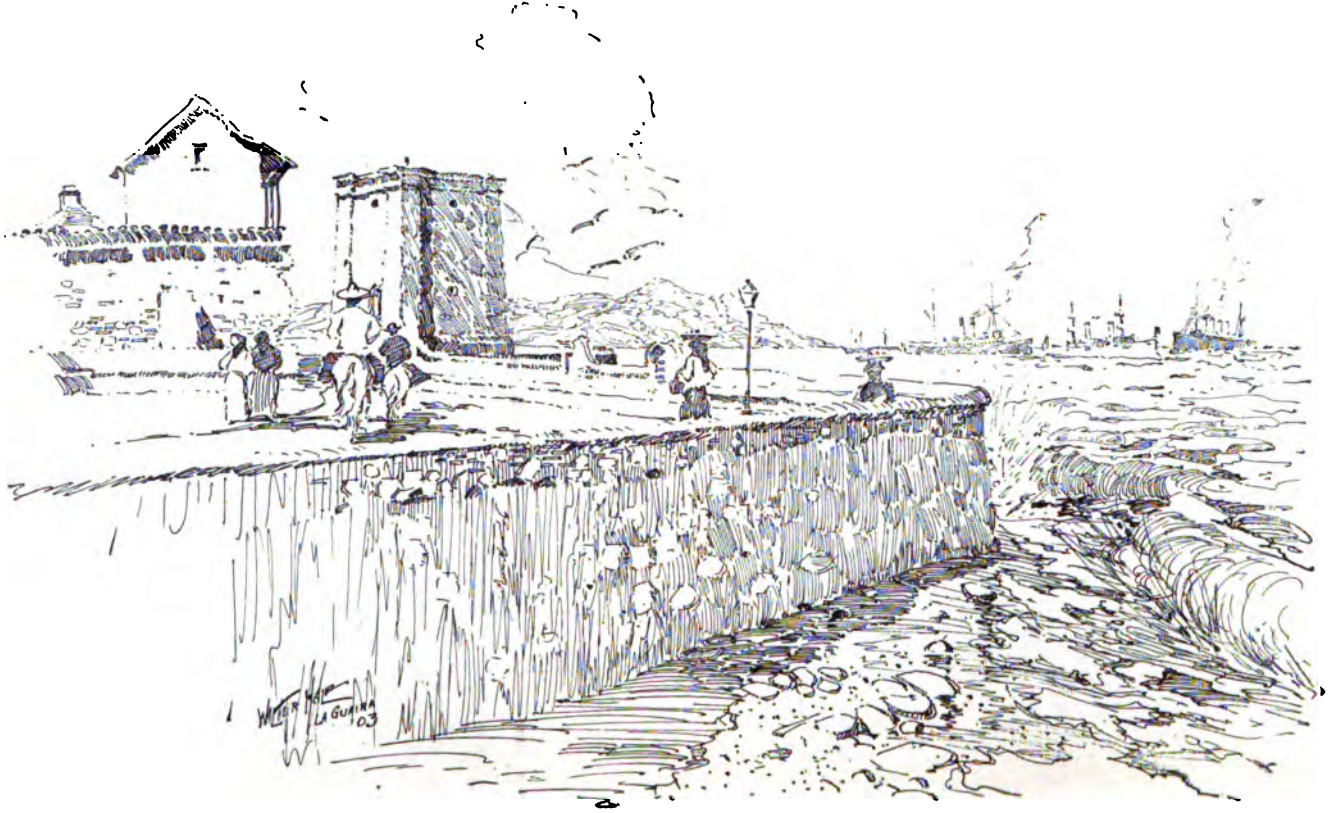
With Drawings by Walter Hale.

The title of *Westward-Ho* is a trifle misleading to one who, by some strange fatality, did not receive the book either as a birthday or a Christmas gift in the days of youth. It is associated with the period giving rise to that classic utterance: "Go West, young man," and suggests long lines of prairie schooners with Indians lurking in the grass, rather than the galleons of the sixteenth century that "sailed the Spanish Main." We note that "sailing the Spanish Main" gives us the same thrill that it did many years ago, and some of us are still as pleasantly uncertain as to the whereabouts of the Main as we were then. A certain stickler on such subjects, declares the Main to be that part of the Atlantic which is "bounded on the south" by the Spanish possessions of South America; and that is doubtless true, for it was to this quarter that Amyas Leigh, the hero of Charles Kingsley's novel, steered his gallant bark —or words to that effect.

Amyas, it will be remembered, came from Bideford, North Devon, and was one of so many lovers of the fair "Rose of Torridge" that the ship which went in quest of her was manned largely by her suitors, who sailed the seas in perfect amity. The "Rose of Torridge" eloped with a Spanish prisoner of quality who was held for ransom in Bideford or thereabouts, and together they fled to La Guayra—La Guayra of Venezuela, and the newspapers, and the blockade of last winter. Don Guzman married the lady, and from all accounts they would have been a happy pair in the Governor's house on the hill had it not devolved upon Amyas to rescue her, upon his brother to die for her, and upon their cousin, Eu-



MODERN TRAVELING, SCENES KINGSLEY'S "WESTWARD-HO!"



THE SEA WALL.



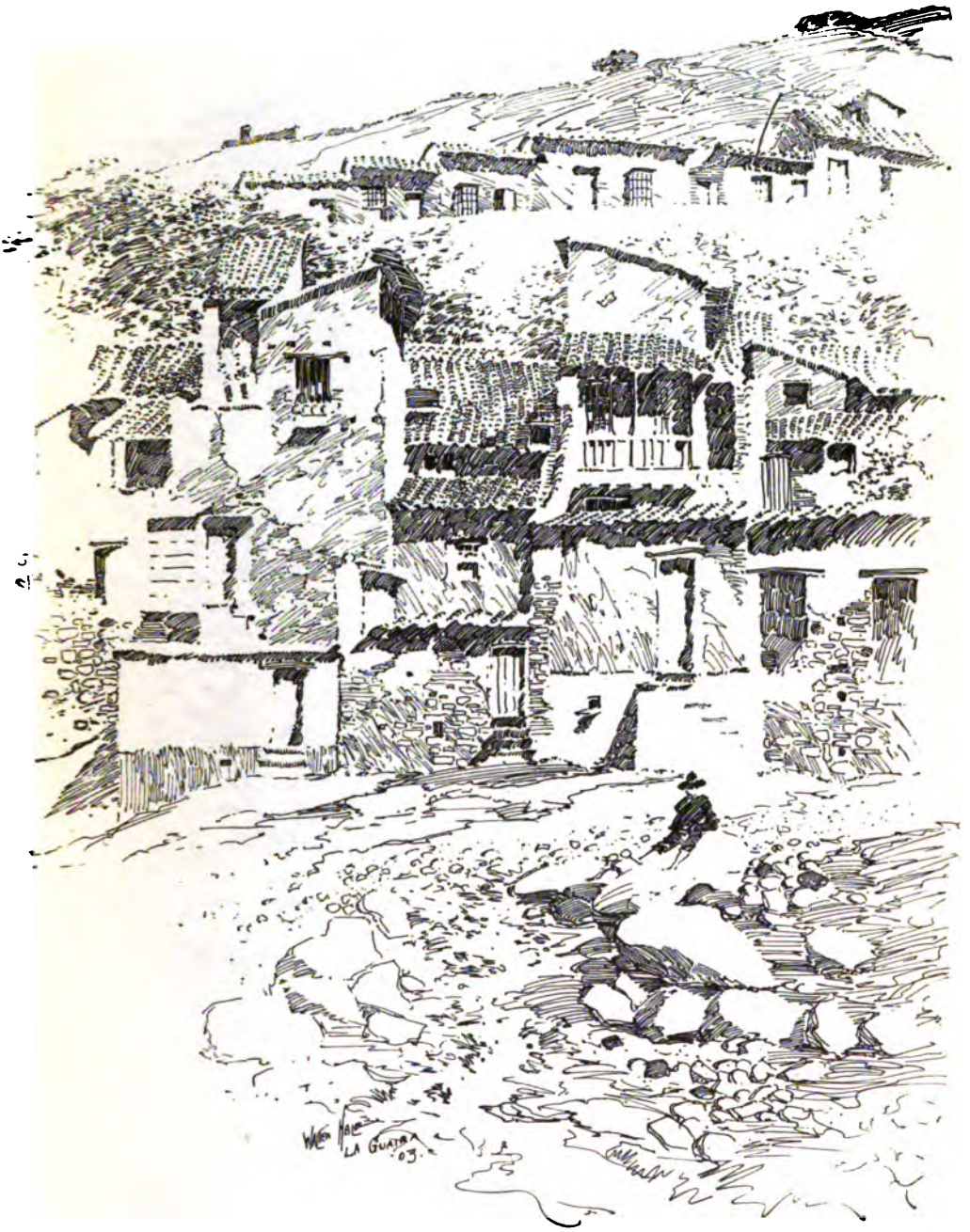
PLAZA DE LA ADUANA. LA GUAYRA.

stace, who had already threatened her with "Mark you, fair beauty," to hand her over to the Inquisition. The warships which rode at anchor during the gentle blockade last winter would not have disconcerted Amyas. He might have puzzled a bit over the absurd construction of these representatives of the European Powers, but he would have praised God, eaten breakfast, and cleared the decks for action, for an engagement with this strange prey as eagerly as he did for the black hulled frigate, and the two low ugly looking galleys which he found within the harbour. The appearance of the country of Venezuela (which Mr. Kingsley, or Amyas, knew as "Carraccas") does not fluctuate with the varying moods of the natives. "So Westward-ho they ran—beneath the northern wall, the highest cliff on earth—" the author wrote of La Silla, the greatest peak of the range, and impregnable he naïvely states "to all but Englishmen—and zouaves." The hearts of the war correspondents will throb responsively to the description of



THE HARBOUR OF LA GUAYRA DURING THE BLOCKADE LAST WINTER.

The Italian cruiser "Carlo Alberto" with her prizes (Venezuelan fishing boats) on the right; the Dutch mail steamer "Prinz Wilhelm II." in the centre; and the Venezuelan transport "Ossun" in the foreground. The town of La Guayra lies along the shore on the left and the railway to Caracas climbs the mountain above.



A BIT OF LA GUAYRA TO-DAY.



A GORGE AT THE FOOT OF LA SILLA.

The Governor's house, where "The Rose of Torridge" was confined, stood on the mountain side beyond the old church of El Carmen. In the foreground is a remnant of the old Spanish wall and fortification.

the town itself which one writer of this day likens to a Frankfurter in shape, a hot one he should add, for, as Amyas found it, "In spite of the shadow of the mountain, the whole place wore a dusty and glaring look. The breaths of air that came off the land were utterly stifling; and no wonder, for La Guayra, owing to the radiation of that vast brickwork of heated rock, is one of the hottest spots on the face of the earth."

The men from Devon laid very little stress on the odours of La Guayra. It is possible that the sanitary arrangements of Bideford itself were not all that they should have been in 1580, but they constitute a large part of the atmosphere of every lotus eating country, and, after a few weeks of them, yellow fever sweeps down upon the stranger and he is carried into the hills as were the crew of the "Rose." From these mountains the men wandered into the interior looking for a city of gold, and finding a wife for Amyas, who was struck with blindness before he felt the need of her. When men of the calibre of Drake, Hawkins, Frobisher, and Raleigh felt the elation of this gold quest, it is not to be wondered that the seamen of their day were ready to endure the perils of the tropics to satisfy their greed. South America is still the region of unexplored riches, though the wealth is locked within her hills, to be opened to the conqueror through the flourishing of a franchise and not an arquebus. Hunting the Spaniard is still something of a game, but the South American specimen has so deteriorated that the powerful nations punish him occasionally purely "for his own good," parade warships as a sort of policeman to the infantile mind, and let him out of the corner when he promises to be good. The Spaniards trace the beginning of their downfall to the men of the time of Amyas Leigh. It may be so—but it makes good reading! The little republics are so continually warring upon themselves that Kingsley may outlast them, for literature does not change its style as quickly as a South American Republic does its President.

Louise Closser Hale.

THE CONFESSIONS OF A LITERARY QUILL-DRIVER

WHILE yet in my teens, the fame of Byron and Scott, of Poe and Tennyson, and other illustrious poets filled me with a desire for literary distinction. With all the confidence of youth, and the presumption of ignorance, I wrote to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, telling him with easy assurance, that I was well-fitted by my tastes, education and accomplishments—(I was a college-bred shorthand writer with literary aspirations) for the position of amanuensis to a literary man, and suggested that, perhaps, he might require my services; but, if he did not, would he be so kind as to recommend me to some one who did; also to use his influence to open a way for me to some good magazine that paid well, adding that, as I was looking up to the "glory-crowned heights" where

"Fame's proud temple shines afar,"

I did not expect to be treated with cold indifference, but with kindness and sympathy.

The good-natured Doctor, compassionating my inexperience, wrote me a very kind letter, which I quote for the benefit of other young men and women who have literary aspirations:

BOSTON, December 6, 18—.

Dear Sir:—I regret that it is not in my power to direct you to any place of employment such as you desire. In a city like this the crowding to all such employments is very great and there are a very few situations to be divided among a great number of applicants. As for myself, I am not (as I am often supposed to be) an editor, and have no writing

to do which I am not competent to do myself with a little occasional aid from members of my own family. I regret not to be able to give you encouragement as to employment in Boston, but the truth is there is next to none of the kind you mention, as most of our writers are as poor as rats themselves and no more able to keep an amanuensis than they are to set up a coach and six.

I do not even know how to advise you beyond this simple counsel which I have occasionally given to young aspirants:

If you think you have literary talents, write something for the best paper or magazine you can get into, keep to one signature, and you will be found out by a public which is ready to pay the highest price for almost every kind of literary ability. If you do not think you can make a reputation, why not become a reporter for a newspaper? At any rate you stand a much better chance of finding occupation at home, where you are known, than among strangers. I do not "turn from your petition with cold indifference," but it is utterly out of my power to do more than give you these few words of friendly advice.

Yours very truly,
O. W. HOLMES.

This letter was kind, but it knocked on the head my fond hope of waking some fine morning, like Byron, and finding myself famous. As the good Doctor did not suggest the probability of getting an opening for me in any "magazine that paid well," as I had requested him to do, I had to do the best I could for myself, which was what others have done before and since—I made an opening for myself in the *Home Journal.* I wrote numerous sketches for this periodical, and received praise from N. P. Willis, and puffs from Mr. Morris Phillips, the editor and business manager; but when I ventured to suggest that a slight compensation would be acceptable, I was informed that it was such a distinction to write for the *Home Journal* that more gratuitous contributions were offered than it could print, and that "Mr. Willis has often remarked that 'we might sell it for a high price.'" This "misunderstanding" occurred with the *Home Journal* in the midst of the publication of a serial story which I was writing for it, and I missed the opportunity of my life by not refusing to send any more copy until some satisfactory arrangement was effected. But I was young then, and I did not know that authors had any rights which editors were bound to respect. So I finished my story, and finished also my writing for the *Home Journal.*

Soon after this first literary experience I saw an advertisement in a Philadelphia newspaper, asking for contributions to a magazine. I offered my services, and was informed that the magazine wanted historical and critical essays, for which one dollar a printed page would be paid, each article being limited to ten pages. This was not a very brilliant offer, but it was a beginning, and I accepted it. I continued this literary drudgery for several months, and then obtained employment upon a quarterly review, upon the same terms per page, but with permission to write double the number of pages per article. The articles for both of these periodicals required reading and scholarship; they could not be dashed off *currente calamo,* but days and weeks were spent in ransacking libraries as a preparation for their composition. This was in those ancient days before the passing of the essay; and the articles which I wrote were historical essays. The names will explain their character "Ancient and Modern Civilization," "Elizabeth and her Courtiers," "The Wits of the Age of Queen Anne," etc.

By the end of six months, I had received $80. Never have I worked so hard, and received so little; in fact, I have since made more money in six days than I did in six months on the work which I have mentioned. Still, I was not discouraged; for, like Ferdinand in *The Tempest,* I was inspired by the thought that "some poor matters point to rich ends," and that the literary drudgery I was then engaged in, might be "the stepping-stone to higher things." Just about this time I did what thousands of ambitious young men have done before and since. I went to New York to seek my fortune in journalism. I secured a position on the staff of the *World* as a shorthand reporter. The editor of the *World* at that time was Manton Marble; the managing editor was David G. Croly; the city editor was Lemuel Israels; and among the reporters were George Wakeman, one of the fastest shorthand writers and most accomplished journalists that have ever been on the New York press; St. Clair McKelway, at that time famous among reporters for his brilliant powers of description. He is at present the editor of the Brooklyn *Eagle;* T. M. C. Meighan, afterwards city editor of the New York *Herald;* Theodore Davies, the clever son of Chief

Justice Davies of the Supreme Court of New York, besides others, forming altogether, a staff which Mr. Marble said could not be surpassed by any other newspaper in the United States.

My work was light and interesting, the pay good for the time, and my associates very congenial; but I was not satisfied. I was ambitious to be an editor. So I left the *World*, returned to my home in Baltimore, and started *Southern Society*. The entire literary talent of the South was engaged, and *Southern Society* was pronounced the best and the most beautiful weekly journal in the country. William Gilmore Simms was paid $50 a week; Paul H. Hayne received $25 for three small poems; John R. Thompson asked and received the same amount for "Music in Camp," a beautiful poem, which was copied by many newspapers, and became a part of the war literature of the South. Father Ryan contributed "In Memoriam," a pathetic dirge in memory of his young brother who was killed at the Battle of Fredericksburg. John Esten Cooke was paid $500 for a serial story, *Hilt to Hilt*. Fanny Downing received $25 for a short story; and thus the money went. But subscriptions did not come in very freely, and, in six months all my money was gone, and the paper was losing $100 a week. I thought it time to discontinue "the best and most beautiful weekly in the country," and I did.

I resumed my original profession—shorthand—and was appointed the official stenographer of the Orphans' Court of Baltimore. This position paid well, but the work was not congenial; the *cacoëthes scribendi* still tormented me—I longed to return to my first love, literature. Baltimore offered no opportunity then, nor has it since. The city had no publishing house, no literary periodical, daily, weekly, or monthly, and no literary men. While possessing every social attraction, so far as literature was concerned I might as well have lived in the Desert of Sahara.

The Earl of Beaconsfield said: "The impossible will happen to-morrow." Gambetta and Tennyson said: "Everything comes to him who waits." Edmund Burke said: "Despair, but, even in despair, work on." I waited. I worked on; and, what seemed "the impossible," happened. I had heard that Chief Justice Chase was particularly kind to the young in what Bulwer calls "the first barren footpath up the mountain of life." I wrote a letter to the Chief Justice, stating my case frankly, and asked him if he would not interest himself in my behalf. I told him that I was young, ambitious, a stenographer, a journalist, a student of literature, and wanted to be a man of letters. The next day, I heard from the Chief Justice. I quote from his autograph letter (which I keep as one of my most valuable possessions) the following passage:

"Your letter has interested me. It always gives me pleasure to aid, if I can, 'a young man struggling for an honorable livelihood.' Your penmanship and style of composition are unexceptionable; and if your qualifications, in other respects are equal, I cannot doubt that you will make a very useful Assistant Marshal of the Supreme Court, deputed to act for me as Clerk for Bankrupt matters, etc. The gentleman who has been performing the duties of the office is absent, and if you can come to Washington, you can have his place for a few days, and perhaps longer; if not, something else as desirable may be obtained. The salary is $150 a month."

I took the first train for Washington; had a most satisfactory interview with the Chief Justice; and the next day entered upon my duties. I soon found that, although I was officially designated as Assistant Marshal of the Supreme Court, and so appeared on the pay-roll, I was really the Private Secretary to the Chief Justice of the United States. It was a responsible and confidential position. When I entered upon my duties, the Chief said to me that whatever I saw or heard was private and must not be repeated, or published. I never forgot this advice, and acted accordingly. My duties began at nine o'clock, when I was due at the home of the Chief Justice; my office hours were passed in his library. The work was light and agreeable, but, unfortunately, was done chiefly at night. The Chief Justice took a personal interest in my affairs, and encouraged my literary tastes. He gave me a letter to Mr. Whitelaw Reid, the managing editor of the *New York Tribune*, which resulted in a connection with that newspaper, as contributor and correspondent, for several years; he introduced me personally, to Colonel Don Piatt, the editor of the *Washington Capital*, who engaged me as a regular

contributor, and, later, placed me in charge of the Baltimore office of the paper. During the first winter of my residence in Washington, Edwin M. Stanton died. He had been a colleague of Mr. Chase in President Lincoln's Cabinet. The sudden death of the former War Minister afforded me an opportunity for a timely magazine article. The Chief Justice kept a diary during the whole of his public life. From it he dictated some interesting secret history of the war in which the dead statesman had taken part. I prepared a short article, and sent it to the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*. It was just in time for the next number, and was the beginning of a very agreeable and profitable acquaintance. Mr. Lloyd P. Smith, the editor of the magazine, visited Washington; we dined together. I showed him around the city, introduced him to desirable persons, and did all in my power to make his visit agreeable. Many years ago, Bulwer said: "If you want to be reviewed favorably, cultivate the reviewers." I found that if you want your articles accepted, cultivate the editors. So long as Mr. Smith was the editor of *Lippincott's Magazine*, no article of mine was declined, and this favour continued under his successor, Mr. Kirk. Mr. Cleveland recently remarked that "perseverance is better than pull" in order to get along in the world. I must differ from the ex-President so far as literature is concerned. My own experience and that of others whom I have known shows that a "pull" is better than genius in getting one's work accepted. Not long since, a magazine editor of "wide experience" confessed that "it pays for an author to make the acquaintance of the editor, for it stands to reason that an editor knowing personally an author will give his matter more consideration than he would the matter of one whom he does not know." This simple fact accounts for the many dull articles which are published in the magazines, and the many good articles that fill the desks of authors who have no "pull."

Of course, if an author can offer an editor a striking article on a fresh subject, it stands a chance of being accepted whether he has a "pull," or not. But, if an author flatters himself that, because he has had one such article accepted, he has therefore a "pull" on that editor, he will find himself lamentably mistaken, should he send him an ordinary article. I have discovered that to my disappointment more than once. When I offered "The Baltimore Bonapartes" to *Scribner's* it was accepted because the subject was interesting and the article historically correct. It proved a great success; it was quoted by the press; it was much talked about and a second edition of the magazine was required to meet the demand. I had made a hit. I thought my literary fortune was made. I was mistaken. I had not cultivated the acquaintance of the editor of *Scribner's*. I had no "pull." So, I could not get another article in it for four years, when I offered *Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe*. The story of this literary "find" is interesting. When the old Patterson mansion on South Street, in Baltimore, was pulled down, the vast collection of family letters, which had been accumulating for seventy-five years, was sold to a junk dealer. A curio fancier, in raking among the rubbish, chanced upon a bundle of letters, indorsed "From Betsy." He found they were letters written by Elizabeth Patterson to her father, William Patterson, from Europe, from 1805 to 1835. He saw their value, and took them to his lawyer, who happened to be a friend of mine. I was told of the "find," and the letters were submitted to me. I communicated the matter to the editor of *Scribner's*, who remembering the sensation created by the article on *The Baltimore Bonapartes*, asked me to write three articles, using Madame Bonaparte's letters as the basis. In the meantime, Madame Bonaparte died in Baltimore, aged ninety-five, and I went to work on her life for immediate publication. Two of the articles were published (in June and July, 1879) but the *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte*, coming out at the end of July, made the third article in the magazine unnecessary. The *Life* was written in five weeks; went through four editions in a month; an English edition soon passed to a third edition; and, later, a French edition was published in Paris. I was, naturally, delighted by this success, and expected to realize, from all these editions, at home and abroad, a small fortune from my book. Imagine my surprise and disappointment when I

received as a first payment a check for $171.75, followed at long intervals during five years by various small checks, amounting altogether to $255.60, including the American and English editions. From the French edition, I received nothing; the translator, who was a Greek, swindled me out of the money he agreed to pay me.

For ten years and more, I collected everything accessible on the subject of Edgar A. Poe. I interviewed his surviving relatives and friends; I ransacked libraries, I hunted up old magazines and newspapers, I read sketches by the hundred, biographies by the score, lives by the dozen—in fact, I lived and breathed in a Poetic atmosphere. I talked Poe in and out of season. I filled note-books. I filled scrap-books. I filled my library with Poe. I found out when and where he was born, when and where he was buried, all of which had been a matter of doubt for twenty years after his death. His aunt, Mrs. Clemm, told me the day and place of his birth; the sexton who buried him pointed out his grave.

Having obtained all the Poeana that was possible, I wrote the *Life of Edgar A. Poe.* It was for me a labor of love, for from my earliest youth I had been an admirer of the author of "The Raven." As I had all the material in hand, the life was written in a few months. I told the sad but interesting story of the poet's life as it was revealed to me after patient study and research. It did much to rescue the name and fame of our greatest genius from the infamy with which the malignant pen of his first biographer had blackened his memory. It seems almost incredible at the present time that, twenty-five years ago, many persons actually believed the author of "The Raven" was a drunken vagabond, a man whose hand was ever raised against the world,—a man whose genius found fit companions with the angels, but whose morals made him loved of devils. I rejoice that I had something to do with the removing of the infamy with which the name of Poe had so long suffered. The way thus opened, has been followed by Mr. Woodberry, Mr. Ingram, and Mr. Stedman, each of whom has done excellent work in this field.

My *Life of Poe* has gone through nineteen editions, and has been a great benefit to my literary reputation, since the extraordinary Poe cult commenced. I followed it with numerous articles on Poe, such as "Poe and Mrs. Whitman," "Recent Biographies of Poe," "Poe Bibliography," "The Portraits of Poe," "Poe's Early Home in Richmond," "Poe's Female Friends." "Poe, Real and Reputed," "The Loves of Edgar A. Poe," "The Semi-Centennial of Poe's Death," etc. I mention these various articles in order to show the singular interest the world takes in the author of "The Raven." My knowledge of Poe's life and works opened for me several very desirable periodicals. The first article which I wrote for *Appleton's Journal* was "The Grave of Poe." The first article which I wrote for the *International Review* was "Recent Biographies of Edgar A. Poe." The first article which I wrote for *Godey's Magazine* was "Poe, Real and Reputed." The last article which I have written on this subject was "Personal Recollections of Edgar A. Poe, by the Witnesses of His Life." This was written at the request of the editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post.* It has not yet been published. It will contain portraits of Mrs. Clemm, John H. B. Latrobe, Professor Joseph H. Clarke, Gabriel Harrison, and others, more or less associated with Poe during different periods of his life.

I should have mentioned before that I was compelled to resign my position with Chief Justice Chase at the end of two years, on account of the delicate condition of my eyes, caused by almost constant work at night. For six months after my resignation I could not use my eyes, and all my literary work had to be done by an amanuensis. It was slow and unsatisfactory, but it was the only way I could work during that winter of my discontent. Fortunately, as the spring opened, my eyes grew better, and I was able to resume my pen. I continued my contributions to the *New York Tribune,* and formed connections with other New York newspapers. I wrote, also, for *Appleton's Journal,* the *North American Review,* the *Literary World* of Boston, *The American* of Philadelphia, *Stoddart's Review,* the *Magazine of American History,* and the *International Review.* With the editors of several of these periodicals, I formed quite a close acquaintance by cor-

respondence, and my articles were published with delightful frequency.

My connection with the Philadelphia *American* began in this way:

"PLYMOUTH, N. H., October 4, 1880.

Dear Sir:—I write you in behalf of a new weekly paper—something between the *Nation* and the London *Saturday Review* in character, of which I am the Managing Editor. It will make its first appearance October 16th. I have already enlisted the services of E. C. Stedman, T. W. Higginson, Paul H. Hayne, Henry Watterson, and many others of equal and greater prominence. I should like to have your services, and, if convenient, an article of about 2000 words on 'Baltimoreans in Literature,' for the MSS. of which I shall be happy to exchange my check. If you care to write, I should be glad to have the article—which I trust will lead to a mutually agreeable connection—by October 16th. I am, yours sincerely,

W. R. BALCH, Managing Editor.

I publish this letter because it is pleasant to recall the beginning of a newspaper connection which proved one of the most satisfactory of my whole literary experience. Mr. Balch was soon succeeded by Mr. Howard M. Jenkins, who asked me to prepare a series of papers on Paul H. Hayne, John Esten Cooke, and other Southern writers. I also did special reviewing for the *American,* and wrote many papers on Southern social and literary subjects. Equally agreeable was my acquaintance with Mr. Edward Abbott, the editor of the *Literary World,* who always wrote briefly, and to the point, but with never-failing courtesy. The checks from him were always promptly sent, and satisfactory, excepting when I wrote a very exhaustive article on "The Portraits of Poe." On this occasion, he wrote: "We should feel very sorry to repel a valued contributor by paying him less than he thought his work was worth; we cannot always meet the expectations of our contributors. We feel that we did not meet yours in the case of 'The Portraits of Poe.' If you will tell us what you may expect for 'Poe in Richmond,' we can tell you at once whether we can afford to take the article."

I quote the above note as a specimen of the courtesy of editors twenty years ago, a courtesy which might be imitated with advantage by some of the lords of the press at the present time. In those good old days, printed slips to the rejected were unknown—would-be contributors were treated with the polite consideration which one gentleman should show to another who is calling upon him. The insolent behaviour of some American editors is equivalent to slamming the door in the face of the visitor. I mention no names—those who offend in this respect should strike their breast, and say *peccavi,* and make a firm resolution to sin no more. Let them remember that it was said of the great Duke of Marlborough that it was more agreeable to be refused a favour by him than to have one granted by any other person. If these offending editors had the sense that Charles Dickens had, they would give clever unknown writers a cordial welcome, instead of treating them with cold indifference. He knew the value of *new blood,* and kept up the interest of his magazine by encouraging all the bright young writers of his time. He had a rare genius for discovering literary talent, and many gifted authors were indebted to his discernment for their introduction to the public.

One of the worst effects of the pernicious policy pursued by some wealthy periodicals of paying for the name of the writer instead of the merit of the writing was once shown by the *Youth's Companion* which paid James G. Blaine a good round sum for a dull article on the *Congressional Globe,* which could have been easily written by the youngest clerk of the Senate or House of Representatives, and for one-tenth of what Mr. Blaine was paid, but he was paid for his name, not for his work. The *Ladies' Home Journal* paid Dr. Talmage, the sensational preacher, $5000 a year for articles which, if sent by an unknown contributor, would, very properly, have been thrown into the waste basket, instead of being published. One of the most striking cases of "a name, not merit" was furnished by the octogenarian verses of Tennyson. In the full splendour of his intellect, he wrote some of the noblest poetry that genius has ever given to the world. But he out-lived his genius and in his last years wrote verses which the high and mighty magazine editors would have indignantly returned to an unknown writer, but, coming from Alfred, Lord Tennyson, the Poet Laureate of England, these same high and mighty editors grovelled at his feet to get a few drivelling lines from him, yet some of these fellows

have the effrontery to declare that they accept articles on their merits, and not on the names of the writers.

The first article sent by me to *Harper's Magazine* was "The American Graces," which told the story of the Misses Caton, three beautiful Baltimore sisters who married into noble English houses—the Duchess of Leeds, the Marchioness of Wellesley, and Lady Stafford. These ladies were the granddaughters of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, the last surviving Signer of the Declaration of Independence. This was followed by an article on "The Social Athens of America,"—Baltimore from a social point of view, with rare portraits of the belles and beauties, past and present of the Monumental City. This article proving successful, I was sent down to Richmond to write up that city on the same lines. I called this article "The City of Fair Women and Brave Men," which distinctive title was changed, without my permission to the trite and meaningless "Some Richmond Portraits," and, in order to fit the size of the article to the space at the disposal of the magazine, it was cut down unmercifully. Consequently, the people of Richmond, who had received me with true Southern cordiality, received the magazine containing the article with mingled disappointment and indignation. A large portion of the latter was showered upon my devoted head as the author of the offending article; the public, not being admitted to secrets of the sanctum, held me responsible. I felt indignant in my turn, and wrote the editor a letter in which I expressed my feeling on the subject. This was a mistake: it is unwise, imprudent, impolitic to complain to an editor, for editors are very sensitive, and some of them have long memories. This misunderstanding with *Harper's Magazine* happened fifteen years ago, and no article of mine has been accepted by the same editor in all these years. *Nota bene:* avoid all misunderstandings with editors; pocket their checks and kicks with equal equanimity.

I forgot to mention, when speaking of my *Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte,* that the English edition came out just about the time the tragical death of the Prince Imperial called the attention of the world to the Bonaparte family. The auspicious appearance of the book caused it to attract the attention of the leading English journals. The London *Times* devoted a leader to it. The *Saturday Review* was, as usual, caustic; the *Academy* displayed much ignorance, and spoke of the author as a Frenchman, not knowing, of course, that my ancestor came to America before the American Revolution. The *Athenaeum,* the *Spectator,* and other English journals published articles, but it was reserved for *Blackwood's* to devote nineteen pages to it, under the title of "An American Princess."

These confessions of mine are perfectly frank, and are intended to be useful. My literary life has been neither a brilliant success nor a disheartening failure. I have written successful books, but they were not so profitable as writing for magazines and periodicals generally. I have kept a careful record of every dollar received from my literary and journalistic work. From this record, the following quotations may prove interesting and instructive:

"The Baltimore Bonapartes," *Scribner's Monthly*	$80.00
"The Calvert Family," *Lippincott's Magazine*	31.00
"The City of the Sultan," *The Chautauquan*	30.00
"Poe, Real and Reputed," *Godey's Magazine*	25.00
"American Biography," *Appleton's Cyclopedia of Amer. Biog.*	85.00
"American Biography," *Amer. Supt. Encyclopedia Britannica*	140.00
"Lady Mary Wortley Montagu," *International Review*	70.00
"Some Richmond Portraits," *Harper's Magazine*	150.00
"The Social Athens of America," *Harper's Magazine*	125.00
"The American Graces," *Harper's Magazine*	60.00
"European Correspondence," *Literary World,* etc.	200.00
"The American Bonaparte," *International Review*	60.00
"Madame Bonaparte's Letters from Europe," *Scribner's Monthly*	150.00
Recent Biography, *North American Review*	40.00
Articles about Europe, etc., New York *Mail and Express*	115.00
"Court of Appeals of Maryland," the *Green Bag*	100.00
"The Literary Salons of London," *The Chautauquan*	100.00
"Jefferson Davis Speaks," New York *Sun*	150.00
Letters to the Washington *Capital*	190.00
"Unveiling of the Lee Statue," Philadelphia *Press,* Memphis *Appeal,* etc.	35.00

"Third Plenary Council of Baltimore," New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago *Times*	$66.00
"The Cabinet, the Senate, the House, and Supreme Court," *Chautauquan*	120.00
"Poe's Female Friends," *The Chautauquan*	30.00
"Colonial Dames," *Vogue*	40.00
"Baltimore Beauty—Past and Present," *Vogue*	40.00
"Loves of Edgar A. Poe," *Godey's Magazine*	25.00
"Baltimore and Baltimoreans, Past and Present," Baltimore *News*	200.00
"In the Footsteps of Lord Byron," *Munsey's Magazine*	35.00
"Groups of Eminent Women, French, English, and American," *Chautauquan*	75.00
"The Carrolls of Carrollton," *Munsey's Magazine*	50.00
"Reminiscences of Chief Justice Chase," *Youth's Companion*	35.00
"Personal Recollections of Poe, by Witnesses of His Life," *Saturday Evening Post*	50.00
"Semi-Centennial of Poe's Death," Baltimore *American*, Philadelphia *Times*, etc.	35.00
"Centennial of the Death of Washington," Saint Louis *Globe-Democrat*, Washington *Post*, etc.	42.00
"The American Bonapartes," *The Cosmopolitan*	70.00
"The Vacant Room," Baltimore *Home Journal*	25.00

These items are taken at random from a record which I have kept from the time that I first received pay for an article to the last. No article is mentioned for which the compensation was not, at least, $25. Hundreds of articles, for which sums ranging from $5 up, were received, helped to swell the aggregate amount to something less, in round numbers, than $10,000. This is a pretty good showing for a man the time of whose actual literary work does not represent ten years.

Looking back to the time when with all the enthusiasm of youth, I set out to conquer the world with my pen, I am now perfectly conscious how poorly equipped I was for the glorious work. I left college with my head stuffed with ancient learning—I had read Ovid, Cæsar, and other classical authors, but not a line of Shakespeare, Milton, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith, Byron, Dickens, Thackeray, Poe, Hawthorne, Irving, Longfellow, Tennyson. I soon discovered that my "quaint and curious" college lore was just as available in the American literary market as a handful of old Roman and Greek coins would be available in the meat and vegetable market. I found it was necessary to begin my education all over—necessary to change my antique coins for the pure gold of English literature. I devoted three years to the study of the best English literature. I avoided all so-called literary clubs, and other mutual admiration societies, where "beautiful" essays and "lovely" verses are read for the delectation of a select audience of admiring friends.

Thus prepared, I began my literary apprenticeship of which these Confessions tell the history.

Eugene L. Didier.

OUR POETS WRITE FOR SYNDICATES

I.

When Poesie was in its prime!
How long the years that intervene
Since Thibault sought for "Blanche" a rhyme,
Or Constance of Provençe was queen!
Then, birds of song their plumes would preen
For roses, kisses, tête-a-têtes—
Alas, 'tis all too plainly seen
Our poets write for syndicates!

II.

How pleasant to recall the time
When Marguerite, while still dauphine,
Gave to Chartier that seal sublime
Nor lost one whit of modest mien;
Ah, those were days when bays were green,
When Troubadours implored the Fates—
Now, on a patent verse-machine
Our poets write for syndicates!

III.

Oh, happy days of chant and chime,
Those May-days 'neath a sky serene,
When poets thronged that sunny clime
The Golden Violets to glean!
Across the harp and lute they'd lean
And sing to lords and magistrates—
That was in century thirteen!
Our poets write for syndicates!

L'Envoi.

Prince! Pardon this display of spleen,
Likewise the sophistry that prates,
Then offers to a magazine
"Our Poets write for syndicates!"

Clarence Urmy.

THE SCENES OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S NOVELS.

IT is only necessary to read the opening lines of *David Grieve, Robert Elsmere, Marcella,* or *Helbeck of Bannisdale* to realise something of the solicitude with which an author may approach the task of providing a soil pre-eminently fit for the development of seeds of character. In the case of Mrs. Humphry Ward solicitude merges into reverence; a reverence which never tires. In subsequent pages the soil is deliberately and skilfully tended, the germs are fostered and at the conclusion of the work a wonderful ripening has crowned the resultant growth.

The places which Mrs. Ward has selected in England as a fitting background to her more striking figures fall naturally into two chief and two minor divisions.

First in importance and in extent of area comes the Westmoreland district. Bounded, roughly, by Ullswater on the north; on the west by Rydal, Ambleside, and Cartmel Fell; on the east by Hawes Water and Long Sleddale, and running south through Kendal to Sizergh Hall and Levens, is an elongated tract of country in which are placed the scenes of *Robert Elsmere, Helbeck of Bannisdale,* and the concluding portion of *David Grieve.* But the real David Grieve country is that "inaccessible district which marks the mountainous centre of mid-England—the district of Kinder Scout and the High Peak," where all around stretches "the home of heather and plashing water, of grouse and peewit, of cloud and breeze."

Continuing a line drawn between Ullswater and Kinder Scout athwart the map of England, it will cut through two places of interest in connection with *Marcella* and *Robert Elsmere,* viz., Hampden House, Great Hampden, Buckinghamshire, the chief original of Mellor Park, and its surroundings; and, further south, the district of Godalming, Milford, and Peper Harow, that "strange mixture of suburbanism and the desert" which is the Murewell of the Elsmere's Surrey. In mentioning with these the Crewe district of *Sir George Tressady,* the Manchester of David Grieve's youth and maturity, the London of Julie Le Breton, of Marcella, and of Elsmere, the Oxford of Edward Langham and the Cambridge of the Friedlands, almost the final name has been placed upon the list of localities in England, and it is necessary to turn to the Continent in order not to lose sight of the wondrous Italy of *Eleanor,* the Lake of Como episode in *Lady Rose's Daughter,* and the "storm and stress" period of David's Fontainebleau.

The Westmoreland district may be subdivided into three, for it comprises centres in accordance with the books which treat of its scenery. Long Sleddale is the Long Whindale of *Robert Elsmere,* and near the head of the vale, where the outline of the steepening hills is broken and deflected by rocks and patches of plantation, is situated Burwood Farm, "the lonely house in the lonely valley" where Catherine Leyburn watched over her mother, brought up her sisters, and herself became "a sort of Deborah" of the Westmoreland Dales. Within sight of Burwood is the Vicarage of Long Whindale, the home at this time of Mr. Thornburgh, an incumbent of a later school than that of the period when "Ef ye'll nobbut send us a gude schulemeaster a verra' moderate parson 'ull dea!" was a characteristic Westmoreland saying. To this vicarage came Robert Elsmere, impelled by recent illness to visit his colleague and cousin, and destined to fall into the match-making hands of Mrs. Thornburgh in spite of the incredulous remark, "a saint, a beauty, and a wit all to yourselves in these wilds!" with which he received her eulogies concerning the Leyburns.

The wooing of Catherine ran a varying course among the bare tracts and lonely crags of the fells of this north country, accelerated by the rain-driven walk from Shanmoor, where Elsmere had discovered "enchanted soil" in the



1. The Mermaid's Pool—"David Grieve."
2. The Moorland Brook—"David Grieve."
3. The Downfall—"David Grieve."
4. The Fairbrook Clough—"David Grieve."
5. Torre Amiata—"Eleanor."

black purple of the ridge upon ridge of mountains stretching to Wetherlam, the Pikes and Fairfield; retarded by Catherine's struggle between duty and inclination which took place at the foot of the gnarled and solitary thorn, her favourite spot, where she sank down, a lonely girl figure in blue cloak and hood, to wrestle with the memory of her father's trust; and finally—a strange sequel to the weird story of the ghost or "bogie" of Deep Crag, the cause of Mary Backhouse's the carrier's daughter, "madness of despair," and the occasion of Catherine's frequent visits to the old farmhouse at High Ghyll, where the girl lay dying—finally to culminate during that stormy night ramble with Elsmere up the Bleacliff Tarn road which closes the Westmoreland portion of *Robert Elsmere.*

The scene changes to Surrey, and the acqaintanceship is commenced with Squire Wendover and his sister Mrs. Darcy, leading to that terrible fight for truth actually won by Elsmere on a memorable walk across Ryle Common, which lies close to Rodborough Common and the Portsmouth Road, on his way to Murewell (Peper Harow) to acquaint Catherine with the change in his religious convictions.

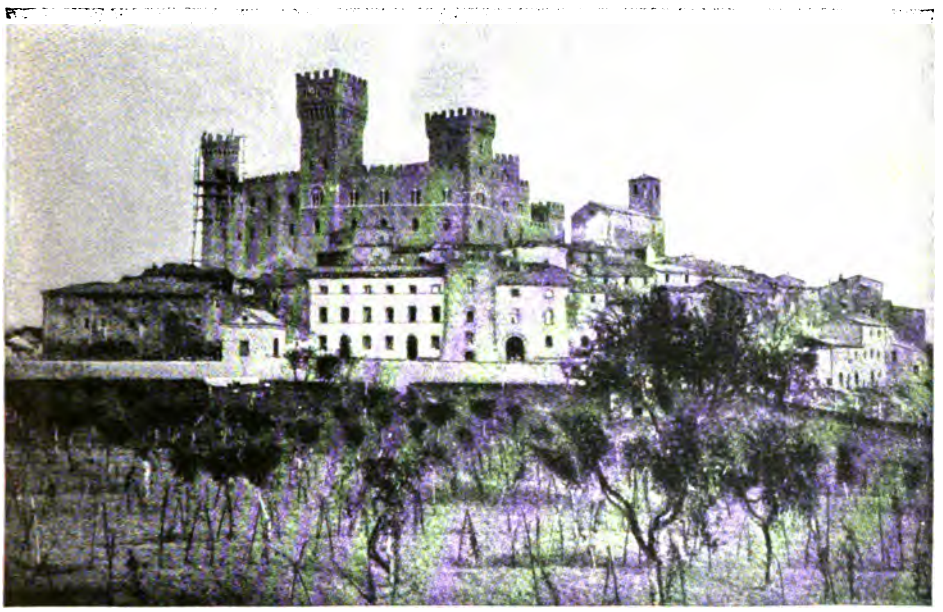
When planning *David Grieve,* Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed for a time at "Marriott's Farm," in the Peak District. The typical farmhouses of the neighbourhood no doubt suggested Needham's Farm, where David and Louie Grieve spent their childhood in the charge of their Aunt Hannah and her husband Reuben, a none too happily-chosen guardianship, since the former's temper was of the "brooding and grasping order," and the latter's dishevelled and disjointed appearance had earned for him the neighbours' description of "as slamp an' wobbly as an owd corn-boggart." Yet there was compensation to David for his aunt's harsh nagging and his sister's irritating perversity ("It was the tragedy of Louie Grieve's fate, whether as child or woman, that she was not made to be loved") in the charm of the wild and rugged country round Kinder Scout, that western rampart of the Peak, piled "edge" behind "edge," the very centre of the great sweep of moors cleft by the



MRS. HUMPHRY WARD WITH SOME OF THE CHILDREN OF THE SETTLEMENT.

"white and surging mass of water" called the Downfall, which fell straight over the edge here some two thousand feet above the sea, and roared downward along an almost precipitous bed into the Kinder stream.

David's special place of refuge in times of trouble was "T' owd smithy," the "enchanted ground" of his childhood, a ruined building half-way up the mountain side, where in days far remote the millstones of the district had been fashioned, two or three of these huge stones still reposing uselessly, half buried in the heather. Here also, in a corner formed by the walls of the building, stood David's large iron pan, dragged thither by himself and the farm-donkey one never-to-be-forgotten day, and filled to the brim with water, where "on rare occasions" he sailed the fleet of tiny boats constructed by the help of his friend Mr. Ancrum, the lame minister of Clough End, and usually hidden jealously in a crevice. Another resource was his miniature water-wheel which turned merrily in the Red Brook, a westerly affluent of the Downfall Stream. Yet more grateful to David at this early period than the kindly interest of Mr. Ancrum, was the friendship of "owd 'Lias Dawson," the queer dreamer who fifteen years earlier had been the schoolmaster of Frimley Moor End, and was held in local esteem as "t' cliverest mon abeawt t' Peak." It was Dawson who first excited the children's keen interest in Jenny Crum's Pool, gleaming "far away beyond the Downfall on a projecting spur of the moor," which caused David to search an old paper-covered guide to the Peak for information concerning the "English Hamadryad." He learnt that she "lives in the side of the Scout; that she comes to bathe every day in the Mermaid's Well, and that the man who has the good luck to behold her bathing will become immortal and never die." This resulted in the children stealing away from the farm on Easter Eve, Louie's thin girlish figure clad in a "skimp cotton dress and red crossover, her long legs cased in blue worsted stockings," as she and David fled "in an ecstasy of freedom," leaping "through the elastic carpet of heather and bilberry and across bogs which showed



THE CASTLE AND AGENT'S HOUSE AT TORRE ALFINA,

Where Mrs. Humphry Ward stayed while writing "Eleanor." Torre Alfina is the Torre Amiata of the book. "In front of them, indeed, rose an old villa of the Renaissance, with its long flat roofs, its fine *loggia*, and terraced vineyards. A rude village of grey stone: part, it seemed, of the tufa rocks from which it sprang, pressed round the villa, invaded its olive-gardens, crept up to its very walls. Meanwhile the earth grew kinder and more fertile. The vines and figs stood thick again among the green corn and flowering lucerne."—"Eleanor."



1. Borough Farm, Godalming, where "Robert Elsmere" was written.
2. The Valley of the Kinder Brook—"David Grieve." 3. The Valley of Long Whendale—"Robert Elsmere."
4. The Peat Moss Country—"Helbeck of Bannisdale." 5. The Farm where Mary Backhouse Died—"Robert Elsmere."



1. Levens Hall—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."
2. Cartmel Fell Chapel—"Helbeck of Bannisdale."
3. The Villa Barberini where "Eleanor" was begun.
4. The Oak Forrest, Torre Amiata.—"Eleanor."
5. The Valley of the Paglia.—"Eleanor."

like veins of vivid green on the dark surface of the moor," up to the shoulder of the Scout, where "gleaming under the level light" lay the wondrous Mermaid's Pool. The rough and lonely road from the High Kinder Valley runs past the foundry and the printing works to Clough End, where David listened in Simes's shed to the pleading of the mill-hand preacher. The practice of attending prayer-meetings grew upon him, to end disastrously in a flogging from Jim Wigson perpetrated at a public-house on the road between Castleton and Clough End, which confirmed David's opinion that "religion was not for such as he," and became an important factor in the considerations which induced him, on a day of piteous upheaval, to set off running down the Glossop Road past the Snake Inn on his way to Manchester to carve out a path to fortune on his own account.

A very different picture is this David, the youthful and dreamy rustic in "his worn fustian suit and red Tam o' Shanter cap," from that of the successful but saddened David, come to manhood but no less dreamy, who tends his dying wife with loving watchfulness in the charming Westmoreland cottage near Pelter Bridge, Rydal, within sight of Nab Scar, Loughrigg, and the larch plantations on the side of Silver How.



NEMI.

Where Lucy Foster was stoned by the peasants.

"And now they were to follow the high ridge above the deep-sunk lake, toward Nemi on its farther side—Nemi with its Orsini tower, grim and tall, rising on its fortress rock, high over the lake and what was once the thick grove or 'Nemus' of the Goddess, mantling the proud white of her inviolate temple. . . . They were mounting a charming road high above the lake. Stretching between them and the lake were steep olive gardens and vineyards; above them light half-fledged woods climbed to the sky. In the vineyards the fresh red-brown earth shone amid the endless regiments of vines, just breaking into leaf; daisies glittered under the olives; and below, on a midway crag, a great wild-cherry, sun-touched, flung its boughs and blossoms, a dazzling pearly glory, over the dark blue hollow of the lake."—"Eleanor."

It is indeed a far cry from this peaceful scenery of Ambleside to the richness of *Eleanor's* Italy.

"Olive-grounds and vineyards, ploughlands and pine plantations sank, slope after slope, fold after fold, to the Campagna. And beyond the Campagna, along the whole shining line of the west, the sea met the sunset; while to the north, a dim and scattered whiteness rising from the plain—was Rome."

On this scene Mrs. Humphry Ward

gazed from the Villa Barberini, Castel Gandolfo, where she began to write *Eleanor,* and in the dedication to the book lies more than a suggestion to the strong affection she retains for it. This, too, is the scene upon which Edward Manisty looked down from the terrace of the old Villa on the Alban Hills, the villa with its garden of ilex-avenues, its salon all splendour—a wealth of pictures, fine hangings and luxurious carpets—and its sparsely-furnished dining-room in marked contrast, described by Eleanor as that odious room "which Edward will have left in its sins."

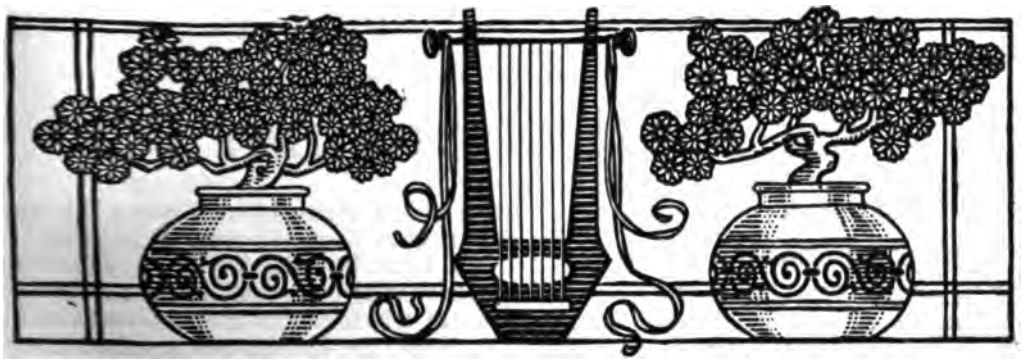
It was at Nemi, situated on the edge of the deep-sunk lake, with its Orsini tower and its Temple site, called by the people the "Giardino del Lago," that Lucy Foster was stoned by rough peasants whilst Eleanor and Manisty were visiting the Egeria Spring, an episode which resulted in Lucy's strange ride back to the Villa with Manisty beside her, along the lonely path that was all silence and woody fragrance, through a "world of opal colour arched by skies of pale green, melting into rose above and daffodil gold below." Later we find Manisty pacing the dim grass walks among the olives in the *podere,* whilst Eleanor flings from her window into the trees, the terra-cotta figure he had given her at Nemi.

With the flight of Eleanor and Lucy from the Villa the scene is removed to the valley of the Paglia, beyond Orvieto, a district of vast oak woods, almost English in its verdure, where stands in imposing grandeur the Castle of Torre Alfina, the Torre Amiata of the book, newbuilt on the site of an old Sforza Palazzo. Here Mrs. Ward stayed, becoming so inspired by the beauty of the surrounding "Sassetto" that she utilised it as the background for the last chapters of *Eleanor,* and in the very heart of its fastnesses delivered the still half-unwilling Lucy into Manisty's safe keeping.

To return to Westmoreland, it is interesting to know that the idea of *Helbeck of Bannisdale* was suggested to Mrs. Ward by the history of the old Catholic family of the Stricklands who have been settled for many generations at Sizergh, near Kendal. During one long day of travel from North to South, the whole story shaped itself clearly in her mind. Bannisdale is not to be identified with the district of that name lying to the north of Long Sleddale. It is a combination of Levens Hall and Sizergh Hall, and the river Kent is doubtless mirrored in the tumbling river Greet with the roar of its "flood-voice," so dear to Alan Helbeck. The book depicts vividly the peat moss country round Kendal and Arnside, marked here and there by barely distinguishable lines of weather-beaten trees, "or by more solid dots of black which the eye of the inhabitant knew to be peat stacks." Beyond are level streaks of greyish white, where the Greet loops with the Kent, flowing onward to the estuary and the sea. Across the former river is the bridge where Laura played the ghost after her stolen interview with Hubert Mason, an incident which led to awkward explanations with the Master of Bannisdale, and practically opened that terrible battle between love and truth which ended in Laura's tragic death, forcing her, "step by step, to this last bitter resource—this awful spending of her young life—this blind witness to august things!" The quiet "little chapel high in the hills," where Laura was buried in the country she loved so well, which holds her so tenderly and gives her of its loveliest and its best, is at Cartmel Fell, and with this peaceful scene we reach perhaps the most artistic conclusion to anything that Mrs. Humphry Ward has written, and a fitting finish to a cursory survey of some of the charming spots of scenery she has brought so near. *F. Hamel.*



OCTOBER. Drawn by Melaine Elizabeth Leonard.



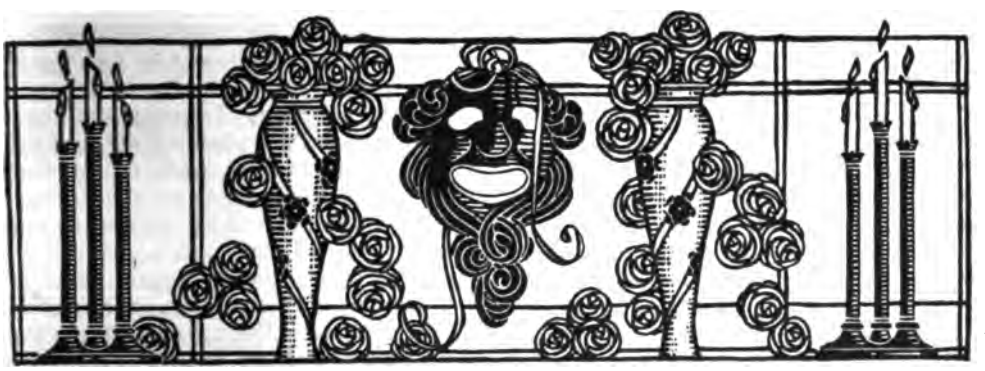
OCTOBER

Elf and fairy may be seen
In the woods at Halloween;
Fay and goblin, witch and sprite,
All come out to dance that night.

And the Black Cat prowls
And growls and yowls;
And her eyeballs glare
With a mystic stare,

As she joins the rollicking witches' ring,
And round the fire they dance and sing.

Carolyn Wells.



SIX BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

*PARSIFAL PARAPHRASED.

IN selecting *Parsifal* as the *pièce de resistance* of his coming opera season, Herr Conried has shown himself an astute impresario. Whatever the outcome financially and whatever the actual popular success of the venture, the fact is indisputable that never in the history of opera in New York has the promise of a novelty excited so much interest and discussion in the musical community. Indeed, it may well be questioned whether the particular work over which such a heated controversy has been waged is worthy of all the pother. A critical consideration of its merits had best await its presentation. But it may be intimated that Wagnerites differ among themselves as to the comparative value of *Parsifal*. Some hold it Wagner's masterpiece; but these are few and count in their number those persons who always argue that the latest effort of genius is the best. The majority are agreed that while *Parsifal* exhibits Wagner's *leit-motiven* system in its fullest flowering, musically it is weaker than *Die Meistersinger* and *Tristan*.

There is something attractive in the picture of the great composer, after fighting a battle for recognition such as the world of art had never seen, sitting down in his last years to write a religious drama whose motto is peace and good will towards all men. He commenced the poem in 1877, finishing it, as was his habit of work, before he took up the musical setting. The drama had its first performance at Bayreuth in the festival year of 1882. Since that time, protected by copyright, *Parsifal* performances have been confined to the little German village consecrated to Wagner traditions. Other cities have heard a good part of the music in concert form, but the first stage representation outside of Bayreuth will be given at the Metropolitan Opera House during Herr Conried's present régime.

The Grail legends, like the Nibelungen, have their roots back in the shadowy times of which history makes scant record. Like the Nibelungen myths, they were the property of many nations. Norse Sagas, Saxon Chronicles, and Teutonic Archives contain versions of the Grail story. Wagner was drawn towards it early in his musical career; and in *Lohengrin* he introduces a bit of the poetry and mystery surrounding Montsalvat and its sacred treasure. *In Parsifal*, as was his wont, Wagner took freely of the different existing versions of the story. Wolfram von Eschenbach's poem is the main source; but he departed widely from Wolfram when he found material for his purpose elsewhere.

Wagner was first and foremost a dramatist. Music he subordinated to the dramatic or rather theatric idea, and poetry, too, he treated as its handmaid. This must be clearly comprehended for the true appreciation of Wagner's works. Wagner himself always insisted that his music taken out of the theatre lost some of its essentials. And to any thoughtful person the truth of this must be plain. A great deal of the music is so intimately connected with the action that its significance is almost wholly lost when it is divorced from the latter; and more than that, it loses infinitely as music. Other great composers have written dramatic music. What Wagner wrote is musical drama. All this has a particular application to *Parsifal*. In none of Wagner's operas is there less music which extracted from the stage surroundings is found to be of interest in and for itself. In none of his operas is the stage effect so important. In none of them is atmosphere in the abstract so essential. It is this fact which lends the greatest force to the contentions of the proprietress of Bayreuth and her adherents, that *Parsifal* of all the operas should be shielded from indiscriminate performance and kept where a reverent treatment will be assured. Ethical and sentimental considerations have been injected into

* *Wagner's Parsifal*, as retold by Oliver Huckel. Thomas Y. Crowell & Company, w York. Net, $0.75.

the discussion which has thus assumed large proportions; and finally an appeal to the courts is threatened. But the pros and cons of the controversy need not detain us here.

To English readers, naturally enough, the Grail legend as told by Tennyson is made the basis for judging all other versions. Parsifal is there Sir Galahad, in outward form and bearing closely resembling Wagner's hero. But the story as told by Wolfram von Eschenbach contains much symbolism and mysticism that is absent in Tennyson and the English Chronicles of Malory and the others in whom he found the sources of his poem. Wagner in true Teutonic fashion has seized upon these elements of the Wolfram poem and transfusing them in the fire of his own fancy has combined them afresh, giving them a prominence that completely alters the dramatic values of the poem. The simple directness of Wolfram's philosophy is transmuted into the complicated woof of a Schopenhauer's system of thought. It is difficult for those of us who are not Germans thoroughly to appreciate all the symbolism of *Parsifal*—what the true Wagnerite terms its philosophy. And perhaps we do not lose much. Recall Matthew Arnold's remarks about the insistence of Wordsworthians on the poet's philosophy. "His poetry," says Arnold, "is the reality; his philosophy, so far, at least, as it may put on the form and habit of a 'scientific system of thought,' and the more that it puts them on—is the illusion." Certain of George Eliot's admirers, who have attempted to create out of her writings a complete system of philosophy, are subject to this illusion also. Have the Wagnerites escaped it?

But turning to the particular subject in hand, Mr. Huckel's version of Wagner's libretto, the reader is at once struck with the futility of its measure. We doubt if Wagner could have written blank verse of a sustained quality. He certainly has not inspired his translator to do it. Wagner's alliterative verse, in keeping with the general dramatic and musical purpose of his dramas, is all well enough; but stripped of its characteristic dress, his poetry loses vastly. The truth of this is plainly demonstrated by Mr. Huckel's experiment. For he has followed closely the original, using all the thought expressed in words by Wagner and adding introductory and explanatory passages which are the equivalent of the stage and scenic directions in the libretto. As he himself explains his effort, he has "retold in the spirit of the Bayreuth interpretation" Wagner's *Parsifal.* In his prefatory remarks, Mr. Huckel likens his work to Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam —a bold analogy, rather.

But if this translation is not poetry of a high order it nevertheless has merit. It conveys to the reader a good understanding of Wagner's drama. That is to say, he can follow intelligently the stage performance, although given in a strange tongue. There is a timeliness in the publication that would make one think it a book written for the occasion, were it not for the author's assertion that it was planned ten years ago and completed in 1902. There is also the internal evidence of care in its preparation. Mr. Huckel has withstood the temptation to use archaisms and other affectations. He has written clear, straightforward English; consequently his work is a decided improvement over the translation that accompanies the vocal score, with its necessarily marked limitations.

The little volume has been made with taste and the typography is an excellent sample of the work of the Merrymount Press. There are five illustrations from paintings by Franz Stassen, that heighten its artistic value.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

II.

MR. COLEMAN'S CHARLES READE.

NINETEEN years ago, when Charles Reade's novel *A Perilous Secret,* was appearing posthumously in the *Temple Bar Magazine,* Mr. John Coleman contributed to the pages of that periodical several chapters, entitled "Personal Reminiscences of Charles Reade Extending Over Twenty Years." Although Mr. Coleman omits to mention the fact in his *Forewords,* his new volume, *Charles Reade as I Knew Him,* is based upon these earlier articles, and, indeed, is little more than an elaborated and detailed version of them. What interest the articles had in their original form has suffered in the process of expansion. This thick, handsome vol-

ume is a little book in great space. Had it been half the length it would have been twice as valuable.

A book more tantalising than *Charles Reade as I Knew Him* is not often produced. It is written throughout in the first person, and, as much of it is dialogue, it is often difficult, and sometimes well-nigh impossible, to know whether a statement emanates from Reade or Mr. Coleman. The arrangement of the book adds to the reader's bewilderment. It opens with a "Prologue—Thirty-five Years Ago," descriptive of the first meeting of Reade and Mr. Coleman in the former's house in Bolton Row. Then comes "A Retrospect of Half a Century," related by Reade to the chronicler; and this is followed by the "Random Recollections of Twenty Years" of Mr. Coleman. The volume, indeed, is more than a biography of Reade; it is also an autobiography of the biographer. To a certain extent this adds to the interest; but, to a far greater degree, it makes confusion worse confounded.

Much that Mr. Coleman has to say is valuable, but to find these passages is like seeking a needle in a bundle of hay. Mr. Coleman lacks the gift of compression—that first essential of the biographer—and he has not the slightest idea of selection. For example, he is at great pains to make clear the true history of the composition of "Masks and Faces"; but instead of a straightforward connected statement based on the authorities he has collected, he gives the authorities—Reade's own account, and Arnold Taylor's (the brother of Tom Taylor, Reade's collaborateur in this play), and an extract from *The Bancrofts On and Off the Stage*—and leaves the reader to weigh the evidence and to draw his own conclusions. Nothing could be more fair, of course; but when this sort of thing occurs more than once, one is apt to regard the book as little more than material for a memoir.

Mr. Coleman, as actor and theatrical manager, naturally enough, is interested in Reade's contributions to the stage, and his reminiscences are almost exclusively concerned with the author as playwright. Yet a book about Charles Reade, which practically ignores his novels, and has but one or two passing references to *The Cloister and the Hearth*, may at least claim to rank as a curiosity of literature. It is *Hamlet* with the part of the Prince of Denmark left out. It is, however, due to Mr. Coleman to mention that he states in his prefatory note that the reader who expects an erudite disquisition on Reade's literary achievements is doomed to disappointment. But there is a vast difference between erudite disquisition and neglect. When dealing with Reade's plays, moreover, he ventures on dogmatic utterances, which even the most daring critic would hesitate to deliver. *Masks and Faces*, he says, has "become a classic, doubtless destined to endure so long as the language in which it is written exists." What, then, is left to remark of *Two Loves and a Life*, which Mr. Coleman declares is "the best, the very best play ever written by Taylor and Reade"?

Reade either adapted, translated, or (nearly always) wrote in collaboration no less than thirty-five plays, of which twenty-five have been staged. Of these, *Nance Oldfield*, a version of *Tiradaté; Drink*, an adaptation of *L'Assommoir;* and *Masks and Faces*, written with Tom Taylor, still hold the boards to-day. *Drink* is a horrible, realistic drama, without any artistic signification; but *Nance Oldfield* is delightful, and *Masks and Faces* is a charming comedy. Yet it is doing Reade's reputation ill-service to speak of him as a great dramatist. Though the theatre always attracted him, and he devoted to play-writing much of his time, he never mastered its technique, and he has not enriched the literature of the drama with a single piece written by himself.

Mr. Coleman throws an interesting light on the condition of the English stage fifty years ago. Prices for dramatic works had ruled high in Garrick's time, when Johnson received £315 for the six-nights' run of *Irene*, Goldsmith £900 for *She Stoops to Conquer*, and the now forgotten Holcroft obtained £900 for *The Follies of a Night*, a translation of Beaumarchais's *Figaro*. Then the pecuniary value of plays, at least so far as the author was concerned, steadily decreased. Lytton, one of the most popular writers of his day, received only two hundred guineas for *The Lady of Lyons;* Tom Taylor was given but £150 for *The Ticket-of-Leave Man*, while Taylor and Reade between them were paid £100 for *Two Lives and a Love*, and £150 for

Masks and Faces. It remained for Dion Boucicault to inaugurate the royalty system, which has resulted in making independent for life the writer of a successful play. The temporary fall in prices may, perhaps, be traced to the fact that most dramatic authors of that day "conveyed" pieces from the French, without remunerating the owner, or even acknowledging their indebtedness. In this respect Reade was a notorious offender. He was present at the first performance of Scribe and Lagouve's *Bataille des Dames,* and was delighted with the comedy. "No British brigands were present, so it occurred to me to play the brigand myself," he said; and he obtained a copy of the play, and returned to London, when he immediately set to work on the adaptation. He never even thought to pay the authors, or to ask their permission. Circumstances alter cases, and Reade saw this matter in a different light when unauthorised dramatisations of *It is Never too Late to Mend* were staged. Then it was "pirates," "plunderers," "nefarious transactions," and lawsuits.

It is not as a dramatist, but as a novelist, that Reade's name will be handed down to posterity. Yet of the seventeen stories he wrote, only about half-a-dozen are read or even remembered to-day, and most of these will sooner or later be forgotten. But *The Cloister and the Hearth* is immortal.

Peg Woffington, which is *Masks and Faces* turned into a novel, shows on every page its dramatic origin, and the air of exaggeration which pervades it, though acceptable on the stage, where everything requires to be emphasised, takes from it most of the daintiness that should be its principal quality. *Christie Johnston* is far better in every way. The story is slight to a degree, but the life of the Newhaven fisherfolk is drawn with the hand of a master. The humour is often forced and boisterous, the humour of the playwright anxious to create laughter at any cost; but some of the characters are real flesh and blood. Christie—lion-hearted girl!—lives in these pages, and the narrow-minded Mrs. Gatty and her snobbish, ungrateful son Charles. The whole is admirable, but there is one scene in the book so magnificent that once read it can never be forgotten. It is when Lord Ipsden visits old Jess Rutherford, and she pours out her troubles to him. *"My troubles,* laddie? The sun wad set, and rise, and set again, ere I could tell ye a' the trouble I hae come through. . . . Oh! ye needna vex yourself for an auld wife's tears; tears are a blessin', lad, I shall assure ye. Mony's the time I hae prayed for them, and couldna hae them. Sit ye doon! sit ye doon! I'll no let ye gang fra my door till I hae thankit ye —but gie me time, gie me time. I canna greet al' the days of the week." Then she thanks him for his charity and blesses him as one who has the power and the right to bless or curse. The words roll forth, eloquent and musical, from this old peasant woman as from some grand old Hebrew prophet. A thousand good wishes she utters, until at the end she eclipses herself: "An' oh, my boenny, boenny lad, may ye be wi' the rich upon the airth a' your days—*and wi' the puir in the warld to come!*" There is nothing finer in literature than this scene, nothing more noble or more pathetic. It is the high-water mark of Reade's genius, and Reade at his best has been excelled by few.

It is Never too Late to Mend was written to expose the cruelty of the prison system then in vogue. This book, perhaps the most popular of all Reade's writings, has no claim to be regarded as literature. The author was carried away by his feelings when he was writing this horrible narrative, but while that is sufficient excuse for the man, it cannot be held to exculpate the artist. *Hard Cash* and *Foul Play* were also novels written with a purpose: the former to expose the opportunities for fraud so long as private lunatic asylums were not properly supervised; the latter to show how unseaworthy ships were sent to sea and deliberately scuttled for the sake of the insurance money. These, with *Griffith Gaunt,* a tale with an unusually unpleasant plot, are the best, as well as the most widely known, of Reade's novels. They are well written and admirably constructed. As a rule, the interest is well sustained; the characters are carefully drawn, and there are some delightful scenes, such as the island episode in *Foul Play.* They rank far above the work of the every-day writer of fiction, and could only have been composed by a well-informed, large-hearted man. They would have made

the reputation of a lesser writer; but they are entirely eclipsed by their author's masterpiece. Compared with *The Cloister and the Hearth,* all Reade's other books are as dross is to gold. Concerning the great historical romance, Mr. Coleman recalls an interesting fact showing how it was nearly strangled at birth: "When originally brought out [1851] under the name of *A Good Fight* in *Once a Week,* its publication was suspended in consequence of the editor's tampering with the 'copy,' an indignity which the author resented by breaking off further relations, and abruptly and unsatisfactorily winding up the story. Ultimately, however, it saw the light in a complete form under its present well-known title." The editor of the periodical was subsequently confined in a lunatic asylum, whereupon Reade made one of his characteristic remarks. "Poor fellah!" he said. "Poor fellah! I'm sorry for him. Of course, I'm bound to be sorry for him as a Christian, but what else could be expected from a fellah who presumed to tamper with my copy?" *Lewis Melville.*

III.

JOHN FOX, JR.'S, "THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME."*

THERE are breezes from the Southland, stirring the meadows of "The Blue Grass," moaning through the gorges of the mountains, and they are all abreath with life in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* John Fox, Jr., has done a notable thing in this charming story—a romance in its keenly sustained interest, a novel in its palpitant humanity; and, though the smile may rise to many lips at the heralding of more American historical romance, even he who smiles must in reason admit that his smile is, in a critical sense, illogical.

The wave of popular taste for books of this class was, perhaps, first ruffled from the deep by interest in the societies of patriotic genealogy. It was first fed by romances of Colonial and Revolutionary times, of varying merit and demerit, but, for the most part, of enthusiastic reception, and, then, gathering volume—or, if you please, many volumes—it rolled down, a devouring billow of ink, to the period of the Civil War. Naturally enough a craving that drank so deeply and often, so indiscriminatingly was soon more than satisfied and turned at last with disgust from its debauch to scoff at *all* tales of the kind it had indulged in so intemperately. But because many people happen to have taken too much bad wine is poor reason for a taster to turn up his nose at the best, and, strong in this reflection, I am the more emboldened to praise even now a story of the great Rebellion—a romance with Morgan and his men filling the background and with the inevitable Grant present indeed, but, be it said, most tactfully unobtrusive.

The story, after all, is the thing in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* and you are soon absorbed in the characters of its fiction, their lives, their fortunes, their hearts—for they have hearts with good red blood flowing through them—long before Mr. Fox begins to involve the spirit of the storm and to add to his plot the interest of national (or State) enthusiasm and historic passion. If anything, I am inclined to think the story droops a little under these influences; not appreciably, perhaps, for he has used his reasoning very judiciously, and it is doubtless a necessity of his motive, the terrible rending of heart-strings in the harrowed Commonwealth, when Kentucky sent her sons to North and South that they might return again and tear at each other's throats till the homestead soil ran red with their blood. It is a strong motive, a gruesome motive, and, difficult as it now seems to comprehend such bitterness, it is the truth of history. Still, there are elements of weakness in this vial from which the author seeks to draw strength; elements which even his talent has not quite succeeded in eliminating, very probably because they cannot be altogether eliminated.

When one has read a good book, well written, and well knit, has thrilled over an altogether absorbing story and felt with its characters, it is a somewhat ungracious duty to sit down and quiet one's blood and consider in coldly critical wise just why the book is not exactly "great." That duty brings me again to the inher-

* "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

ent difficulty of writing "great" fiction when motive and plot have birth in a history which still stirs personal and, perhaps, partisan chords in the hearts of both author and reader. There is the ever-present demand upon the former for a fineness of taste that may be said to be superhuman, and which, even were it exercised, must affect discriminating readers differently; there is the constant temptation to reënforce interest, pathos and dramatic power—yes, and salability, by touches that from the standpoint of the best canons of literary art ring untrue, and, when pressed too deeply by inartistic and sordid imitators become baldly meretricious. It is not, bear in mind, the canon that seeks to govern the feeling, but the feeling that has shaped the canon; a rather vague sensation, if you please; but whenever some hero of such fiction meets Washington with his bearing of calm majesty or the taciturn Grant with his inevitable cigar, surely we are all conscious enough of a shrinking from the fictitious words we know are trembling on the great man's lips, and the more so, be it said, with the latter than the former because he is nearer to our intelligences if not so near to our hearts. Often the words, when they come, are shallow claptrap, but even if they be conceived in closest character and most accurate taste, there is just a little feeling that they are of the nature of claptrap all the same, and the mind is conscious of a sense of embarrassment, as if some liberty were taken with the character of a friend. Why this is an offense against literary art should be as clear as that it is an offense against good taste, if we can once realize that perfect art implies a combination of all the finenesses of taste and feeling that bear directly or remotely upon the artist's creation, and that to be perfect there must be never so much as the suspicion of a jarring note. This matter of historical characters is but a phase of the question. The same principle will be found to apply to a less degree in one way and to a greater in another, in the portrayal of historic incidents around which personal or partisan sentiments still cluster.

And now I do not say all this to arraign the author of *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* of such offenses, save, perhaps, in a degree that is inseparable from his essayal: I say it only to explain why I do not call this delightful story a "Great American Novel"; why, contrary to the motive of many critics, I cannot conceive that any American historical romance, writ while feelings its motive evoked are still alive, can ever justly receive that much bandied mead of praise. Possibly it may find a realisation in some tale of Colonial times before the shadow of the Revolution aroused anti-English antipathies that have not yet died out; perhaps the plot will be found in some neglected episode involving forgotten men and deeds and questions, but to me it seems that aspirants must look toward the story of American life pure and simple, in which enters no national, political or militant social issues. He whose insight, sense of truth, and power of expression can, without invoking the least of the gods, endow such a tale with real and living interest, he who can call forth tears and laughter with never the suspicion of an onion in his pocket or a sly dig at the reader's ribs; for him we wait in all reverence, while we gratefully solace the lagging hours with such pleasing, well-conceived, and well-written stories as *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.*

Duffield Osborne.

IV.

JACK LONDON, "THE CALL OF THE WILD."*

TO some of us the pleasure of reading Mr. Jack London's *The Call of the Wild* will be marred by a slight feeling of regret for which the book itself is in no way responsible. It is a regret which comes of comparison and of wondering why so much of the good writing being done to-day by the new and promising men among American authors deals with the remote and undeveloped corners of the world, the hard trails through virgin forests and over Arctic ice and snows, and not more about the lives of the men and women of conventional habits and surroundings. For it is to the men and women who shall tell us the vital and dramatic stories of what superficially seems to be the commonplace

* "The Call of the Wild." By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Compan

that we must look for the foundations of a sturdier and more lasting national literature. As for *The Call of the Wild,* it may be summed up simply by saying that it is far and away the best book that Mr. Jack London has ever written.

In this book there are much the same scenes and atmosphere that were found in *Children of the Frost* and *The Sons of the Wolf.* You get the same "feel of the North," you realise the bitter sting of the cold and the stretch of the endless miles of Arctic snow. But there is lacking much of the vagueness which tended to mar the earlier books. For Buck, the son of the Saint Bernard and the Scotch Shepherd dog, Mr. London has invested with a humanity which he has failed to give to most of his men. Buck originally lived at a great house in "the sun-kissed Santa Clara Valley" and might have ended his days there comfortably, ruling complacently over the great demesne, had not men, groping in the Arctic darkness, found a yellow metal. Thousands rushed into the Northland and heavy dogs with strong muscles by which to toil, and furry coats to protect them from the frost, were needed, so Buck was stolen and shipped away to be brutally broken and to trudge along pulling the sledges and to rise to the mastership of the pack over the body of his beaten foe. At the very beginning of his travels, smarting under the indignity of being kidnapped, wild with wrath at being bound by ropes and hurried about from place to place, Buck met the terrible man in the red sweater, the man with the club, and learned the lesson which he never forgot. Then there followed the long trip to the North, the record run over the snow and ice with François and Perrault, the French-Canadian and the French-Canadian half-breed, and the terrific battle for supremacy with Spitz through which Buck won the mastership. Then there were other journeys and other friends, until Buck found the man whom he recognized as the real master and to whom he gave all the love of his strong heart. But John Thornton met death at the hands of the Yeehats, and Buck, cut off forever from his love of man, heard the call of the wild and responded to it, throwing in his lot with the wolves. And there ends the story of Buck. "The years were not many when the Yeehats noted a change in the breed of timber-wolves; for some were seen with splashes of brown on head and muzzle, with a rift of white centring down the chest. But more remarkable than this, the Yeehats tell of a Ghost Dog that runs at the head of the pack. They are afraid of this Ghost Dog, for it has cunning greater than they, stealing from their camps in the fierce winters, robbing their traps, slaying their dogs, and defying their bravest hunters." *The Call of the Wild* is one of the two best dog stories which have been written in this country in recent years. The other, of course, is Mr. Richard Harding Davis's *The Bar Sinister.* Personally, the present reviewer prefers *The Bar Sinister.*

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

V.

GWENDOLEN OVERTON'S "ANNE CARMEL."

IN much of the American and English fiction of the present day touching upon the so-called sex question, there is an apparent fearlessness which quickly disappears before the voice of Public Opinion. *Anne Carmel* belongs to this type of fiction; so do *The Right of Way* and *Lady Rose's Daughter.* Miss Overton created a strong and thoroughly fearless woman in *Anne Carmel;* and after she created her she seemed to grow afraid of her. She did not dare let her go her own way.

Anne Carmel was the only sister of a French Canadian priest, who, when the story opens, had been for eight years the curé of the parish of St. Hilaire. Anne and her brother are very near and dear to each other, but Anne is beginning to long for her woman's birthright. And Paul Tetrault did not know that this was at the moment when he should have asked Anne to marry him. He had let go his last chance, "but he was no more aware of that than are most of us at the moment of making the errors of omission which leave, forever after in our lives, a space that cannot be filled."

Just at the psychological moment Anne meets a young Englishman, Harnett

* "Anne Carmel." By Gwendolen Overton. New York: The Macmillan Company.

(whose first name is not mentioned), and when she met him "there was a spot of crimson over her heart." From the first she loved him, and as she looked into his blue, determined English eyes she saw things exactly as they were. "It was less to him to have done with her than to be subjected to annoyance or humiliation. But she was not the first woman knowingly to give a good love for a poorer one and be happy over the barter." After the first few meetings it was Anne who sought Harnett, not Harnett who sought Anne. They met at midnight in a dark and gruesome quarry; and Harnett, with his English reserve, took this delicate little attention as a matter of course. He was not in a position to marry, being financially dependent upon an uncle, and Anne was too big and fine to demand anything of him. Gossip is quickly spread in the parish by persons to whom the semblance of evil must be evil, and Anne's good name is besmirched. Harnett goes away, and Anne refuses to listen to any one. Her mother "wears a mournful smile of forgiveness" whenever she comes near her, and in the faces of the men who approach her she sees her degradation before herself. After a time Harnett returns—married. Anne has grown thoroughly reckless and promises to go away with him. But just here Miss Overton steps in and takes Anne in hand. She reasons with her through her brother. Up to the present time the voice of religion has fallen upon wilfully deafened ears, but now things are different. A woman has come into the life of Jean Carmel, and to save him for the Church Anne renounces Harnett for all time. This is an inconsistent ending, and on this point we take issue with the author. The real reason, we believe, that Anne Carmel did not go with Harnett was because his nature was not strong enough to dominate hers, *not* because of any higher purpose.

The book, as a whole, shows considerable power, but the narrative is broken by descriptions of the curé's parishioners who actually have little to do with the story. Miss Overton's style, too, is clumsy at times. The figure of Anne Carmel herself, however, stands out strong, still, enduring.

F. M. Mandeville.

VI.

THOMAS DIXON'S "THE ONE WOMAN."*

ONCE a preacher, always a preacher. The Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., is no less an exhorter since he dropped the clerical prefix from his name and turned novelist. He can abandon the pulpit and write about the leopard's spots, but he can't change them. His calling is fixed for life. So it is not surprising that his new book turns out more a sermon than a novel. It is both by turns, but the moral is more often to the front than is the truth.

It is no derogation of the preacher to say that he has the defects of his virtues; and one of them is that his work does not mix well with fiction. A preacher who isn't trying to convince you of something isn't worth his salt; a novelist who is convincing is impertinent. The man with a moral to enforce, if he sets out to write a novel, is going to show you that moral triumphant, life to the contrary notwithstanding, instead of giving you, as he ought, a few real people working out his idea as best they can, independently of his prejudiced guidance. The minute you know that Mr. Dixon disapproves of socialism, and that the Rev. Frank Gordon, in his book, is a socialist (and you learn both facts before you have read many pages) you know that the fictitious clergyman is bound to come to a bad end. He is there to prove Mr. Dixon's theories right. Perhaps he proves them to you, in which case the author is justified—as a moralist. But if you are on your guard against an author's bias, it is more than likely that in vitiating life for the sake of a theory he has, for you, vitiated his conclusions.

Socialism, in the person of the big, blond, oratorical, posing hero, is rampant in *The One Woman;* and socialism, with Mr. Dixon, means sexual license and the disruption of the family. Within the space of two pages there are quotations from Fourier, William Morris, Robert Owen, Grant Allen, and Karl Pearson to back this idea. The array of names is imposing alike to socialist and individualist; yet the uneasy conviction grows,

* "The One Woman." By Thomas Dixon, Jr. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company.

from page to page, that Mr. Dixon has not been fair to the belief he has set up to combat. It takes a big man to be entirely fair to theories in which he does not believe, and only the biggest men are entirely fair, in having no theories to believe or disbelieve. To a mouthing, play-acting sort of fellow like this preacher-hero, socialism may mean the license to leave his wife for the first handsome woman who takes his fancy, and then crawl back, self-confessed a contemptible, cowardly murderer, when the woman of his fancy avails herself of the same liberty. But socialism does not always mean this, and never merely this. Mr. Dixon has frankly libelled Herr Most and his fellow leaders of advanced thought; the most rabid anarchist of them all has never made his social tenets the excuse for such weak-spined blackguardism as characterizes the Rev. Frank Gordon.

Since Mr. Dixon elected to put his preachment into the form of fiction, there must be a story to carry all the weight of his rather cumbersome moralizing. Apart from its anti-socialist lessons, it is a good, healthy story that cannot only stand on its own legs, but can even "take up weight" and run a good race for the valued stakes of sensationalism. Many a melodrama that finds favour with the theatrical gods of Third Avenue is less prolific of thrills. Mr. Dixon has none of the puling sentimentalism that takes fright at vigorous action and exciting "situations." When he gets his preacher and both wives by chance on the same train, he does not balk at a wreck which shall give wife number one the opportunity to show her forgiving disposition by rescuing wife number two from certain death. When the hig-hearted reformer murders his best friend and then plays Porphyria's lover with the woman for whom he had fought, a very dramatic snowstorm intervenes to keep the police from his trail for two days. When he has been convicted and sentenced to death, and the ever-faithful consort of his earlier days has successfully interceded with the Governor (who happens conveniently to be an old lover) Nature again waxes dramatic. A storm lays low the wire that should carry news of the pardon, a wreck stops the special train, and the race with death develops an exciting finish. "The warden put his hand on the electric switch. There was a shout and a stir without, the thump of hurrying feet, and the butt of a guard's gun thundered against the door. The warden sprang forward. 'Stop! The Governor!' he heard faintly shouted through the deep-padded panels."

Mr. Dixon has, I am confident, tried honestly to write a readable novel. Being a preacher, he is not entirely to be blamed for his inability to divorce his story from an anti-socialistic tract, without which it would be very good reading of the blood and thunder variety.

Edward Clark Marsh.

THE SINGLE IDEA AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

ALTHOUGH singleness of purpose is not necessarily the be-all and the end-all of the successful novel, it is safe to say that few stories have obtained a genuine and lasting success which did not contain some simple, elemental idea capable of being summed up in a single, terse sentence. It is probable that no better advice could be given to the young writer of fiction than to warn him not to begin a book until he was quite sure that he had some definite, central motive, capable of being embodied within the brief space of a telegraphic blank. The big novels of the past, those that really deserve a permanent place on our shelves, can nearly all of them be summed up in a ten-word sentence; and this includes not merely problem novels, a class which in its essence propounds a definite, clear-cut problem, but also the big stories of adventure, the romantic novels of the Scott and Dumas type, even a book like *The Three Guardsmen,* con-

taining episode after episode and story within story, can after all in its simplest form be reduced to the ten-word limit: "How four heroes saved the Queen's honour and outwitted Richelieu." Of modern novelists the French in this respect are distinctly superior to the English and American writers. They confine themselves much more closely to the point at issue. Having selected their problem they try to reduce it to its simplest terms, to eliminate extraneous events and characters and make the case they are studying a typical rather than an exceptional case. The great trouble with a large proportion of our own writers is that in their search for novelty, in their desire to produce something original and startling and bizarre, they complicate and confuse the central theme until one is often left in doubt whether they themselves have a clear idea of just what they are trying to do.

Among the novels of the past month there are two or three which, without being especially remarkable, stand out among the others because they do show a certain definite attempt to develop the central theme logically and consistently. One of these is *The Millionaire's Son,* by Anna Robeson Brown. It is an attempt to show how an inherited instinct for money winning may hamper a man in the choice of his life's work. Paul Ellicott is an instance of reversion to type; the scholarly instinct of a long line of college bred ancestors—an instinct with which his father has no sympathy, has unexpectedly cropped out again in him. The father is a type of self-made man, absorbed in playing the game of life, in moving men like so many pawns on the huge checker board of the financial world; and his great ambition is that Paul shall follow in his steps, and in his turn take a hand at moulding the destinies of railroads, and banks, and corporations. But he knows that his own lack of culture has handicapped him in the struggle. And for this reason he determines that his son shall have in abundance the education which he himself missed. But when Paul's college days, supplemented by a year of two of post graduate work, are over, the time comes when his father expects him to settle down to serious work, and here the struggle begins. Paul suddenly finds that he is at war with himself. On the one hand he has inherited from his father a keen knowledge of men, a clear head for business ventures, a love for the feverish excitement of playing the big game for its own sake. On the other hand, he has the scholar's love of knowledge and research, and he finds himself slipping away from the office at the earliest possible minute, even in the midst of a financial crisis, to gain an extra hour over his books. The turning-point in the story is rather ingeniously worked up. There is a thriving young University in the city where the Ellicotts live, and it suddenly attracts attention by the announcement of a new and munificent scholarship, the founder of which is to remain anonymous until the ensuing commencement day. When commencement arrives, great consternation is caused by the discovery that the millionaire's son is the successful competitor for this scholarship, which is the secret gift of the millionaire himself. The unexpected coincidence, looking as it does very much like a preconcerted arrangement, robs the old man's gift of much of that halo of glory which he had expected to gain from it, and incidentally causes a lasting breach between himself and his son. It serves the purpose, however, of proving to the latter that his true path in life lies in the direction of letters, rather than the stock exchange.

The Law of Life, by Anna McClure Sholl, is another instance of a book written with a pretty clear conception of what the author wanted to do. The theme is not a novel one; it deals with the old

"The Millionaire's Son." By Anna Robeson Brown. Boston: Messrs. Dana, Estes & Co.

"The Law of Life." By Anna McClure Sholl. New York: Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"The Silver Poppy." By Arthur Stringer. New York: Messrs. D. Appleton & Co.

"A Doctor of Philosophy." By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

"Eleanor Dayton." By Nathaniel Stephenson. New York: John Lane.

"Monsigny." By Justus Miles Forman. New York: Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"The Fortunes of Fifi." By Molly Elliot Seawell. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

"An April Princess." By Constance Smedley. New York: Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co.

"A Parish of Two." By Henry Goelet McVickar and Percy Collins. Boston: The D. Lothrop Publishing Co.

problem of what will happen where youth weds old age, mistaking sympathy and gratitude for love. There is, however, a commendable novelty about the stage setting—a thriving Western university which has just secured a new and energetic president, one it is hinted for whom they outbid even Yale itself. Barbara Dare is a member of the Freshman class—for the University is co-educational—and she is the ward of old Dr. Penfold, the most absent-minded professor on the faculty. An orphan from childhood, Barbara knows little of the fundamental facts of life. Marriage to her means simply a wider opportunity to be useful to the old professor, to take his dictation, and copy his manuscript for him. So at the close of her Freshman year she becomes his wife. It is only afterwards that the woman in her awakens, and a younger man, Dr. Penfold's assistant, brings her to an understanding of what love really means. It is at this point in the book that the author shows a lack of courage. Barbara and Waring have drifted to a point at which in real life there would be no turning back, nor would there have been in the book without the intervention of a third person, and the manner in which this is managed is by no means convincing. Granting, however, that the two are to be saved in spite of themselves, the manner in which they finally separate is worked out with considerable dramatic strength. The question whether a certain notorious millionaire shall become one of the trustees of the University shakes that institution almost to its foundation. Waring is most bitter in his opposition to the new trustee, and after the latter's appointment he continues to fight a losing battle with the full approval of Barbara, although they both know that the inevitable outcome will be a request for Waring's resignation, which will effect a permanent separation between them.

A clever story with a rather unfortunate title is *The Silver Poppy*, by Arthur Stringer. It introduces us at the outset into certain phases of New York's literary and artistic Bohemia; and readers who are familiar with this side of metropolitan life will no doubt amuse themselves with attempts to identify more than one of Mr. Stringer's characters. The hero is a young Englishman, a stranger in the city, and at a literary gathering in a fashionable studio he meets the woman who is destined almost to wreck his life. Her first introduction into the story is distinctly dramatic. Long after the details of the scene have faded, one still retains the impression of a sinuous figure, clad in clinging folds of yellow silk and of the strange and curiously thrilling tones of a soft, Southern voice. And throughout the book one is not allowed to escape from the memory of that clinging silken robe, the echo of that voice, with all the unspoken and unspeakable thoughts that it suggested, a haunting suggestion of a beauty that had, nevertheless, something malignant about it, like a poisonous flower. This woman is reputed to be a famous author; she has the credit of having written the novel of the hour, *The Silver Poppy*. It is an open secret that she is engaged upon still another story, and she promptly fastens upon the young Englishman and flatters his vanity by interesting herself in his work, and by soliciting his advice regarding her own. Almost before he knows it, the young Englishman is fast in her toils. That her new book is worthless he sees at a glance, but the underlying idea is good, and soon he finds himself collaborating with her, concentrating his attention upon the task of revising the book, giving himself up to it body and soul and making it his own by the splendid transformation which turns it into a work of genius. And in the end the woman, like the soft, treacherous, yellow vampire that she is, after draining the very life blood of his genius, appropriates the whole fruit of his labour to her own greater glory, bringing it out in her own name, just as she previously did in the case of her earlier victim's work, *The Silver Poppy*.

An excellent example of a good idea spoiled in the development, apparently because the author was not quite sure of what he was trying to do, is Cyrus Townsend Brady's latest volume, *A Doctor of Philosophy*. It would seem as though Mr. Brady had begun by mulling over the question whether our attitude toward the colour line is a matter of education or of inherited prejudice, and he ended by evolving this specific case. Take a young man and a young girl, each to all outward appearance of pure Anglo-Saxon blood. The man, however, is just one-sixteenth negro, and he knows it; he has always

known it. He has grown up in conscious acceptance of the fact that his interests and his life work are allied with the negro race. The girl also is one-sixteenth negro; her mother was an octoroon, but the fact has been carefully concealed from her and from the world at large. She has grown up to all intents and purposes a white girl, with all the advantages that money and social position can give her. Now the question is, if the truth is suddenly revealed to her after she has reached womanhood, can she throw aside her life-long prejudices, frankly recognise herself as belonging to the coloured race, and be happy in a union with a man in whose veins there is precisely the same taint as in her own. This problem, although palpably artificial in its construction, might have been interestingly worked out, but Mr. Brady has introduced so many complications and side issues that the central idea has been almost lost sight of. He has amused himself through several chapters by satirising the conservatism and the self-complacency of the more exclusive circles of Philadelphia society. He has represented his heroine as the daughter of a millionaire, a man who could easily buy up all of Philadelphia's aristocracy if he so chose, but who has failed to win recognition from them because he happens to reside too far north of Chestnut Street. The girl, however, has sufficient beauty and charm to win her way inside of this exclusive circle, and she is on the point of marrying into one of the oldest and proudest families of them all when the revelation of her origin forces her in honour to break the engagement. It is at this point in the story that the girl, in order to put a permanent barrier between herself and the man she loves, and also to force herself to recognise her own inferiority, marries the coloured man. Her subsequent desperate act when she finds her married life unendurable Mr. Brady would have us believe was wholly due to racial antipathy, but he has so obscured the issue that the reader cannot help feeling that it was in part the revulsion of feeling not unnatural to a woman who has recklessly married one man, whatever his colour, while her heart belonged to another.

Nathaniel Stephenson is a writer who in the past has shown himself capable of singling out a clear-cut theme and following it logically to the end. In this respect *The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton* was an excellent piece of work, and deserved a good deal more attention than it received. And that is why Mr. Stephenson's new story, *Eleanor Dayton,* comes as such a distinct disappointment. The scene opens in Paris, the Paris of the Second Empire. The elite of the city are flocking to a fashionable studio, the studio of Saint Antoine, who has just completed a portrait of a beautiful American girl, the Eleanor Dayton of the title. The portrait is a rather remarkable one. It is not merely the picture of a beautiful woman, but the artist by subtle intuition has infused into it a half-veiled expression of mature knowledge and suffering which causes comment and arrests the attention of no less a personage than the Emperor himself. Desirous of judging for himself whether the artist has produced a faithful portrait, Napoleon summons the young girl before him in order to compare her with the picture. "Mademoiselle," he tells her, finally, "let me say that I have proved Saint Antoine to be a romancer. You have much to suffer before you look like that portrait." But as he says these words there comes over the girl's face a subtle change. "As if the Emperor's words had touched some hidden spring that released her emotions," and gives Saint Antoine courage to whisper, "Sire, am I not justified of my creation?" The fact is that Eleanor is standing upon the brink of a tragedy, and the greater part of the volume is taken up with retrospective chapters, explaining the events which led up to the final crisis. If Mr. Stephenson had any definite purpose in writing the story beyond that of producing a readable story, the present reviewer failed to discover it. In fairness, however, it must be acknowledged that the book is readable, and the chapters have a way of stopping short at crucial moments—a trick that ought to have made it eminently successful for serial purposes.

There are just a few writers who have a peculiar lightness of touch that enables them to take their materials from moonlight and rainbows and gossamer webs and weave them into light and airy little tales that seem full of blue sky and the song of birds and the perfume of spring.

It is not so much legitimate art as it is a trick of style, a special mood, a deliberate affectation. Henry Harland is an adept at just this sort of thing, and Justus Miles Forman is proving himself one of Mr. Harland's faithful disciples. If not taken too seriously there is a good deal of charm about *Monsigny* with its Old World atmosphere of formal gardens and venerable châteaux with larks singing overhead and a scent of roses everywhere. It is just the setting for an idyllic love story and the two young lovers are so frankly open-hearted and so genuinely convinced that they are the first people in the world who ever loved quite so fondly or ever exchanged the same world old pledges that the whole effect is rather refreshing. One cannot expect much of a plot in such a light-hearted little tale, but Mr. Forman has introduced a serpent into his Eden in the form of a woman with a heterogeneous past as well as a rather complicated present. This woman has a mysterious hold upon the young lover, who once in the past had offered her his life's devotion, and while she herself intends to marry another man she cannot bear to see her first victim escape from his bondage. For a few pages matters look very black indeed, but the clouds soon pass over and on the closing page the roses are blooming, the larks singing as blithely as ever, and the young lovers oblivious to the existence of the rest of the world.

France is also the scene of an unpretentious little story by Molly Elliot Seawell, *The Fortunes of Fifi*—this time the France of the First Empire. It concerns more or less directly the fortunes of an obscure little playhouse with the pretentious name of the Imperial Theatre, a house which would never have risen above mediocrity if the Emperor himself had not chanced one night to pass through the narrow Rue du Chat Noir and recognised in the person of Cartouche, actor, stage manager, and theatrical jack-of-all-trades, one of his former grenadiers. Now Cartouche was self-appointed guardian of Mademoiselle Fifi, the theatre's leading lady. He had picked her up years before in the market-place of Mantua, a desolate child who did not understand that the mother she was vainly trying to awaken was dead. He had guarded her against the world ever since, often going hungry and cold that Fifi might he well fed and warmly clad. It had never occurred to him that he, Cartouche, stiff of knee, old, and weather-beaten, was capable of rousing a responsive interest in the heart of the capricious Mademoiselle Fifi. And as a matter of fact this was just what had happened. But on this red-letter night in the history of the Imperial Theatre, when the Emperor's presence threw the whole company into an agreeable flutter, Fifi unfortunately awakened his Imperial interest to such an extent that his subsequent investigations proved her to be a near relative of the Pope; while close upon this discovery came Fifi's second stroke of fortune, a lottery ticket that drew the first prize amounting to a hundred thousand francs. If an obscure little actress in the Rue du Chat Noir had seemed beyond Carthouche's reach, an heiress who was also niece of the Pope might well fill the old grenadier with despair. Mademoiselle Fifi, however, was a young woman who knew what she wanted, and the means which she took to rid herself of a troublesome fortune and obnoxious relatives makes an amusing story, lightly told.

There seems to be a passing fad just now for books that dispense with the use of name and surname, and affix to the different characters such apposite and euphonious labels as the Only Girl, the Handsome Man, or the Cheerful Idiot. It is only a few weeks since we had a book of this type in which the hero and heroine were respectively designated as The Little Teacher and The Man With the Wooden Face, and under these names they survived through more than three hundred pages, in fact we are left with a suspicion that these were the names under which they were finally married. Another volume of the same type, although written with a much lighter touch, is *An April Princess,* by Constance Smedley. A glance over the Table of Contents shows that the Princess of the title has in her train an extensive staff of devoted followers, including a Poet, an Artist, a Mountebank, a Free Lance, a False Prince, and a Quiet Man. It is a transparent little story, because one can scarcely go half way through the second chapter without feeling morally certain that in the struggle for the hand of the Prin-

cess it would be safe to stake heavy odds upon the Quiet Man, in spite of the fact that the latter is just starting for a prolonged stay in Uganda. It is for the very reason that he is going away that the Princess feels that they can safely say anything they please to each other.

"With reservations," said the Quiet Man.

"With no reservations," said the Princess, firmly.

"I shall never see you again, so I shall say everything that comes into my head, even the silly-billy things like 'What a nice straight nose you have!'" It is probably because so many of the things that they say to each other on this last day are merely "silly-billy things" that the Quiet Man finds that he cannot forget her even in distant Uganda, and the Princess finds that the united efforts of the Free Lance and the Mountebank and the False Prince and all the rest cannot drive out the memory of the Quiet Man. And when he finally does come home she discovers all of a sudden that he is no longer merely the Quiet Man, but the King in whose favour she is quite ready to abdicate. Frankly, the book is somewhat too long drawn out, and in places it is rather a "silly-billy" book, to borrow the author's own words. But it would do no great harm if there were more books of the same sort.

In spite of the fact that there is something rather insufferable about the whole class of epistolary novels, *A Parish of Two* offers upon closer inspection a certain refreshing novelty. Stories written in collaboration usually afford room for speculation as to what share each of the joint authors has had in their production, but in the present case the question is answered on the title page, one of the authors, Mr. H. G. McVickar, being responsible for one-half the letters, and Mr. "Percy Collins" (the Reverend Price Collier) for those written in reply. Of the two men who are supposed to carry on this correspondence one is a hopeless cripple, writing from the circumscribed outlook of a New England home, the other roams restlessly from New York to Florida, vainly seeking distraction for a disappointed life. The letters in themselves are bright, and entertaining, ranging from Pliny and Heine and Amiel's Diary to discussions of marital morality, and sparkling with epigrams such as "traditions are parasites that sap progress," "a hansom cab is a sedan chair on wheels," and "loneliness is a sense of nakedness with this difference, that when naked you attract the attention of others, and when lonely you attract none." One is lured into reading the book fully one-third through before discovering that the letters in their leisurely, desultory way, are telling a story. The restless man, the one who wanders vainly from New York to Florida in search of some distraction from the memory of an unhappy marriage, finally meets a woman who interests him largely because she too is unhappy, tied to a husband who seems to spend his life in ingenious efforts to humiliate her and make her wretched. The story of this woman, of what she is, and what he thinks she is, all goes into the letters that he writes to the crippled friend, sitting in his wheeled chair in West Braintree Mass And the crippled friend in turn opens his heart. He too loves a woman who is unhappily married and whose husband is much the same sort of a man that his friend has so graphically described in his letters. There are some plots which are so manifestly the outcome of a logical sequence of events that a fore-knowledge of the end does not detract from the reader's enjoyment; there are others which owe their chief enjoyment to the element of surprise that they involve, and in books of this class it is eminently unfair to reveal too much in advance. The connection which exists between the two women who form respectively the chief subject of the two correspondents in this volume of letters is a well-kept secret up to the close of the book, and it is one which the reader should be left to discover at his leisure.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE THREADBARE THEME

'Tis Love they've fluted, luted, sung;
'Tis unto Love they've crept and clung;
And e'er round Love new garlands hung.

'Tis Love, Love, Love, the livelong day,
Until it seems quite thumbed away,
The old, worn string whereon they play.

Some long ago are dead and cold,
Earth, sun, and stars, are growing old,
But still the tale is far from told.

Nor shall it e'er be told, in truth,
While April knows not Autumn's ruth,
While Youth looks in the eyes of Youth.

Nor shall the string once hang outworn,
Since Life itself of Love is born,
And as Life wanes, must sing its morn.

Arthur Stringer.

FRIENDS

PETER and Dirk had always been quarrelsome friends—as boys building make-believe dykes in the old country of Holland—as pig-headed youths courting two girls of one family and each determined to get the girl the other loved best—as puzzled bridegrooms voyaging across the sea to wrestle home and fortune from America—and, lastly, they remained quarrelsome friends when they took up their permanent abiding place in the little Dutch hamlet of Vonstradam on the South Shore of Long Island.

They hired a house together with a flower garden in front and a vegetable garden of exquisite neatness in the rear, while flowers and vegetables held gossipy growing matches all day long at the edge of the side fences. But Peter's vegetables bore better than Dirk's; while Mrs. Dirk's flowers blossomed with more gorgeous triumph of coloring than Mrs. Peter's; so here at the beginning was something to quarrel about. Then, as if that were not enough, Peter and Dirk borrowed money together with which to buy a cat-boat; and then, day after day, they went sailing out of the harbor to the oyster beds and to long, wrangling hours during which each worked with all his might for the little wife of his own, for his own half of the house and garden in Vonstradam.

How it came about, neither could have told, but the subject upon which they had never quarreled in words, the subject for dispute which cut deepest into their two hearts, came to be out-spoken one day at the end of the hard labouring, when the

deck of their boat was piled high with oysters, when the tongs lay, with gleaming jaws closed, stretched like long, lean hands upon the deck; and Peter stood at the tiller pointing the nose of the boat homeward.

"It was Minnie, my wife, that you wanted," cried Peter, turning to look fiercely at Dirk, who sat with his legs crossed under him just back of the tiller.

Dirk sighed. He was tired and the lulling sound of the waters made him unusually averse to quarreling. His failure to retort, to deny, made the veins swell in Peter's neck and the blood rush hotly to his forehead. The man rose from his crouching position and left the management of the tiller to his legs in order that he might swing his arms and fists in the emphatic, harmless way most familiar to his brother-in-law.

"I tell you, it was Minnie, my wife, that you wanted!" Peter roared.

The waves lapped against the side of the boat with little splashes of alarm; then fell into a rhythm of gurgling laughter, for how often had they heard Dirk and Peter quarrel! Dirk caressed his knees with his hands and looked over the waters to where Vonstradam Point thrust its long arm into the Bay. Beyond the Point, waited the litt harbour, the bending road, the narrow lane, his wife and Peter's. Peter's voice rose once again; hoarse, loud, and exasperated—as deep as the sound of the waves beneath the lashing of the storm.

"Minnie—*my* wife—*you* wanted!"

Dirk looked up and grinned. His cloak of silence, which might have come to be the cloak of peace to-day, fell from him; and lo! the devil of rash taunting spoke jeeringly from between his lips:

"Say, rather, it was my wife you wanted and your wife who still wants me."

Suddenly, ashamed of his own words, Dirk arose as he spoke, as if to get away from himself, and balanced his figure with unconscious grace where he stood in the stern. Peter, burly and thick-set, noted the other's lithe form, the strong, graceful poise of his head and shoulders. There came a low, muttered curse from Peter, then the tiller moved with an unusual sound; but Dirk did not turn. Instead, he looked over the water to the bending, blue Point of Vonstradam, over the waters to the homestead-dotted shores of Long Island; then over the waters to where the sun was making a glory of all the western sky. Some new, half sweet, half painful sensation was struggling in his heart. He did not know what to call it, but it made him wish to turn to Peter and say:

"This is no time for quarreling. I'm sorry. Let's quit."

But before any new words could check the fierce current of the old, Peter stood directly behind him, calling out:

"Say my wife's name again!"

Dirk turned, half smiling, half ashamed of his shame, and beheld Peter standing above him, the tiller raised in both his hands, Peter's face, the face of a man gone mad with fury.

"Peter!" called Dirk and that was all. Before Peter realised the remorse, the pleading, the great love in that cry, the tiller had crashed down upon Dirk's head; there was the sickening sweep of a body across the deck; the waters opened their great, noisy jaws; and no one was left on the boat save Peter.

The boat drifted this way, then that; until mechanically, Peter put the tiller back into its place and pointed once more for the shores of Vonstradam. In his ears still sounded the splash of the waters over Dirk's body, and, strangely enough, there mingled with this sound the echo of the two wives singing on the door steps at home. Yet Peter did not turn his head toward the spot where the waters had splashed. Instead he gazed up at the sail and, with a dry, stifling sob, noticed that the wind had begun to fill the canvas.

On sailed Peter. Far ahead, were the boats of the other Baymen; over against the Beach hills, here and there a white sail drifted along, like a bird slowly skimming homeward.

"No one could have seen," muttered Peter. Then with a great shudder: "Nor heard. Good God, how he cried!"

The little clock in the cabin was ticking hours, not seconds, now; the light on the sea did not fade but grew more and more like the light of high-noon; so Peter could not have told how long he sailed before his eyes fell upon a pair of wet and grasping hands, and then upon Dirk's face staring at him from over the gunwale. The face was white save for the blue stain across its clean-cut lips,

the hair clinging wet upon the forehead, the eyes were wide with the strain of exertion, and hauntingly beautiful with the sense of death and danger passed.

"Peter, my brother," the opening lips called, as a voice calls back from the dead. "Let me aboard. I was foolin'."

With the sound of Dirk's speaking, Peter's fear passed away, and a rage such as made all his other furies like play, seized hold of the man. He dropped the tiller and went leaping down into the cabin. A moment later, he was back, an axe in his hands. Now the ghastly face was hidden, the head hanging helplessly downward, while upon the gunwale nothing was left but the fingers of Dirk's two hands, gripping, gripping, yet slipping painfully. Peter lifted the axe with never a turn of his head and brought down the blade—once, twice, three times. There are many ways of paying old debts.

The eight fingers rolled along the deck. Peter took them up one by one and threw them overboard.

The water received them with little spasms of laughter. How often before had they watched Dirk and Peter quarrel!

The wives were gossiping happily across the invisible dividing line of their flower gardens—they never quarreled except in support of their respective husbands—when Peter came trudging, with slow, reluctant steps, into the yard.

"Where is Dirk?" both women asked at once, repeating the question which had followed Peter through the harbour and up the lane—the question which meant: "Where is Dirk? How does it happen that you two friends are not together, quarreling?"

"Where is Dirk?" repeated Dirk's wife.

Peter could not meet her eyes. He leaned against the limb of a stunted apple tree, for once forgetting whether the tree belonged in Dirk's half of the garden or in his.

"Dirk, he fell overboard. . . . I hunted and hunted. . . . He fell overboard. . . . I—I—."

Peter began to mutter senselessly and not a leaf on that wind-stirred tree trembled more than Peter trembled then.

"He fell overboard!" repeated the widowed one of the two sisters, half dazed. "He—my God! Did you hear what Peter said, Minnikin?"

Minnie looked at her blankly and with a great, benumbing grief in her eyes—a grief as great as that of the widow. Then, of a sudden, the two women were sobbing and shaking in each other's arms.

"I loved him," wailed the widow over and over again.

"I loved him!" cried Peter's wife. "God knows that I loved him!"

Peter, unnoticed by either of the women, stole into the house. It was Dirk's kitchen that he entered first, and then, on tip-toes, as if afraid to awaken the dead, Dirk's gaudy "front room." There Dirk's penciled features, crude but with great, life-like, haunting eyes, stared down from the wall at him; and there, all through the empty room, rang the cry of:

"Peter! My brother!"

Peter sat down on a stool opposite the picture and rested his head in his hands. His slow intelligence, already tortured almost to madness, was trying to grasp the full meaning of what had been said outside in the garden.

"She loved you," he whispered, his lips against his trembling palms. "My wife, she loved you. I thought you lied, but—she loved you." Then, at last, with a cry of complete comprehension, he started up:

"Dirk, *all these years,* she has loved you!"

He went reeling across the room, like a drunken man, shaking his clenched fists at the picture on the wall and roaring:

"You always did have the luck on your side, damn you! And now you've got the best of it again. . . . Coward! To go and let me kill you before I really knew. . . . Oh, if I only had the killing of you—*now!*"

He stood in front of the picture, panting, baffled, his face livid with impotent rage. Outside the window, he could hear the two women weeping together—weeping for the man whose penciled face hung on the wall.

The serene, penciled lips of Dirk's portrait made no murmur nor sound, but the great, soft, grey eyes looked full into Peter's and called out with maddening sweetness:

"Peter, my brother!"

Louise Forsslund.

A NOTE ON GUY DE MAUPASSANT

A student of the literature of our own time who has only recently completed his first half-century of life cannot help feeling suddenly aged and almost antiquated when he awakes to the fact that he has been privileged to see the completed literary career of two such accomplished craftsmen as Robert Louis Stevenson and Guy de Maupassant. In youth they were full of promise, and in maturity they were alike rich in performance; and at last the lives of both came to an end all too soon, when their powers were still growing, when their outlook on life was still broadening, and when they bid fair, both of them, to bring forth many another book riper and wiser than any they had already given us.

The points of contrast between the two men thus untimely taken away are as striking as the points of similarity. Both were artists ardently in love with the technic of their craft, delighting in their own skill, and ever on the alert to find new occasion for the display of their mastery of the methods of fiction. Stevenson was a Scotchman; and his pseudo-friend has told us that there was in him something of "the shorter catechist." Maupassant was a Norman, and he had never given a thought to the glorifying of God. The man who wrote in English found the theme of his minor masterpieces in the inevitable and inexorable conflict of which the battle-ground is the human heart. The man who wrote in French began by caring little or nothing for the heart or the soul or the mind, and by concentrating all his skill upon a record of the deeds of the human body. The one has left us *Markheim* and the *Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* while the other made his first bid for fame with "Boule de Suif."

In the preface of *Pierre et Jean,* Maupassant has recorded how he borrowed from Louis Bouilhet the belief that a single lyric, a scant hundred lines, would give immortality to a poet if only the work were fine enough, and that for the author who sought to escape oblivion there was only one course to pursue—to learn his trade thoroughly, to master every secret of the craft, to do his best always, in the hope that some fortunate day the Muse would reward his unfailing devotion. And from Flaubert, the author of that merciless masterpiece *Madame Bovary,* the young man learned the importance of individuality, of originality, of the personal note which should be all his own, and which should never suggest or recall any one else's. Flaubert was kindly and encouraging, but he was a desperately severe taskmaster. At Flaubert's dictation Maupassant gave up verse for prose; and for seven years he wrote incessantly and published nothing. The stories and tales and verses and dramas of those seven years of apprenticeship were ruthlessly criticised by the author of *Salambo,* and then they were destroyed unprinted. In all the long history of literature there is no record of any other author who served so severe a novitiate.

Douglas Jerrold once said of a certain British author who had begun to publish very young that "he had taken down the shutters before he had anything to put up in the shop window." From being transfixed by such a jibe Maupassant was preserved by Flaubert. When he was thirty he contributed that masterpiece of ironic humour, "Boule de Suif," to the *Soirées de Médan,* a volume of short stories put forth by the late Émile Zola, with the collaboration of a little group of his friends and followers. On this first appearance in the arena of letters Maupassant stepped at once to a front rank. That was in 1880, and in 1892 his mind gave way and he was taken to the asylum, where he soon died. In those twelve years he had published a dozen volumes of short-stories and half-a-dozen novels. Of the novel he might have made himself master in time; of the short-story he proved himself a master with the very earliest of all his tales.

It must be admitted at once that many of Maupassant's earlier short-stories have to do with the lower aspects of man's merely animal activity. Maupassant had an abundance of what the French themselves call "Gallic salt." His

humour was not squeamish; it delighted in dealing with themes that our Anglo-Saxon prudery prefers not to touch. But even at the beginning this liking of his for the sort of thing that we who speak English prefer to avoid in print never led him to put dirt where dirt was not a necessary element of his narrative. Dirty many of these tales were, no doubt; but many of them were perfectly clean. He never went out of his way to offend, as not a few of his compatriots seem to enjoy doing. He handled whatever subject he took with the same absolute understanding of its value, of the precise treatment best suited to it. If it was a dirty theme he had chosen—and he had no prejudice against such a theme—he did whatever was needful to get the most out of his subject. If it was not a dirty theme, then there was never any touch of the tar-brush. Whenever the subject itself was inoffensive his treatment was also immaculate. There is never any difficulty in making a choice out of his hundred or two brief tales; and it is easy to pick out a dozen or a score of his short-stories needing absolutely no expurgation, because they are wholly free from any phrase or any suggestion likely to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of innocence. In matters of taste, as we Anglo-Saxons regard them, Maupassant was a man without prejudices. But he was a man also of immitigable veracity in his dealing with the material of his art, in his handling of life itself. He told the truth as it was given to him to see the truth; not the whole truth, of course, for it is given to no man to see that. His artistic standard was lofty and he did his best not to lie about life. And in some ways this veracity of his may be accepted, if not as an equivalent for morality, at least as a not wholly unworthy substitute.

The most of Maupassant's earlier tales were not a little hard and stern and unsympathetic; and here again Maupassant was the disciple of Flaubert. His manner was not only unemotional at first, it was icily impassive. These first stories of his were cold and they were contemptuous;—at least, they made the reader feel that the author heartily despised the pitiable and pitiful creatures he was depicting. They dealt mainly by the externals of life,—with outward actions; and their internal motives not always adequately implied. But in time the mind came to interest Maupassant as much as the body. In the beginning he seems to have been interested solely in what his characters did, and he did not care to tell us what they felt and what they thought; probably he did not know himself and did not try to know.

The inquirers who should read his stories in the strict sequence of their production could not fail to be struck with the first awakening of his curiosity about human feeling; and they might easily trace the steady growth of his interest in psychologic states. Telling us at first bluntly and barely what his characters did, he came in time to find his chief pleasure in suggesting to us not only what they felt, but especially what they vaguely feared. Toward the end of his brief career the thought of death and the dread of mental disease seemed to possess him more and more with a haunting horror that kept recurring with a pathetic persistence. He developed a fondness for the morbid and the abnormal; and this is revealed in "Le Horla," the appalling story in which he took for his own Fitzjames O'Brien's uncanny monster, invisible and yet tangible. In the hands of the clever Irish-American this tale had been gruesome enough; but the Frenchman was able to give it an added touch of terror by making the unfortunate victim discover that the creature he feared had a stronger will than his own and that he was being hypnotised to his doom by a being whom he could not see, but whose presence he could feel. There is more than one of these later tales in which we seem to perceive the premonition of the madness which came upon Maupassant before his death.

In every work of art there are at least four elements, which we may separate if we wish to consider each of them in turn. First of all, there is the technic of the author, his craftsmanship, his mastery of the tools of his trade; and by almost universal consent Maupassant is held to be one of the master craftsmen of the short-story. Second, there is the amount of observation of life which the author reveals; and here again Maupassant takes rank among the leaders, although the sphere in which he observed

had its marked limitations and its obvious exclusions. Thirdly, there is the underlying and informing imagination which invents and relates and sustains; and there is no disputing the vigour of Maupassant's imagination, although it was not lofty and although it lacked variety. Finally, there is always to be taken into account what one may term the author's philosophy of life, his attitude toward the common problems of humanity; and here it is that Maupassant is most lacking,—for his opinions are negligible and his attempts at intellectual speculation are of slight value.

Technic can be acquired; and Maupassant had studied at the feet of that master technician Flaubert. Observation can be trained; and Maupassant had deliberately developed his power of vision. Imagination may be stimulated by constant endeavour to a higher achievement; and Maupassant's ambitions were ever tending upward. Philosophy, however, is dependent upon the sum total of a man's faculties, upon his training, upon his temperament, upon the essential elements of his character; and Maupassant was not a sound thinker, and his attitude toward life is not that by which he can best withstand the adverse criticism of posterity. Primarily, he was not a thinker any more than Hugo was a thinker, or Dickens. He was only an artist—an artist in fiction; and an artist is not called upon to be a thinker, although the supreme artists seem nearly all of them to have been men of real intellectual force.

Brander Matthews.

THE NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM

IF our colleges were what they should be, and if our newspapers were what they should be, there might be then no need of a School of Journalism. As things are, there is a place for the Joseph Pulitzer Foundation at Columbia University, and the best evidence thereof is the attitude of the educator on the one hand and the journalist on the other toward this enterprise. The newspapers have been on the whole very courteous in comment on Mr. Pulitzer's gift, but also very empty of suggestions for its application. They do not see what a college can teach journalism. The professors and presidents have been very polite also, and also very barren of ideas. They can't see what further their colleges can do.

If the Pulitzer School shall instil a little more humility into both these professions, it will have been worth the million dollars Mr. Pulitzer has laid down in cash. And if in its operation it substitutes for this self-satisfaction, some dynamic unhappiness it will have justified the second million which the editor of the *New York World* promises. His spirit is the right spirit. Mr. Pulitzer is a self-made journalist, and he founded his newspaper fortune in yellow journalism, the yellowest known in his day. But he has grown and he has learned. He has improved the *New York World* till now it is almost as accurate and more truthful than many a "better paper," and, in editorial expression, free, sane, simple, forcible, and earnest. But Mr. Pulitzer knows he never succeeded in making "the" paper for the masses; he knows his yellow journalists never knew what yellow journalism might be; and he knows that nobody he can get knows how to make the newspaper he can now imagine. He must know this since he has run a life career throughout the business, has "succeeded" so far that he can give away two millions of dollars and yet, standing, many of his contemporaries say, at the head of his profession, he gives this money into the hands of others, men with the learning he did not have, men of the kind that have found fault with his journalism and them he asks to do what he could not do; teach journalism and, perhaps, make journalists. "Make journalism a profession" is his phrase.

A business it is, and business it must always be. All this talk we hear of a subsidised newspaper is essentially wrong. The idealists, even more than the money-makers, should insist that the

good newspaper be so made that it will pay; since it is not the paper but the readers they are after and the profits are the proof of the reading. But a business man cannot make a great newspaper. That takes an editor, a man, a personality; all the best paying papers have either been produced by an editor or have produced one. Journalism, a business, is a profession too, like law and medicine, and just as the best lawyer or the best physician, in the long run, makes the best collections, so the best journalist gets in the end the best "ads." The "newspaper man" with one eye on the circulation and the other on the ads., does not see how his trade can be elevated into a profession, and he scoffs and sneers, like the business man at the college graduate, like the old doctors at all the first schools. And they challenge, these apprentices, this veteran, who does not see how himself. His correspondence contains no plan for his school. He knows only that he does not know; but, bowed by the failure perceived from the vantage point of success, he thinks others may know. The veteran is a humble journalist.

And he may well be humble. The commodity of journalism is all knowledge and all wisdom and the market is all ignorance and all folly. The world is full of these things, full of knowledge and full of ignorance too, and ignorance is curious. The business of journalism is to sell in the form of books, periodicals or newspapers, all the world's knowledge to all the world's ignorance. "All," I say, and this is no "literary" statement of an "academic" idea. It is a "journalistic" observation made in the day's work at the news desk of a daily newspaper. There is no knowledge that is not general which cannot be printed as news if it can be put into "news form." And this phrase is only a technical expression of the requirement that the information be offered in a shape comprehensible to "all the world's ignorance." In other words, the news editor has to have the new facts presented in their relation to the old facts, the news in its bearing on what his readers already know. He can sell a scientific fact just as well as he can a fact of local politics, but he usually will give politics "preferred position" because both his reporters and his readers will be more interested in it; and they are more interested because they have the history of politics in mind and will see just how the new alters the old. The reporter will write it intelligently and the reader will read it intelligently. If the news editor could have a scientific discovery stated as well, then, if it is really as significant, he can "hit it up" as just as "big news." The scientific report of Darwin's theory of acquired variations was news only to the scientific world; the statement that man may have been evolved from the ape was news to the great world.

The lack of journalism is the lack of understanding. The editors cannot know all things, nor the reporter, nor the scientist. None of these is seeking knowledge. All alike are "after the news," and the keenest on the scent is the ordinary scientist. He is the most absorbed and of the least understanding. He does not pursue his researches with a sense of the bearing of his hypothesis on our knowledge or even upon his own philosophy of life. He is doing the world's work like all the rest of us, each in his separate sphere, and is elated at the discovery of a new variety of his particular plant. That is news in his world. To the world where the stars shine, it may be no more news than the discovery that the Bowery lodging houses are filling up with bums. If the bums turn a Republican majority into a Democratic majority and if this may carry New York and decide a Presidential election, it is news that may interest the botanist. And if the botanist's new variety should complete a chain and show the genesis of animal life from plant life, then his discovery, if reported as intelligently as the reporter would report the discovery of the bums, would be offered as news in the lodging houses and it might interest the bums.

One great difficulty in journalism, one reason why it is thrown back upon crime, scandal, and gossip, is that the scientist cannot report his own results. Sought in the abstract, they are seized in the abstract and the abstraction is passed on in the dead slang of science. Now and then a mind comes along, takes the materials piled up by the day labourers of science, perceives the possibilities in them, prosecutes an intelligent search for the missing

links, then conceives the whole and "builds him a structure brave." Since he is an intelligent being, he probably speaks a living language and tells the world what has been going on in the laboratories. This is understanding. Also it is journalism. The news may go out in book form, but book-making to-day is largely journalism, and books are a rich source of newspaper news. Think of the "news" in the books, old and new, which the newspapers could get out if their reviewers had understanding!

For the understanding I am talking about is that which understands not only what is known but what is not known. The editor cannot, he does not have to know everything. He needs only to understand, and to know what he and we do not know. That is part of what used to be called culture till the uncultivated got hold of the word and emptied it of its contents. The editor, whether of a book publishing house, a magazine, or a newspaper, should be in touch with the men who know, but he must not, like them, draw back from those who do not know. He has to have human sympathy. The pupil of the learned, he is the teacher of the ignorant.

The objection to the school of journalism that it will have to prepare such men, not specialists, but men of broad culture, and that that is what the universities are supposed to do, is sound enough as far as it goes. But that is my point. Perhaps the Pulitzer School will do what the universities are supposed to do. Having a special purpose, and that purpose as broad as life, may be it will teach what it teaches in its relation to life. May be it will teach what it teaches, and teach men to tell it.

There is the niche for the School of Journalism: knowledge so understood by men so intelligent that they can tell it so that all men may read as they run. Let the students of journalism learn—what you please; there is a choice, but no matter. The point is, having learned, let them write it, write it, write it. They cannot write without understanding it, so writing is not the one thing to learn. That will come, or not, with the trying. But having the habit of seeing and learning, they can go, such students, where they will—to the North Pole, into business, into politics, into literature, into journalism; they will be journalists all. They will be able to tell what they know.

Teach Latin and Greek in the School of Journalism. Teach them for the great "stories" in those languages, but also to teach the future reporter to tell these great stories and deliver these great orations in good English. They can't do that without conning correctly and feeling truly the classics, and that will teach them, as it teaches the educated Englishman, English.

Teach philosophy. Teach it for its own sake, for the sake of the great news assignments its ultimate queries contain for man, for the relationship which it develops of knowledge to knowledge and of knowledge to life. But tell the student how the best paid editorial writer in New York is selling his penny paper to thousands on thousands of men, some with brokers' orders in their pockets, some with dinner pails in their hands, by simply writing simply the ideas of the metaphysicians. Journalism has run mad (like science and like art) after facts, and my penny journalist almost alone is selling ideas. The college bred editor has so far lost his humanity that he forgets the intellectual pleasure he had when as a junior he saw the whole world as Hegel saw it. Schopenhauer speaks bitterly of the unsatisfied "metaphysicial needs of the human mind." Christian Scientists are building marble churches and Dowie is founding a city upon the recognition and satisfaction of this demand of the ignorant. The supply is bad and my metaphysician-journalist may offer bad philosophy, but he can write it and why should not some other think sound thought and write that as simply for the journals, yellow and pink. The world wonders, like a child, at the world and the sophisticated keep back its secrets. By all means teach metaphysics and philosophy in the School of Journalism, but teach it so that Hegel will not have become old before he was news.

Teach literature; not only for the English of it, but also that the journalist may be able to see that a murder is not merely a sensation but a tragedy; so that the yellow journalist who means well, will not begin his crime news with the announcement that "Patrick Healey shot and killed Mary Healey, his wife, in their apartment on the fifth floor of the tene-

ment at No. 7032 Ridge Street, to-day," but at the beginning of their story, "how Patrick Healey met Mary McCormick on the emigrant ship seven years ago." If we can't have science and must have crime, let us have the human story, not as Shakespeare gave Othello's, but with some sense of the growth of love through jealousy into hate and despair. There is some mighty good reporting in literature, and that I would see taught as reporting, not literature. Let us have more of the mere telling, less of the literature; if the young writers would learn to report, the literature might be left to the Lord. My experience of the college graduates on newspapers was that they were so full of inspiration from literature that they had no eye left for the inspiration of life, and thus, bent on the literary career, they missed both that and the news.

Teach English, of course, the spelling of it, the punctuation, the grammar, rhetoric, and etymology. But teach it, somehow, as it is not often taught in colleges now. Why not begin with the use of it? The fact first, cold and hard, but the student's very own, and simply stated in the student's own way; then the humour or the pity of it genuinely felt and imagined; then the idea, perceived and put true. Never mind the style. Like murder, that will out, if it is in the man. Hammer out of the student only clearness; the rest leave to him and the facts, and—to the brutal copy desk where "fine writers" are killed and only fine men who write escape.

Teach ethics, not alone the ethics of journalism. Teach ethics and teach it so that it will stick. The School of Journalism cannot make good men any more than it can make good journalists. You cannot teach sincerity and humour, but you can teach the poverty of cynicism and the meanness of lying and "faking," and you can make men who cannot be bad and be happy. Now we have editors who "roast" with a serene conscience public men who submit to "pulls," the while they and their own newspapers are "pulled" all to pieces. Tell the future journalist what his special temptations are going to be, how the advertiser, as well as the party leader, asks to have reading notices inserted and proper news suppressed—and tell him this so that, though he may surrender, his surrender will be with all the discomfort of guilty knowledge. In brief teach him special ethics with the special morals of his craft. This for himself. For his newspaper he will need, moreover, ethics, plain every-day ethics, and this also should be backed with morals; and so also he has need of the ethics of other professions and businesses, and their moral, which differ most surprisingly, those of the merchant from those of the politician, those of the promoter from those of the banker and the lawyer and the physician. The journalist has to understand other men, how they differ and how very like they are, and often he has to judge them. He could judge the harder for a sympathetic knowledge of their customs, temptations, and the atmosphere in which they live. The way to reach a politician is to reach his politics—the sins of his craft which he knows are sins.

Teach the sciences. Here is a great unexploited field for journalism and there is room in it (as the Sunday newspapers show) for specialisation almost as various as science itself. Suppose a man should study botany with the purpose of reporting it all his life. He would ground himself in this science as thoroughly as the man bent on original research; he would learn the "lingo," the methods, master the "literature," and open his mind to its lesser and greater queries. But if he were a student in the School of Journalism, he should be translating all he learned into English through a mind kept open to the interests of other men. Adding to accuracy imagination, he would spend a useful life (and make money) telling us plant "stories," their lives and habits; the pursuits and triumphs of the botanist and the philosophy of botany. If we had had such a man in chemistry, we should not have had to wait so long to find out what Professor and Madame Curie know about radium. Oh, I know I am asking for John Burroughs. But that is not asking too much. Why should not more of the half educated, wholely wholesome and beautiful men we all know, be such as he? Not so wonderful, yet true, gentle, understanding reporters.

Teach law, but teach it for a man's use, not a lawyer's, so that the reporter can report trials and interpret opinions cor-

rectly and intelligently, and so that editors, secure in the ethics of the profession and in the principles and traditions of the law, may feel safe in holding the bench and bar up to their duty. We need right now a man who can call the courts back to their duty, but who but a lawyer can do it with authority? and how many lawyers can do it with plain, human force?

Teach history, but teach it with an eye on to-day, and teach the history of to-day with an eye on the history of the past. Give special courses on the history of the East and the Far East for correspondents and editorial writers. And why should not students ambitious to become correspondents have the rudiments of war; the history of diplomacy; international law, etc., etc.? I remember well the time when I wished that my college course had included finance in its relation to Wall Street and the Treasury Department, to railroads in operation, and trusts in their upbuilding. But I can remember many courses which I wish I had known when I took them were good not in themselves alone.

Any university has the beginnings of a School of Journalism. A professor of journalism who was man enough to judge by the instructor as well as the subject could probably designate several courses fit for the future journalist to take. So he might find others which, unintelligently taught, but necessary, might be supplemented by the professor of journalism himself; he to point out the human significance of the subject-matter of the course. Add to these courses in subjects like geography, practical politics, the ethics of journalism, modern industrial problems (like labour studied by a man in the field and taught for field work)—these, if all made writing courses, would come pretty near rounding out the school for general purposes. But this scheme would not furnish what is very much needed, courses, possibly post-graduate, for what is sure to come, the specialist in journalism of whom I have spoken. The business in nearly all its branches, books, magazines, and journals is in need of trained historians, geographers, economists, experts in finance, and politics—and government—who can write. And there is dire need of writers who know the arts, music, painting, and literature; and can interpret the works thereof. The United States with all its book reviewers, has not one such critic of literature as Russia has two or three of, a guide to both writer and reader.

Something has been said about teaching the business and mechanism of newspapers. This is not very important. It is not true that we all learn it all in the course of business. The newspaper man in a small place may "pick up" knowledge of all branches of the business, but he does not do it in the great cities. It might be worth while to run a newspaper in connection with the school, and it might be well worth while if it printed, besides the gossip of the campus, the news of the colleges; if it reported the laboratories as well as the training table. But one very serious service of the School of Journalism might be rendered by a study of journalism. A self-made business journalist is full of crass theories and blind cock-sureness. One man who is a successful manager will tell you that the thing to do to succeed is to print local news—detailed, petty neighbourhood news; and he can point to examples to prove his theories. Another will say you have to have but very little news, only interesting reading, and he can point to examples of success along those lines. None of them knows the whole business, nor just why he succeeds or why he fails. Each knows something well, and they all know a great deal. If a trained man could go to all of them, get from each his best knowledge of experience, and were big enough to apply it all or the substance of it all, he certainly could teach them all something, and he might make a great newspaper. Some one should gather the experimental knowledge, analyse it and sum it up. Then there are the foreign journalists; we Americans despise them, but they know something. Let the College of Journalism find out what it is and teach it to us. In a word, teach journalism, yes, but learn it first, somebody.

Lincoln Steffens.



THE COMMITTEE ON ORGANISATION OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AT COLUMBIA.
PRESIDENT BUTLER (Chairman). PROFESSOR BURGESS (Political Science).



THE COMMITTEE ON ORGANISATION OF THE NEW SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM AT COLUMBIA.

PROFESSOR PEET (Literature) PROFESSOR MATTHEWS (Literature)

HENRIK IBSEN

FROM all the volumes that have been published, from all the letters that have been written, from all that has been said about Henrik Ibsen there rises a singularly distinct picture of a man, consistent as are but few, in his life and in his view of life; of a writer from his earliest youth imbued with a firm belief in the genius which his own country was none too quick to recognise, but which the world has now been admiring for a generation—and always ready to accept the responsibility which such a gift from heaven entails; of an earnest and untiring student of life and its problems; of a warrior, never swerving nor flinching; of a man self-contained and self-sufficient, yet warm at heart, scourging his fellow men and women for their frailties and follies with bitter, scathing satire, yet chivalrous and kindly—a striking figure, full of interest and full of sympathy.



IBSEN IN HIS STUDY.

Of his boyhood Ibsen has given a fairly exhaustive account, which has been supplemented by some of his schoolfellows. His great-great-grandfather was a Danish skipper, who settled down at Bergen, and his great-great-grandmother was of German extraction. Curiously enough his great-grandmother, his grandmother, and his mother were none of them Norwegians, so that believers in heredity will without much difficulty find ancestral traits of different nationalities blend and reappear in Henrik Ibsen. His parents, Knud Henriksen Ibsen and Marichen Cornelia Martine Altenburg, were married on December 1, 1825, and their first child, Henrik Johan Ibsen, saw the light on March 20, 1828, in the small Norwegian town of Skien, in a house on the market place, called Stockmann's House, which was destroyed in the big fire of August, 1886. The four sides of the square were closed in by buildings, and

Ibsen himself describes his first view of this world as "all architecture." But this seems to have given him a liking for towns. Erik Werenskjold, his famous countryman, often noticed Ibsen looking at buildings in the course of erection, and Werenskjold one day asked him: "You seem to be fond of architecture?" "Yes, of course," answered Ibsen. "It is in a the man. When Henrik was eight years old his parents, who had removed to a more commodious house, were obliged to leave the town on account of his father's failure. They then went to live on a small farm, Venstöb, outside Skien, but his native place, the "small Norwegian coast town" of so many of his dramas, had already left upon his youthful mind im-



THE HOUSE AT SHIEN IN WHICH HENRIK IBSEN WAS BORN, MARCH 20, 1828.

way my own profession; it is nothing but proportions." Unlike Björnson, he has always preferred the town, and never could understand why with a comfortable home one should rush into the country at the first sign of warm weather, and give up every-day comforts, the quiet of one's study and one's café. Ibsen the boy was to an unusual degree the father of Ibsen pressions, mostly dismal and sombre perhaps, which had never vanished, and of which several of his plays bear witness. Both in Skien and at Venstöb Henrik Ibsen showed a remarkable liking for solitude, reading, drawing, building, conjuring being his favourite occupations. The Ibsen family lived in the country six years, and then went back to Skien, where



THE IBSEN MONUMENT AT SKIEN.

Henrik had attended the "Real Skole." One of his schoolfellows, Dean B. Ording, gives some interesting reminiscences of Ibsen in the *Fädrelandet* in 1878. However much there is altered, he says, in much he still resembles the schoolboy with the clever head, the power of clear conception, the somewhat irritable temper, with a sharp tongue, inclined to satire but at the same time kindly and a good comrade. His gift for drawing and painting was unmistakable. Several of these youthful efforts in oil and water-colour are still in existence. In some of his sketches his weakness for satire betrayed itself, for instance, in the small draking, called "Public Opinion," which represented a man driving a couple of pigs in front of him. Ibsen's love for and interest in art have never left him, but his talents in this direction were never really developed, although he continued to draw and paint up to about 1860. He was very fond of history, displaying in conversation about historical characters and events a surprising warmth and depth; old classic history in particular seems to have interested him. His schoolfellow relates how Ibsen one day read aloud a description of a dream he had had, and which he had conveyed to paper, the recital producing considerable effect upon the boys.

"Once when wandering on the mountain slopes I and my comrades were overtaken by darkness, we were tired out, and had lost our way. Like Jacob in former days we laid ourselves down on the ground, using stones for our pillows. My comrades soon slept—myself I could not sleep. At last my fatigue overwhelmed me. In my dream an angel bent over me and said: 'Stand up and follow me!' 'Whither wilt thou lead me in this darkness?' I asked. 'Come,' the angel repeated, 'I will show thee a vision, the life of man in its reality and truth.' Then I followed in fear, and down we went as if descending some gigantic steps until the mountains arched themselves above us like mighty domes, and outside was a vast city of the dead, with all the terrible signs and traces of death and corruption; a whole world lying dead, gathered in under the power of death, a faded, paled, extinct glory. Above it all a dim, faint light, sombre as the light church walls and white crosses on graves shed over a grave-yard, and in infinite rows lay white



STATUE OF IBSEN IN CHRISTIANIA.

leached skeletons extending over the ark space. This sight filled me with a old terror as I stood by the angel's ide. 'Here thou seest all is corruption.' Then came a rustle like the first faint signs of an approaching storm, like a housandfold groaning sigh, and it grew into a shrieking storm, so that the dead were moved, and they stretched out their arms toward me . . . and with a cry I awoke, wet with the cold dew of the night." This dream, says his old schoolfellow, may assuredly be taken as an omen, a prophecy of Ibsen's later life as poet and writer—the boy's dream became the keynote that rings through his work.

After his confirmation at the age of fifteen, Henrik Ibsen left the parental home; as there was no possibility of his going in for art, which was no doubt his wish at that time, he was apprenticed to Reimann, the apothecary at Grimstad, a small town with 800 inhabitants. Ibsen remained there until March, 1850, when Christiania became his home. Whilst at Grimstad the poet got the upper hand of the painter. Besides his first drama, *Catilina,* Ibsen wrote a number of verses, to do which he had to burn the midnight oil, as he had not only to attend to his work, but to his forthcoming examination, which was the first and necessary step toward the study of medicine. Still his writings probably took the lion's share



THE HOUSE IN CHRISTIANIA IN WHICH IBSEN LIVED DURING HIS STUDENT DAYS.



VENSTOB. THE FARM NEAR SKIEN WHERE IBSEN LIVED DURING HIS BOYHOOD.

of his time and interest. Some of his verses at that period betray a dreamy melancholy resignation with his lot. In most of them, however, are signs heralding the Ibsen of coming years. A revolutionary spirit was rising within him, called forth and nourished by the great political events of 1848 and 1849, prompting him to fervent sympathy with the oppressed. This sentiment did not please the good folks of Grimstad, with whom Ibsen's relations were not of the friendliest, but it was the forerunner of much that characterised his later work. Henrik



HENRIK IBSEN. From the painting by Eilif Peterssen.

Ibsen at Grimstad was in embryo the Henrik Ibsen of thirty years later, and he was already a lonely man in more ways than one; Ibsen, who has since asked questions which it has taken the world all its time to answer, in Grimstad began already to give expression to questioning doubt and scepticism, at times perhaps coupled with what then seemed to him futile and useless desire.

In No. 431 of the *Christianiaposten*, for 1849, Ibsen's first poem appeared in print, and his faithful friend, Ole Schulerud (Ibsen, at least in his earlier years, had closer friends than is generally believed) who may be said to have been the first to discover Ibsen, tried in vain to place *Catilina*, which play Ibsen had sent to Christiania. It was eventually published with money Schulerud managed to borrow, but at the time it was not a success from any point of view. In March, 1850, Ibsen himself went to Christiania, "with a few daler in his pocket" (a daler is about 2s. 3d.). To begin with, he shared the room of his devoted friend Schulerud, then a student, with a small monthly allowance, "insufficient for one, let alone two," and the two friends lived under distinctly "poetic" circumstances. After a hurried preparation at Heltberg's well-known "Studenterfabrik" (students' manufactory), Ibsen passed his first and I believe only academic examination in anything but a brilliant manner, some of his "characters," notably Latin, Greek, and mathematics, being exceptionally bad. It should, however, be remembered that Ibsen had carried on his studies under difficulties, his mind being engrossed in other subjects. Whilst studying under Heltberg's auspices, Ibsen not only became acquainted with men like Björnson, Vinje, and others (although Ibsen and Björnson never became great friends, they met now and again in after life, always showing each other much courtesy), but he soon fell in with young men of advanced, not to say revolutionary political views, without, however, becoming entangled in the difficulties which overtook some of his friends. He was not arrested as were two or three of them, and he continued his literary and journalistic work, having made up his mind to abandon the study of medicine in order to follow a literary and public career. Ibsen's first efforts were published under the pseudonym of Brynjolf Bjarme, and it was in this name that Schulerud made for him his first agreement, selling to Steensballe, the publisher, the rights of a first edition of four to five hundred copies of *Kjaempehöjen* (*The Warrior's Mound*), and a poem, *The Golden Harp*, for a sum of twenty-five species daler. Ibsen's present publishers in Copenhagen, Messrs. Hegel & Son, have so far published 104 editions of his works, several editions being of 10,000 copies or more, besides 16,000 copies of the dramatist's collected works. *Brand* and *Peer Gynt* are the favourites, with fifteen and twelve editions respectively.

Ibsen signed a more important agreement twelve months later (November 6, 1851) with the theatre at Bergen, according to which "he was to assist the theatre as dramatic author." This post he obtained through the influence of Ole Bull, the violinist. After a trip the following year to Copenhagen and Dresden, he renewed the contract for five years, with an annual salary of 300 species daler, a period of practical theatrical work, which no doubt tended to develop the subtleties of that unique dramatic technique which so many playwrights have in vain tried to imitate. Every year a new play by Ibsen was produced, and Ibsen, with his marvellous care for details, himself designed numerous costumes, etc., many of these drawings being still in existence. Ibsen led on the whole a quiet, isolated life, though a frequent and welcome guest in one house at least, that of Dean Thoresen, whose daughter, Susanna Daae Thoresen, afterwards became his wife.

The five years over, Ibsen, at his own desire, left Bergen, of which town he seems to have pleasant recollections, and which he revisited thirty years later, in 1885, on this occasion superintending the performance of *Fru Inger til Ostraat*. Unlike Björnstjerne Björnson, Ibsen has, in after life, shown but little interest in the theatrical performances of his plays; he has, in fact, comparatively rarely visited the theatre.

In Christiania, Ibsen, who the following year paid a visit to Bergen to celebrate his marriage, took over the post of Artistic Director of the Norwegian Theatre. A time of disappointment and trouble was in store for him, his mind being filled with bitterness at the scanty

appreciation he met with. "They would not even offer me a cigar," he said many years after, during a conversation with a friend in Rome. He had much difficulty in making ends meet. In an application to the Government for a grant—March 10, 1863—Ibsen says straight out, "To live exclusively or principally from literary work is an impossibility in this country." His best paid work, *Haemaendene,* which took him about a year, only brought him 227 species daler. Seeing no prospect of improved conditions of life in Norway, he contemplated migrating to Denmark. "To leave my fatherland and give up a work which I have hitherto considered, and still consider, to be the real vocation of my life is, however, a step which to me is indescribably bitter." In order to avoid this, and as a last resource, he humbly asked that a proposal for a grant of 400 sp. dl. might be laid before the "Storthing"; but this, as well as a previous application made in 1860, was of no avail, and it was not until 1866 that Ibsen obtained his wish. Shortly after the publication of *Brand* he wrote from Rome direct to King Carl XV. a document possessed of much interest. . . . "The first fruits of my travels have now been laid before the public in the shape of my dramatic poem called *Brand,* recently published in Copenhagen, which has already, a few weeks after its publication, attracted attention also outside the borders of my fatherland; but I cannot live on the many expressions of thanks which I have received, and the remuneration from my publisher, however liberal under the circumstances, is also insufficient to enable me to continue my travels and to ensure even my most immediate future. It is on the advice, by telegram, from friends in Christiania that I take this unusual step, applying direct to your Majesty. . . . It is not for a livelihood free from trouble that I am here fighting, but for that life's work which I steadfastly believe and know God has laid upon me—the life's work which to me appears the most important and most necessary in Norway; to awaken the people and call forth great thoughts within them. . . . My King is therefore my only and my last hope. It rests with your Majesty whether I must be silent and bow under the bitterest self-denial which can befall a human soul, that of having to abandon my life's work, having to yield when I know that I have been given the weapons of the mind for fighting, a self-denial tenfold more bitter because I have never yielded to this day." . . .

This manly and straightforward appeal was backed up in various ways by friends at home, who forwarded a petition to the "Storthing." The matter was pushed forward, and on May 12, 1866, the Legislature of his country almost unanimously granted Ibsen the asked for "Digtergage" (Poet's salary).

In the meantime Ibsen was beset with troubles of various kinds in Christiania. His mind was slow in becoming matured and his powers in assuming definite shape. He exercised then, as always, an almost excessive self-criticism. As one of his biographers says, "Ibsen was one of those individuals whom outward circumstances, even want, could hardly drive to any productiveness beyond the temporary impulse of inspiration." No one can have a greater reverence for his work; no one has given, with more earnest zeal, his whole life to the cause of his art. One of his friends said of him that he was apparently always working, in the house and out, at meals, during his walks, and, probably not least, at his café, where his personal friends were not in the habit of disturbing him even by saluting him. Besides, Ibsen has himself said that he did not go to a café to drink beer (or pjolter), he went to work, to "digte," in the sweat of his brow. When Ibsen's mind was brooding over a new work he became more secluded than ever, his susceptibility increased, he was entirely absorbed in himself, the smallest trifle distracted him. Ibsen simply lived with his characters, became familiar with them, viewed them from every side over and over again; hence their absolute perfection. Not only was his manuscript faultless, without a blot or correction, but every sentence, every word had been tried in the golden balance of his genius. A friend once asked Ibsen how he came to call the heroine of *A Doll's House* Nora. "You know," answered Ibsen, confidently, "that she was really called Leonore, but she was the pet of the family and they all called her Nora!"

In spite of many bitter memories, which he could not entirely shake off, a new life began for Ibsen when he set out

from Christiania, in the spring of 1864, "having broken his chains," as he himself said, en route for the Eternal City, where in the autumn he was joined by his wife and child. He soon learned to love Rome, revelled in its classic surroundings and enjoyed the companionship of kindred spirits. This visit to Rome inaugurated a protracted residence abroad. It is almost a matter of surprise that Ibsen, a lover of extreme regularity in habits, changed his abode so often during twenty-seven years, now residing in Rome, now in Dresden, now in Munich, living nearly all the time in furnished apartments.

In Rome a classic motif loomed in his mind, but it was allowed to remain in abeyance for several years, a fact the world has no reason to regret, for instead he wrote *Brand,* published in 1866, and *Peer Gynt,* published in 1867. These two dramas literally came as a revelation. The Government grant, already referred to, the success first of *Brand* and then of *Peer Gynt,* brought, in the nick of time, that turn of the tide of which Ibsen was then so badly in need.

Ibsen had now become a famous man, and received in Stockholm his first Order from the King's own hands. He was one of the party of eighty-six celebrities who set out from Marseilles as official guests on board the *Moetis* at the opening of the Suez Canal—a pagent which made a considerable impression on him. Of this trip to Egypt and up the Nile, "this six to seven weeks' dream," Ibsen has given a pithy description in his delightful "balloon letter" to a Swedish lady (Dresden, December, 1870), which simply teems with Ibsen sentiment and confessions, playfully set forth, but seriously enough meant. Beyond the Bismarck era he sees the world, the world that "hungers for beauty," steering to a prelude of hymns and chorales, in the new dawn, toward the Land of Promise. In the meantime, he takes refuge in his "room," for he dislikes the mob, prefers not to be splashed by the dirt of the street, awaiting the fulness of time, daintily-gloved, and in festive attire—a humorous but admirably telling snapshot of himself.

At this time Ibsen was greatly affected by the events of the day; his mind rebelled against the brutal military spirit of Prussia. In a letter to a friend he wrote: "The revolt of the human race is the main thing." Ibsen's letters, of which a selection will ere long be given to the world, will be found to possess a wealth of brilliant and original thoughts and sayings. In another letter about the same period he says: "Friends are an expensive luxury, and when one invests one's capital in a call and a mission in this life, one cannot afford to keep friends. The expensive part is not what one does for them, but what one, out of consideration for them, leaves undone. Many mental germs are crippled thereby. I have been through it, and therefore I have behind me several years during which I did not succeed in becoming myself." . . .

The following year, 1871, Ibsen began writing *Julian,* which was published in the autumn of 1873. This is his most voluminous work, fascinating, but difficult to fathom in its mystic symbolism. Some of Ibsen's other works have at times been mentioned as those upon which he set the greatest store, but in a conversation, a few years ago, Ibsen distinctly stated that he looked upon *Julian* as his principal drama, and it is not without interest to notice that it is the only work to which he referred in his two best-known public speeches, the one to the students in Christiania on September 10, 1874, and the speech he delivered at the Grand Hotel in Stockholm on September 24, 1887. The first part of *Julian* has recently been produced with much effect, both in Norway and Sweden.

In the year 1874 Henrik Ibsen visited Norway after an absence of ten years, ten years which had revolutionised not only his circumstances but also his country's estimation of her now famous son. In answer to an ovation the students accorded him, Ibsen made a speech, marked by a manly, outspoken candour. He said that although he had felt it had become a necessity for him to see his country again, yet he had had serious doubts and misgivings as to the manner in which his countrymen would receive him. His books had met with an honourable reception, but he was uncertain as to his personal relations with his countrymen. It was no use denying that there had been discord, of a double nature as far as he could see. People thought that he had viewed his personal and private circum-

stances in the old country with unwarrantable bitterness, and, secondly, it had been laid at his door that he had attacked things Norwegian which many thought did not by any means deserve being treated with scorn. He did not think that he could turn that happy and honourable day to better account than by making a confession. He had never made his private circumstances the immediate subject of any of his work, they had not weighed very heavily upon him, and as for his writings, it had been slow in dawning upon him that to write was principally to see, and that only what has been lived through can be seen by the writer and received by the reader. And he had written not only about what might be said to stand higher than his everyday self, but he had also written about the reverse, about that which to the inner eye appeared like the residue of one's own being. Writing had in this case been to him like a bath from which he had emerged purified, sounder, freer. . . .

After some months' stay in Dresden, Ibsen, in the spring of 1875, took up his residence in Munich, where he spent a couple of quiet years, for the summer months going to Berchtesgaden in the Tyrol, of which place he appears to have grown fond. In 1877 he proceeded to Sweden in order to receive on the occasion of the 400th anniversary of the ancient University of Upsala the degree of Honorary Doctor of Philosophy, being with much solemnity adorned with the laurel wreath. Having wintered in Rome, Ibsen spent the summer of 1879 at Amalfi, where he wrote *A Doll's House* —presumably the one of his dramas which within the shortest time attracted the most universal attention, nowhere more so than in Copenhagen, then already for more than a decade the acknowledged literary headquarters of Henrik Ibsen. Two years later *Ghosts*, which Ibsen wrote on the borders of the Bay of Naples, appeared, likewise causing a tremendous stir, and in many quarters considerable indignation.

During the following years Ibsen changed his place of residence several times, gravitating between Rome and Munich, often spending the summer in the Tyrol, where he met both Björnson, after an interval of twenty years, and Jonas Lie.

After a second visit to Norway in 1885, Ibsen in the autumn again went to live in Munich, where he was an extremely well-known figure, and where he spent some happy years, not unfrequently associating with Northern or German confrères.

Ibsen, like Björnson, has used living models for his dramas—he said it was as necessary for him as for a painter or a sculptor—but whilst in some of the latter's plays they are almost transparently recognizable, Ibsen's models have first passed through a purging or moulding process from which they have emerged in accordance with the dramatist's ideals.

In the summer of 1887 Ibsen spent two or three months at the Danish watering-place, Sœby, on the east coast of Jutland, where he "discovered the sea"—rather late in the day considering that he is a son of Norway's "ocean-girded shores." At a dinner-party at the Hegel's he subsequently spoke of this wonder that had come to him, pointing out the fact that Norway had "a profusion of stones," but Denmark had given him the free and sunny sea; now he wanted friendship and outstretched hands.

From Denmark Ibsen went to Stockholm, and at a great fête given in his honour at the Grand Hotel, September 24, 1887, he made a remarkable speech. He said that he believed in evolution, also in the domain of the mind. He thought the time was soon coming when political and social ideas would cease to exist in their present form, and from them would emanate a unity, having within itself the conditions of happiness for the human race. He thought poetry and philosophy and religion would blend into a new life-power, of which those now living could have no clear conception. He had on several occasions been told that he was a pessimist, and so he was, inasmuch as he did not believe in the eternity of human ideals. But he was also an optimist, inasmuch as he believed that ideals have the power to propagate and develop, tending toward "the Third Kingdom" spoken of in *Julian*. He drank to the health of that which was to come.

From Germany Ibsen in the year 1891 went to live in Christiania, which town has been his home ever since. The series of his wonderful dramas, for a long time appearing with the utmost regularity every second year, was in the year 1899

brought to what must be called an appropriate conclusion by the Epilogue: "When We Dead Awaken." The seventieth birthday of the great master gauged in the most convincing manner the depth and the breadth of his world-wide fame. Unfortunately the seventy-fifth anniversary of Henrik Ibsen's birth had to be passed in enforced quiet, he having for the last two years been more or less of an invalid. He still drives out occasionally, but is only rarely able to see anyone. He has had the great satisfaction of seeing his only child, Dr. Siguard Ibsen, who is married to Bergliot, the eldest daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson, successfully embarked upon what bids fair to become a brilliant career. Dr. Siguard Ibsen is now Norwegian Councillor of State in Stockholm, and undoubtedly destined to play a prominent part in Norwegian politics. *Jessie Bröchner.*

THE EDUCATIVE FUNCTION OF EMPIRICAL PSYCHOLOGY

THOSE who have watched the intellectual tendencies of the times cannot but be impressed with the growing interest taken in what has hitherto been popularly deemed the most unprofitable of sciences—psychology. And, indeed, it could not be said until within recent years that psychology as a science presented much inviting to the lay mind. Mainly metaphysical in character, on the one side hopelessly speculative, and on the other coldly analytical of the contents of the individual consciousness, it is not surprising that psychology should have fallen into disrepute and have been abandoned to philosophers who studied it only as an adjunct to the formation or reënforcement of metaphysical and theological systems. Within the past half century, however, there has been a marvellous shaking of the dry bones, and what was once idly idealistic in principle and tone has become splendidly realistic —thanks to the belated appreciation of the fact that psychology as a science is impossible unless the mutual growth and interrelation of mind and body be taken into account. From this appreciation sprang into being what is properly termed the "new" psychology, essentially empirical, being based upon actual experiment. By psychological experiment is meant, to quote from Prof. James Mark Baldwin, himself the most indefatigable of American experimental psychologists, "experiment on the nervous system with the accompanying modifications it occasions in consciousness." Physiology thus becomes the handmaiden of psychology, or, rather, physiology and psychology work hand in hand to mutual advantage.

The most obvious result that has been obtained by this revolution in psychological method—involving as it has an almost completed divorce between metaphysics and psychology, so far as procedure is concerned—has been the application of the facts of psychology to everyday life. We see this illustrated at every street corner, for the flaring advertising placards and the gaudy posters are but concrete examples of the application of a psychological fact now better understood than ever before, viz.: that not only must attention be secured but interest aroused sufficient to hold the attention until it develops into a mental habit. There is, too, the psychology of the printed page, as it has been termed by an able writer, whereby the astute publisher, making a wise choice of type, paper, margin, and so forth, produces a book that will, apart from any consideration of the nature of its contents, make a successful appeal to the mind through the eye. These are but two instances out of many evidencing what may be styled the "popularisation" of psychol-

ogy. But where the new psychology has scored its distinctive triumphs is in the service it has already rendered and the increased service it promises to render to pædagogy, putting an end for all time to the moot question of the possibility of placing education on a truly scientific basis.

The teachers of the United States recognise the educative function of psychology more clearly perhaps than do the teachers of any other country, although it is to Germany that we are indebted for what may be deemed the first real contribution of empirical psychology to educational methods. The kindergarten idea which has developed wonderfully since its introduction by Froebel, is but the application in the schoolroom of the psychological factor of interest, and the direction of the child's "play activities" in a way that will lead to attention, concentration of thought, and the exercise of a steady volition. But even in this country, the value of psychology as an adjunct to pædagogy is not as yet fully realised. For example, there is still too much inclination to "force" the youthful mind; true, the school day is, as a rule, shorter than it was formerly, but this is, unfortunately, too often more than counterbalanced by an excessive amount of homework. Yet another instance of imperfect recognition of the lessons taught by psychology is the desire in certain quarters to shorten the college course.

As I write, there lie upon my study table three little volumes * wherein will be found much of value to teachers desirous of acquainting themselves with the results of recent psychological research. Of the three, Professor Royce's work will undoubtedly be found most directly useful, although the careful exposition of experimental work set forth by Professor Stratton, and Professor Hoffman's easy and direct statement of the application of psychology to the facts of everyday life, contain educational suggestions that will be welcomed by every teacher alive to the interests of the young. Those who are as yet unfamiliar with the methods of psychology would do well to peruse Professor Hoffman's work first, perhaps prefacing the other two by obtaining at least a nodding acquaintance with Professors Baldwin, James, and Ladd, foremost among the American exponents of latter-day psychology. From a strictly pædagogical standpoint, however, the teacher need not go beyond Professor Royce, for in this, his latest volume, we find a brilliant illumination of the new theories of pædagogy in behalf of which such thinkers as Professors Baldwin and James have long been raising their voices. Professor Royce has, in short, rendered valuable service in pointing out how best the minds of the young may be developed, and thus has taken a long step in the direction of formulating an exact science of education.

True, he has made an appeal to physiology which is likely to be resented by those who deprecate the growing tendency of psychology to rely more and more upon physical experimentation, and he adopts a terminology which may provoke even the physico-psychologists, their resentment not being lessened by his refusal to follow the old and time-honored cleavage of feeling, intellect, and will. But with the controversial side of the volume teachers need not concern themselves. What they require is to be informed how their usefulness may be increased, and almost every page of Professor Royce's volume is pregnant with suggestion in this regard. One of the most important points upon which he lays stress, a point now widely recognised, is the fact that children learn much by imitation, which does not mean the slavish imitation of the monkey or the parrot, but an imitation which, being born of suggestion, leads to mental initiative. Hence the importance of the play of childhood and the necessity of giving the young plenty of opportunity to develop in recreation any latent talent they may possess. Professor Stratton also emphasises the function of imitation

* *Psychology and Common Life.* A Survey of the Present Results of Psychical Research with Special Reference to Their Bearings upon the Interests of Everyday Life. By Frank Sargent Hoffman, Ph.D., New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Outlines of Psychology. An Elementary Treatise with Some Practical Applications. By Josiah Royce, Ph.D., LL.D., New York: The Macmillan Company.

Experimental Psychology and Its Bearing Upon Culture. By George Malcolm Stratton, M.A., Yale; Ph.D., Leipzig. New York: The Macmillan Company.

as a factor in education, drawing attention to the fact that it is important that the teacher shall furnish "a pattern of right interests and right appreciation of things, so that like attitudes of mind shall be stimulated in the child. . . . The teacher may possess most approved pedagogical devices, and be thoroughly master of the subject to be taught; but if at bottom he be bored by his work nothing will quite prevent the child from being insensibly affected in the same way. And, on the other hand, it is due to the direct contagion of states of mind that the enthusiast, ill-equipped and clumsy though he may be, is often so successful in dealing with the young."

Here we come to the heart of the whole matter—the recognition of personality. Never has such a light been shed upon human personality as has been the case since the experimentalists began to measure the contents of consciousness. Indeed, some sober thinkers incline to the opinion that the new psychology will end by making a fetich of personality, and point with alarm to what they term the pseudo-psychology of the subconscious mind, holding that if there be states of mind and mental processes which elude the most rigid observation the basic principles of psychology as the science of the phenomena of the human mind will be irremediably shattered. So far as pædagogy is concerned this fear is beside the mark. What vitally interests pædagogy is the light which the new psychology casts upon the variations of the raw material which teachers have to mold. The study of hallucinations, for example, may be carried to an extreme in the field commonly known as "psychical research," but for pædagogy it becomes of far-reaching importance since, as Professor Hoffman says, children are frequently punished for lying when no lie is intended, sense perception and memory having sadly gone astray. That the variations and oddities of memory are legion has been amply shown by the new psychology. Hence the necessity of the teacher studying the personality of the pupil. Professor Stratton justly says:

"How many children have been accounted stupid simply because no one appreciated the peculiar difficulties under which they worked! They were expected to retain materials that had no affinity for their particular constitution. And their failure was counted a moral wrong, laid at the door of the will or of inattention, when in reality the difficulty was not there at all. The present interest in child study in the schools has already prepared the way for a more intelligent and sympathetic treatment of these personal differences. To a teacher interested in psychology, not as a bookish doctrine, but as a thing of flesh and blood, a child who cannot learn to spell should be regarded as a rare and inviting individual who may not be dismissed until he has yielded up the secret of his defective memory."

The more thoroughly teachers study personality the better will they appreciate the truth of the statement that there is something faulty in the education which does not develop the power of attention. The proper development of this power largely depends, as empirical psychology has shown, upon the teacher's understanding of the operation of the law of assimilation. The teacher must discover, to quote again from Professor Hoffman: "Some means of awakening interest by linking the present task with something in the child's past experience." On the other hand, there should not be an undue repetition of old illustrations, for the attention will as readily wander from such as it will reject the altogether novel in which it can discover no possible likeness to anything it has already experienced.

Again, it must be remembered that attention, like all other mental powers, has a physical basis and that overwork, involving too great a flow of blood to the brain, is almost always certain to have a degenerating effect upon the power of attention. It is the recognition of this that has revolutionised pædagogy, but, as has been suggested above, the recognition can only be complete when homework is so adjusted that the child will not have to toil miserably during hours which should be spent in health-giving recreation. It is not enough to shorten the recitations themselves, to give frequent recesses, and to diversify subjects; the teacher must duly consider the needs of the child away from as well as at school.

It is a heavy responsibility that em-

pirical psychology would lay upon teachers. Properly to direct the young calls, in this view of the case, for far more than a lively interest. It demands a keen insight into the idiosyncrasies and variations of personality, the ability to stimulate and hold attention, to arouse and guide latent talents, and, above all, the constant determination that, since the law of imitation is particularly applicable in early youth, the children shall have as a pattern a life of rectitude and moral strength. One of the new psychology's latest words, in reality an echo from a far distant past, is that character has more to do with intellect than is generally thought to be the case. How searching and how frequent, therefore, should be the self-examinations of those whose mission it is to mold the minds of the young.

H. Addington Bruce.

A PLOT FOR A STORY

Here is a plot for a story. All persons desiring to do so may use it without further permission. I only ask that they send me copies of their finished productions, that I may sit up nights and compare them.

One day a loved and loving suburban wife took it into her foolish head that she would go away and leave her happy home just so as to find out whether her husband really loved her or not, so she wrote a note to him which ran as follows:

DEAR GEORGE:

Do not seek to follow me or to guess why I have decided to leave you. When you get this I shall be, oh! so far away. Forgive me, George. I have loved you more than once. Do not ask me if I still love you, and do not attempt to find me.

Yours with many tears—Oh, George, be good to little Georgie, and tell Ann we'll have bluefish to-morrow instead of haddock—the last haddock we had was so dry.

Good-by and God bless you.

Your naughty wife,

STELLA.

The letter written, she left town.

Well, George came home from business, and the first thing he did was to call out: "Where's the best woman in the world?" Generally when he said that there would come a very sweet voice from the parlour or the bedroom or the library, saying: "Here I am, you nicest man on the block," and a very pretty woman would come running out to greet him with a kiss. This sort of thing had been going on for nine years, with no one able to stop it.

But to-night, when George asked where the best woman in the world was, the cook came out of the kitchen and said, "Did you call, sir?" but no wife came flying from any room in the house.

And then George became alarmed at once and expected to find his wife lying under the bed poisoned, or else shot in the pantry, or hanging to the cellar beam. But he did not find her in any of those modes of death, whereat he was just a little disappointed, our minds being such queer affairs that they long for sensations even when our entire future happiness is involved.

But George loved his wife too ardently to have more than a tenth of a second's disappointment at not finding her body, and he went out into the street and met his son Georgie returning from dancing-class and he asked him if he had seen his mother, and Georgie had not; and then there was a panic right away, for Mrs. George had always been so methodical in her habits that to have her absent from home at six o'clock without a word of explanation meant death and disaster.

And the two Georges came home wailing, and the elder George went up to his bedroom and there he found the foolish letter from his wife. And then his grief was unbounded. If he had been a man of action he would have gone out and set detectives to work, but as he was more of a Hamlet than an Othello, he went into the library and wailed, and then he wailed awhile in the dining-room, and then he went to bed and tossed for a few hours. If Stella could have seen him then she would have had no doubt of his love.

But Stella was at that moment wishing

that she had not taken the night boat to Fall River, because it did not get there fast enough, and she wanted to take the next train and get back to the Long Island home in which she knew that George was bewailing his loss. If he wasn't bemoaning it she would go away for good, as she did not care for a loveless life.

All night long George either tossed or else moaned and walked the floor and kept little George from sleeping by telling him what a good woman his mother had been; and Georgie asked a great many times why mamma had gone away, if she was good, his small but logical mind seeing no good in the desertion of a husband by a wife. But at times he, too, fell to sobbing, because he loved his mother dearly and wanted to kiss her, and supposed that she had been run over in her efforts to get away from them.

The next morning George came down to breakfast still looking sad and sorrowful, and he did not eat a mouthful. Georgie ate a good deal, to the distress of his father, who attributed it to callousness when it should have been attributed to healthy appetite.

And now all the while Stella was being borne home on a train that did not fly fast enough to suit her. Hurry, Stella, hurry, for George looks like the monument of Sorrow, and it will do your loving heart good to see his grief.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Stella struck the next village to the one in which she lived, and set out on foot to go to her home and see with her own eyes whether George loved her or not.

George, dear George, keep on crying, for Stella is only a quarter of an hour away, and so much depends upon your continuance in sorrow.

She is now not two minutes away, and George is still swaying and saying to little George: "Your mother is the best mother you ever had," which was slightly redundant, and seemed so to the boy, who replied that she was his *only* mother and that he wanted her to come back.

Oh, what was it that moved George to dry his tears, and what was it that put it into the heart of the little boy to repeat a joke that he had heard at dancing-school the day before? It is really funny, for young George has a sense of humour, and it sounds doubly funny coming from the lips of a small boy at such a sad time. Perhaps, too, Stella's husband is slightly hysterical. At any rate, he yields to laughter just as Stella tiptoes up the veranda and looks in at the library window.

She sees the husband that she deserted laughing gaily at some drollery of the little George; she interprets it to mean that all night long George has been laughing at having been rid of an encumbrance, and quite noiselessly, with an Enoch Arden tread in her faithless common-sense shoes, she leaves her home and goes forth into the world alone forever—

And in a moment George ceases his laughter and takes up his sorrow again, and through the long night of his after life joy is a stranger to him.

This, then, is the plot that I give to the world. Hawthorne, who wrote *Wakefield* for us, could have taken this plot and done even more with it than I have done. He would have pictured the remorse of the wife alone on the Sound steamer with her guilty conscience; he would have made George reproach himself for a thousand things he might have done for his wife and had not done; he would have made the characters seem like figures in a dream, and yet they would have stayed with us—particularly we who have inherited New England consciences.

George Ade—to come down to the moderns—would have printed the story in the form of a fable with a generous use of capitals, and would have forced us to laugh at the human nature hiding behind the capitals. His keen eye would have picked out foibles in both George and Stella that have passed unnoticed by me.

And there is Dooley. He would have told Mr. McKenna(?) the tale as a bit of Archey Road gossip, and he would have shown us what a cheap type of husband "Jarge" was and how ultra-romantic and matineeish Stella was.

Elisabeth Stuart Phelps Ward—what different kinds of people are lumped under the head of "writers"—Elisabeth Stuart Phelps Ward would have made Marna—I should say Stella—write a good many notes and pin them everywhere so that George would hear the dreadful news as soon and as often as possible.

Josephine Dodge Daskam would have

elaborated the part of the child, and would have made him interestingly precocious and her own style scintillatingly brilliant. I think, too, that her sense of humour would have caused her to get in some slaps at George for being such a helpless individual as to sit at home crying when there were detectives and telephones to be had for the using.

Henry James would have made a three-volume novel out of the plot without introducing a single new incident. He would have involved himself and the reader and the characters in labyrinthine twists of tortuous and mazy language, dallying with a sentence for an unconscionable time and making the reader turn the page back half a dozen times to commit to memory the first part in order to get at the gist of the remainder, but James would not have cared to better the plot.

If Ibsen had made a play of it he would have diseased Stella and deformed the boy, and crippled George so that he could not go in search of his errant wife; and he would have made the little George, through pre-natal influence, utter the crucial words on which would hinge the plot, and he would have made his characters utter reams of such talk as we hear every day of our lives at home and in the street, but do not care to hear upon the stage—and every one would have said: "What a powerful plot, but how morbid!"

I don't pretend to be able to forecast what Kipling would have made of it, but at all events it would have been readable and would have made his admirers say, "Kipling strikes twelve every time," while his detractors of to-day (who were his admirers just after he recovered from his sickness) would have said, "Kipling is falling off. He isn't the man he was," which would be in the nature of self-revelation, and if the critic also happened also to be a writer, his remark might safely be laid to envy.

And what if Mark Twain had taken it? If he had approached it in his melodramatic style he would have spoiled it, but if he had written it in the manner that gave us his story of Oliver Cromwell and the little child, it would have been a masterpiece, and that, too, without any need of humour. There is many a humourist who can be funny at the right time, but it takes a prince of humourists to refrain from being funny and yet never become for a moment unconsciously funny. The man who can throw off the motley and play a serious part without reminding you of laughter, he is a humourist indeed, for he knows not only what will make you laugh *with* him, but also what might make you laugh *at* him.

Howells would have made George so convincingly natural that you would have loved him for his everydayness. But I think that Howells's sense of probability would have caused him to make Stella go into the house to find out what on earth her husband could be laughing at so soon in the game, and the story would have ended in tears, followed by merry-making.

I wish Howells *had* written it, because the conversations would have been so delightful. *There's* a man who can write the kind of talk you hear every day, with just enough tincture of Howells in it to make it pleasant in large doses. He may think he's photographic, but after all *he* is the lens through which he takes his picture, and he is twice as natural as life; while Ibsen is only just as natural, and therefore not natural enough.

If Maurice Hewlett had taken my plot he would have set it back a half-dozen centuries and made you doubtful whether it was laid in England or France, and then he would have soaked it with atmosphere and wreathed it with style, and would have refused to add a glossary—and he undoubtedly would have added a little touch of spice by making Stella run away with Count Plançon de Maurel, and would have made George, or Georges, a fiery crusader who would have noted his wife's flight from the topmost turret of his tower, and would have spitted Count Plançon in less time than it takes to tell it—unless one is a Henry James—and that would have spoiled my innocent plot. So I'm glad he didn't take it, although I dare say I would have read what he wrote just for the sake of the style. My plot and his style. Heavens, what an opportunity for some one!

Charles Battell Loomis.

THE SHERRODS

By George Barr McCutcheon

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE TALE OF TEARS.

He had told Celeste that he would be away from home over one night and she was alarmed when he did not return on the second night after his departure. On the third day she could not shut out the picture of his despondent face. When she heard his footsteps in the lower hall that afternoon her heart gave a great bound of relief, and all his plans went scattering before her joyous greeting.

He entered the house steeled to tell her, but his resolution wavered, and with the words on his tongue's end he felt them forced back by her kisses. He let himself procrastinate; every vestige of courage vanished before this attack of love and confidence. If his response to her welcome was lifeless and cold, she did not complain; if he seemed distraught she overlooked it in the joy of having her apprehensions swept away.

"Do you know, dear, I was beginning to fear you had been lost in the snow storm and that I should have to send St. Bernard dogs out to find you," she said gayly, as she drew him into the big chair before the grate and climbed cosily upon the arm beside him.

"God, I can't tell her now," he was groaning to himself. "I can't break her heart to-day—not to-day."

"Was it so warm and pleasant in Milwaukee that you couldn't tear yourself away?" she went on, her hand caressing his hair.

"Where? Mil—oh, yes, Milwaukee," he stammered, recalling that he had told her he was going there on business. "No; it was beastly; I had to stay a day longer than I expected."

"Tell me all about it," she said. "Did everything turn out as good as you hoped? Will he take the pictures?"

He was unable to reply at once. Indeed it was necessary for him to remember just what excuse he had given her for going to Milwaukee. Slowly it came back to him. Without lifting his guilty eyes from the coals, he told her that Mr. Evans had not given him the order for the five paintings until he had consulted his partner, who was delayed in returning from St. Paul. On the partner's return (here Jud's twisted heart leaped at a fresh inspiration) the firm promptly agreed to accept all of his paintings and contracted for others to be finished within a very short space of time.

"Isn't that a very short time in which to do the work, Jud?" she inquired anxiously. A cunning thought had prompted his statement; in it he saw the respite that might be needed. The task of supplying the fictitious order would command his closest thought and energy, and, by preventing the trip to Florida, would give him a longer time in which to make ready for the trial at hand. He saw that he would lack the immediate courage to tell her, and that it would require hours and days of torture to bring him to the task.

"It means that I'll have to give up the Florida trip," he said.

"Oh, no, Jud. Let the old pictures go! Can't they wait? You must go to Florida. It will do you so much good, and my heart is so set on it."

A new thought struck him sharply and his spirits leaped upward. "You could go without me, Celeste. There's no reason why you should give up the pleasure because I have to—"

"Dudley Sherrod," she interrupted decisively, "you are hateful. I will not go a step without you. It is you who need the rest and the change. Write to Mr. Evans this afternoon and tell him you cannot do the pictures until next spring."

"I can't do that, dear. They must be done at once," he said.

"But you must have the two months in Florida," she persisted in troubled tones. "Why, dear, I have made preparations to leave on Saturday and this is Thursday.

Won't you please, for my sake, give up the pictures?"

"Impossible," he said firmly, rising suddenly. He pressed her hand softly and passed from the room, afraid to look back into her eyes. She sat perfectly still for many minutes, the puzzled expression deepening in her eyes.

"To-morrow I will tell her all," he vowed, as he paced the floor of his studio. The memory of the distressed look in her eyes bore him down. He knew that he could not endure the sight of prolonged pain in those loving eyes, and what little wisdom he had at his command told him that to end the suspense quickly was the most charitable thing to do. "To-morrow, to-morrow," he repeated feverishly. He groaned aloud with loathing for himself and shame of what the morrow was to bring. "I love her. How can I tell her that she is not my wife? How can I tell her that I deceived her deliberately? And what will she say, what will she do? Good God, what is to be the end of it? Will she submit or will she cry for the vengeance that is justly hers?"

For the first time the agony of this question was beyond his power of suffering. His mind refused to consider it. He was dulled; he felt nothing—and presently there was a relief in feeling nothing. Up to that time his sensitive nature had responded to every grief. Of a sudden his mind refused grief; and the inspiration came to him to support that refusal. He shut out thoughts of Celeste, and let himself look forward to the happiness with Justine and his boy.

The next day he faltered in his determination to tell Celeste and the day after it was the same. He could not stand before her and look into her eyes and tell her. He was conscious of the fact that her troubled gaze was following him wherever he moved, that she seemed to be reading his thoughts. He grew more apathetic under the scrutiny. He took to good food as a refuge from his thoughts, and surprised her by asking for dainty dishes. He found some poetry, careless with fatalism, and instantly became a fatalist. He would let affairs take their course. The yearning for Justine dulled a little.

But one day, entering his studio, expecting to find him at work, she was amazed to see him with a picture in his hand. He was looking at it eagerly. She could see the face. It was Justine Van.

Justine Van! The girl of the meadow; the sweetheart of the old days! The first jealousy tore at her heart and she began vaguely to comprehend the stoop in his shoulders.

He had found the picture among some old drawings, and the sight of it enlivened his desire for Justine. He wrote her a letter, and then conceived the plan of writing a confession to Celeste, and slinking off to his room to await the crash. He knew she would fly to him, and—well, it would be like defending himself against an assault. He laughed harshly at himself as he contemplated this last exhibition of cowardice. He wrote not only one but ten confessions, destroying one after the other as the lingering spark of manhood flared up in resistance to this mode of doing battle.

One night Celeste came to him in the dimly lighted studio. The trouble in her heart revealed itself in her voice and eyes. He sat dreaming before the little grate and started when her hands gently touched his cheeks from behind.

"What is the matter, Jud, dear?" she asked, softly. "There is something on your mind. Won't you confide in me? I love you, dear. Tell me everything, Jud, and don't try to bear it alone. Don't you think I love you enough to share the greatest pain that might come to you?"

He tried to speak, but could only reach up and clasp her hands in his.

"Can you guess, Jud, of whom I was thinking to-day?" she went on bravely.

"I—I can't guess," he said with misgiving in his soul.

"I was thinking of Justine Van, that pretty girl down in the country. Her face was as clear as if it were before me in reality. Do you know, Jud, I shall always see her as she appeared on that day at Proctor's Falls. She was so pretty and you were so handsome. I thought you were sweethearts, you remember. How embarrassed you were, both of you, when I so foolishly told you that the money I paid for the picture was to be her wedding present. I

believe I began to love you on that very day."

Her hands were still pressing his cheeks and her heart suddenly stood still and grew icy cold when something hot and wet trickled over the fingers. Without a word she drew away from him, and when he looked up through the mist of tears she was passing from the room, straight and still.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE NIGHT OUT.

The next morning she telephoned to Douglas Converse. In response to her somewhat exacting request, he presented himself at the Sherrod home in the late afternoon. Her manner had impressed him with the fear that something had gone wrong in the little household. They were still the best of friends and he was a frequent, informal visitor. Jud admired him immensely—no one could help liking this tall, good-looking, boyish fellow. In the old days Celeste had known his love for her, but after her marriage there had been no evidence, by word or deed, that she still lived uppermost in his affections. To Douglas Converse, she was the wife of his best friend.

He had seen, with increasing alarm, the change in Jud's manner and appearance. The anxious look in Celeste's eyes was but poorly concealed of late; he feared that all was not well with them. There was no mistaking Jud's attitude toward the world and the genial friends of old. The newspaper men who had been his boon companions a few months before now saw nothing of him. He and Celeste rarely were seen in society, seldom at the threatres and cafés; it was as though they had dropped entirely away from the circle which had known them so well. The excuse that he was busy in his studio was sufficient until even outsiders began to see the change in him. It was impossible to hide the haggardness in his face.

Converse, sitting opposite Celeste in the drawing-room, saw depression under the brave show of cheerfulness in her face. His mind was filled with the possibilities of the moment. Over the telephone she had said that she wanted to see him on a matter of considerable importance. His first unuttered query on entering the hall was: Where is Sherrod? He had expected a greeting from him on the moment of his arrival. Before the short visit was over. Converse was plying himself with scores of silent and unanswerable questions.

"Where is Jud?" he asked, after the first commonplaces.

"At work in the studio," she replied. He noticed the change of tone, but tried to look uninterested.

"He's working a trifle hard these days, isn't he?" he asked, casually. Somehow, he felt relieved on hearing that Jud was at work. He discovered that he had feared—something, he could not define.

"What is he doing, Celeste?"

"Something for the Milwaukee people I was telling you about not long ago. They insist on having the paintings before the first of February."

"Before February? Why, that's—" But he checked the exhibition of surprise and went on with admirable enthusiasm—"That's a surprisingly nice order. It proves that he has made a hit and that the market for his work is immediate."

"But he is working too hard, Douglas," she cried, unreservedly. The look in his eyes changed instantly.

"I was afraid so," he said. Then, eager to dispel any feeling of hesitancy she might have, he broke out, bluntly: "You are very much disturbed about him, aren't you, Celeste? I know you are, but I think you should find some comfort in knowing that the work will soon be completed and you can both run away for a good rest."

"I can't help being worried," she said, in low tones, as though fearing her words might reach Jud's ear in the distant studio. "Douglas, I want to talk with you about Jud. You will understand, won't you? I wouldn't have asked you to come if it were not that I am very much distressed and need the advice and help of some one."

"Isn't it possible that you are needlessly alarmed?" he asked, earnestly. "I'm sure it can be nothing serious. You will laugh at your fears some day."

"I hope you are right. But it doesn't cheer me a bit to talk like that, Douglas. I am not deceiving myself. He is changed, oh, so greatly changed," she cried.

"You—you don't mean to say his—

his love—" began Converse. "There—there isn't any danger of—of *that?*" he substituted.

"No, no! You don't understand me," she said, drearily. "He loves me as much as ever—I know he does. It isn't that. Douglas, we must get his mind off his work. He thinks of—of nothing else." She would have given anything for the courage to tell him what she had seen the day before. Her confidence in this tall friend was sufficient, but she could not acknowledge the pain and terror Jud's tears had brought to her.

"Well, it can't be for long. The work will soon be completed," urged he, knowing as he spoke how futile his words were.

"But it makes me so unhappy," she cried, with a woman's logic.

"Poor girl," he smiled. "Let the poor chap work in peace. It will come out all right. I know him. He's ambitious, indefatigable, eager. His soul is in this work. Just now he is winning his spurs in a new line and his mind, his heart is full of it. Can't you see it all? Put yourself in his place, with his fine temperament, and see how intensely interested you would be. You would be just as much wrapped up in it as he—just as much enraptured, I might say. Brace up, dear girl; Jud can't help but turn out all right. He's bound to win."

"The trouble is—the trouble is—" She hesitated so long, staring with wide eyes at the grate fire, that he feared she would not continue. "His heart doesn't seem to be in the work at all."

"You mean?"

"I mean, Douglas, that it is not ambition that inspires him just now. There is something on his mind—something else. Oh, I don't know what it can be, but it is unmistakable. He is not the same—not the same in anything except his love for me."

Converse was silent for a long time, his eyes on her pale face, his mind busy with conjecture.

"I am glad to hear you say that, Celeste," he said at last, a deep sigh escaping involuntarily.

"He works feverishly," she went on, as though he had not spoken. "Of course, he is doing the work well. He never did anything badly. But I know he is positively driving himself, Douglas. There isn't anything like the old inspiration, nothing like the old love for the work."

"I see it all," he said, relief in his voice. "His heart is not in the work, simply because he is doing it for someone else and not for himself. They told him what they wanted and he is simply breaking his neck, Celeste, to get the job off his hands."

"But, listen to me, Douglas," she cried, in despair. "He told me they wanted five pictures—a series of studies from life. The series was to represent five periods in the life of a woman, beginning with childhood and ending in extreme old age. But, Douglas dear, he is painting landscapes instead."

Converse bit his lip.

"You must have misunderstood him," he managed to say. She shook her head sadly.

"No; he was most precise in explaining the conditions to me the day after his return from Milwaukee. I remember that I was very much interested. The work, you know, upset our plan for going to Florida and I was quite resentful at first. You can imagine my astonishment when I found that he was doing landscapes and not the figures the order calls for."

Converse was dumb in the face of this indisputable evidence. He could muster up no way to relieve her fears. There could be no reassuring her after what she had seen and he wisely forebore.

"It was very strange," he said, finally. "He must have a reason for the change and no doubt he has forgotten to speak to you about it."

"I wish I could believe that, Douglas," she sighed. "He likes you. You can help me, if you will."

"With all my heart. Anything in the world, Celeste," he cried.

"Then get him away from his work as much as possible. He won't go out anywhere, you know. I've implored him to go out with me time and again. Douglas, can't you think of some way to—to get him away from himself?"

She was standing beside him, her hand clasping his as it rested on the arm of the chair. Converse looked up into the troubled eyes.

"Tell me what to do, Celeste, and I'll try," he said, earnestly.

"Make him go out with you—go out

among the men he used to know and like so well. I'm sure he likes them still. He'd enjoy being with them, don't you think? He seldom leaves his studio, much less the house. I want you to take him to luncheons and dinners—where the men ate. It will get him out of himself, I know. Do, Douglas, do for my sake, make him forget his work. Take him back to the old life in the club, at the cafés—if only for a little while. Don't you understand?"

"You mean—oh, Celeste, you don't mean to say that he is tired of this happiness?" he cried.

"He is unhappy, I'm sure of it. He loves me, I know, but—" She could go no further.

"I know what you mean, Celeste, but you are wrong—fearfully wrong. Poor little woman! God, but you are brave to look at it as you do."

They did not hear Jud as he stopped on the stairs to look down upon them. He saw them and was still. The pain was almost unbearable. There was no jealousy in it, only remorse and pity.

"Ah, if only she belonged to him and not to me," he was thinking. "He is straight as a die and she would never know unhappiness. He loved her, he loves her still, and she—poor darling, loves me, the basest wretch in all the world."

He closed his eyes and leaned heavily against the stairway. Its creaking attracted the attention of the two in the drawing-room. When he looked again, they were standing and staring at him. Slowly he descended, a mechanical smile forcing itself into his face.

"Hello, Doug," he said. "I thought I heard your voice. Glad to see you."

A quick glance of apprehension passed between Converse and Celeste. Had he heard?

"I just inquired for you, Jud," said Converse, pulling himself together as quickly as possible. "Celeste says you're terribly busy. Don't overwork yourself, old man. I dropped in to say you are to go to a little dinner with me to-night. Some of the boys want to eat something for old times' sake."

The shadow that passed over Jud's face was disconcerting.

"There is nothing else in the way, Jud, dear," Celeste hastened to say. "It would be awfully jolly, I should think."

"Vogelsang says you haven't been in his place for months," added Converse reproachfully. "You shouldn't go back on a crowd like this, old man. They'll think you're stuck up because you've made a hit."

Sherrod smiled wearily, then pulled his nerves together and made a brave show of being pleased and interested.

"I don't believe they'll accuse me of that, Doug," he said. "They know I'm frightfully busy. Who is to be there?"

Converse, with all his good intentions, had not been foresighted enough to see that he might be asked this natural question. It was impossible to count on any one in particular and it would be far from politic to mention names and then be obliged to give flimsy excuses if their owners failed to appear.

"Oh, just some of the old crowd," he replied, evasively, even guiltily. Jud's gaze was on the fire in the grate and Converse was thankful for the respite. "They'll be mighty glad to see you again. It doesn't seem right to take you away from Celeste, but we're talking of doing something like this at least once a week."

"Can't you have ladies' night occasionally, as they say at the clubs?" asked Celeste, merrily entering into the spirit of the conspiracy.

"I suppose we could," said Converse, with well-assumed reluctance.

"Count me out to-night, Douglas," said Jud, at this juncture. "I'll come down for the next one, but just now I'm—"

"That won't do!" exclaimed Converse, peremptorily. "Work is no excuse. There was a time when you worked a blamed sight harder than you do now, and yet you found time to eat, drink and be merry—I should say, eat and be merry. You go with us to-night. That's all there is about it. I'm not going down and tell the fellows you couldn't come because you had to stay at home and put on a few dabs of paint that don't have to be on before to-morrow. I'll stop for you on my way down at 7:30, and I'll get him home safe and sound and sober, Celeste. Don't worry if he's out after nine o'clock."

"I shan't sleep a wink," smiled Celeste, putting her arm through Jud's and laying

her cheek against his shoulder. Sherrod sighed and smiled and said he would be ready when his friend called.

Celeste went to the door with her confederate. She pressed his hand warmly and her eyes seemed to exact a promise that could not be broken.

"Do everything in your power, Douglas," she said, softly.

"He hates to leave you alone, Celeste; that's the worst obstacle to the plan," said Converse, his lips whitening. "But, we'll try to make him—to—I was going to say forget, but that would be impossible. He can't forget that you are here and loving him all the time."

Then he was off, confronted by rather arduous conditions. It would be necessary to get together a party of congenial spirits, and it was imperative that it be done in such a way that Jud's suspicion might not be aroused. When his hansom stopped for Jud at 7:30 Converse was thoroughly satisfied with the result of his expedition in search of guests, but he was conscious of a fear that the attempt to take Sherrod "out of himself" would be a failure.

A half-dozen good fellows of the old days had promised to come to Vogelsang's at eight, and, under ordinary circumstances, there was no reason why the night should not be a merry one. It all rested with Jud. Converse was gratified to find his friend in excellent spirits. His eyes were bright, his face was alive with interest. The change was so marked that Converse marvelled while Celeste rejoiced.

If he had any doubts at the beginning, they were dispelled long before the night was over. Sherrod's humour was wild, unnatural. To Converse, it soon became ghastly. To the others, it was merely cause for wonder and the subject for many a sly remark about the "muchly married man who finally gets a night off."

Going homeward in the hansom, Converse, now convinced that Jud's mind was disordered, asked in considerable trepidation if he really meant to dine out every evening, as he had said to the others at the table. Sherrod's hilarity, worked up for the occasion, had subsided: He was, to the utter bewilderment of his companion, the personification of gloominess. Involuntarily Converse moved away from his side, unable to conquer the fear that the man was actually mad.

"Did I say that?" came in slow, mournful tones from the drooping figure beside him.

"Yes," was all that Converse could reply. Sherrod's chin was on his breast, his arms hanging limply to the seat.

"I don't believe I care much for that sort of thing any more," he said, slowly.

"Good Lord, Jud, I thought you had a bully time to-night," cried Converse, in hurt tones.

Sherrod looked up instantly. After a moment's silence, his hand fell on the other's knee and there was something piteous in his voice when he spoke.

"Did you, old man? How in the world—" here he brought himself up with a jerk—"I should say, how could I help having a good time?" he cried enthusiastically. "They are the best lot of fellows in the world. I had the time of my life."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LETTER TO CRAWLEY.

Justine waited and waited patiently. His midnight visit was the most dramatic event of her life. That he had come to kill her and then himself she was slow in realising. As the days and nights went by, the real horror of this thought took root and grew. Sometimes she awakened in the night cold with perspiration, dreading to see the white-faced man in the doorway. In some of her dreams he stood above her, knife uplifted, his face full of unspeakable malevolence. Waking she would scream aloud and instinctively she would draw her baby close to her breast as if seeking protection from this tiny guardian.

His letter, intended to inspire confidence and hope was not skillful enough to deceive even Justine. She could read between the lines and there she could see that he was hiding something from her. She could not help feeling that he was facing failure and that he was miserable. With every mail she expected to receive a letter from him in which he would announce that he had given up the fight, and then would come the dispatch bearing the news that he had killed himself.

Mrs. Crane knew, of course, of Sherrod's strange visit. 'Gene Crawley saw him but once on that occasion, looking gloomily from the window. The two men did not speak to each other, although Crawley would have called a greeting to him had not the man in the window turned away abruptly as soon as he met the gaze of the one in the barnyard. The only human creature about the little farm who did not feel the oppressiveness was the baby, Dudley, the second. He was a healthy, happy child and birth-gift of tragedy though he was, he brought sunshine to the sombre home.

One day three weeks after Jud's visit, Justine approached 'Gene as he crossed the lot on his way to feed the stock in the sheds. A team of horses occupied stalls in the barn, but they were not Justine's. When her horses had died, 'Gene, from the savings of many months, had bought a team of his own, and his animals were doing the work on her place. The cow and the hogs and the chickens belonged to Justine—and Jud. Crawley observed an unusual pallor in her face and her eyes were dark with pain and trouble.

" 'Gene, I can't get it out of my mind that everything is not going well with Jud," she said, as he came up to her.

"Wasn't he all right when he was here?" asked he, slowly. She had to hesitate for a moment before she could answer the question. She must choose her words.

"He has not been well, 'Gene," she said at last. "You know sickness is a dreadfully discouraging thing in a big place like Chicago. Nobody cares whether you get well or die, and if you get too sick to work some one else takes your place. Jud has had a lot of bad luck and I know he's sick and discouraged."

"He didn't look right well when he was here," admitted 'Gene. "I wouldn't git upset about it, 'f I was you Justine. He'll come out all right."

"But maybe he is sick and can't do anything," she persisted. "When he was here he said he'd been out of work and in a hospital for a long time."

"Out of work?" repeated he, slowly.

"Yes," she went on, hurriedly, now that she had begun the confession, "and he is in debt, too. It costs so much money to live up there and if one gets behind it's hard to catch up, he says. Oh, 'Gene, do you suppose anything has happened to him? I have had no letter since last Thursday and this is Wednesday, isn't it? I know he is sick, I know it, 'Gene."

"Ain't he on the paper any more?"

"He has been off the paper for months."

"Doin' nothin'?"

"Some private work, but it hasn't paid well. And, besides, he hasn't been well. That's held him back."

"What did he say when he was here? Did he have a job in view?"

"No," she answered, shame outfacing her pride. Neither spoke for a long time. She was looking intently at the frozen ground, nervously clasping and unclasping her fingers. His black eyes were upon the white, drooping face and his slow mind was beginning to see light. His heart began to swell with rage against the man who had won this prize and could not protect it.

With the shrewdness of the countryman, he concluded that Jud had not been able to combat the temptations of the great city. He had failed because he had fallen. He cast a slow glance at Justine. Her head was bent and her hands were clasping and unclasping. He knew what it was costing her to make confession to him and lifted his head with the joy of feeling that she had come to him for sympathy.

"Why don't he come home if he's sick?" he asked. "He could rest up down here an'—an' mebby that'd git him on his feet ag'in."

"He doesn't like to give up, that's all. You know how brave and true he is, 'Gene. It would be awful to come back here and admit that—that he couldn't get along up there. Oh, I wish he would come back, I wish he would come back," she wailed, breaking down completely. The tears forced themselves through the fingers that were pressed to her eyes.

"God A'mighty, how she loves him," groaned Crawley to himself. In this moment the big blasphemer of other days loved her more deeply than ever before in his dark, hopeless life. "Couldn't you —you write an' tell him to come down here fer a couple of weeks or—or a month?" he stammered, after a moment of thought.

"He wouldn't come, 'Gene, he wouldn't

come," she sobbed. "He said he would not give up until he had made a home for me up there. When he came the last time he was discouraged but—but he got over it and—and—oh, I wish he would write to me! The suspense is killing me."

Crawley had turned his back and was leaning against the fence.

"He needs me, 'Gene," she said, "he needs me to cheer him on. I ought to be with him up there."

He started sharply and turned to her. She was looking straight into his eyes, and her hands were half lifted toward him.

"He is so lonely and I'm sure he is sick. I must go to him—I must. That's what I want to talk to you about. How am I to go to him? What shall I do? I can't bear it any longer. My place is with him."

"If he ain't got a job, Justine, you'll—you'll be—"

"You want to say that I'll be a burden to him, that's it, isn't it? But I'll work for him. I'll do anything. If he's sick, I'll wash and iron and sew and scrub and—oh, anything. I've been thinking about it since last night and you must not consider me foolish when I tell you what I want to do. I want to borrow some money on the place."

"You mean you want to put a mortgage on the—on the farm?" he asked, slowly.

"How else can I get the money, 'Gene? A small mortgage won't be so bad, will it? What is the farm worth?" She was feverish with excitement.

"It's not the best of land, you know, and there ain't no improvements," he said, still more deliberately. "You might sell the place for $2000 but I doubt it."

"I won't sell it; it must be kept for my boy. But I can borrow a little on it, can't I? Wouldn't David Strong let me have $200 on it?"

"Good Lord, Justine, don't put a morgidge on the place," he cried. "That will be the end of it. It's the way it always goes. Don't, fer God's sake, do anything like that."

"There is no other way to get the money and I—I am going to Jud," she said, determinedly, and he saw the light in her eye.

In the end he promised to secure the money for her and he did. The next day Martin Grimes loaned Eugene Crawley $150, taking a chattel mortage on a farm wagon and harness and the two big bay horses that stood in Justine's barn. At first she refused to take the money, but his insistence prevailed and three days later she and her boy left Glenville for Chicago and Jud. She promised to acquaint Crawley with Jud's true condition and their plans for the future.

Crawley said good bye to her as she climbed into Harve Crose's wagon on the day of departure. He wished her luck in a harsh, unnatural tone, and abruptly turned to the barn. For hours he sat in the cold mow, disconsolate, exalted. His horses stamping below were mortgaged! Lost to him, no doubt, but he gloried *in* the sacrifice. He had given his fortune to gratify her longing to be with the man she loved.

At sunset he trudged to the toll gate. An unreasoning longing filled his lonely heart. When he asked for the mail there was uppermost in his mind the hope of a letter from her, although she had been gone not more than five hours. His loneliness increased when Mrs. Hardesty said that there was no mail for him or Justine. For the first time in months he felt the old longing for drink.

"Jestine gone to Chickago fer a visit er to stay?" asked Jim Hardesty, when Crawley joined the crowd that lounged about the big sheet-iron stove in the store.

'Gene did some very quick thinking in the next few minutes. He realized that her departure had been the subject of comment and speculation and that it would be necessary for him to resort to something he knew nothing about—diplomacy. Had he been an observing man he would have noticed the sudden cessation of talk about the stove when he first entered the toll house. The loungers had been discussing her departure and there would have been a murderer in their midst had 'Gene Crawley heard the remark that fell from Luther Hitchcock's lips.

"Don't know how long she'll stay," responded 'Gene, briefly. He leaned against the counter, crossing his legs.

"How's Jed gittin' 'long up yander?" continued Jim.

"All right, I reckon."

"Justine hain't been lookin' very well

lately," said Link Overshine, from the nail-keg.

"Hain't looked herself sence the kid come," added Hitchcock.

"When did she last hear from Jud?" asked Link.

"Talkin' to me?" asked Crawley.

"Yes."

"Well, how in hell do you s'pose I know anything about her letters?"

"Don't you git the mail?"

"Harve Crose leaves it as he goes by an' you know it, Overshine."

"She ain't had a letter from him in more'n a week," volunteered the postmaster. "He don't write very reg'lar here of late."

"Does the gover'ment hire you to tell who gits letters through this office an' when they git 'em?" demanded Crawley, sharply. Jim hitched back in his chair nervously.

"Good Lord, they ain't no harm in that," exclaimed he.

"You talk too much fer a job like this, Jim," said Crawley.

There followed a few moments of silence.

"One of Grimes's men says you morgidged your team to the old man," began Overshine.

"Which one of Grimes's men said that?" asked 'Gene, quietly.

"Why, I—er—lemme see, who *did* say it?" floundered Link, in distress.

"Oh, it don't matter," said 'Gene, carelessly. "I just asked." The subject was dropped at once. The crowd watched him leave the place and conversation was stagnant until Hardesty, who was near the window, remarked that 'Gene was walking pretty rapidly down the road. With the knowledge that he was out of sight and hearing, the loungers discussed him and his affairs freely.

It was not until the fourth day that he received a letter from Chicago, directed in strange hand-writing. A number of men were in the store when the epistle was handed out to him by Mrs. Hardesty. Without hesitation he tore open the envelope and began to read. The letter was for him, beyond a doubt, but Justine had not addressed the envelope. What had happened to her?

He read the letter with at least a dozen eyes watching his face, but his dark face betrayed no sign of emotion. At the end, he calmly replaced the note in the envelope and strolled off homeward. Once out of the hearing of the curious, he leaned against a fence, read it again, folded it carefully, opened it and read it again, and then lowered his hands and gazed out over the fields.

CHAPTER XXVI.

TWO WOMEN AND A BABE.

"Mr. Sherrod is not working for the paper now," responded a man in the counting room when Justine, overawed, applied for information at the office of the newspaper in which her husband's pictures had attracted such widespread notice. At the station a policeman had put her in a cab with directions to the driven. With her baby and her pitiful old satchel, she was jolted over the streets and up to the door of the newspaper office. She felt small, helpless, lost in this vast solitude of noises. The rush of vehicles, cars and people frightened her. Every moment she expected there would be a collision and catastrophe. And Jud was somewhere in this seething, heartless city, sick, unhappy, discouraged, and longing for her.

"I know," she responded, thickly, to the clerk, whose glance had been cold and whose tones were curt. "He left here some months ago, but he gets his mail here."

"Does he?" brusquely.

"I address all of my letters to this office and he gets them."

"Country as can be," thought the clerk, his eye sweeping over her, "but devilish pretty. Lord, what eyes she's got." Then aloud, with a trifle more cordiality: "I'll ask Mr. Brokell if he knows where Sherrod lives. Just wait a minute, please." As he walked away there was one thought in his mind: "Sherrod is a lucky dog if he can get this woman to leave her happy home for him." In a few minutes he returned with the information that the address was not in the office, but that he would be glad to assist her in the search. She thanked him and walked away. Somehow she did not like to meet the eye of this man. There was in it an expression she had never seen before, she who had looked only into the honest faces of countrymen.

The shock of the clerk's blunt announcement that Jud's address was not known to anyone then in the office was stupefying. So stunned with surprise was she that her wits did not return until she found herself caught up by the rushing throng on the sidewalk. When she paused in the aimless progress through the crowd, she was far from the newspaper office and paralyzed by the realization that she and the baby had nowhere to god. In sheer terror, she stopped still and looked about with the manner of one who is aroused from a faint and finds a strange world looking on in sympathetic curiosity.

Busy men jostled her rudely, thoughtlessly; women arrayed as she had seen but one in her life, stared at her as she stood frightened and undecided in the middle of the sidewalk. There was no friendly face, no kindly hand in all that rushing crowd. Scarcely realising what she did, she asked a man who leaned against the building nearby if he knew Dudley Sherrod. The man stared at her blankly for an instant, a sarcastic grin flashing across his hard face. The smile faded instantly, however, for, street loafer though he was, he saw the agony in her eyes and knew that she had lost her way. With a politeness that surprised himself, he answered in the negative and then advised her to consult a directory.

She looked so helpless and unhappy that he volunteered to lead her to the nearest drug store. She followed him across the street, her baby on one arm, the big "telescope" bumping against her tired leg as she lugged it with the other hand. The city directory gave Dudley Sherrod's address as 1837 E———— street, but she remembered that he had left this place nearly a year before. Her friend, the lounger, advised hre to appeal to the police, but she revolted against anything suggestive of the "criminal." To ask the police to look for her husband was, to her, shocking.

A clerk in the store was appealed to by the lounger and that individual agreed with him that the police alone could find "the Man," if he was to be found at all. All this was adding new terror. Tears came to Justine's eyes and she did not try to dash them away. Pride was conquered by despair. The clerk, taking matters in his own hands, called in a passing policeman and bluntly told her to state the situation to him.

"In the fir-rst place, ma'am, d'ye know the felly here?" asked the officer, regarding the lounger with an unfriendly eye. The latter winced a bit but did his best to put up a brave show of resentment.

"She never seen me till ten minutes ago, Maher, an' I ain't done or said nawthin 'wrong to her, hones' to God. Leave it to th' girl herself if I ain't been dead square. Ain't I, ma'am?"

"He's been very kind, policeman," answered Justine, eagerly.

"Sure, sure, Maher, dat's right," said the lounger, triumphantly.

"Did he's thry to touch ye, ma'am?" demanded the officer, still unsatisfied.

"No, sir; he did not do anything so rude. He was very kind and I thank him," responded she, taking the word "touch" literally.

"What d'I tell you?" said the suspect, in hurt tones.

"Kape yer gab out, Biggs," said the officer. "I mean, ma'am, did he ask yez fer money?"

"O, no, sir," said Justine, confusedly.

"Never asked her fer a cent, on the dead—"

"That'll do ye, Biggs. Clear out onnyhow," said the policeman, unpityingly.

"Aw, dat's not right—"

"G'wan, now, will ye?" exclaimed Officer Maher, roughly shoving Mr. Biggs toward the door.

"Oh," cried Justine, indignantly. "Let him alone!" Her eyes were flashing angrily.

"It's all right, ma'am," explained the clerk, calmly.

"But he's done nothing wrong."

"You can't take chances with these bums. They're a bad lot. He's a tough customer, Biggs is. Don't have anything to do with strangers on the street. It's not safe." By this time the red-faced guardian of the peace was with them again and Justine reluctantly explained her dilemma to him.

"He worked here for a long time as a newspaper artist," she said, in conclusion.

"I've seen his pictures many a time," said the clerk with new interest. "Is he your husband?"

"Yes, sir."

"I guess he's not on the paper now. I haven't seen his pictures for some time."

"He's been off the paper for nearly a year."

"Come wid me to hidquarters, ma'am, an' the chief'll sind some wan out to loca-ate him befure night," said the officer. "Sthate yer case to the boss. It won't be no thrick to find him."

"I hate to have the police look for him," said she, imploringly.

"Will, thin, phat'd yez call me in fer?" demanded the officer, harshly.

"I—I didn't call you in, sir," said she, looking helplessly at the clerk.

"I called you in, officer," said the clerk. "She didn't know what to do."

"Will, it's up to ye, ma'am. We'll find him if yez say so."

"Do you know any one else in Chicago?" asked the clerk. "Maybe there's some one you could go to while they're trying to find your husband."

"I don't know any one here," said she, despairingly.

"Don't you want to leave your—your grip here? We'll take care of it till you come after it."

"That'll be all right, ma'am. It'll be safe here an' yez don't want to be luggin' it around town wid that kid on yer hands. L'ave it here," said Officer Maher, and he picked it up and carried it behind the prescription counter before she could remonstrate. The clerk handed her a card containing the name and location of the store.

"O, I do know some one here," she cried, suddenly, her face brightening. "Miss Celeste Wood. Do you think I could find her?"

To her dismay, the name was not in the directory.

"Does she live with her parents," asked the clerk.

"I—I think so," replied Justine, helplessly.

"Do you know her father's name?"

"No, sir. She has a brother named Randall, would his name be in the book?"

Young Wood's name and address were readily found by the clerk and officer. Maher advised her to take a cab to the place at once. These men unceremoniously took matters in their own hands, and, almost before she knew it, a cab was taking her northward, bound for the home of the girl who had so often sent her love, through Jud, to the other girl of Proctor's Falls.

The ride gave her ample time to reflect and she had not gone far before her thoughts were running once more in a straight channel. Her pride grew as the situation became plainer, displacing the first dread and confusion. How could she go to a stranger and inflict her with her troubles? What right had she to ask her assistance or even her interest in this hour of need? Beside all this, the mere confession that she could not find her husband would be humiliating to her and explanations would be sure to put Jud in an unpleasant light. It would mean that she must tell Miss Wood of his failure in everything, a condition which the young woman might politely deplore, but that was all. Her own poor garments now seemed the shabby reflection of Jud's poverty, his degradation, his fall from the high pedestal that had been his by promise. She could not look down into the bright, laughing eyes of her boy and go on to the shameful exposition of his father's misfortune. The red of pride mounted to her brown cheeks and the new fire in her eyes burned bright with the resolution to save him and herself from the humiliation of an appeal to Miss Wood.

Past rows of magnificent homes she was driven, but they interested her not at all. Beneath her pride, however, there battled the fast diminishing power of reason. Try as she would, she could not drive out the stubborn spark which told her that she must call upon some one in her helplessness—but that the "some one" should be a woman was distressing. As she was struggling with pride and reason, the cab turned in and drew up at the curb in front of a handsome house. Her heart gave a great bound of dismay.

"This is No. ——, ma'am," said the driver as he threw open the door.

"I—I don't believe I'll go in," she stammered, trembling in every nerve.

"Where shall I take you?" he asked, wearily. Little he cared for the emotions of his fares.

"Are you sure this is the place?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Do you want to get out?"

Fresh courage inspired her, brought about by the sharp realization that it was the only way to find help, humiliating though the method might be. There was

no other way, and his question: "Where shall I take you?" reminded her forcibly that she had no place to go.

"Yes," she said, decisively, and with the haste of one who is afraid that hesitation will bring weakness, she stepped to the carriage-block.

"Shall I wait, ma'am?"

"I don't know how long I'll be here," she said, her ignorance confronted by another puzzle. The driver saw in his mind sufficient cause for her uncertainty, and sagely concluded that she was a poor mother who expected to find a home for her babe with the wealthy people who lived at No.——.

"I'll drive into the park and be back in half an hour, ma'am, if you think you'll be there that long," he said, and away he rolled. She mounted the steps quickly, and, after a long and embarrassing search, found the electric button and rang the door bell. A trim maid responded. Justine had fondly hoped that Miss Wood herself would come to the door, and her heart sank with disappointment.

"Is Miss Wood at home?" she managed to ask.

"She does not live here," replied the maid, surveying the caller with a superior and supercilious air.

"I thought her brother—" began Justine, faintly. She felt as if she were about to fall.

"Mr. and Mrs. Wood live here, and they have a married daughter living over in S——— Place. I have only been here since Monday, ma'am, and I can't tell you her address."

"It is Miss Celeste Wood I want to see," said poor Justine, her lip trembling.

"That's the name—Celeste. She was here yesterday and I heard Mrs. Wood speak the name. Won't Mrs. Wood do as well?" There was kindness in the voice now, Justine's eyes had made their usual conquest.

"I'd—I'd rather see Miss Celeste," she said, timidly. "Can't you tell me where she lives?"

"I'll ask Mrs. Wood. The butler'd know but he is sick. Will you wait inside the door? What a pretty baby!"

She was gone but a few minutes, returning before Justine's dazed eyes had half accustomed themselves to the attractive place.

"She lives at No. 1733 S——— Place. You go to the next corner and turn west. The house is in the second block."

The day was cold and her bare hands were numb. The wind from the lake cut through her thin garments so relentlessly that she longed for the protection of the carriage which was not to return for half an hour—and then to the wrong place. What if Celeste were not at home? She could not ask to be permitted to sit in her house until her return; that would be too much of an imposition. She could only return to the street and wait for half an hour in the freezing winds for the cab which seemed like a home to her now.

A hurrying figure in furs and brown approached from the direction in which she was going. The two drew nearer and nearer, the one walking rapidly against the wind, the other driven along more swiftly than was her wont by the heavy gale at her back. Justine was the first to recognize the other. Her heart gave a great bound of joy, for there could be no mistaking the face of the woman who faced the wind. The country girl jubilantly uttered in her soul a prayer of gratitude to the Providence that had brought her face to face with the one she sought. She half stopped as the other drew near. Celeste's eyes met hers. Evidently she was surprised to observe a desire to speak with her, on the part of a stranger. Justine's eyes were wide with relief and her lips were parted as if words were just inside. Celeste's eyes narrowed for one brief instant of indecision and then she knew. There was but one face like Justine Van's and it had been in her mind for days and days. She had just come from it, in fact, and her heart was still aching with the pain of seeing it on Jud's easel not an hour before. But what could the girl be doing in Chicago? was the thought that flashed into her mind. Even as she opened her lips to greet her, her hands extended, it was known to her that Justine could be going only to the home of Jud Sherrod. Justine's joy was too great for words and Celeste's heart went out to her irresistibly. Despite the wanness of the face and the dark circles under the eyes Justine's were still the vivid, matchless features that Celeste had envied in that other day. Though she was sorely troubled by the inexplicable presence of the one woman whom she had

been thinking of for days, Celeste could but greet her warmly.

"This is the greatest surprise in the world," cried Celeste. "Who would have dreamed of seeing you here?"

"I have just come from your old home. They told me you lived on this street," said Justine, her voice hoarse with emotion.

"And you were going to my home," cried Celeste, just as if intuition had not told her so before. "I was on my way to mother's. Isn't it lucky we met? I will go back with you at once. You must be very cold. And—a baby? Oh, the dear little one! How cold it must be."

"I have him well wrapped up," said Justine. Celeste mentally noted that the child was protected at the sacrifice of the mother's comfort, for Justine looked half frozen.

"Is he—is he your boy?" asked Celeste, and a wave of happiness surged over her when the answer came. Did it not prove that she was married and forever out of Jud's life?

"I am sure he must be a handsome little fellow," said she, as they turned from the sidewalk to the steps leading to the door of her home.

"He looks like his father—and not a bit like me," said Justine, modestly.

"Have you named him?"

"He is named after his father, of course."

"A token of real love."

"Of love; yes—he could have had no other name. I am so happy that he is a boy." The door swung open and they were in the warm hallway.

"You must let me see him. Bring him to the grate. But, first, take off your hat and coat. Mary will relieve you of them. Now, let me see him."

Dudley, the second, was awake, wide-eyed and frightened when he looked up into the two faces above him.

"Does he not look like his father?" asked Justine, happily.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE END OF IT ALL.

Celeste started. Justine's innocent query rudely tore down the curtain that had hung between her understanding and Jud's strange behaviour, and it seemed to her, in that one brief, horrible moment, that she saw all that was black and ugly in life.

She could take her eyes from the mother's gentle face only to let them rest upon the features of the baby. Justine's question—"Does he not look like his father?"—could have but one answer. Dudley Sherrod's likeness was stamped on the face of the boy unmistakable, accusing. In her terror, the face of the little one seemed to age suddenly until there loomed up before her the features of Jud, the man.

Powerless to answer, she turned abruptly and staggered to a window, leaning heavily against the casing, her heart like lead, her face as white as death. She knew now the cause of everything that had mystified and troubled her in Jud's conduct. Now she knew why the picture of Justine was before him, now she knew why the mention of her name threw him into confusion. The whole wretched truth was plain.

"Oh, Jud! Oh, Jud!" she cried to herself. "Oh, this poor ruined girl? How could he have done such a—oh, God, no, no! I must be wrong. The resemblance is not real—it is my fancy. But—but, why does she ask me if he looks like his father? What other father can there be—what other man is known to both of us? But how young the boy is; Jud has not seen her in years. He cannot be the father. Why am I afraid? Why have I doubted him?" The voice of the other woman came to her from the fireplace, indistinct, jumbled and as if through the swirl of a storm.

"Pardon me, but I do not know what your name is now," was the apologetic remark from the other side of the room, and Celeste turned to her.

"My name is—is Sherrod, Miss Van," she said, slowly. Justine looked up in surprise and bewilderment. A shadow of unbelief crossed her face.

"Sherrod?" she asked, curiously. "Why, how strange that we should have the same name."

"The same name, Miss Van?"

"My name has not been Van for a long, long time. We were married before you met us at Proctor's Falls, I'm—why, what is the matter?"

"It is not true—it is not true," half shrieked Celeste. Justine shrank back as

if confronted by a mad woman, instinctively shielding her boy. "Do you mean to tell me you were married to Jud Sherrod?" she continued, scornfully?

"Of course I was—don't look at me like that! What in the name of heaven is the matter, Mrs.—Mrs.—" a sickening thought struggled into Justine's mind. "Your name is—is Sherrod, too," she said, dully. "Has—has Jud anything to do with it?"

"He is not your husband," cried Celeste, pityingly.

"What do you mean?" gasped Justine, limp and white. "Jud and I were married three years ago—"

"Oh!" moaned Celeste. Justine's extended arm caught her as she dropped forward. The wild blue eyes looked piteously into the frightened brown ones and the grey lips repeated hoarsely: "Are you sure? Are you sure?"

"What shall I do?" moaned Justine. "I am his wife, I know I am. Nobody can deny it. Why, why, I have the certificate—" she went on eagerly. Celeste struggled to her feet.

"Then what, in the name of our God, has he made of me?" she cried, hoarsely.

"I don't understand," murmured Justine, dully. "Do you—do you love him?"

"Love him? Love him? Why, woman, he is my husband!"

The world went black before Justine's eyes. She fell back in the deep chair; her big eyes closed, her hands relaxed their clasp on the boy and he slid to the protecting arm of the chair; her breath clogged her throat. As consciousness fled, she saw Celeste sink to the floor at her feet.

A man drew aside the curtains a few minutes afterwards and planted a heavy foot inside the room. His sombre eyes were on the floor and it was not until he was well inside the room that his gaze fell upon the still group at the fireplace. He paused, his tired eyes for the moment resting wearily on the scene. Slowly his mind, which had been far away, caught up the picture before him. His dull sensibilities became active.

Celeste was lying on the floor. She had fainted. He stretched forth his arms to lift her and his eyes fell upon the upturned face of the woman in the chair. Petrified, he stood for an age, it seemed. Comprehension slowly forced its way into his brain.

"Justine!" A shriek of terror burst in his throat, the sound did not reach his lips. The end had come. It was all over! They knew—they *knew!* They knew him for what he was. He had not the strength to flee; he only knew that he was face to face with the end. He must stand his ground, as well now as any time. He waited. There would be cries, sobs, wails, and bitterness.

But no sounds came from the lips of the two women. The baby alone stared in wonder at this strange man. The faces of the unconscious girls were death-like, Justine's drawn with pain, Celeste's white and weak. Unconsciously his hand touched Justine's face, then her breast. She did not move, but her heart was beating. With the same mechanical calmness he dropped to one knee and half raised Celeste's head, expecting her eyes to open. The lids lay still and dark and her neck was limp. As he rose to his feet stiffly, his eyes fell upon the face of the boy and it was as if he were a child again and looking at himself in the old mirror up at the house "on the pike."

He could not meet the smile of that innocent spectator. In a fever of haste lest either woman should revive before he could be ridden from their wretched eyes, he pressed cold lips to their lips, covvered the baby's face with kisses and a flood of tears that suddenly burst forth, and then dashed blindly from the room and up the broad staircase, terrified by the sound of his own footfalls, in dread of a piteous call from below, eager to escape the eyes—the condemning eyes that once had loved him.

Celeste was the first to open her eyes. For many minutes she lay where she had fallen, striving to remember how she came to be there. Memory gradually pushed aside the kindly numbness—and she saw clearly. Dragging herself to the mantel post, she tried to regain her feet. The effect was vain; her strength had not returned. Leaning against the Mosaic background, she turned her eyes upon the motionless figure in the chair. She never knew what her thoughts were as she sat there and gazed upon the face of the other woman, Justine Van—Justine Van, the girl of Proctor's Falls.

At last a long sigh came from Justine's

lips, there was a deep shudder and then the fluttering lids parted, two wide, dazed eyes of brown staring into space. Minutes passed before the gaze of the two women met. There were no words, nothing but the fixed stare of horror. Moved by a desperate impulse Celeste struggled to her feet, her glazed eyes bent upon the face of the baby. Steadying herself for an instant against the mantel, she lurched forward, hatred in her heart, her hands outstretched. The fingers locked themselves in the folds of the child's dress and he was raised above the head of the frenzied woman.

Justine's weak hand went up appealingly; she had not the strength to rise and snatch the child from the other's clutches.

"Then, kill me, too," she whispered, closing her eyes.

A crowing laugh came from the child, the laugh of an infant who is tossed on high and revels in the fun. A moment later he was lying in his mother's lap and his enemy was sobbing as she laid her hand in the dark hair of the other woman.

A distant scream came from somewhere in the house, but the two women did not hear it. A maid came scurrying downstairs, white and excited. She dashed unceremoniously into the room, panting out the single exclamation:

"Hurry!"

Celeste slowly turned toward her.

"What is it, Mary?" she asked, mechanically, almost unconsciously.

"Mr. Sherrod, ma'am—you must come quick. In the studio," gasped the maid.

"Is Jud here?" asked Justine, raising herself in the chair. A new light struggled into her eyes. Celeste, cold with the certainty of some terrible news, straightened to receive the blow.

"Is it—bad, Mary?" she asked.

"Oh, ma'am, I—I can't tell you," almost whispered the girl. "It's awful! I'll see him to my dying day."

"He—he is dead?" The question came from frozen lips.

The maid burst into tears.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

HEARTS.

Sherrod's body lay stretched across the rug in front of the grate in his studio. His coat and vest had been hastily thrown aside and his white shirt, covering the deep chest, was saturated with blood. The carved hilt of a Malay dagger stood defiantly above the cleft heart; the steel was deep in his body.

He had dealt one blow but he had sent the blade of the kris straight home; so true was its course that death must have been instantaneous. He lay flat on his broad back, his neck twisted as if checked in the supreme moment of agony; death had left its stamp of pain on his ghastly face.

On the floor near the body a piece of white paper was found, across which was scrawled:

"Forgive me."

The hand that penciled these words was the same that drove home the blade, but it had trembled only in the writing, not in the blow. The hasty scrawl revealed his eagerness to have over with life while there was yet a chance to escape facing the ruined women below. The last plea of the suicide was not directed to either of the loved ones; it was left for each to take it to her heart and in secrecy hold it as hers alone—cherishing it, if she could.

His had been a crime that the law could not sufficiently punish. He had inflicted the penalty himself and he had asked the forgiveness of those he had wronged in his weakness. They had loved him to the hour of his death; they had trusted him. Neither had known him in his baseness or his cowardice—they knew him only as loving, devoted, and true. Death came just as the joys of being his were shattered; the pains he had given them in life were known only after he had gone from them. They were asked to forgive a dead man who had been everything to them in life and whom they had loved until his last breath was drawn; he did not wait to receive their reproaches; he had gone away as they had known him and they had not looked upon the face of guilt.

Celeste was the calmer of the two and yet she was the more deeply wronged. After the first grief, she arose, bleeding and broken from the wreck of every joy, and she was strong. Justine, stunned by grief and horror, lay for hours in the bed to which she had been carried by the maids after the terrible scene in the studio.

With the slow return of composure, Celeste saw dimly the situation as it existed for her. She was not a widow. The widow was the other woman who had crouched on the opposite side of the corpse, pleading with him to come back to her and the boy. While she could not as yet grasp the full reality of her position, she felt that Justine's claim was best.

It was she who had Justine taken to a room by the maids. There was no rage in her heart; she took that other one into her grief and shared it with her. There was no other way; they had suffered together. There still lingered a faint hope—cruel though it was—that she might be the real wife and Justine the false one. Hours after the calamity, far in the night, while her mother bathed her head and sought to soothe her, Celeste planned and planned.

She knew that if Justine's claim were true, Jud had deliberately made a wanton of her, even though he loved her. The world would soon know that she was not a wife and the newspapers would be nauseous with the sensation. She was confident, however, that she was the only one in the house who knew Justine's story, and as she lay waiting for the dawn there grew in her mind a steady purpose. The world must never know!

Justine, pale and dead-eyed, stood looking from the window of the bed chamber when the knock came at her door the next morning. She did not respond, she did not even turn her head, for her thoughts were of the night before and the life before that. Celeste softly opened the door and came to her side.

"Justine," she said, gently, almost inaudibly. Dark, heavy, despairing eyes were turned upon her and she feared for the success of her plan.

"Am I to go to him now?" came the lifeless voice of the other.

"Justine," said Celeste, taking a cold hand in her own, "we must understand each other, we must know the truth. I don't think anything that can happen now will hurt us; we are dead to all pain. We must talk about—about ourselves."

"I don't understand what it all means," moaned Justine. "Why can't I go to Jud? He is mine—he is mine, and—and—"

"But, Justine, dear, it is of this that we must talk. I—I thought he was mine. My God, don't you see? I have lived as his wife for months and—and I never knew until you came that I—that I—oh, don't you understand?"

Justine's unwillingness to believe evil of Jud, despite all that had happened to prove the existence of a double life, was a barrier hard to break down, and it was not without long entreaties and explanations that Celeste made her see that her claim had some justification. At last these two women brought themselves down to the point from which the situation could be seen plainly in all its unhappy colourings. Together in the darkness that he had cast about them they groped their way toward the light of understandings; as they went, the heart of each was bared to the other and both saw and sought to ease the pain the rents disclosed.

There was no denying Justine's right to call Jud husband. Celeste saw her every hope slipping away as she listened to the story of the courtship and marriage in the little country lane. She knew now that she had never been a wife and she knew that she had to live all the rest of her life beneath an ugly shadow. Whatever were her thoughts of the man who had so basely wronged her, she kept them to her self. Not one word of reproach did she utter in the presence of the wife and mother. The consequences of his crime were hers to bear and her only object in life now was to prevent others from sharing them with her, to prevent the world from knowing of their existence. If she loathed the memory of the man who had despoiled her honour, she held that loathing secret. To the world, he was her husband and the world should see her mourn for him.

Her proposition to Justine was at first indignantly rejected, but so skillfully did she paint the picture of her position in life as Jud had left it for her, that the tender, honest girl from the country fell completely under the influence of her pleading. Justine was made to see Jud's fault in all its blackness and was urged to share in the effort to protect his memory. No one was to know of the double life he had led; no one was to know of his crime; no one was to curse his memory; two women alone were to—forget, if they could.

Between them it was agreed that in Chicago Justine was to appear as a cousin of the dead man and the funeral obsequies were to be conducted with the real wife in the background, the other as the deepest mourner. The body was to be taken afterwards to Clay township for burial and there Justine was to claim her dead, with Celeste posing as the good friend in the hour of direst trouble. This was the general plan, the minor but intricate details being entrusted to Celeste.

"Here he was my husband and the world may never be the wiser," said she, taking the other to her grateful heart. "Down there he is yours and no one there must know how he has served you. You can save me, Justine, and I can shield him from the curses of your people. He will lie in the grave you dig for him away down there, and your friends may always look upon his headstone and say: 'He was a good man. We all loved him.' It is fair, Justine, and I will love you to my dying day for doing all this for me."

"I love you," said Justine, and they went forth to play their unhappy parts.

It was Celeste, keen and bold in her desperation, who wrote the letter to 'Gene Crawley, signing a fictitious name, Justine looking over her shoulder with streaming eyes. It briefly told of a sudden death and ended with the statement that a telegram would follow announcing the time of leaving Chicago with the body. The newspapers in the city told the story of the suicide, giving the cause as ill-health, and pictured the grief of the young widow. Celeste saw the reporters herself. Purposely, deliberately, she misinformed them in many of the details regarding his birthplace and his earlier life. This act of shrewdness on her part was calculated to mislead the people of Clay township and it succeeded. No one could connect the identity of the suicide with that of the youth who had gone out from that Indiana community long ago.

How the two women lived throug hthe funeral service in S——— Place, was past all understanding. The real wife heard the sobs of the other and choked with the grief she was compelled to suppress. The other wept but who knows whether the tears were tribute of love for the man over whom the clergyman said such gentle, hopeful words? A dead man and two women knew the story that would have shocked the world. One could not speak, the others would not. And so he was eulogised.

That night the two women and their dead left Chicago for Glenville. Their only companion was Dudley Sherrod, the second.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CRAWLEY'S LEGACY.

The people of Clay township were kept in the dark concerning the manner in which Jud came to his death. The letter to 'Gene merely announced that his sudden death was due to a hemmorrhage, and another letter to Parson Marks from Justine's friend in the city bore the same news. Naturally Jud's friends believed that the hemorrhage was of the lungs, which inspired ninety per cent. of them to say that they had always regarded him as frail. Some went so far as to recall predictions made when he was a boy to the effect that he "wouldn't live to see thirty year."

Crawley and Harve Crose drove to Glenville in Harve's wagon to meet the train, prepared to haul the casket to the cemetery where Mr. Marks was to conduct short services. There was no hearse in Glenville, but there was a carpenter who buried people as a "side line." Rich people in the neighbourhood sent to an adjoining county seat for embalmers and undertakers; Clay township buried its dead as it was able and saw fit. Justine would not permit Celeste to pay the expenses of the funeral at Jud's old home and she herself could not afford the luxury of a hearse and mourners' carriage. The arrangements were in the hands of Mr. Marks, Crawley, and Crose, and the details were of the simplest character.

The aristocratic "two-seated rig" of David Strong and Martin Grimes's surrey were at the station to act as conveyances for Justine and the minister and a select few. Dozens of buggies, buckboards, and not a few spring-wagons fell in behind the "mourners' carriages" when the cortège left the depot platform, headed for the cemetery four miles away. Justine, her face hidden in a dense veil of black, occupied the back seat in David Strong's vehicle and the whole countryside longed to comfort her. By her side sat a pale, beautiful woman in a simple

gown of black—the city friend the community had heard so much about. The baby found a comfortable resting place in the capacious lap of Mrs. Strong, who sniffled continuously while her husband drove solemnly and imposingly through the streets of the village. The town looked on with sombre gaze and the country spoke in a respectful whisper. Sad was the home-coming of the Sherrods.

The long procession, headed by the wagon containing the casket, wound its slow way out into the country, through the winter-clean lane, past the house in which Jud and Justine were married, and up to the gate of the dilapidated, weather-worn "burying-ground" on the hill. In oppressive silence, the throng crowded over and about the weed-covered graves in the ill-kept little cemetery to witness every movement in connection with the ceremony. They saw the casket lifted from the wagon-bed by six young men and they opened a pathway from the gate to the grave through which the pall-bearers passed with heavy tread; they saw the long black box in which Dudley Sherrod had come home lowered into the clay-colored gulf; they saw Justine, moaning as she stood between old Mrs. Crane and the stranger from the city; but they could not see the heart of that white-faced stranger who looked with tear-dimmed eyes into the grave at her feet.

Justine's grief was pitiful. Not a man, woman or child in that assemblage but shed tears of genuine sympathy. The men and women who had gathered at the pastor's home not many months before to condemn her, now stood among the graves and wept with her. Not a few cast curious eyes upon the fair stranger and went away to say afterwards that she was the kind of a friend to have.

The choir of the little church sang several hymns from books that Jud and Justine had used in days gone by. Heads were bared in the biting aiar and no man was there who did not do full honour to Jud Sherrod, the goodliest boy the township had ever produced. The grief of the people was honest. Mr. Marks, inspired by the opportunity, delivered such a discourse on the goodness, the nobility of the young man that the community, with one voice, proclaimed it to be a masterpiece of oratory.

"And to this devoted young wife, for whom he struggled so manfully, so loyally up to the very hour of his taking away, God gives his boundless pity and will extend His divinest help. Dudley Sherrod, our departed brother, was the soul of honour. He loved his home and the mistress of it second only to his Maker. I voice what is known to the world at large when I say that never lived there a man whose heart was more thoroughly given over to the keeping of woman. And she loved and revered him and we see her inconsolable, bereft of all earthly joy. We pray God that she may see the brightness beyond this cloud that He has in His wisdom thrown around her. And we pray for the life, the soul of this baby boy who lies fatherless in this—er—this cold world. He will never know the love of a father. We all glory in the privilege of having known this true, honest Christian man, a man, whose life bore not a single blemish. His life was an example to all mankind. Oh, ye who listen to my words in this sad hour, strive to emulate his example. Do ye as he has done, live the life he has lived. How many of us are there who might have lived as he—er—did—if we but had the courage to follow the impulses of the soul. He has gone to his reward."

❦

Just before the shades of night fell across the grief-ridden community, Justine escaped the kind ministrations of Mrs. Crane, Mrs. Hardesty, Mrs. Bolten, and other good dames who had followed her to the cottage after the chill services in the cemetery for the purpose of comforting her. They had gone to the cottage with red eyes, choking whispers, and hands eager to lift her up, and she was trying to avoid these good offices. She crept into the bleak little room upstairs to which Celeste had long since fled to find solitude for her broken heart.

Celeste was stretched upon the bed, face downward, and her slim body was as still as Jud's had been. The feeling of dread in Justine's heart was not dispelled until her hands touched the warm cheek and her ear caught the sound of a faint, tear-choked sigh.

"It is I, Celeste," she said, gently. "Won't you let me hold you in my arms? See! I am strong again and I must take some one to my heart. It seems so empty,

so dead, so cold. You don't hate me for this day, do you?"

Celeste turned her face to the girl above and stretched forth her hand.

"I love you, Justine," she sobbed, and their wet faces were pressed close together on the same pillow. After many mintues she asked abruptly: "What are you going to do, Justine?"

"Do?" asked the other, blankly. "I don't know. I haven't thought."

"You will not stay here, you cannot stay here where—where—"

"But where can I go? What do you mean?"

"I want to be with you always—I want to be near his—your boy," said the other. "Oh, Justine, I must have some one to love, I must have some one to love me. Don't you see, can't you see? I want you to love me and I want his boy to love me. You—you cannot stay here—you shall not stay here and suffer alone; you must not bear it all alone. We took the blow together, dearest Justine; let us bear it together, let us live through it together."

And so it was that the women Jud Sherrod had made happy and unhappy in his brief, misguided life, found a vacant place each in the heart of the other and filled that place with the love that could not be dishonoured. It was a long time before Justine could fully comprehend the extent of the other's proposition and it was much longer before she was won over by almost abject pleading on the part of the wretched, lonely girl who had been wife in name only.

Celeste convinced Justine that she was entitled to all that Jud had left as a legacy; she deliberately classified herself as a part of his estate, an article among his goods and chattels, and as such she belonged to his widow and heir. The home in S——— Place was, by right of law, Justine's, argued the pleader, and all that Jud had died possessed of was in that house. So persistent was she in the desire to obtain her end that she triumphed over Justine's objections. It was settled that they were to live together, travel together so long as both found the union agreeable.

Celeste's plan included a long stay in Europe, a complete flight from all that had been laid bare and waste in the world they had known with him. In two weeks they were to sail and there was no time set for their return. Justine's most difficult task was to be performed in the interim. It was to be the rewarding of Eugene Crawley.

She had seen him at the graveside, standing directly opposite her across the narrow opening in the ground. The pallor of his face was so marked even she had observed it. He had not raised his eyes to look at her, but she had seen his chest rise and fall.

The third day after the funeral she faced Crawley in the barnlot. With Celeste she was to leave that evening for Chicago and the time had come for settlement. She stood near the little gate that led to the barnlot and he approached slowly, uncertain as to the propriety of addressing this woman in grief. It was to be his first word to her since he said good-bye on the day that took her to Chicago with his money in her purse, the price of his horses. He had staked his all to give her the means to find Sherrod and she had found him.

" 'Gene, I am going away," she said, extending her hand as he came up.

"Going away?" he repeated, blankly.

"Yes. Miss Wood has asked me to accompany her to Europe and—and I am going."

He was silent for a long time, his dazed eyes looking past her as if they were sightless.

"That's—that's a long ways to go, Justine," he said, at last, and his voice was husky. The broad hand which had held hers for an instant, shook as he laid it on the gate post.

"It is very good of her, 'Gene, and I love her so much," she said. She saw again that love was not dead in his heart and the revelation frightened her. "You have been so good to me, 'Gene, and I don't know how I am ever to repay you," she hurried on, eager to pass the crisis.

"You—you c'n pay me in your own way an' in your own time," he said, looking intently at the ground, uncertain of his own meaning.

"We leave to-night," she said, "and I must not go away without—without settling with you."

"Settlin' with me," he echoed. There was no passing over the bitterness in his voice. "You are goin' to-night? Good God—" he burst out, but the new habit of self repression was strong. "I beg your

pardon, Justine," he went on, a moment later. "To-night?"

"Mr. Strong will take us to the train at six o'clock," she said. She had not looked for so much emotion. "'Gene, I owe you so much that I don't see how I am ever to pay you. Not only is it money that I owe, but gratitude. I have thought it all out, 'Gene, and there is only one way in which I can pay the smallest part of my debt, for the debt of gratitude can never be paid. I have sent for 'Squire Rawlings and—and, 'Gene, I know you won't misunderstand me—I am going to ask you to accept this farm from me, to be yours and yours only. The 'Squire will bring the deed and—"

"Justine!" he exclaimed, looking her full in the eyes. "You wouldn't do that—you don't mean that!" The darkest pain that she had ever seen was in his eyes.

"You deserve it and more—" she began, shrinking before his gaze. He held up his hand piteously and turned his face away, and she could see his struggle for control. At last he turned to her, his face white and drawn, his eyes steady, his voice less husky than before.

"You must never say such a thing to me ag'in, Justine. I know you meant all right an' you thought I'd be satisfied with the bargain, but you—you musn't offer to pay me ag'in. You've paid me all that's comin' to me, you've paid me by makin' a good man of me, that's what you've done. I'd die before I'd take this—this land o' yourn an' that little boy's. You're mighty good an'—an'—oh, can't you see it's no use in me tryin' to talk about it? Wait! You was about to begin beggin' me to take it. I want to ast you as the greatest favour you ever done for me, don't say it. Don't say it. I can't stand it, Justine!"

"Forgive me, 'Gene, forgive me," she said, tears streaming down her cheeks. "You deserve more than I can ever give you, dear friend. I did not mean to hurt you—"

"It's all over, so let's say no more about it," he said, breathing deeply and throwing up his head. "I'll take keer o' your farm while you're gone, Justine, an' it'll be here in good order when you're ready to come back to it. It'll be kept in good shape for the boy. Don't you ever worry about the place. It's your'n an' I'll take good care of it for you. You're goin' to ketch the evenin' train?"

"Yes," she said, gently, "and I may be gone for a long time, 'Gene."

"Well," he said with difficulty, "I guess we'd better say good—good-bye. You've lots to do in the house an' I want to do some work in the wagon-shed. Good-bye, Justine; be—be good to yourself." It was the greatest battle that rough 'Gene Crawley had ever waged, but he came out of it without a scar to be ashamed of.

"I want to ask you to—to look after Jud's grave, 'Gene," she said, her hand in his. "There is no one else I can ask, and I want it kept better—better than the rest up there. Will you see to it for me—?"

"I'll—I'll 'tend to it for you, Justine," he said, but his face went pale.

For a full minute she looked, speechless, upon the white, averted face of the man whose love was going to its death so bravely, and a great warmth crept into her cold veins—a warmth born in a strange new tenderness that went out to him. A sudden, sharp contraction of the heart told her as plainly as though the message had come in words that the love in this man's heart would never die, never falter. Somehow, the drear, chill prospect grew softer, warmer in the discovery that Love could still live in this dead, ugly world, that after all fires were burning kindly for her. There was a thrill in her voice as she murmured, brokenly:

"Good-bye, 'Gene, and God bless and keep you."

"Good-bye," he responded, releasing her hand. He did not raise his eyes until the door of the cottage closed after her.

At dusk David Strong drove away from the little house in the lane, and the Sherrods went with him. 'Gene Crawley stood in the shadow of the barn, his hopeless eyes fastened on the vehicle until it was lost among the trees.

A sharp, choking sound came from his throat as he turned those dark, hungry eyes from the purple haze that screened the carriage from view. About him stretched the poor little farm, as dead as his hopes; at his back stood the almost empty barn; yonder was the deserted house from which no gleam of light shone.

He was alone. There was nothing left

but the lifeless, unkind shadows. Slowly he strode to the little gate through which she had passed. His hands closed over the pickets tenderly and then his lips were pressed to the latch her fingers had touched in closing the gate perhaps for the last time—closing it with him a prisoner until she chose to come back and release him.

A moment later his face dropped to his arms as they rested on the post and he sobbed as though his heart would break.

THE END.



READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

Appleton:

The Silver Poppy. By Arthur Stringer.

Mr. Stringer has become well known through his contributions to various periodicals and through his recently published book of verse. In this novel by him a literary vampire and a young Englishman, who has not found himself, play the chief parts in a clever romance. This book is reviewed in another column.

Animal Studies. A Text-Book of Elementary Zoology. By David Starr Jordon, Vernon Lyman Kellogg, and Harold Heath.

One of the series of Twentieth Century Text-Books, intended primarily for use in high schools and colleges, and it treats of the structure and habits of fossil animals with especial regard to their natural history rather than to their morphology.

The British Nation. A History. By George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto.

One of the Twentieth Century Text-Books. It is written somewhat after the fashion of Green's "Short History of the English People," that is, with due attention to social life as one of the important phases of the nation's growth.

Essays and Addresses. By Jules Cambon, Ambassador of France to the United States.

The essays in this volume include, among others, one upon "Pierre Loti's Iceland Fisherman," which was originally written to serve as an introduction to that story. Among the addresses are "A True View of France," delivered in New York, April 18, 1900; the address given by M. Cambon at the unveiling of the statue of Rochambeau at Washington last year; and his speech at the farewell banquet which was tendered him on the eve of his departure from this country.

Memoirs of the Life of the Late John Mytton, Esq. By Nimrod. With Numerous Illustrations by Henry Alken and T. J. Rawlins.

This quaint little book is a reprint of one which was issued in the year 1837 by Rudolph Ackermann, of London. The subject of the Memoirs was an English country gentleman of eccentric habits, and the story of his exploits in hunting, racing and driving makes some amusing pages.

The Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque. A Poem. With Thirty-One Coloured Illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson.

This book also is reprinted, with the original pictures, from one issued in the early part of the last century from Ackermann's Repository of Arts in London.

Memoirs of George Elers, Captain in the Twelfth Regiment of Foot (1777-1842). To which are added Correspondence and Other Papers, with Genealogy and Notes. Edited from the Original MSS. by Lord Monson and George Leveson Gower.

The manuscripts of these Memoirs were found in the library at Burton Hall by Mr. George Leveson Gower, a relative of Lord Munson. They give an interesting picture of life in society and in the army at the end of the eighteenth and at the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Anthony Wayne. By John R. Spears.

A new volume in the Series of Historic Lives which the Appletons are bringing out in a uniform edition. Wayne, some-

times called "Mad Anthony," was born in 1745 and died in 1796.

The Law of Life. By Anna McClure Sholl.

A novel which deals with a somewhat new feature in fiction. Miss Sholl gives a picture of life as she has seen it in a large university, and she brings a personal knowledge to the subject. The book is noticed elsewhere in this number.

Practical Journalism. By Edwin L. Shuman.

A manual of the best newspaper methods by the author of "Steps Into Journalism," which aims to "meet the needs, both of those who seek to enter journalism and of those who have already embarked on a newspaper career. The book is also intended as an aid to students in certain collegiate course and in schools of journalism." The book should have a timely interest, as the founding of a College of Journalism is at present one of the topics of conversation.

American Railway Transportation. By Emory R. Johnson.

The fourth volume in Appleton's Business Series, the previous books being "The Work of Wall Street," "Funds and Their Uses," and "Trust Finance," Professor Johnson is connected with the Wharton School of Finance of the University of Pennsylvania.

Central Europe. By Joseph Partsch.

A new volume in the Appleton's World Series, "The Regions of the World," by the Professor of Geography in the University of Breslau. Miss Clementina Black has translated the work from the German.

A History of Arabic Literature. By Clement Huart.

In an editorial preface by Edmund Gosse, he says: "This volume has been written at my invitation for this series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, and has been translated from the author's manuscript by Lady Mary Lloyd." Professor Huart is one of the best known of the living Orientalists.

The Career Triumphant. By Henry B. Boone.

A novel. The heroine is a young Virginian, and her "career triumphant" leads her to the stage. Mr. Boone is co-author with Mr. Kenneth Brown of "Eastcover Court House" and "The Redfields Succession."

Baker and Taylor Company:

R. F. and H. L. Doherty on Lawn Tennis.

The Dohertys' successes in the international tennis championship contests in this country are a matter of very recent history. Their book is intended especially for would-be learners of the game, though there is much in it that will prove of interest to those who already play. It has many illustrations, showing the various strokes, ways of holding the racket, etc.

Book-Lover Press:

The Red-Keggers. By Eugene Thwing.

A story of a lumbering and farming community during the period from 1868-69 to 1871. A member of the editorial staff of the Century Dictionary says: "A great story—intensely interesting, true to life, and a phase of life never previously touched."

Crowell and Company:

Parsifal. A Mystical Drama by Richard Wagner. Retold in the Spirit of the Bayreuth Interpretation by Oliver Huckel.

Lovers of opera should welcome this English version of Parsifal, and particularly at the present time, when it is creating considerable discussion. The volume contains five illustrations by Franz Stassen and special type designs in black and red. A review by Mr. Lewis M. Isaacs appears elsewhere in this issue.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

An April Princess. By Constance Smedley.

A light novel by an Englishwoman. Somebody says of it: "There has been nothing like it since Mr. Anthony Hope's "Dolly Dialogues." The book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Yellow Crayon. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Mr. Oppenheim is a prolific writer. Within the last few months he has written two successful books, "The Prince of Sinners" and "The Traitors." The present novel is founded upon the story of a secret society called "The Order of the Yellow Crayon," which was composed of the nobles of the earth, and originally instituted for united action against socialists and anarchists. The story is full of adventure and mystery, with many of the scenes laid in well-known hotels and restaurants in New York.

The Sherrods. By George Barr McCutcheon.

A review of Mr. McCutcheon's novel will appear in a later number of The Bookman. Then we shall feel at liberty to discuss the story impartially. As "The Sherrods" is still running serially in this magazine our reasons for declining to express any opinion whatever must be perfectly obvious.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Monsigny. By Justus Miles Forman.

A story which appeared in the Smart Set a few months ago. The novel has a foreign setting, the Chateau Monsigny being situated near Versailles. Mr. Forman's novels are pleasantly readable. A

review of this book appears elsewhere in this number.

Lane:

The MS. In a Red Box. Anonymous.

The mystery in connection with the receipt of this manuscript by the publishers is being used as an advertising feature. It is said that the publishers received the manuscript in a red box and that they have actually no idea who the author is. Whether this is a clever advertising dodge or not one cannot say at the present moment.

The Motor Book. By R. J. Mecredy.

A small book of interest to persons who desire to learn something about motor cars. The writer is an authority on this subject, being editor of "The Motor News" and "The Dictionary of Motoring," both of which are published in Dublin.

Songs of Dreams. By Ethel Clifford.

A book of verse which deserves much more than a passing notice. The contents are divided thus: "Songs Out of Doors," "Songs in the Night," "Songs in Remembrance," "Songs of Love," "Songs in Imitation," "Songs of Dreams." The poems are written by an Englishwoman, many of them having appeared in the Westminster Gazette and the Pall Mall Gazette.

Life in the Mercantile Marine. By Charles Protheroe.

In these sketches of nautical life the author, writing in the first person, gives an account of the conditions which prevail in the lives of the "men who go down to the sea in ships."

Masters of English Landscape Painting. J. S. Cotman. David Cox, Peter de Wint. Edited by Charles Holme.

A special summer number of the International Studio which contains many beautiful reproductions of the work of the three painters discussed.

The Tree Book. By Mary Rowles Jarvis.

The third volume in the Country Handbooks series, edited by Harry Roberts. "A life-long love of trees, and much lore concerning them, gleaned from foresters, charcoal burners, and other men of the woods . . . are the writer's chief qualifications for the making of this tree book."

A Girl's Life in a Hunting Country. By Handasyde.

A story with an English setting, written in the first person.

The House on the Sands. By Charles Marriott.

A new novel by the author of "The Column." The house on the sands is occupied by a man and a woman who have decided to experiment with Platonism. The man is an ascetic, and for a time the woman believes as he does. But when a change comes over her and new interests enter her life sufficient good material is provided for an interesting novel.

Eleanor Dayton. By Nathaniel Stephenson.

A new novel by the author of "The Beautiful Mrs. Moulton." The scenes of the story shift from the Court of Louis Napoleon to cities in the United States. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

Life Publishing Company:

Cirillo. By Effie Douglas Putnam.

A story, the scene of which is laid in Florence, and which has a musical atmosphere. The author is a harpist by profession, living in Paris, and this is her first novel.

New Harlem Publishing Company:

New Harlem Past and Present. By Carl Horton Pierce, William Pennington Toler, and Harmon de Paul Nutting.

According to the title page this is the story of an amazing civic wrong, now at last to be righted, with a review of the principles of law involved in the recovery of the Harlem Lands. The purpose of the book is "to prove that the town of New Harlem has not been erased from the map; that there is not only a 'past,' but a 'present New Harlem.'" The volume contains many illustrations.

Ogilvie Publishing Company:

The Monarch Billionaire. By Morrison I. Swift.

A novel dealing largely with the conditions existing between the very rich man and the laborer. Giles Wyndon, the billionaire, and his daughter, Margaret, are the principal characters.

Outlook Company:

Letters from a Farmer in Pennsylvania to the Inhabitants of the British Colonies. By John Dickinson. With an Historical Introduction by R. T. H. Halsey.

The first of these "Letters" made their appearance in the Pennsylvania Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, November 30-December 3, 1767. A letter followed for twelve successive weeks, and such was their popularity that they were reprinted in almost all the Colonial newspapers. The present volume is a large one, and is bound in blue paper boards with vellum backs, after the style of the original edition.

Pott and Company:

The Eastward Road. By Jeannette Bliss Gillespy.

A small book of poems, some of the poems having appeared in Harper's,

Everybody's Magazine, and The Bookman.

Putnam's Sons:

Old Paths and Legends of New England. By Katherine M. Abbott.

Miss Abbott is the author of the little paper-bound book "Trolley Trips," which described the old New England haunts that may be reached by trolley. In this more pretentious work she has not limited her wanderings to the trolley track, but has penetrated to out-of-the-way places, visiting old homesteads and spots of historic interest in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New Hampshire. The book is well bound and profusely illustrated.

The Shadow of Victory. By Myrtle Reed.

A new novel by the author of "Lavender and Old Lace." The action of the present story takes place among the stirring scenes of an early Western trading post, and it bears the sub-title "A Romance of Fort Dearborn."

Rains Company:

The Hasheesh Eater. By Fitzhugh Ludlow.

A reprint of a book originally published in 1857. It is not fiction, but the personal experiences of the author while using the drug, Hasheesh, or Indian Hemp.

Scribner:

The Diary of John Evelyn, Esquire, F.R.S. Edited by William Bray.

An imported book, bound in limp leather. Mr. Evelyn lived in the times of King Charles I., Oliver Cromwell, King Charles II., King James II., and King William, and it was his custom to make notes of such events as he thought worth recording.

Sir David Wilkie, R.A. By William Bayne.

This is also an imported volume, illustrated with twenty plates after Wilkie and a photogravure frontispiece. The preface speaks of the work of this Scotch artist as being of interest to the whole art-loving public. "It is probably at the present day not sufficiently well recognised how great was the homage universally paid to his genius in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, and how he was held to be representative of British art in general as well as of that of the land of his birth."

Rossetti Papers, 1862 to 1870. A Compilation by William Michael Rossetti.

In 1899 the compiler of this volume brought out two separate books, "Ruskin, Rossetti, Præraphaelitism," and "Præraphaelite Diaries and Letters." They consisted of letters, journals, etc., and were intended to show forth the career of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The record was carried up to February, 1862, while in the present volume it is brought up to April, 1870. The material in the present book, which is an imported one, is arranged chronologically.

Lawn Tennis at Home and Abroad. Edited by A. Wallis Myers, with Contributions by H. S. Mahony, H. S. Scribner, G. W. Hillyard, Mrs. Sterry, and other Authorities on the Game.

This book gives a pretty good idea of what a book on a certain sport should be. It is comprehensive and entertaining and excellently illustrated. In it the subject has been covered in a broader way than has been done before. We have, however, just one criticism to make. The volume purports to treat of Lawn Tennis "at home and abroad." The title should read "Abroad and at Home," for the marked precedence given the English side of the game is one unwarranted, even when one takes into consideration the remarkable showing of the English challengers during the past summer. Of course as this is an imported book, this precedent is understood by those who realise the fact. But bearing the imprint of an American house the volume in this respect will puzzle the average American reader. And it is in his behalf that we offer the criticism.

A Search for the Masked Tawareks. By W. J. Harding King. (Imported.)

A book describing a race of marauding nomads who live in the trackless wastes of the Sahara, south of Algeria. On account of their impious character, says the author, they have been named by the Arabs "Tawarek," or "Godforsaken." The text is accompanied by over forty illustrations.

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. By John Fox, Jr.

As a serial in Scribner's Magazine this story has attracted favourable comment. The story pictures boy life among the Kentucky mountaineers, and life at a blue-grass college in the days before the war. Mr. Fox also shows how Kentucky was affected by the Civil War. A review appears elsewhere in the present issue.

The Vagabond. By Frederick Palmer.

The first novel of a man who has already become known as a newspaper correspondent and as a writer of short stories. It is a Civil War story, and has been running serially in Collier's Weekly.

A Doctor of Philosophy. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A love story which will not please those readers who demand the often inevitable "happy ending." The doctor of philosophy is a woman, and a taint of negro blood adds a tragic element to the story. A further notice of it appears elsewhere in this issue.

Travels of Marco Polo. In Two Volumes.

The book of Ser Marco Polo, the Venetian, concerning the kingdoms and marvels of the East. Translated and edited, with notes, by Colonel Sir Henry Yule, R.E., C.B., K.C.S.I. The third edition of this work has been revised throughout in the light of recent discoveries by Henri Cordier of Paris.

A Song of Speed. By William Ernest Henley.

The Messrs. Scribner have imported this poem of Mr. Henley's, and have brought it out in paper covers. It is dedicated to Mr. Alfred Harmsworth, but it might appropriately have been dedicated to all automobilists.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Middle Course. By Poultney Bigelow.

An ultra modern novel. The lady of the frontispiece is described as being "dressed in the fashion of the day-after-to-morrow—for which she did not mean to pay till the day after that."

Miss Sylvester's Marriage. By Cecil Charles.

A novel, the reading of which will not overtax the brain. There is a great deal about Miss Sylvester and her husband, also a good deal about Miss Sylvester's aunt, who is described as being "non-irritant, non-astringent."

Hearts Aflame. By Louise Winter.

A story which depicts the efforts of a society leader to re-establish in the social world a woman friend who has been sensationally divorced. The illustrations in the book are by Archie Gunn.

Street and Smith:

Conversations of a Chorus Girl. By Roy L. McCardell.

This particular chorus girl is described as a "peroxide blonde," and her "conversations," in which the interlocutor is a dramatic editor, may be said to be of the peroxide type also. They tell of her experiences "on the road," of her various flirtations, and other things dear to the heart of the chorus girl.

Walker-Ellerson Publishing Company:

The Curse of Caste. By N. J. W. Le Cato.

A novel dedicated to the President. The author has much to say about the negro question, and for his frontispiece he has chosen the picture of a negro, with the following caption "I allus 'low'd dat it was bad business to free the nigger 'thout making him white."

Werner Publishing Company:

The Exact Science of Health. By Robert Walter, M.D. Volume I.: Principles.

The author of this book holds that the care of the body and the preservation of the vital forces may be developed into a science, determined by laws as exact as those which control the movements of the stars.

Boston.

Dana Estes and Company:

Whitewash. A Novel. By Ethel Watts Mumford.

"Whitewash" first appeared in The Smart Set. The scene is laid in New York, the characters are members of fashionable society, and a mysterious robbery and the exposure of a clever criminal furnish the main motive.

The Millionaire's Son. By Anna Robeson Brown.

This novel, to quote the publishers, "is a study in temperament and heredity, and a satire on social conditions in America." A further notice of this book appears elsewhere in this issue.

Ginn and Company:

Agriculture for Beginners. By Charles William Burkett, Frank Lincoln Stevens, and Daniel Harvey Hill.

The authors of this book, professors respectively of agriculture, biology and English in the North Carolina College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, have collaborated in the belief that there is no line of separation between the science of agriculture and the practical art, and that the child intended for the farm cannot too early be taught the fundamental truths of farming.

The Jones First Reader.
The Jones Second Reader.
The Jones Third Reader.
The Jones Fourth Reader.
The Jones Fifth Reader.

These are school books by L. H. Jones, president of the Michigan State Normal College. The series covers the reading work of the eight grades of the elementary schools.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Zut and Other Parisians. By Guy Wetmore Carryl.

A collection of short stories dealing, as the title suggests, with Paris and Parisians.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Gorgo. By Charles K. Gaines, Ph.D.

A romance of Old Athens by the Professor of Greek in St. Lawrence University. Gorgo is the daughter of a Spartan chief, reared in Laconia, and her lover is a young Athenian. The story abounds in battle scenes.

Mutual Book Company:

The Knocker. By Frank C. Voorhies. Illustrated by E. B. Bird.

A book intended to be funny. Here is a typical quotation: "A knocker is a sourball who thinks he knows it all. . . . Why

does a knocker knock? Because he has dyspepsia and feels like a soft-shelled crab."

Page and Company:

The Red Triangle. By Arthur Morrison.

This is a detective story, and a fairly good one, as detective stories go. Further mention of this is made in the Chronicle and Comment of the present issue.

Chicago.

Laird and Lee:

The New Tokology. Mother and Child Culture. By Eli F. Brown, M.S., M.D., and Joseph H. Greer, M.D.

A book which gives considerable information about the vital functions of the body and which also contains a dictionary of medical terms. There are numerous instructions for the prevention or the cure of disease, and special illustrations have been made by Dr. Ruth Blake.

Towards the Rising Sun. A Story of Travel and Adventure. By Sigmund Krausz.

An account of the author's trip through the Orient, beginning at Constantinople, leading to Asia Minor, Greece, and Egypt, and extending from there through the Red Sea to Ceylon, Calcutta, and overland through Central India to Bombay.

Webster's New Standard Dictionary of the English Language. Based on the most eminent Authorities by E. T. Roe, LL.B., and Professor O. H. L. Schwetzky, Editor.

This is a concise lexicon, bound in half leather, and containing, besides definitions and pronunciations of words and the various departments of the regulation dictionary, several cyclopædic features and a number of attractive coloured plates and maps.

Open Court Publishing Company:

Babel and Bible. Two Lectures on the Significance of Assyriological Research for Religion. Embodying also the Most Important Criticisms and the Author's Replies. By Dr. Friedrich Delitzsch. Translated from the German by Thomas J. McCormack and W. H. Carruth.

Dr. Delitzsch is Professor of Assyriology in the University of Berlin, and these lectures were delivered under the auspices of the German Oriental Society.

Hadley Ballads. By Julia Taft Bayne.

A small book of poems. "Her sons and daughters have gathered these," says the introduction, "from the New England Magazine, the Independent, the Youth's Companion, St. Nicholas, Springfield Republican, and Hartford Courant, into this little volume, which they present to their mother as a birthday gift, knowing also that it will give pleasure to her many friends."

The Mysteries of Mithra. By Franz Cumont.

A work translated from the second revised French edition by Thomas J. McCormack. It treats of the origin and history of the Mithraic religion, and is accompanied by a number of illustrations. The author, Franz Cumont, is Professor in the University of Ghent, Belgium.

Stone and Company:

My Friend Annabel Lee. By Mary Maclane.

This is very much the sort of book that one might expect from Mary Maclane.

Waite and Company:

Homophonic Conversations in English, German, French and Italian. Being a Natural Aid to the Memory in Learning those Languages. By C. B. and C. V. Waite.

A small book based upon the similarity in sound and in signification of the principal words used in the sentences which are chosen as examples. Nearly five hundred homophonic words are used, giving the form of the word in each language.

Winona Publishing Company:

The Bible in Shakespeare. By William Burgess.

A study of the relationship of the works of William Shakespeare to the Bible, in which the author undertakes to prove, by numerous parallel passages, quotations, and references, that Shakespeare—notwithstanding all opinions to the contrary—was a true Christian.

Philadelphia.

Ferris and Leach:

The Independence of the South American Republics. A Study in Recognition and Foreign Policy. By Frederic L. Paxson, Fellow in History in the University of Pennsylvania.

The Monroe Doctrine has been, almost since the beginning of the last century, a vital question in American politics, and its history has never, so far as we know, been comprehensively presented in a single volume before.

McKay:

Consumption a Curable and Preventable Disease. What a Layman Should Know About It. By Lawrence F. Flick, M.D.

A sane and helpful little book on the subject of tuberculosis, which should help those who read it to understand what the disease is, and therefore to do much toward preventing its spread.

Akron, Ohio.

The Saalfield Publishing Company:

The Man in the Camlet Cloak. By Carlen Bateson.

This is an historical novel, the plot being founded upon the conspiracy of Aaron Burr. It is put forth in the guise of "an old writing transcribed and edited."

Under Mad Anthony's Banner. By James Ball Naylor.

Mr. Naylor, author of "In the Days of St. Clair" and several other historical novels, has written a story founded upon the career of Gen. Anthony Wayne in the Northwest Territory. He dedicates his book, quite appropriately, to the memory of the hero of its pages.

Charleston, S. C.

Walker, Evans and Cogswell Company:

Life of John C. Calhoun. By Gustavus M. Pinckney.

A sketch of the "Great Nullifier," giving a brief biographical account of his life and work, but portraying him chiefly by means of extracts from his letters and speeches.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Fortunes of Fifi. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

A sprightly romance of the early part of the nineteenth century, with the scenes laid in Paris. The story has been running serially. This book is noticed in another column.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Press of the Ithaca Democrat:

The History of the Treman, Tremaine, Truman Family in America. By Ebenezer Mack Treman and Murray E. Poole, D.C.L., LL.D. Two Volumes.

This history appears in two massive volumes of over a thousand pages each. To those persons interested in genealogy it may be well to state that the history concerns itself with Joseph Truman of New London, Connecticut (1666); John Mack of Lyme, Connecticut (1680); Richard Dey of New York City (1641); Cornelius Board of Boardville, New Jersey (1730); John Ayer of Newbury, Massachusetts (1635), and their descendants.

Oxford, England.

At the Clarenden Press:

A History of the Peninsular War. By Charles Oman, M.A.

This, the second volume of Professor Oman's exhaustive work, covers the ground from January to September of 1809, that is, from the Battle of Corunna to the end of the Talavera Campaign.

Pittsburg, Pa.

Schools for Spirits. By E. M. Wood, D.D., LL.D.

In this paper covered volume the author touches upon theosophy, spiritualism, hypnotism, Dowieism, Mormonism, and Christian Science. "Having this book," announces its publishers, "you need nothing more on these subjects."

San Francisco, Cal.

Elder and Company:

Bachelor Bigotries. Compiled by an Old Maid and Approved by a Young Bachelor. Illustrated by an ex-Bachelor. Published by a Young Married Man.

The compilers of this little volume have made selections for every day in the year from the various writers who at one time or another have turned cynical toward women.

Robertson:

Of Both Worlds. By Herman Scheffauer.

A book of poems dedicated to Ambrose Bierce.

Some Village Verse. By Master Emery.

A small paper-covered book without a publisher's imprint. According to the frontispiece "Master Emery" is not so young as his verse would lead one to think. The title page bears this announcement: "Notice! This edition is limited to five hundred copies."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between July and August, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan. $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy (Clode.) $1.50.
6. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Wee MacGreegor. Bell. (Harper.) $1.00

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt & Co.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Philosophy Four. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Prince of Sinners. Oppenhein. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Drexel-Biddle.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Lousiville, Ky.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Real Diary of a Real Boy. Shute. (Everett.) $1.00.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Philosophy Four. Wister. (Macmillan.) 50 cts.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. A Gentleman of the South. Brown. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell.) $10.00 net.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Children of Destiny. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Such Things as Dreams Are Made of. Miller. (Lawrence.) $1.00.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bachelier. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Log of a Cowboy. Adams. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Under the Rose. Isham. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City.

1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Ward of King Canute. Liljencranz. (McClurg.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. As It Was In the Beginning. Miller. (Robertson.) $1.00.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Drexel-Biddle.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Darrel of the Blessed Isles. Bacheller. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (Stone.) $1.50.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

Toronto, Can.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Morang.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Morang.) 75c. and $1.50.
6 Brewster's Millions. Greaves. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Stokes.) $1.50
6. Round Anvil Rock. Banks. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page.
3. The Call of the Wild
millan.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Gre
rill.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Condu
(Holt.) $1.50.
6. Monsigny. Forman.
$1.50.

From the above lists t
books are selected accor
ing system:

A book standing 1st on a
" " 2d "
" " 3d "
" " 4th "
" " 5th "
" " 6th "

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	221
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.....	207
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	164
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	77
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.....	69
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.....	66

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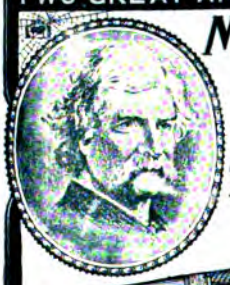
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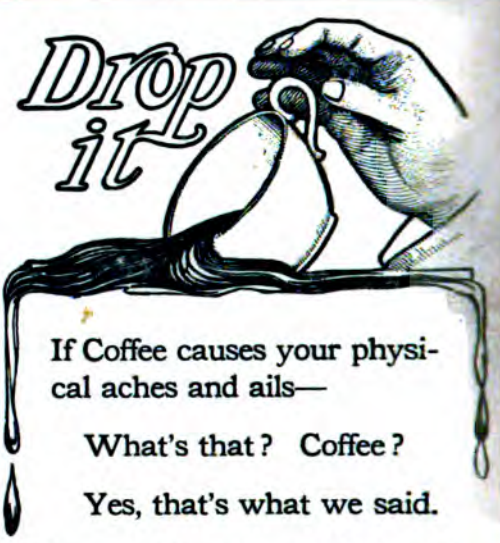
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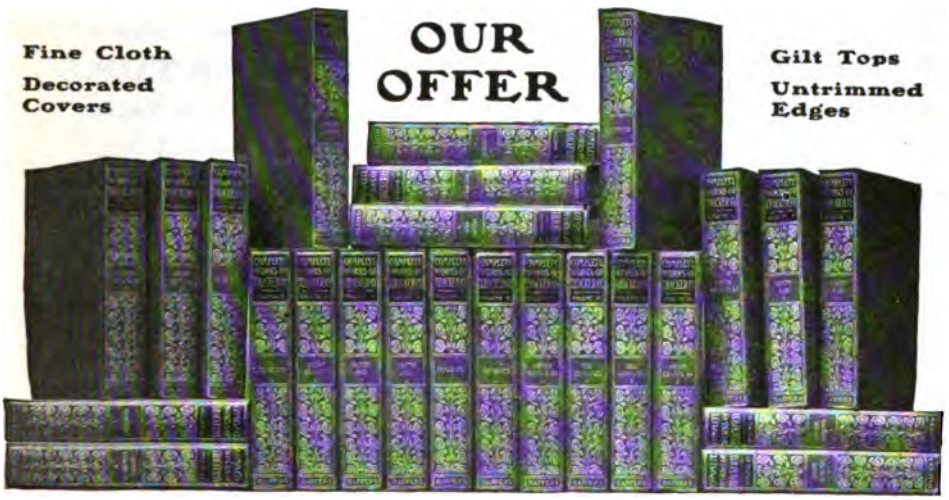
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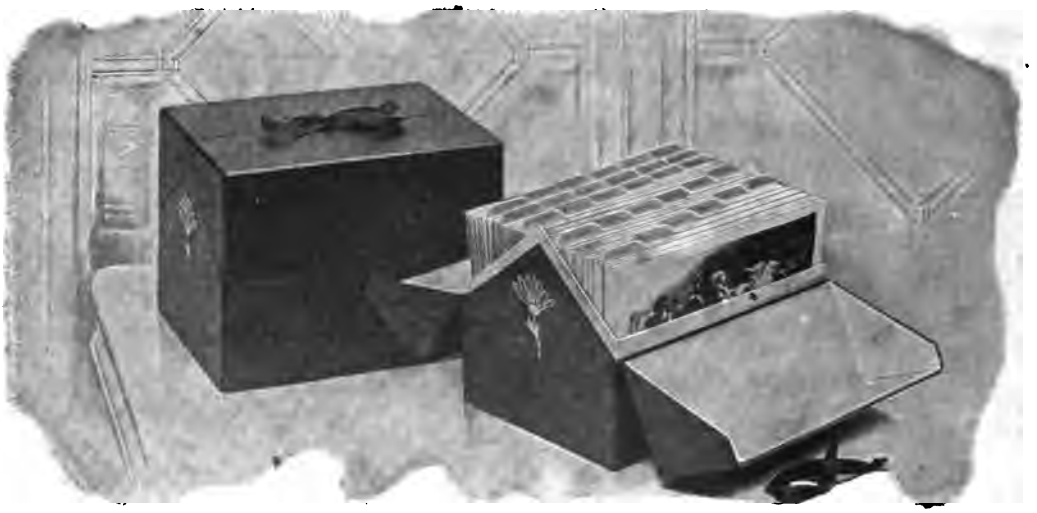


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The book has been naturally broadened by the addition to its vocabulary of various Tables. One goes to the dictionary for all sorts of words; why not then for proper names, which require not definition but information? So here in one Appendix are the world's distinguished people of all times, some 10,000; name and its pronunciation, nationality, characteristic, birth, and death dates. Here is the Gazetteer with more than 25,000 geograph-

*Chapter I. of "The Story of a Book" was published in the October issue.

cal titles, each line a miracle of condensed information. And here is a Dictionary of Fictitious Persons and Places in Literature, which one should hardly consult when his moments are precious, so strongly do its pages fascinate and detain. These, and various other Tables—foreign proverbs, abbreviation, etc.—too many to be here set down. Taken as a whole, Webster's International is, in the words of President Eliot of Harvard, "a wonderfully compact storehouse of accurate information."

This whole mass of information—vocabulary and appendixes—is constantly brought up to the latest date by an unintermitted process of revision. The results appear partly in occasional Supplements, more rarely in general revisions, and constantly in minute corrections made without announcement. Thus to the vocabulary of the International of 1890 there was added ten years later a Supplement of 25,000 new words and meanings. On the mere number no stress is laid; nothing is easier than to pitchfork words together by the thousand and ten thousand;—technical, obsolete, disreputable, and useless. The real need, the real task, comes in the sifting, the choosing from the huge welter of written and spoken language those words which have an individuality and in some way a real use. The International had made a satisfactory record of the English language until 1890; the addition of 25,000 words, phrases, etc., was a fair representation of the actual growth of the language for a decade in this swift rushing and prolific age. The contributors to this Supplement, besides the office staff, were such specialists as President Remsen of Johns Hopkins University, Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court, General Greely of the United States Army, Prof. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield Scientific School, Mr. Dudley Buck, and a score of other eminent experts. At this time the plates of the entire work were newly cast.

Of other improvements, a good instance is the very recent and thorough revision of the Biographical Dictionary and the Gazetteer. These have been worked over line by line and word by word, with reference to spelling and pronunciation as well as other information. In geography the publications of official boards have been consulted; in hundreds of cases not thus to be settled recourse has been had to Mr. Henry Gannett, chairman of the U. S. Board on Geographic names; uncounted letters have been written to local authorities. The biographies have not only been amended to include the fresh death dates, but old dates have been corrected, sometimes fifteen centuries back, and many minor points retouched. This revision, the work of able scholars, was, like the Supplement of New Words, supervised by Dr. W. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

As occasions arise, new words and meanings are frequently inserted in the body of the work by costly plate corrections. When *Ohm* and *Volt* were redefined by International Congress and United States statute, the new measurements went into the body of the vocabulary; when the *Roentgen ray* was discovered, it was given due place and description; when *Appendicitis* began to plague humanity under its own name, it was duly entered; and so in hundreds of cases.

In its mechanical features, the International, like its predecessors, is a serviceable, durable and beautiful book. Made at the Riverside Press, by H. O. Houghton & Co., its binding, paper, typography, all are fully up to the standard set long ago by its manufacturers and publishers.

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(Continued on next page.)

(Continued from preceding page.)

expensive, compared with other works resembling it in the mental and material toil and cost involved in the construction. "The best" is stamped on every stage of its production; on the original genius and life-long labor of Noah Webster; the succession of eminent scholars who have perfected it; the care which keeps it always abreast of modern knowledge; and the mechanical processes which make a volume unsurpassed in usability, durability and beauty.

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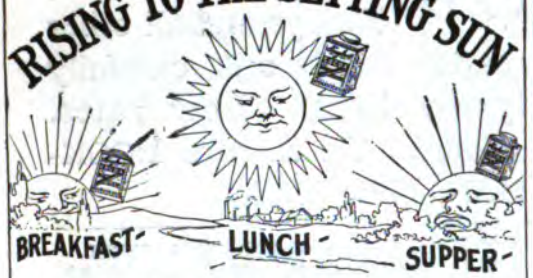
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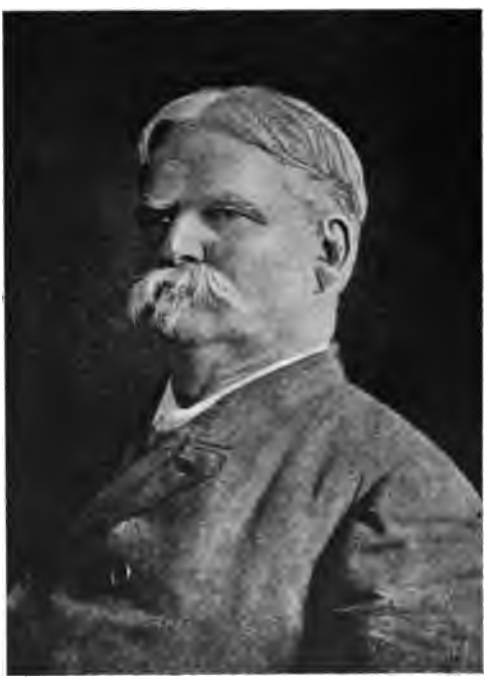
Our esteemed contemporary, the *Critic,* in the "Lounger" of the October number makes the startling announcement of its discovery of the fact that "Frank Danby," the author of *Pigs in Clover,* is a woman.

Colonel Watterson on Compromises.

Although the publication of *The Compromises of Life,* by Henry Watterson, just now is probably a result of the wide newspaper discussion stirred up some months ago by his strictures on what he referred to as "the Four Hundred," the personality of the veteran editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* is such as to make a book from him spicy reading at any time. Whether you agree with him or not, and on many points some of us will disagree with him very flatly, you will find him almost always entertaining. The present volume, of which we shall have more to say later, is divided into four parts and an Appendix. The Appendix is probably what the average reader will turn to first, for it deals with "Certain Downward Tendencies in the Smart Set of Fashionable Society." In it are included the various papers which when published last year caused so much controversy.

Miss Mary Moss.

One day, about a year or two ago, among the daily batch of manuscripts of all kinds which the mail brings to THE BOOKMAN office, there was one whose only claim to exception at first sight was due to the fact that it seemed to be particularly unprepossessing. That is, before we had read the article. In the first place, it was, if we are not mistaken, in handwriting. The name of the writer was entirely new to us, and the subject of the paper was not one which had any particular appeal. Nevertheless—and to this point we wish to call the attention of the very many people who maintain stoutly that magazines pay no attention to manuscripts which have not what they term "a pull"—this particular paper, despite its seeming unattractiveness, was speedily set aside from the rest, and soon came up for final decision. We accepted it. We



HENRY WATTERSON.



Miss MARY MOSS.

did so, not because we wanted it especially, but because it was so good that it literally forced itself upon us—we could not refuse it. We are very glad now that we did take it, because we have since been publishing a number of other articles from the same pen, and because Miss Mary Moss, who wrote it, tells us that it was practically the first article of hers that was accepted anywhere. Since then, however, Miss Moss has had comparatively little trouble of that kind. Articles and stories from her have appeared in a number of the magazines and her first novel, *A Sequence in Hearts*, is being reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN.

"Facts about me are terribly meagre," writes Miss Moss. "If I had to live over again and knew this 'fame' was to be thrust upon me I'd mis-spend every Saturday afternoon, so as to have a dark past to draw on. As it is, I've always lived here and never experienced anything in the least noteworthy. I've always had a great curiosity about people in general, and very little about people in particular, the neighbours for instance. Always, without knowing why, I simply had to explore different kinds of people, had to understand how they felt about things, how they lived. It was imperative, though I did not realise why, or feel conscious of any definite aim. I was always eager to write, but my attempts were unsuccessful. I did not know enough. All my ventures came home, at first with printed slips 'We regret, etc.'—that impersonal kind which the office boy tucks in when he uses your return postage. Then came a bit of criticism or a personal letter. Then one editor said a story contained good material, I had 'better set to work and write it' (I considered this a finished masterpiece). Reading the manuscript two years later, I found he was quite right. At about the fourth rehash it suddenly came into shape as 'Julian Meldohla' (this appeared last year in *Lippincott's Magazine*). Meantime I wrote special newspaper articles and learned the A B C of paragraphing, and not using all p's in one line and all s's in another and a few mechanical details which did not come by instinct. Spelling remains as before, a mystery. The first story left me in despair. I thought no other plots would ever present themselves. Now I'm afraid of not having time to write all that is in my head, a long novel, and five short stories dealing with familiar social conditions, besides several essays. Really this is all. You might add 'Temper bad, mornings. Very fond of talking. Poor listener. Does not smoke (yet). Not so young as she once was, but still pretty active. Likes young girls and boys.' I could answer any number of questions, but this spinning out of nothing is the very mischief. The neighbours have always considered me very ordinary, so that they cherish no legends of interesting traits."

The Authors of "The Lightning Conductor."

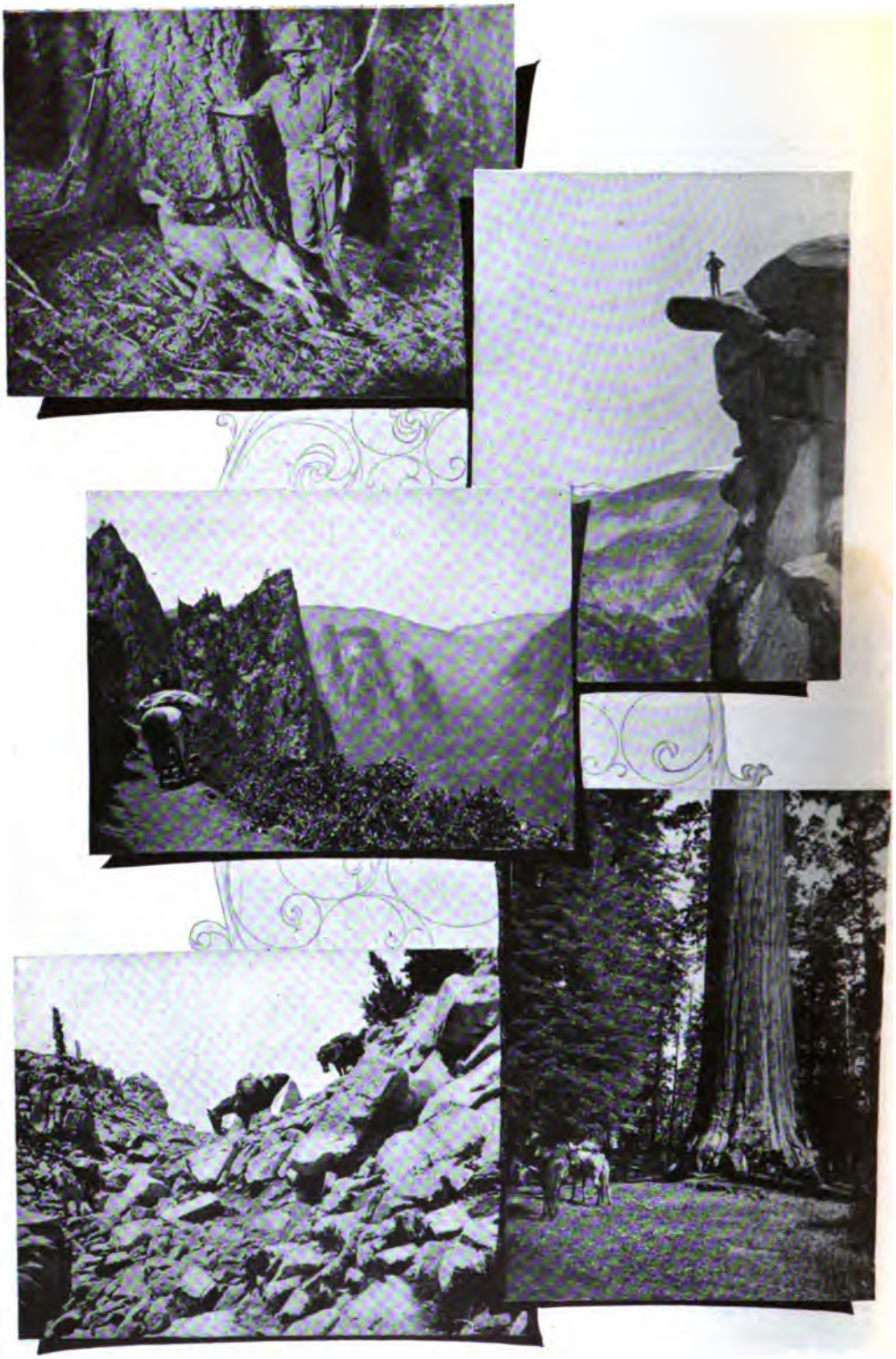
A book which has been discussed in print comparatively little, but which from month to month has been going on rolling up a real success is *The Lightning Conductor*, by Alice Muriel Williamson and Charles Norris Williamson. It is one of those books which go simply because of the endless chain of people who like it honestly and recommend it to all with whom they may come in contact. Each



C. N. AND A. M. WILLIAMSON The authors of "The Lightning Conductor."



Mrs. ELIA W. PEATTIE. The author of "The Edge of Things."



WITH STEWART EDWARD WHITE ON HIS LATEST TRAIL.

A Buck Brought Down
The Tunemah Trail.
Hard Travelling.

Glacier Point—Sierras
In the Giant Forrest.



WITH STEWART EDWARD WHITE ON HIS LATEST TRAIL.

On the Tunemah Trail.
The Pack Train.
Shooting a Rattler
The Chilualne Trail.
The Top of Mt. Whitney
In the Giant Forest.



DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE.
Soon to be distroyed.

of the authors, previous to the collaboration upon this story, possessed a reputation of no mean importance. Alice Muriel Williamson was an American girl, having been born near Poughkeepsie. At the age of eighteen she went on the stage, acting with the Frohman companies, and afterwards starring for a time with her own company. Then she turned to journalism, and in 1892 went to England as correspondent of several American papers. Her marriage to Mr. Williamson took place in 1894. Her former publications are: *The Barnstormers,* a novel embodying some of her stage experiences; *Fortune's Sport; A Woman in Grey; Lady Mary of the Dark House; The Newspaper Girl; The House by the Lot; Ordered South; The Adventures of Princess Sylvia; My Lady Cinderella; Queen Sweetheart;* and *The Silent Battle.* None of these earlier books, however, had the success of *The Lightning Conductor.*

Charles Norris Williamson has some reputation in England as a journalist and author of importance. He was born at Exeter in 1859, and was educated at University College, London. After working for a little while at engineering he turned his hand to journalism at the age of twenty-two, joining the staff of the *Examiner.* For eight years he was on the editorial staff of the London *Graphic,* and in 1891 started *Black and White,* and in 1896 *The Minute.* He has written a number of books, his most important work so far being his *Life of Thomas Carlyle,* which was published in two volumes.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie.

Mrs. Elia W. Peattie, whose novel *The Edge of Things,* is reviewed elsewhere in this number of THE BOOKMAN, has for some years been the leading book reviewer of the Chicago *Tribune.* She was born in Michigan and has lived most of her life in Chicago, where she has had a thorough newspaper training, having served in almost every position from a reporter to an editorial writer. Among her former publications are a novel, *The Beleagured Forest,* some books of short stories, a volume of ghost tales and some children's stories. Three years ago last summer, her country home in Michigan was destroyed by fire, and with it every record of all the writings that she had ever done. Two unfinished novels, twenty odd short stories, ten lectures, a great quantity of unprepared material, unfinished sketches, and literary notes, went up in smoke.

Mr. White's Latest Trail.

Probably no American writer passed a more adventurous summer than Mr. Stewart Edward White, who from the early spring until September was breaking through practically unexplored regions of California, gathering material for *The Mountains,* which is to be published next year and will be a companion volume to *The Forest,* which is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. In midsummer a story went the rounds of the Western newspapers and found its way East, to the effect that Mr. White's party had been overcome by exhaustion and the lack of water, that all escaped death by a very narrow margin and that Mr. White himself was picked up unconscious lying by the dead body of his favourite dog. The story was only in part an exaggeration. A pleasant feature of the trip was



MR. LEWIS HIND.

the entertainment of the party by General Shafter, who owns a large place not far from the trail which they followed. After the hard work of the trip was done Mr. White stayed for a time in Vancouver. An enthusiastic dowager with literary tastes insisted on taking him about introducing him as "the author of *'The Blasted Trail.'*"

The London Academy's Former Editor.

Mr. Lewis Hind, who has held the editorship of the London *Academy* for seven years, has resigned, and has been succeeded by Mr. Teignmouth Shore, son of a well-known Anglican preacher. Under Mr. Hind's care the *Academy* has more than quadrupled its circulation, and he leaves of his own accord, and in the continuance of the cordial relations which have always existed between him and Mr. Morgan Richards, the proprietor. Mr. Hind has worked hard and successfully at the *Academy*, and he wishes first a rest and then a change of labour. He will probably go to Cornwall for some months, and write a book which he has long planned. After that he will return to London and edit a new paper for which the capital has been already provided. Mr. Hind has shown himself a skillful, competent, and scrupulously just editor, and has also displayed fine qualities of imagination in his "Things Seen," and other contributions to his paper. He is as much interested in art as in literature.

During Mr. Hind's editorship the *Academy* has been revolutionised. It was started at first as an organ of the learned, and carried on by Mr. Murray for a year. First published monthly and then fortnightly, it became a weekly about 1874, under the charge of Dr. Appleton. The long reviews were signed, and a very high standard was maintained, some of the most eminent writers and scholars of the time contributing regularly. Under Mr. Cotton the paper was somewhat popularised, but the principle of signed reviews was retained. Mr. Hind introduced many new features, in particular the thoughtful essays, and, generally speaking, has appealed to a wider public, while not failing to maintain a certain literary quality and distinction. He has been well served by able coadjutors, including Mr. Wilfrid



HERBERT PAUL.
The author of A History of Modern England.



THE PARIS CORRESPONDENTS OF THE EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN PRESS.

Assembly at the Hôtel Ritz to do honour to the late M. de Blowitz at the time of his retirement from the service of the London Times last December.

(A review of M. de Blowitz's Memoirs will be found elsewhere in this issue.)

Whitten and Mr. C. K. Burroughs. Much space has been given to bibliography and literary gossip. There is every prospect that under Mr. Teignmouth Shore the *Academy* will maintain its circulation and influence. Mr. Teignmouth Shore has been connected with the *Times* Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

The Author's Side of the Case.

During the past two or three years there has been a great deal printed on the subject of book reviews and book reviewers, and not all of it has impressed us. The publishers have had their say. At great length they have expressed themselves as to what they thought a favourable review did in "booming" the sale of a certain book, and how much a book was really harmed by a review couched in paragraphs of slashing disapproval. The book reviewers themselves have also been approached, and opportunities have been given of telling just how they went to work in constructing a review, what were the lines along which they thought the ideal review should be written and just what a review was or was not anyhow. On its commercial side the idea was pretty well thrashed out. Most of us have grown lately to think of a contemporary book in its relation to "the six best." The only person who seems to have been overlooked in this wholesale expression of opinion—possibly because he was so obvious—was the man who wrote the book that was reviewed. Possibly a certain review did not do much to augment or to injure the sale of a book, but it is very sure that it interested the author. Keats is said to have died of an unfavourable review; and while we do not believe in the story in its entirety, we do not recall that there is any such tradition about a publisher.

In order to get an idea as to what the authors themselves thought of the matter, we recently sent out to various American men and women of letters of distinction, a series of questions with a request that they should be kind enough to answer them. With a very few exceptions all of them acceded at greater or less length, and these replies we are printing, some of them in the present number and some in later issues of THE BOOKMAN. While asking their opinions generally, we also asked specifically of each author: I. "Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning of your books?" II. "Do the majority of them write as though they had read the book?" III. "Are their criticisms well founded?" IV. "How do newspaper reviews compare with the reviews in literary magazines?" V. "Do you not often find that, in order to cover up their lack of knowledge about the story, reviewers pick out certain passages in which they have found some unimportant blemishes?" As to the letters, they speak for themselves. Not only do they give the honest opinions of the authors, but to those who like to try to read between the lines they offer excellent opportunities as character studies.

The reply of the author of *A Kentucky Cardinal* and *The Choir Invisible* seems to us exceedingly lucid, kindly, and utterly free from animus:

Some critics seem to understand my books, some do not; but the general result of all criticism has been a very fair and just appreciation of any book that I have ever written. Sometimes a review will contain errors of statement—not of opinion—unaccountable except upon the supposition that the writer of it had not read all of the book in question, and that the part he had read had been read inaccurately. At other times, a review bears evidences of a reading more thoughtful and thorough than could have been believed possible. Some of the best—much the best—criticism is to be found in the newspapers of the country. There are many reasons why this should be true. On the whole, I believe that the reviews in the best newspapers of the country are better than those in the magazines. I have occasionally found instances in which a critic would pick out what he regarded a flaw in a book—even the solitary item of a date—and throw all the rest away. As I do not like to charge motives, I accept the fact and do not philosophise. If he is pleased, so am I. *James Lane Allen.*

From the author of *The Virginian:*

Your pages, from which fear and favour are oftener banished than in many places, provide a strong temptation to speak at length; but a temptation to be resisted.

Let us remember that in our country, at this

present hour, more people are talking at once, and louder, and faster, than anywhere else in the entire world. It needs must follow that now and then a word of value is uttered; and he that hath hears will hear it.

But I am very sorry indeed for any good American critic—the sort who has for his ideals Sainte Beuve, Sarcey, Lemaitre, Anatole France. Such a critic is a lonely man upon our soil, unlistened to, uncared for, wasting his sweetness on an air more desert than anywhere reading and writing are practised. Yes; he is a lonely man, with a small audience, and scanty wages; and every author to whose heart American letters are dear, should bless him for existing and beg him to go on. From such a one blame is more stimulating than all the loose lavish praise by which vanity is nourished and art is starved. To every author I would say, if you are lucky enough to meet such a critic, grapple him to your soul with hoops of steel.

The novel has with us a far readier public; even good ones are not infrequently read.

I have become inadvertently serious. Let me hasten to administer a little antidote which I have found highly efficacious during all sorts of bad quarters-of-an-hour. It was given to me in Boston:

The dog is in the bedstead,
The cat is in the lake,
The cow is in the hammock—
What difference does it make?

Owen Wister.

From Mrs. Atherton:

It is hard to generalise about reviewers, but as few of them are employed as critics, pure and simple, and have much other work to do I should think it was fairly safe to say—taking this knowledge in connection with certain internal evidence, that no long book, at least, is read consecutively. As to the justice of their criticisms, that being a question upon which no mortal jury would agree—the author is the last person to consult! His principal interest in book reviews is their contribution to his stock of human nature. No one reveals himself so ingenuously as he who writes about the creators. If he is honest, conscientious, spiteful, malicious, disappointed, young and full of hope, blasé and loathing the sight of a book, dyspeptic, successful and optimistic, a failure and intensely annoyed at success or power in woman, he reveals himself as simply and fully as if he was keeping a psychological diary (more so, I should think)! For this reason I am unable to see any difference between the reviews in magazines and newspapers; and, I will add, that my own experience, from first to last, proves that all reviews might just as well remain unwritten.

Gertrude Atherton.

From F. Marion Crawford:

In answer to your note of August 5th, I should find it very hard to give an account of my relations with the critics. I only read such criticisms of my books as I am given to understand deserve attention. These are generally handed to me by one or two or three persons whose opinion I esteem. My experience is therefore limited, but I may honestly say that the criticisms which I read and which certainly belong to the highest class of such work, are generally conscientious and often acute. So far as I am aware, I have more to be grateful for than to resent in what has been written about my work.

F. Marion Crawford.

From Jack London:

Not one reviewer in fifty ever mentions an underlying meaning in my books, much less shows that he understands the underlying meaning. But this may be my fault, not theirs.

Yes, the majority of them write as though they had read the book, though I have in my memory a reviewer who wrote a most enthusiastic review of a collection of Klondike tales, throughout which review he considered it as a collection of sea stories.

Their adverse criticisms are too often well founded for my comfort.

I find newspaper reviews more extravagant, in praise or censure, than magazine reviews. They say nicer things (newspapers), and they say nastier things.

It seems to me a very common practice of reviewers to select slips in grammar, anachronisms, vulgarisms, etc., and to devote their reviews to them rather than to the story itself.

The most hateful trick of the reviewer, and a common one, is to tell the story over again, and most inadequately, and in telling it over again to use the author's language as though it were his (the reviewer's) language.

I must say, however, that I have seen some newspaper reviews which, for seriousness, dignity, and comprehension, compared favourably with literary magazine reviews.

Jack London.

From Charles Major:

In reply to your first question I would say: I feel sure a large majority of reviewers understand the underlying meaning of my books, if there is any. Reviewers, like other persons, vary in the matter of intelligence, and, of course, we are apt to consider those who abuse us very dull.

To your second: I believe a large majority of those who review my books write as though they had read them.

To your third: Criticisms by intelligent reviewers, as a rule, are well founded, I am sorry to confess.

Sometimes faults that do not exist are discovered by reviewers. A lady reviewing a book for a Philadelphia paper, said among other things that the name "Dorothy" used in a sixteenth century story was an anachronism; that "Dorothy" was resurrected from the Greek, and that the Greek was resurrected during the Renaissance, therefore, the name "Dorothy" could not have been used at the period of the story. Such was the contention of the reviewer, which, unfortunately for her, conflicted with the facts in the case. There was a Dorothy who died in 1587, and her name is graven on her tomb of that date at Bakewell Church. The same reviewer found the words "knuckle down," very funny in a sixteenth century story, and declared them an anchronism. "Knuckle down," was an Athenian game and the term has been used, both to designate the game, and in the figurative sense in which we use it, for centuries.

Another reviewer criticised the use of the word "trump" (the triumphant card) in a sixteenth century story. Especially was the word anachronistic, the reviewer said, when used in a situation not directly connected with the game of cards; that is, it was wrong in the figurative sense in which we frequently employ it. Hall, in a 1548 edition of his chronicles, says: "Richmond cast a trump into Richard's camp." I give these examples in answer to your request for an illustration of reviews that do not please me. Also as illustrations of an effort to appear wise and find fault. The book had many real faults which the reviewer failed to note.

Errors by reviewers frequently grow out of two causes:

First: Overhaste in the matter of copy; or lack of investigation. An author who is at all careful is apt to be right.

Second: A misunderstanding on the part of some reviewers of the nature of the art of criticism. They frequently take it to be a humorous branch of literature, and at times cannot resist the human longing to be witty, at the expense of truth and the poor author. George Eliot says "A difference of taste in jokes is a strain upon the affections." Criticism should be a serious matter, since a reviewer's praise leads persons to buy a book and his censure prevents them. His praise should be discriminate, and he should show cause for it. His censure should be as intelligent as he can make it, and he should give a reason for it. In my opinion, a large majority of reviewers strive for that end, and to such criticism no author has any right to object.

Reviewers, I believe, as a rule, are honest, and honesty after all, "leaveneth the whole lump." *Charles Major.*

From Stewart Edward White:

Reviewers are the *only* ones who understand the underlying meanings of my books. I don't understand them myself until I am told about them in the public prints. Usually I try to tell a straightforward story of things as I see them, after which it is gratifying, curious, and interesting to see what the ingenious get out of it. It makes me feel profound and philosophic without having had to work out the development of those qualities.

Far be it from me to suggest that anybody, even a reviewer, could refrain from reading a book of mine once he has picked it up. That wouldn't be good business. Equally, far be it from me to blame him if he did. That wouldn't be modest. So to the second question I shall have to plead that I do not know. Whether certain strange blunders indicate ignorance of the book or limitations in the mental equipment of the reviewer it would be impossible to say without personal acquaintance with that individual.

Frankly I get a great deal of good from what real criticism I see. Much of it, with which I do not agree, I ascribe to hasty reading, the skipping of passages intended to establish a proper frame of mind in the reader, or inability to take my point of view. That does not count. But in every serious review are certain "pointers" which are valuable in future work. For that reason a man who does serious work rejoices in a review containing specific adverse criticism, provided, of course, the strictures are not of "petty and unimportant blemishes."

The ordinary newspaper review is likely to be quite valueless. This remark does not ap-

ply to a score or so of the big papers, whose book columns are practically of magazine importance. But the average newspaper review either praises indiscriminately, details the plot of your story, or lands joyfully with both feet on some one or two poor little mistakes that don't amount to a violet at a pole-cat caucus.

Now indiscriminate praise means nothing to me except that the reviewer is probably getting his five dollars per. Likewise, when I have taken sixty thousand words to tell a story it does not always impress me as a help to see another man attempt to detail it in five hundred. As to the minute connection of rhetorical blunders, that of course belongs with the grammar school.

The higher class newspapers and the magazines, however, seem habitually to attempt to give a real opinion. Naturally I don't always agree with it. But it is generally instructive, sometimes illuminating, and always amusing.

Stewart Edward White.

Literary Pseudonyms.

Henry Harland in his novel *Grandison Mather,* which is pretty generally understood to be largely autobiographical, tells how his hero, Thomas Gardiner, having written his first novel decided to have it published under a pseudonym. His reasoning was that if this first book proved a failure it might have a disastrous effect on the popularity of anything that he should afterwards write; whereas in the event of success it would be easy enough to emerge under his own name and to take to himself all the glory. From the practical writing point of view there was considerable good sense in his argument, and, although most of the writers of the present day are now scribbling over or under their own legitimate names, nearly all confess to having at some time made use of pseudonyms. To be sure, a few writing persons have managed to keep the dark secret of earlier and less successful—or possibly only too-successful—days; but in most cases, a curious public has finally succeeded in bringing to light what was once so carefully concealed from all the world.

Many women since "George Eliot's" time have abandoned ordinary, plain, unromantic and strictly feminine appellations as unprepossessing as that of Mary Ann Evans, to assume masculine pen-names; but "George Sand," could not complain of her own name on the score of plainness for she was called Baroness Dudevant. For more modern instances, we have "John Oliver Hobbs," who is Mrs. Reginald Walpole Craigie; "George Madden Martin," who is Mrs. Atwood R. Martin; "Robert Daley Williams," who is Margaret Horton Potter; "Pierre de Coulevain," who is Mademoiselle Favre, and the author of *Eve Triumphant;* "Lucas Malet," who is Mrs. Harrison, and "Maxwell Gray," whose story, *The Silence of Dean Maitland,* gave no hint that its author was a mere slip of a girl. Another mannish *nom-de-guerre,* "Henry Gréville," is certainly a more comfortable mouthful than Alice Marie Céleste Fleury Durand; and "Charles Egbert Craddock" means more to most persons that does Miss Murfree. Mrs. Henrietta Eliza Stannard courted fame under two pen-names, one masculine, the other feminine; she is much better known in America, however, as "John Strange Winter," than she is as Violet White. Of all the masculine names used for the purpose of concealing feminine identity "George" appears to have been most popular. Indeed, wherever George is given as the name of an unknown writer, it is well not to take too much for granted—"Dear Madam" may be more appropriate than "Dear Sir." Time has proved, however, that George W. Cable, George H. Lorimer, George Ade, George Potter, and George Barr McCutcheon came honestly by their respective Georges.

Few men have deliberately chosen to pose as women writers, yet Grant Allen certainly reversed the order of things when he published *The Typewriter Girl,* over the feminine pseudonym "Olive Pratt Raynor." "Shirley," too, John Skelton's pen-name, has a girlish sound; and it has long been suspected, if not actually proved, that "Mrs. Hannah Glasse," of cookery-book fame, was really Dr. John Hill, a literary hack of 1747. Many writers have been more or less non-committal in their choice of names. The letter "Q" used by both Douglas Jerrold and A. T. Quiller Couch was a signature—if one may call a solitary initial a signature—calculated to keep one's public guessing.

ARTIST BREHM SEES GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON.



Dickens's well-known "Boz," Thackeray's "Michael Angelo Titmarsh" and "Ikey Solomons," Helen Hunt Jackson's "H. H.," Charlotte Maria Tucker's quaint "A L. O. E." (A Lady Of England), and Stimson's "J. S. of Dale" were equally puzzling. Neither could the uninitiated reader be quite sure of Mary Abigail Dodge's "Gail Hamilton," Miss French's "Octave Thanet," W. S. Gilbert's odd "Tomlne Latour," Lady Wilde's "Speranza," Daudet's "Jehan de l'Isle," or "The Bostonian," who later proved to be no less a personage than Edgar Allan Poe. A still larger number of writers, the majority indeed, have used—or are now using—assumed names without attempting any disguise of gender. For many years Brander Matthews signed his work "Arthur Penn," and, as an amusing consequence, was once accused of plagiarising his own work. "Paul Creyton" was Trowbridge's youthful pseudonym, the late "Alfred Ayres" was, in real life, Dr. Thomas Embley Osmun, which knowledge came as something of a shock to those that had not suspected the man-of-words of coining a name for himself. "Henry Seton Merriman," is a cognomen that sounds remarkably genuine, is merely the *nom de plume* of Hugh Scott.

As everybody knows, "Mark Twain" is Samuel L. Clemens, and "Anthony Hope" is Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, "Oliver Optic" was William T. Adams, and "Geoffrey Crayon" was one of the names used by Washington Irving. It is not so well known, perhaps, that "Frank Leslie," was first the assumed name of Henry Carter, who founded the Frank Leslie publications in 1855, and was afterwards the name adopted for business reasons by his widow. Nor is it generally known that Booth Tarkington's first writings were published under the names "John Corburton" and "S. Cecil Woodford," that Henry M. Stanley's real name was "John Rowlands"; that "F. Anstey" is F. A. Guthrie, or that Hugh Conway, the "Looking Backward" man, was F. J. Fargus. "Christopher North" certainly sounds more familiar to most ears than does Professor John Wilson, "Barry Cornwall," too, is far more attractive than Bryan Waller Proctor. On the other hand, few persons, nowadays, think of Lowell as "Hosea Bigelow," or of Edward Everett Hale as "Colonel Frederic Ingraham." "Max Adeler," "Pierre Loti," "Ian MacLaren," and "Josiah Flynt" are pseudonyms belonging to Charles Heber Clark, Julien Viaud, the Rev. John Watson, and Josiah Flynt Willard. "Henry Scott Clark," author of *The Legionaries,* is Millard F. Cox, and "Gabriel Setoun" is Gabriel Hepburn.

Fewer women have taken feminine names that appear to be genuine but are in reality manufactured for literary use. One such person, however, was Isabel A. Mallon, of the *Ladies' Home Journal* fame, whose "Ruth Ashmore" certainly possessed the virtue of plausibility. Her other pen-name, "Bab" was less convincing. "Susan Coolidge," too, sounds decidedly real, but it is the pseudonym of Sarah Chauncey Woolsey. "Marion Harland" is Mrs. M. V. Terhune, whose maiden name was Hawes. "Ellen Burroughs," another convincing sobriquet, is Miss Sophie Jewett; "Dinah Sturgis" is Mrs. Belle Whitney Armstrong, "Madeline S. Bridges" is Mary Ainge de Vere, who, however, has written under both names, and "Mrs. Alexander" is the pseudonym of Mrs. Annie French Hector, the author of "The Wooing O't." The late "Edna Lyall" was Ada Ellen Bailey. Men as well as women have taken or invented for themselves more or less fanciful names, some of the American humourists being particularly happy in the matter of selecting, showing, in some instances, positive genius. Surely "Petroleum Vesuvius Nasby" was a better tag for humourous purposes than D. R. Locke; and "Uncle Esek" and "Josh Billings" had greater powers of amusing than one could reasonably expect from a Henry Wheeler Shaw. "Orpheus C. Kerr" was R. H. Newell. "Atlas" (The World) the name selected by Edmund Yates, suggests great possibilities. Charles Farrer Browne became better known by his pseudonym "Artemus Ward," than was the American general to whom the name once rightfully belonged. As "Bill Nye," the humourist was far funnier than he could ever have been as Edgar W. Nye. It is a far cry, perhaps, to gentle "Ik Marvel,"

who was Donald G. Mitchell, but his name, too, was happily chosen. Perhaps it is fitting that the fanciful names selected by women should show less strength and not a scrap of humour. "Amber," the pseudonym of Mrs. M. E. Holden, and "Pansy," the name by which Mrs. Isabella M. Alden became so well known, seem, in the light of these strenuous times, exceedingly weak; yet, in both cases, the woman behind the name made it tell. "Ouida," as a childish mispronunciation of Louise (Louise de la Ramée) is no stronger, perhaps, but it is certainly more distinctive because of its uniqueness, for it is the only "Ouida" there is. Charlotte Brontë's "Currer Bell" is better known than her sister's equally odd pen-name, "Acton Bell." Writers of both sexes have shown a fondness for alliteration. For example, we have the "Fanny Fern" of Mrs. Sara Parton's choice, Mrs. Jane Croly's "Jennie June," Mrs. Sara Jane Clarke Lippincott's "Grace Greenwood," and "Kitty K.," the name under which Kate Masterson, whose own name is so suggestive of strength, first wrote. Here again, the pseudonyms chosen by men show more backbone. Holland's "Timothy Titcomb," Haliburton's "Sam Slick," John Wolcot's "Peter Pinder," and Sidney Smith's "Peter Plimley" are excellent examples. For popularity, however, "Peter Parley" appears to have carried off the laurels for the name was used by no fewer than five persons, Goodrich, Martin, Mogridge, Tegg, and Bennett.

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Marriage has, in many cases, rendered well known names strangely unfamiliar. Miss Mulock became Mrs. Craik, Miss M. E. Braddon became Mrs. John Maxwell, and Mrs. Francis Hodgson Burnett became Mrs. Townsend, although each writer continued to use her former name for literary purposes. Matrimony added to Anna Katharine Green's already sufficiently long name another syllable, Rohlfs; and is also responsible for the addition of Ward to the equally long name Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. More recently, Miss Mary E. Wilkins became Mrs. Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler became Mrs. A. L. Felkin, Alice Caldwell Hegen became Alice Hegen Rice, and Josephine Dodge Daskam rather spoiled an unusually euphonious name by becoming Mrs. Seldon Bacon. Mrs. Freeman's latest stories, however, are appearing under her maiden name, and it is to be hoped that Mrs. Bacon will not altogether abandon a name so ready to the tongue and so easily remembered as Josephine Dodge Daskam. Matrimony, fortunately, does not play havoc with masculine names, but occasionally Royalty does, giving us, for instance, a Sir Arthur Doyle or a Sir Gilbert Parker. In numerous instances, writers have chosen names calculated to disguise their nationality. Charles G. Leland became "Hans Breitmann," the late Paul Blouet's "Max O'Rell" sounded more Irish than French, Irving's "Diedrich Knickerbocker" was nothing if not Dutch, the real name of "Sidney Lee," the English writer, is Solomon Levy, and Lafcadio Hearn has taken the Japanese name "Y Koisumi," which may be more of an improvement than it looks. Sometimes rather ordinary names have served to cloak Royalty. Perhaps the best known is that of Elizabeth, Queen of Roumania, whose pleasant sounding "Carmen Silva" is not so ordinary, after all. Then, too, there was the rather plain pen-name "Mrs. Morley," under which Queen Anne conducted her historic correspondence with the Duchess of Marlborough, who signed herself "Mrs. Freeman." On the other hand, "The Princess of Connemara" was the ambitious pseudonym of Mrs. Mary Martin, an English novelist, and the dearly beloved "Duchess" proved to be Mrs. Margaret Hungerford. Occasionally it has happened that nicknames have been bestowed upon writers, giving such happy results as Mrs. Holden's "Queen of Bohemia," Walt Whitman's "The Good Gray Poet," and Riley's "The Hoosier Poet." In the following instances the pen-names are a decided improvement, in point of brevity at least, on their owners' real ones. "Hall Caine" shows greater strength than does Thomas Henry Hall Caine. "Eugène Sue" is less cumbersome and, in this case, more appropriate than Marie Joseph Sue, and Oscar Wilde did equally well when he discarded three-fifths of his burdensome Oscar Fingall O'Flaherte Wills Wilde. So, too, did "Sadi," one of the most celebrated of Persian poets, who was known in private life as Shaikh

Muslihu'd-Din. "Joaquin Miller," if harder to pronounce, looks quite as well in print as does Cincinnatus Heine; and no one can doubt that "Hesba Stretton" could sell twice as much manuscript as could any plain Sarah Smith. To an American, however, it does not seem as if Ibsen greatly improved matters when he published his first dramatic attempt, *Catilina,* a three-act tragedy, under the pseudonym "Brynjolf Bjarme."

The Morley Gladstone.

In connection with the publication of Mr. Morley's life of Gladstone it may be worth noting that his literary career was very largely influenced by the late Mr. Cotter Morison, who died in 1888. Cotter Morison and John Morley studied together at Lincoln College, Oxford, where they formed a firm friendship. Both of them were more or less influenced by Mark Pattison. On leaving the University Morison married a daughter of Mr. Virtue, the publisher, who became proprietor of the *Literary Gazette.* Morley was appointed editor, and Morison was a copious contributor. Later on Morison became one of the founders and first proprietors of the *Fortnightly Review,* and it was due mainly to his influence that the editorship after G. H. Lewes had quitted it was given Mr. Morley. Trollope was also one of the proprietors, and Mr. Morley has told the well-known story of Trollope's objection to him on the ground of his theological opinions. However, Trollope in his autobiography acknowledges the ability and success with which Mr. Morley managed the *Review.*

Miss Harraden's new book, *Katharine Frensham,* is divided into three parts. In the first and third parts the scene is laid in England, and in the second at a Norwegian farm; the English characters forming the central interest, having been transferred there for the summer holidays. Miss Harraden has broken fresh ground in introducing us to the intimate peasant life and quaint customs of an interior valley of Norway, the Gudbrandsal. The development of the story goes on in an unusual environment; the crisis itself takes place on the mountain-side near Peer Gynt's home. One of the most important chapters in the book takes place up at a Saeter, in a wild, isolated part of the mountains. We are introduced to peasants of noble lineage, milkmaids, botanists, and guests of various nationalities, all gathered together at the farm; and all these people, though they all have their own distinct characteristics, are nevertheless touched in lightly, and are made strictly to contribute to the main idea of the book, which is the love story of Katharine Frensham, a woman of forty, and Clifford Thornton, a professor of chemistry; the love story therefore of mature people. Miss Harraden in this book returns to her former style. *Katharine Frensham* is not a psychological study, but a story with a strong human element running through it.

The Real Wyndham Kid.

About a year ago when it was included in the volume of stories printed under the title of *Ranson's Folly,* we expressed at some length our opinion of Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The Bar Sinister." We are not sorry that this story's republication in a separate volume as a holiday gift book gives us another opportunity to refer to it, because one cannot well say too much about so good a tale. We read so much about "literature" in these days that we have grown rather weary of the word. Nevertheless, of *The Bar Sinister* we are going to say that if it is not literature it is mighty near to it. The passage where the Wyndham Kid risen to affluence and fame, a champion among champions, finds his poor old mother being torn by three big dogs and flies to her rescue reaches the high water mark of Mr. Davis's talent—and that is saying considerable:

> And I sees something that makes me tremble down to my toes. In the road before us three big dogs were chasing a little old lady dog. She had a string to her tail, where some boys had tied a can, and she was dirty with mud and ashes, and torn most awful. She was too far done up to get away, and too old to help herself, but she was making a fight for her life, snapping her old gums savage, and dying game. All this I sees in a wink, and then the three dogs pinned her down, and I can't stand it no longer, and clears the wheel and lands in the road on my head. It was my stylish overcoat done that, and I cursed it proper,



A GLADSTONE FAMILY GROUP.

In the lower row are Mr. Gladstone, then Mrs. Gladstone, then the son of the late W. H. Gladstone, then the Reverend Stephen Gladstone, then Stephen's two sons. Standing in the background are Gladstone's friend, Mr. Darbishire and his sons. This photograph was taken at Penaenmawr, North Wales.



TYRONE POWER AS ULYSSES.
(See the Drama of the Month.)



CHRISTIAN AT THE CROSS.



THE PILGRIMS IN THE TOILS.



CAPTIVITY.



IN DOUBTING CASTLE.

but I gets my pats again quick, and makes a rush for the fighting. Behind me I hear Miss Dorothy cry: "They'll kill that old dog. Wait, take my whip; beat them off her! The Kid can take care of himself"; and I hear Nolan fall into the road, and the horse come to a stop. The old lady dog was down, and the three was eating her vicious; but as I come up, scattering the pebbles, she hears, and thinking it is one more of them, she lifts her head, and my heart breaks open like some one had sunk his teeth into it. For, under the ashes and the dirt and the blood, I can see who it is, and I know that my mother has come back to me.

I gives a yell that throws them three dogs off their legs.

"Mother!" I cries. "I'm the Kid," I cries. "I'm coming to you. Mother, I'm coming!"

In the preface to the new holiday edition, Mr. Davis has given some interesting information about the original of the Wyndham Kid. Professionally, the Kid in real life is known as Edgewood Cold Steel, but to his intimates he is still the "Kid." His father, the Regent Royal of the story, was Lord Minto, a thoroughbred bull terrier well known in Canada. The story is that his mother was a black and tan of doubtful pedigree answering to the name of Vic. Among her offspring by Lord Minto was the only white puppy, Kid, in a litter of black and tans. Kid made his first appearance in the show world in Toronto in 1900, and on that occasion was easily first. Then he came to the American kennels and for two years carried off many blue ribbons and cups. Jimmy Jocks, the haughty but good-natured dog who in *The Bar Sinister* constituted himself the Kid's social mentor, was in real life Woodcote Jumbo, or "Jaggers," an aristocratic son of a long line of English champions. "He has gone to that place where some day all good dogs must go."



CHRISTIAN PASSING THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

The Puritan Pilgrim's Progress.

Without wishing in any way to deprecate the value of *The Pilgrim's Progress* as a great religious allegory, we feel sorry for any one who did not as a child read it first as a story of prodigious adventure. In the matter of dramatic incident we class John Bunyan's book with the works of Dumas and Scott, or to come down to more recent times, with those of Mr. Anthony Hope or Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. This is, of course, if you have read it at the right age. What is there in fiction more exciting than Christian's battle with Apollyon, or more dread-inspiring than the horrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death? You may search in vain through all the historical romances that ever were written to find a finer hero of the swashbuckling order than Mr. Greatheart, who with imperturbable *sang froid* slew lions, dared the dangers of the Valley and finally chopped off the head of Giant Despair and destroyed Doubting Castle.

Every good new edition of *The Pilgrim's Progress* is certain of a hearty welcome,

and the latest one that appears is marked by an idea that is so good and so much to the point that we wonder why it has not been seized upon before. The idea is that of giving, in the illustrations, the characters of the book the costumes and the environment of the days in which Bunyan lived and wrote. All the scenes of the story, Vanity Fair, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, the Valley of Humiliation, Doubting Castle, the Delectable Mountain, the Slough of Despond, grew out of the familiar country about Elstow and Bedford, and without doubt the people of the story were in Bunyan's brain arrayed in the cavalier and Roundhead dress, which in the illustrations of the present edition is used for the first time. In England this new edition is being sold at the price of two guineas; but the American publishers, the Messrs. Fleming H. Revell Company have decided to issue it at a popular price.



THE SHEPHERD BOY IN THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION.

The Story of Owen Kildare.

Last spring there appeared a book entitled *The Journal of Arthur Stirling*, which purported to tell the story of a young genius striving for recognition in New York, how he wrote a great book, how he eked out a living as a car conductor while waiting fame, how he met with constant rebuffs from fat-witted publishers, how a wicked editor basely deceived him, and how at last, utterly worn out he put an end to his life by throwing himself into the Hudson River. The book was a worthless thing, utterly silly, hysterical, and at times blasphemous, and entirely failed of the notoriety for which the author had hoped. When we spoke of it in these pages we had no idea who the author was, but we characterised it as "a vulgar and impudent humbug," and we have since come to the conclusion that we erred on the side of leniency. At any rate we had utterly forgotten the book until the other day we picked up *My Mamie Rose*. Not that the two books are so much alike, but one somehow suggests the other. *The Journal of Arthur Stirling* was dishonest throughout; on the other hand, we believe Owen Kildare to be sincere. Only his book seems to be unnecessary and he seems to have missed such opportunities as he had. We do not wish to be thought to be speaking disrespectfully or lightly of an early body of workers who undoubtedly do an immense amount of good and whom we regard with admiration, when we say that *My Mamie Rose* is simply the "experience" of a reformed Salvation Army sidewalk exhorter, expanded into a book of three hundred pages.

In a letter, which the publishers "feature" prominently on the cover wrapper, Mr. Hall Caine is quoted as writing of *My Mamie Rose* as "a real transcript from life." As the greater part of the book is given up to an account of the pleasures of the Bowery and experiences in such edifying resorts as Tim Callahan's and Barney Flynn's and Billy McGlory's, we venture the opinion of the Earl of Paw-



CROSSING THE RIVER.



VANITY FAIR.



GREAT HEART SLAYS GREAT DESPAIR.



THE DELECTABLE MOUNTAINS.

tucket in the play, that Mr. Hall Caine is probably "spoofing—talking through his hat." At any rate we hasten to acquit him of the specific knowledge which his unqualified statement seems to suggest. Briefly, the true story of Owen Kildare as told in *My Mamie Rose* is that he was born in Catherine Street in 1864, orphaned in his infancy, and adopted by a childless couple, became a Park Row newsboy, then a "beer slinger" in a tough Bowery dive, then won some local fame in the prize ring and became a bouncer in an infamous resort. That was Owen Kildare's life until he was thirty years of age. He could neither read nor write, but acquired a comfortable living by guiding sightseers through the slums, and by various methods of "graft." But one day he met a little school teacher and protected her from insult in the approved Chimmie Fadden style, and that was the beginning of his regeneration. She taught him to read and write and made a man of him. She was the Mamie Rose, but she died one month before they were to be married. Her work, however, was done. Owen Kildare kept up the struggle, and at the present time is beginning a career as a literary worker which his publishers regard as "promising." We regret to say that we do not entirely share their optimism.

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An Exposer of Municipal Corruption.

Few sociological articles of recent years have aroused such interest and discussion as Lincoln Steffens on the corruption and mismanagement in the government of the leading American cities. And they have served a purpose. St. Louis was at first angry, called a mass meeting to deny everything and denounce Mr. Steffens and raised a fund to protest and prove its innocence. Soon afterwards when Mr. Steffens visited St. Louis he was well received and asked to write another such article by the very man who was charged with the organisa-



THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S.

(See The Drama of the Month)



MR. LINCOLN STEFFENS.

Portrait by Miss Ben Yusef.

tion of the public's protest. The article had aroused the town. After it appeared 200,000 buttons, bearing the inscription "Folk and Good Government," were worn on the streets to make plain the public's approval of the young district attorney, who, after being elected by the machine, owned no master but his conscience, and fought practically alone for the arrest, conviction and imprisonment of the bribers and grafters who were looting St. Louis. This alone was acknowledgment of the truth of "Tweed Days in St. Louis," and "The shamelessness of St. Louis." Although an associate editor of *McClure's Magazine*, Mr. Steffens still calls himself a "newspaper man." "And these articles," he said "are straight journalism. I made no attempt at fine writing, I thought merely of telling the story. This month's magazine will contain my last 'story'—at least for a while—on the criminal condition of our municipal governments. It will be about New York. Soon I shall begin a series along the same lines on the States."

Mr. Steffens's boyhood was spent for the most part on horseback in riding for days at a time over Sacramento Valley with gun and fishing-rod across his saddle-bow. From Sacramento, California, he went to the military school at San Mateo, then to the University of California where he was graduated in 1889. To pursue further the study of philosophy, sociology, history, politics, and political economy he went to the Universities of Berlin, Heidelberg, Leipzig, and of France. It was his father's idea that he acquire a thorough academic training and then prepare to engage in business. But in Leipzig he fell in love with a fellow student at the Sorbonne and married her secretly in London. After quietly studying at the British Museum, he sailed for New York. It was then that Mr. Steffens found himself with two people to support and no taste for dependence; he tried his hand at fiction. His first story he copied carefully and Louis Loeb, whom he had met with other artists in Paris, illustrated it and took it to Harper's. It was accepted and Mr. Steffens received $45. "I thought," he says, "here's a living—I can write one a week. But it was two years before I had another story or article accepted by a magazine. In resplendent raiment and a top hat I sought to persuade newspaper editors to give me a trial, but not only my appearance, but my academic course stood in my light. At last, I got a position on the *Evening Post* on space. They did not want me, but simply took me because of my persistency. I worked in a panic of fear. My first assignment was about a clergyman who had retired and another had taken his place. The first week I earned $1.75. Of an indolent nature, that experience was the best possible for me. Scared, with responsibilities on my shoulders, jostled by men, not theories, I 'hustled to beat the band.' I made good and was put on rapid transit. Henry J. Wright, city editor of the *Post*, kept giving me assignments just a little over my head. Then there was a panic in Wall Street, and our financial reporter being in London, the *Post* was caught. I was asked to cover Wall Street. It was a trying assignment for a green man. First I went to a few of the principal bankers. I told them my predicament and the *Post's*, and assured them if they would give me the information I would never break their confidence, and would make up in accuracy and carefulness what I lacked in knowledge of the Street. In consequence the *Post* had many beats, and I knew things weeks before they occurred.

"When, in 1893, Dr. Parkhurst set out upon the trail of vice and corruption in New York City which resulted in the appointment of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the Police Board, I was detailed to Police Headquarters, and remained there several years. It was there I 'got on to,' political and police methods, particularly those of corruption. I had studied books; there I studied realities and conditions to such advantage that now I can go into a strange city and with my knowledge of New York methods understand their peculiar methods of corruption. Although confronted with positive realities and learning of partly successful ways of relief I have never lost the theoretical interest garnered by years of study." As in his articles on corruption in the cities in *McClure's Magazine*, Mr. Steffens did not mince matters, and no one's position in the community was a surety of his non-exposure in the *Post*. He was of acknowl-

edged assistance to Mr. Roosevelt. "Mr. Steffens was a pessimist," said Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who first met him at Police Headquarters and beside whom he worked, "while I was an optimist. I believed in the police force, while Mr. Steffens believed it guilty till proven innocent. Nothing escaped him. Publicity was his motto. Mr. Roosevelt believed and believes in publicity more than legislation to start the ball rolling in the right direction; recently he said to me that it was the only real remedy for trusts and corruption. Mr. Steffens turned on the lime-light and showed crime which hides in dark places. His work for the *Post* gave promise of all the strength shown in his late articles. They are having the effect, too, which their writer desired."

The effect of all this, on his own fortunes, was that Mr. Steffens, who only a few years before "had not been wanted" was made assistant-city editor of the *Post*. And Mr. Wright, city editor, diametrically opposed to many of his ideas and of an opposite temperament, realising his genuineness, earnestness, and ability gave him as free a rein as possible. But not alone in his articles from Police Headquarters had Mr. Steffens drawn attention to himself—weekly there had appeared in the *Post* stories of the East Side, particularly of the Jews, their quaint customs and celebration of days; and also labour news of the city, faithful reporting of strikes telling the whole truth without any partial leaning to Labour or Capital, although the paper for which he wrote was called a "capitalistic organ." "It was then I learned," says Mr. Steffens, "that there never was a strike where one side was all in the right or all in the wrong." His stories, fiction and otherise, laid in the foreign quarters of the metropolis became a feature of the *Post*. He wrote two articles for *Scribner's* for the series "Great Business Enterprises," one on high building as a business; and the other on newspapers as a business. About that time the editors of *McClure's Magazine* accepted from him stories laid in his peculiar field (some fiction) concerning police and politics. Gradually Mr. Steffens was working his way as he had planned from newspapers into the magazines.

He always contended that newspaper reporting should be made a stepping stone into magazine and kindred walk, or to some kind of specialisation in journalism, literature or business. When Mr. Wright became Editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, and Mr. Steffens City Editor, he emphasised this and instilled ambition into his reportorial staff. Then was tried an experiment in journalism of so audacious and revolutionary a character, that even Mr. Wright, who had given Mr. Steffens his head, was doubtful of its expediency. Mr. Steffens endeavoured to abolish the traditional way of handling a "story." There was to be no *Commercial Advertiser* style as there is a *Sun* style and a *Herald* style. Every reporter was encouraged to develop an individual style. In consequence Mr. Steffens got rid of as many old newspaper men on the *Commercial Advertiser* as possible; discouraged the employing of any but novices with unformed ideas of the way of writing a newspaper article; and stepped out of the beaten path by asking for the development of all the human interest and atmosphere of an incident, to present to the reader a graphic pictorial impression first, thus to win his sympathy and interest, while still stating the cold bare facts without any reportorial license or leanings. It created the keenest rivalry in the office. Every man tried to tell the best story, and after the last edition had come off the presses they sat around and criticised goodnaturedly each other's work. Mr. Steffens during his régime developed six magazine men or bookmakers. Many after he became, in the fall of 1901, Managing Editor of *McClure's Magazine*, went into other fields, and now few of his old men remain on the *Commercial Advertiser*. Those who do, still instil into their articles some of Mr. Steffens's ideas in handling a story.

Mr. S. S. McClure was abroad when Mr. Steffens became Managing Editor of *McClure's* and on his return in the spring of 1903 scathingly discountenanced him on his management. He said he did not know the first thing about managing a magazine. "Well, how may I learn?" asked Mr. Steffens. "Get out and see the country," replied Mr. McClure,

"travel, go abroad and observe people, conditions and things." "And Mr. McClure was right," said Mr. Steffens. "A man cannot be a successful editor who sits forever in his office." He accordingly mapped out a route and started on the discovery of the United States. In every city and town he talked with the politicians, business men and editors and asked them what they knew of interest and what was new. The editor of the *Kansas City Star* said, "Of course you have heard of Joe Folk?" He hadn't, and all through the West politicians and editors asked the same question. When he arrived in Chicago it was the same query: "Of course you have heard of Joe Folk?" He determined to see Joe Folk and learn what he was doing. Taking without delay a train for St. Louis, he talked with Mr. Folk, and employed a local newspaper man, Mr. Whitmore, familiar with St. Louis, to write a story of the deplorable condition of the city's government and the fight Mr. Folk was making against it. Mr. McClure liked the subject, but was dissatisfied with its treatment. He thought it could be enlarged upon and certain points emphasised. Mr. Steffens collaborated with Mr. Whitmore, with the result the first article, "Tweed Days in St. Louis." "As in my subsequent articles I did no detective work. I got corruption from corruptionists, bribery from those who bribed and were bribed. I interviewed successfully political bosses, politicians and business men. I find the latter class in every city largely responsible, most frequently in a criminal way, for bad conditions; encouraging and abetting them. From politicial bosses I got a great deal of help. I interested them by drawing comparison between the way 'things' are done in their city and New York and other cities. None of these men are loth to tell something of what they know. As a matter of fact they have a strange pride in what they do. Besides they consider me 'on the level' because I do not discriminate but expose them, business men and judges alike. Then I never tell all of the truth. I don't have to—one-tenth is sufficient to make any decent man rise feeling outraged.

"If a police captain receives $20,000 as grafter a month, I say that much a year. People are incredulous. If there was a steal of $1,000,000 I say $500,000. Not once have I told anywhere near all I know and can prove. It is not necessary. The effect is gained just as well. Every article I have written has been an understatement. And that, perhaps, is why the politicians do not complain, but often approve of them as 'fair.' Senator Finn's comment on 'Pittsburg, a City Ashamed,' I hear, was 'correct and well written.' I cut 'Philadelphia Corrupt and Contented' from 30,000 words to a few thousand." Mr. Steffens has been invited often by other cities to expose their rings, but although he has studied Baltimore, Cleveland, Detroit and others, he will not do so at present. Odd to say, although he has attacked and exposed high and low, he has not once been called to account by mouth or letter, except in the case of a man in Minneapolis, whom he did not mention by name but only by office, and who took offense at being called a politician. On the contrary he has received hundreds of letters giving him information. One well-known politician actually followed him to Chicago, from Chicago to New York, and back to Chicago to talk to him and give him some information and "pointers." Another thing Mr. Steffens has remarked is that although none takes umbrage at the truth you tell about them the smallest untruth, no matter how trivial creates the greatest offense. "Bathhouse John" of Chicago felt outraged because a local newspaper man said he was born in a little village out in Illinois.

THE RAIN

In the night so dark and dreamless,
Dreamless and dark and still,
There comes a gracious presence,
Stepping across the hill,

Stepping across the city,
Over the waiting lawn,
Journeying on and onward,
From darkness into dawn.

Lo, in the Autumn morning,
I look from my window's height,
And see her fast retreating,
Lost in the halls of light;

Just a ghost on the hillside,
The smoke of her dusky hair,
The wealth of a million jewels
Shimmering through the air.

Hail to our gracious Lady!
Her kindly work is done,
And the whole round world is laughing
Under the rising sun!

Herbert Müller Hopkins.

CHARLES READE'S OPINION OF HIMSELF AND HIS OPINION OF GEORGE ELIOT

THIRTY years ago there was a magazine published in New York called the *Galaxy*. It was edited by W. C. and F. P. Church. It was absorbed by the *Atlantic* about a quarter of a century ago; but during its brief and brilliant career it published many of the essays which Mr. Henry James afterward collected into his *French Poets and Novelists;* and it contained the chief of the papers which the late Grant White made into his volume on *Words and Their Uses.* It was hospitable to the novels of Charles Reade and of Mr. Justin McCarthy; and it also published a series of papers by the latter dealing with the chief literary personalities of Great Britain. One of these papers on "George Eliot and George Lewes" was printed in the *Galaxy* for June, 1869.

In this paper, written on this side of the Atlantic, Mr. McCarthy asserted that "Charles Reade is more generally and more warmly admired here than in England." And he went on to ask: "Am I wrong in supposing that the reverse is the case with regard to the authoress of *Romola* and *The Mill on the Floss?* All American critics, and all American readers of taste, have doubtless testified practically their recognition of the genius of this extraordinary woman; but there seems to me to be relatively less admiration for her in New York than in London. The general verdict of English [i.e. British] criticism would, I feel no doubt, place George Eliot on a higher pedestal than Charles Dickens." It may be noted that both Dickens and George Eliot were alive when this was written. Mr. McCarthy included in his remarks a statement that he regarded George Eliot "as the greatest living novelist of England,"

and a criticism of Charles Reade's style as having "masculine force and clearness," although it was "terribly irregular and rough."

Charles Reade impressed a recent reviewer of a recent biography of him as "a giant baby, impulsive, peevish, frantic, violent, strong-headed, soft-hearted by turns." This impression may not be absolutely accurate, but it emphasises certain of his peculiarities. One of these peculiarities not included was a willingness to talk about himself and an extreme frankness in declaring his own merits. He was infuriated by this article of Mr. McCarthy's and he was wounded that it had appeared in a periodical which he had supposed to be friendly to him. As soon as he had read the article he wrote a letter to the editors of the *Galaxy*,—a letter which Col. W. C. Church published not long ago. Probably no more characteristic epistle ever proceeded from the pen of an exacerbated author:—

2 Albert Terrace, Knightsbridge,
June 8, 1869.

Dear Sir: You side with fools and liars against me. You have published, without a word of disclaimer, a diatribe in which George Eliot is described as the first of English novelists, and her style, which is in reality a mediocre, monotonous style, with no music and no beauty in it, is described as perfect, and my style, which on proper occasions, is polished beyond the conception of George Eliot, or any such writer, is condemned wholesale as sadly rugged, &c. And this in a monthly which contains a story by me. It does appear strange to me that you, who have got the cock salmon, should allow this ass * * * to tell your readers that the trout is a bigger fish than the cock salmon.

Now hear the real truth. George Eliot is a writer of the second class, who has the advantage of being better read than most novelists. She has also keen powers of observation and reasoning.

She has no imagination of the higher kind, and no power of construction, nor dramatic power. She has a little humour, whereas most women have none; and a little pathos. But she has neither pathos nor humour enough to make anybody laugh nor anybody cry.

Her style is grave, sober, and thoughtful; but it lacks fire, tune, and variety.

She has been adroit enough to disavow the sensational, yet to use it as far as her feeble powers would let her. Her greatest quality of all is living with an anonymous writer, who has bought the English press for a time and puffed her into a condition she cannot maintain, and is gradually losing.

Why lend yourself to a venal English lie? This George Eliot is all very well as long as she confines herself to the life and character she saw with her own eyes down in Warwickshire when she was young. But the moment imagination is required she is done. Let any man read true books about the Middle Ages and then read *Romola*—he will at once be struck with two things: That the records of the Middle Ages are a grand romance full of noble material and character and situation, and that this unhappy scribbler of novels has so dealt with that gigantic theme as to dwarf it to her own size. When you have waded through the watery waste of *Romola*, what remains upon the mind?

A little Florence, a faint description of petty politics not worth mentioning. A little Savonarola depicted, not sculptured. A young lady called Romola, who is not mediæval at all, but a delicate-minded young woman of the nineteenth century and no other. And a hero who is—Mr. George Lewes.

Now read a mediæval novel by Scott, or even *The Cloister and the Hearth* by Charles Reade. Do these works miss all the grand features of the Middle Ages as this poor unimaginative scribbler has done; or do they transport you out of this ignorant present into a ruder and more romantic age? Verbum sapienti.

I will only add that in all her best novels the best idea is stolen from me and her thefts are not confined to ideas and situations; they go as far as similes, descriptions, and lines of text. Believe me, the pupil is never above her master.

This last fact coupled with the persistent detraction I meet from my fair pupil's satellites in the English press will, I hope, excuse this burst of bile.

Seriously, however, and setting my personal feelings out of the question, do not you underrate the judgment of the American public in this case; nor overrate the judgment of the English press.

The public is an incorruptible judge; the press is a corruptible judge, and peculiar facilitles were offered in G. Eliot's case for buying the English press, and they have been purchased and repurchased accordingly. I am yours, very truly, CHARLES READE.

Two years or so after this letter had been written the London periodical called *Once a Week* was purchased by Mr. James Rice; and in its pages in January, 1872, appeared the opening chapters of an anonymous serial story called "Ready-Money Mortiboy." The secret of the collaboration to which this novel was due, was kept very carefully; and there was much wonder as to the identity of the new writer. Mr. Justin McCarthy, who had then returned to England, wrote to an American paper for which he was the London correspondent, that some critics believed "Ready-Money Mortiboy" to be the work of Charles Reade, and that if this was not the fact the new writer had been strongly influenced by Reade.

In the same number of *Once a Week* in which appeared the first chapters of the first story which the editor was writing in collaboration with his friend, Walter Besant, there appeared also the first of a series of wood-cut cartoon-portraits of celebrities of the day, drawn by Mr. F. Waddy. The first of these was a sketch of the Tichborne claimant and the fourth was a portrait of Charles Reade,—this being the earliest of the series to deal with a man of letters. The cartoon-portraits were none of them malicious; and the articles that accompanied the sketches were frankly complimentary. That devoted to Charles Reade might fairly be termed flattery. Indeed it had obviously been written by a strong admirer of the masculine story-teller; and it dwelt at length upon the comparison between him and George Eliot, which had filled so much space in the letter Reade had written nearly three years earlier to the editors of the *Galaxy*. For a reason which will be given later this article deserves reproduction here in full; and the accompanying cartoon also:—

CHARLES READE.

The first of our series of cartoon portraits of men of letters appears in the present number. The subject of it, Mr. Charles Reade, is the youngest son of the late John Reade, Esquire, of Ipsden House, Oxfordshire. Mr. Reade is an Oxford man (he took his B.A. degree in 1835), and is a Doctor of Civil Law, and a fellow of Magdalen College in that university. He was called to the bar by the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn in 1843. We have put Charles Reade first on our list for the two following reasons—because (1) he is the greatest living English writer of fiction; (2) his two splendid stories, *A Good Fight* and *Foul Play*, did so much for the success of *Once a Week*.

A Good Fight, with three volumes of new matter added to it, was subsequently called *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

Charles Reade's earliest stories were followed, in 1856, by that powerful work of his genius, *It Is Never too Late to Mend*. The book created a great sensation: was read by everybody: effected its author's purpose—viz., compelled the public to insist that the Model Prisons' system should be looked searchingly into.

From the publication of *Peg Woffington*, Charles Reade has continued to apply his great talents to the work of writing novels and dramas; with what success, every reader of fiction knows.

The annexed complete list of his writings will give a correct idea of the extent of his productions in the difficult field of the Literature of Imagination, in which he has chosen to exercise his genius.

STORIES IN ORDER OF PRODUCTION.

	Vol.
Peg Woffington	1
Christie Johnstone	1
Clouds and Sunshine, *Propria quæ Maribus*, *Art*	1
It is Never too Late to Mend	3
Love me Little, Love me Long	2
Autobiography of a Thief, *Jack of all Trades* *	1
White Lies	3
Eighth Commandment	1
The Cloister and the Hearth	4
Hard Cash	3
Griffith Gaunt	3
Foul Play†	3
Put Yourself in His Place	3
A Terrible Temptation	3

*Under title of "Cream."
†With Dion Boucicault.

DRAMAS IN ORDER OF PRODUCTION.

The Ladies' Battle	Translation.
The Village Tale	Three-act drama.
The Lost Husband	Four-act drama.
*Masks and Faces**	Two-act comedy.
Gold	Drama, five acts.
*Two Loves and a Life**	Drama, four acts.
*The King's Rival**	Comedy, five acts.
*The First Printer**	Drama, three acts.

*With Tom Taylor.

The Courier of Lyons.....Drama, three acts.
Honor Before Titles.....Drama, three acts.
It is Never too Late to Mend. Drama, five acts.
Griffith Gaunt.....Drama, five acts.
Foul Play.....Drama, five acts.
Dora.....Pastoral drama, three acts.
The Double Marriage.....Drama, five acts.
Put Yourself in His Place.. Drama, five acts.
The Robust Invalid.....Comedy, three acts.



Once a Week.] [January 20, 1870.

"SOMETHING LIKE A NOVELIST."

This list shows that Charles Reade is the author, or joint-author—in four plays and one novel—of seventeen different stories, ranging in length from one-third of a volume to four volumes: and of an equal number of dramatic works.

Now it certainly argues some want of real knowledge or study in the critics of this day, that they cannot assign his place, whatever that may be, to this writer. They can place inferior authors; but they really and honestly have no notion where this man stands either as a novelist, or dramatist, or both. Perhaps it may tend to clear this absolute fog, enveloping the judgment of our contemporaries, if we descend from the indefinite to the definite, and compare him with a writer of acknowledged excellence. We are so fortunate as to possess in this country a novelist who, if contemporary criticism were to be trusted, is the greatest writer of fiction the world ever saw. With regard to Shakespeare, contemporary criticism has left but two remarks in print, both of them unfavourable. Corneille was so often lashed, and so little praised, that he has left a line behind him to celebrate the fact.

"J'ai peu des voix pour moi, mais je les ai sans brigue."

Molière was denounced as a plagiarist. Voltaire was well lashed. Scott did not quite escape. Bulwer has been severely criticised. Even Dickens was always roughly handled in certain respectable prints.

But George Eliot is faultless. This is the sober and often-repeated verdict of every quarterly, monthly, and daily critic in the empire, except of one old woman, who tried to stem the torrent of adulation, in the "Quarterly Review," and failed, because, being no critic, she selected certain of that excellent writer's beauties, and held them up for faults.

Now perhaps some people will open their eyes if we tell them that this prodigious writer often borrows ideas from Charles Reade, and sometimes improves them, sometimes bungles them. But as in matters of art it is sometimes kind to open people's eyes, we shall assure you that this is so; and moreover that in a single instance the two writers have come into competition on fair terms, and the comparison is so unfavourable to the favourite, that the said comparison, though obvious, has always been dexterously avoided.

In *It Is Never Too Late to Mend*, published in 1856, one of the situations is as follows: Good Mr. Eden, having to deal with a hardened thief, goes down on his knees in that thief's cell, and prays aloud for him; and softens him a little.

In *Adam Bede*, good Dinah goes on her knees in the cell of Hetty, an impenitent criminal; and softens her a little.

Reade uses few words, after his kind; and Eliot uses many words, after her kind. But amplification is not invention: the inventor and the only inventor of that famous scene in *Adam Bede* is Charles Reade.

Mr. Eden preaches a sermon in the gaol. The author shuns the beaten track, and gives the very words of the sermon.

George Eliot profits by this, and gives her Dinah the very words of a sermon. And in one respect she goes beyond her original: for her sermon is fuller, and has a distinct merit, being composed—with great art and beauty—of homely English, often Saxon, and nearly always monosyllabic. But she falls behind in one thing, she makes Dinah preach her sermon to strangers; and that shows a want of constructive art.

Charles Reade has since returned to his own invention, and has made his Rhoda Somerset preach a remarkable sermon, at which those personages are present whom that sermon hits. This is art. A sermon, preached to the reader only, is a mere excrescence on the narrative. It is a wart, though it may not be a blot.

The only situation of any power in *The Mill On the Floss*—viz., the heroine and her lover drifting loose in a boat, and being out together all night—is manifestly taken from the similar situation in "Love me little, love me long." But Eliot's treatment of the borrowed incident is petty and womanish by comparison with her model.

In *Felix Holt*, the ground is admirably laid for strong situations: but in the actual treatment only two come out dramatically, and they are both borrowed. The young gentleman going to strike his steward, and being met by "I am your Father." And the heroine going into the witness-box to give evidence for her lover. The former is borrowed from an old novel, and the latter from Charles Reade's *Hard Cash;* and it may be instructive to show how the inventor and the imitator deal with the idea.

We print in parallel columns quotations of the evidence given in court by both novelists' heroines:

Hard Cash. BY CHARLES READE.	**Felix Holt, the Radical.** BY GEORGE ELIOT.
(Vol. iii., p. 294. 1863.) Julia Dodd entered the box, and a sunbeam seemed to fill	(Vol. iii., p. 228. 1866.) There was no blush upon her face: she stood, divested of all

e court. She knew hat to do: her left and was gloved, but er white right hand are. She kissed the ook, and gave her vidence in her clear, ellow, melting voice: ave it reverently and nodestly, for to her he court was a hurch. She said how ong she had been acquainted with Alfred, nd how his father was adverse, and her nother had thought it was because they did not pass for rich, and had told her they were rich; and with this she produced David's letter, and she also swore to having met Alfred and others carrying her father in a swoon from his father's very door. She deposed to Alfred's sanity on her wedding-eve, and on the day his recapture was attempted.

Saunders, against his own judgment, was instructed to cross-examine her; and, without meaning it, he put a question which gave her deep distress.

"Are you now engaged to the plaintiff?"

She looked timidly round, and saw Alfred, and hesitated. The serjeant pressed her politely, but firmly.

"Must I reply to that?" she said piteously.

"If you please."

"Then, no. Another misfortune has now separated him and me for ever."

"What is that, pray?"

"My father is said to have died at sea: and my mother thinks he is to blame."

The Judge to Saunders.—What on earth has this to do with Hardie against Hardie?

Saunders.—You are warmly interested in the plaintiff's success?

Julia.—Oh, yes, sir.

(Colt, aside to Garrow.—The fool is putting his foot into it: there's not a jury in England that would give a verdict to part two interesting young lovers.)

Saunders.—You are attached to him?

Julia.—Ah! that I do.

This burst, intended for poor Alfred, not the court, baffled cross-examination and grammar and everything else. Saunders was wise and generous, and said no more.

personal considerations, whether of vanity or shyness. Her clear voice sounded as it might have done if she had been making a confession of faith. She began and went on without query or interruption. Every face looked grave and respectful.

"I am Esther Lyon, the daughter of Mr. Lyon, the Independent minister at Treby, who has been one of the witnesses for the prisoner. I knew Felix Holt well. On the day of the election at Treby, when I had been much alarmed by the noises that reached me from the main street, Felix Holt came to call upon me. He knew that my father was away, and he thought that I should be alarmed by the sounds of disturbance. It was about the middle of the day, and he came to tell me that the disturbance was quieted, and that the streets were nearly emptied. But he said he feared that the men would collect again after drinking, and that something worse might happen later in the day. And he was in much sadness at this thought. He stayed a little while, and then he left me. He was very melancholy. His mind was full of great resolutions, that came from his kind feeling towards others. It was the last thing he would have done to join in riot or to hurt any man, if he could have helped it. His nature is very noble: he is tender-hearted: he could never have had any intention that was not brave and good."

There was something so naïve and beautiful in this action of Esther's, that it conquered every low or petty suggestion even in the commonest minds.

Colt cast a glance of triumph, and declined to re-examine. He always let well alone. The Judge, however, evinced a desire to trace the fourteen thousand pounds from Calcutta; but Julia could not help him: that mysterious sum had been announced by letter as about to sail: and then no more was heard about it till Alfred accused his father of having it. All endeavours to fill this hiatus failed. However Julia, observing that in courts material objects affect the mind most, had provided herself with all the pieces de conviction she could find, and she produced her father's empty pocketbook, and said, when he was brought home senseless, this was in his breast-pocket.

"Hand it up to me," said the Judge. He examined it, and said it had been in the water.

"Captain Dodd was wrecked off the French coast," suggested Mr. Saunders.

"My learned friend had better go into the witness-box, if he means to give evidence," said Mr. Colt.

"You are very much afraid of a very little truth," retorted Saunders.

The Judge stopped this sham rencontre, by asking the witness whether her father had been wrecked. She said, "Yes."

"And that is how the money was lost," persisted Saunders.

"Possibly," said the Judge.

"I'm darned if it was," said Joshua Fullalove, composedly.

Instantly, all heads were turned in amazement at this audacious interruption to the soporific decorum of an English court. The transatlantic citizen received this battery of eyes with complete imperturbability.

Fertile situations are the true cream of fiction; these once supplied, any professional writer can find words.

Now, the fertile situation in *Felix Holt* was supplied by Charles Reade. The true literary patent is in him. His is the witness with the clear, mellow voice who gives her evidence as if before God—and that witness a young lady who loves the man for whom she gives evidence, he being present. To be sure, George Eliot's witness shows a disposition to argue

the case; but that is no improvement on the original.

We will now call attention to another instance of George Eliot's imitation of Charles Reade.

In his little story, *Clouds and Sunshine*, Charles Reade uses this expression—"the thunder of the horses' feet drawing the waggon into the barn."

His unlucky imitator pounces on his "thunder" and his "waggon," and deals with them thus: "The thunder of the waggon coming up the hill." Now the iron shoes of a team going over the wooden floor of a barn do come the nearest to thunder of anything we ever heard: but a waggon coming *up* a hill does not thunder: the most prominent sound is the creaking of the slow wheels. This, then, is unintelligent imitation on a smaller scale.

In 1860 Mr. Reade produced a mediæval novel with an idea-ed title, *The Cloister and the Hearth*.

His faithful imitator soon followed suit with a mediæval novel, whose title was unidea-ed—*Romola*.

Here the two writers met on an arena that tests the highest quality they both pretend to—Imagination.

What is the result? In *The Cloister and the Hearth* you have the Middle Ages, long and broad. The story begins in Holland, and the quaint Dutch figures live; it goes through Germany, and Germany lives; it picks up a French arbalestrier, and the mediæval French soldier is alive again. It goes to Rome, and the Roman men and women live again.

Compare with this the narrow canvas of *Romola*, and the faint colours. The petty politics of mediæval Florence made to sit up in the grave, but not to come out of it. The gossip of modern Florence turned on to mediæval subjects and called mediæval gossip. Romola herself is a high-minded, delicate-minded, sober-minded lady of the nineteenth century, and no other. She has a gentle but tame and non-mediæval affection for a soft egotist who belongs to that or any age you like. One great historical figure, Savonarola, is taken, and turned into a woman by a female writer: a sure sign imagination is wanting, There is a dearth of powerful incidents, though the time was full of them, as *The Cloister and the Hearth* is full of them. There you have the *broad* features of that marvelous age, so full of grand anomalies; the fine arts and the spirit that fed them—the feasts—the shows—the domestic life—the laws—the customs—the religion—the roads and their perils—the wild beasts disputing the civilised continent with man, man uppermost by day, the beasts by night—the hostelries—the robbers—the strange vows—the convents—shipwrecks, sieges, combats, escapes—a robbers' slaughter-house burnt, and the fire lighting up trees clad with snow. And through all this a deep current of true love—passionate, yet pure—ending in a mediæval poem: the battle of ascetic religion against our duty to our neighbour, which was the great battle of the time that shook religious souls. But perhaps we shall be told this comparison is beside the mark; that a dearth of incidents is better than a surfeit, and that it is in the higher art of drawing characters George Eliot stands supreme, and Charles Reade fills an insignificant place. We will abide by that test in this comparison.

What genuine mediæval characters, to be compared with those of Walter Scott, for instance, live in the memory after reading the two works we are comparing?

The Cloister and the Hearth is a gallery of such portraits, painted in full colours to the life. *Romola* is a portfolio of delicate studies. *Romola* leaves on the memory—1, a young lady of the nineteenth century, the exact opposite of a mediæval woman; 2, the soft egotist, an excellent type; 3, an innocent little girl; 4, Savonarola emasculated. The other characters talk nineteen to the dozen, but they are little more than voluble shadows.

The Cloister and the Hearth fixes on the mind—1, the true lover, hermit and priest, Gerard; 2, the true lover, mediæval and northern, Margaret of Sevenbergen; 3, Dame Catherine, economist, gossip, and mother; 4, the dwarf with his big voice; 5, the angelic cripple, little Kate; 6, the Burgomaster; 7, the Burgundian soldier, a character hewn out of mediæval rock; 8, the gaunt Dominican, hard, but holy; 9, the patrician monk, in love with heathenism, but safe from fiery faggots because he believed in the Pope; 10, the patrician Pope, in love with Plutarch, and sated with controversy; 11, the Princess Clælia, a true mediæval; 12, the bravo's wife, a link between ancient and mediæval Rome.

Philip of Burgundy does but cross the scene; yet he leaves his mark. Margaret Van Eyck is but flung upon the broad canvas; yet that single figure so drawn has suggested three volumes to another writer.

You can find a thousand Romolas in London, because she is drawn from observation, and is quite out of place in a mediæval tale.

But you cannot find the characters of *The Cloister and the Hearth*, because they are creations.

When *The Cloister and the Hearth* was first published, the *Saturday Review*, staggered by the contents of the book, yet bound by the sacred tie of habit to say something against it, summed it up as inferior on the whole to Walter Scott. But nobody has ever compared *Romola* to Walter Scott. Adulation, however fulsome, has evaded this comparison, because it would have provoked derision; and no reviewer, until this article was written, ever had the courage to compare *Romola* with *The Cloister and the Hearth*. Yet any one, who has not made that comparison honestly and fairly, knows little of Charles Reade, and cannot possibly assign him his true place amongst living writers of fiction.

Our space will not allow us to criticise at length the works of Charles Reade on the present occasion. His dramas we must pass by altogether; and of his novels, we can only make a few remarks concerning the two that are connected with *Once a Week*.

Foul Play began to appear weekly in this magazine in January, 1868. It is a novel of immense power, of the greatest originality, and is one of his works that shows best the boundless resource of the writer. This feature must strike every reader of Charles Reade's novels; his resource is unlimited; his incidents, novel and striking, yet always possible and natural, follow one another with startling rapidity. *Foul Play* showed off to perfection his ingenuity. The plot is intricate: the characters —several of them quite new in fiction—are real men and women, living and acting in his pages as men and women live and act and speak in real life, and in few novels but his own. It is a story of what is called the sensational type: yet so great is the power of art: so mighty the skill of the artist: that all the incidents seem natural and consequent. *Foul Play* leaves the stories of Mr. Collins and every other sensational novel writer far behind. It is a work of genius. The effect of the book is perfectly marvelous. Judge of this from its recent influence upon an ill-conditioned mind.

We quote the *Times*, November 29: A case tried last November, at Boston, U.S., before Judge Lowell. The ship was abandoned at sea in June, 1871, while on a voyage to Hong Kong; and the crew, after spending three days and nights in their boats, arrived safely at Fayal. The master was charged by the crew with scuttling the ship by boring holes in her. It appeared that the account they gave, in many of its details, followed the story in Charles Reade's *Foul Play;* and that Bruce, the sailmaker, a few weeks before he sailed, had read the novel in Chelsea Hospital.

The judge, after a three days' trial, observed, in his summing-up—"The witness Bruce, who had been reading a novel of great power, goes to sea, and finds all the prominent details of the plot of that story worked out in fact by the master and his accomplices. The great improbability of this happening is pointed out; and he comes and says the master is in the habit of reading 'Foul Play' during the voyage, and that he often saw the book lying about on the poop. This conduct on the part of the master would be equivalent to leaving a printed confession in sight of his crew."

The highest compliment to fiction has been paid. It has been imitated in fact. It is a book about sailor-life, and is so true to that life, that a sailor, too base or too ignorant to comprehend its moral teaching, chooses to copy from it the details of crime only a sailor can commit.

Of *The Cloister and the Hearth* it is impossible to speak too well. The author's perfect knowledge of mediæval life, just before the time of Erasmus, is wonderful. The plot is full of incident of the newest and most striking, yet most probable and natural sort: the characters live, and seem to us real persons we know well: the France, Italy, Holland, and Germany of the time of Erasmus are faithfully reproduced. The interest never flags: there is always something to command attention and excite curiosity. *The Cloister and the Hearth* is one of the most scholarlike and learned, as well as one of the most artistic and beautiful, works of fiction in any language. This splendid production can only be compared with the best books of one author—Walter Scott. And in all things it is as good as *Kenilworth* and *Ivanhoe:* in some points it is better. Although we place these two books first in their respective classes—*Foul Play* in the class of novels called sensational, and *The Cloister and the Hearth* in that of the purely imaginative—yet Charles Reade's books, taken throughout, are of more even merit than those of almost any other novelist. They are written in English as pure, as simple, and as truly Saxon as any this century has produced: in a literary style—nervous, vigorous, and masculine—with which the most captious and partisan critic cannot find any fault.

Read him: resign yourself to the magic spell

of his genius: and be lifted above the cares of everyday life into the regions of imagination, peopled by his real creations. You may be trusted then to draw your own conclusions as to the merit of his books.

By the million readers of the time to come, Reade, Dickens, and Thackeray will be handed down to fame together in every English-speaking country.

To the scholar and the man of culture, *The Cloister and the Hearth* may possibly be dearer than the humorous and wonderful creations of Dickens's fertile genius, or the life-like characters and satirical digressions of Thackeray.

The reason why it has seemed worth while to rescue this paper from the oblivion of the back-number and to reprint it here in full is that it was written by Charles Reade himself in his own hand. It is a chapter of autobiography; it is an essay in self-criticism. It ought to be included in any complete edition of Reade's works,—just as *"Victor Hugo raconté par un témoin de sa vie"* is now reprinted with the rest of his writings. But there is this difference: the French poet dictated his own account of his career to his wife, whereas the British story-teller wrote his own eulogy with his own pen.

It may be of interest also to record that the manuscript of this article was preserved by Rice and by him given to Besant. Probably it is still in existence with the other manuscripts of one kind or another collected during Sir Walter Besant's long and laborious career as a man of letters. *M.*

THE REVELATION OF HERSELF

By Mary Farley Sanborn

PART I.

PULLEN, Sunday, June 27th.

It is seventeen hours since we parted in the Grand Union Station. Did I push you off the car step, Tony, or did you swing off yourself? At any rate the train was going at a pretty good speed, and I knew you mustn't get carried on. After I had seen the last of you I walked through the car and sat down with my back to the other passengers. Underground, and out again. What abnormally clean people those Harlemites are!—or else they are very much otherwise that they need to wash every day in the week. Flying clothes between every two rows of houses—every imaginable colour, like the flags of all nations. I sat and marvelled at the quantity, and at the same time I wondered—all the way back to Pullen I wondered, and after a night's sleep I am wondering still—how for any reason on earth I could leave you who are all the world to me, at the behest of these people, mere relatives, to whom I am only bound by the accidental ties of blood.

Of course there is another point of view—theirs. It was inevitable that they should send for me, and if you had known what my grandmother was until yesterday and never will be any more, and could behold what she is now, you would understand better than I can possibly tell you, what an apalling thing this seizure is to us all.

It seems impossible when I stand by the bed where she lies prostrate, a big-boned, strong-framed woman with one side of her body stricken helpless, and her power of articulation wholly gone. The only sign of life about her is her left eye which fastens itself upon us and follows us about with an imploring look that is positively tragic. Wistfulness was never a characteristic expression of my Grandmother Pullen's face.

And if they had no choice but to send for me, it is equally true that I had none but to come. One obeys a summons by wire as if it were a voice from heaven. To be sure I lost a train while I was hunting you up to say good-bye. That made me four hours later than I should have been at Pullen, a matter of silent but quite evident reproach—I won't enlarge upon that now, however. I could not,

and would not, leave New York without seeing you, whatever might be the consequences. The reproach, I will explain, did not emanate from my grandmother, who, I judge, has little idea of the passage of time in her poor brain. When I get back to you I'm going to tell you lots of things that we have never had the time for talking over. Not that they are important. Nothing is of importance except the one great Fact of our love.

I wired you the very moment I stepped out of the train. I said to the Person who had come to meet me, "How is my grandmother?"

The answer was, "There has been no change since four o'clock" (a delicate allusion, Tony, to the hour when I should have arrived).

"Is the carriage here?" I asked. "I will be ready in just a minute. I am going to send one or two messages, if you don't mind waiting."

Now the Person does mind waiting, always minds it, with the cold, still abhorrence of one whose life and affairs have become adjusted to a system. But I smiled pleasantly when I said it, as if I were perfectly unconscious of the Person's disapproval. Tony, dear, do you know—but of course you don't, you are so very direct in your own methods—that you can take all power of resistance out of people that way? By assuming, I mean, such an appearance of artless unconsciousness that no one can accuse you of meaning to give offense. Now I'm well aware that you don't approve any sort of circumlocution, but please don't alter the good opinion of me that I know you held seventeen hours ago, because when I see you I am going to explain that I am not deceitful, only diplomatic. Even you must admit that there are occasions when a little tact saves a great deal of discomfort. (Of course, I should never have any use for it with *you*.)

The telegraph operator at the station is a young man who used to play jackstones and "class ball" with me when I was in short skirts. I took a blank and wrote: "Mr. Antony Seymour, *Gazer* Office, Broadway," feeling delightfully reckless with Jarvis on tiptoe (mentally) and the Person walking up and down the waiting-room with measured steps and an expression of offended authority. It was out of pure mischief and bravado that I added, "Take good care of yourself," after I had announced my safe arrival. Though I have a perfect right to do anything I choose, as far as any one except you has a voice in the matter.

Still, dearie, I think you may address my letters to General Delivery, South Pullen, while I am here. It will be only for a short time, and the distance is not great, less than two miles. I can walk or drive over there every day. Our morning mail is brought early, and might lie for an hour on the hall table for all the household to see before I get downstairs. You are such a great and momentous Fact, that I don't want you to be suspected just at present.

Oh, dear! there are so many things I want to tell you! What shall I say first? There is nothing of any vital interest to us except our love, and yet, now that I am away from you with plenty of time to write, and no other form of intercourse possible for the immediate present, I suppose I ought to improve the opportunity to tell you what my relations have been to some of these estimable Pullenites. But not to-day. Oh, Tony, Tony, this was to have been *our* day, and here I am, back in Pullen. *Back*—in Pullen, and oh! "the difference to me!" It's not the same village I left three months ago,—

> "What's this dull town to me,
> Tony's not here."

You don't know, because I have never stopped being happy long enough to tell you, in what light I had grown to regard this place. Not as a permanent home, certainly, for the peculiar limitations of a small manufacturing town, and one named for my own great-grandfather at that, would either extinguish my personality altogether, or drive me mad. But it does represent all that has ever seemed stable in my life, I drifted about so as long as my father lived. I don't care much for stable things, either; they are apt to become stupid and monotonous, but one doesn't always have the courage of one's dislikes. I might—it's a horrible thought, but I might have been forced to "settle down" here. I am a queer mixture—did you know it?—of rebelliousness and submissiveness, of impudence and compliance. I think I will soar in the air out of everybody's reach, and instead I only flutter along the ground,

touching it with my toes every now and then, to make sure it is really under me. That, I suspect, is a woman's way of flying. I wouldn't make the admission to anybody but you. Never to Myles. Myles, I may as well explain just here, is Grandmother Pullen's nephew-in-law, in other words, the bereft husband of my cousin Nell, who died twelve years ago when she had been married just one year. Poor Nellie! She never had a bit of self-assertion and I can't help thinking it is just as well she went when she did. Myles—but let us drop him for the present. Some day, when I feel as cut-and-dried as a census report, I'll tell you more about him.

I find myself a little restless, dear. It is a beautiful day, and if it had not been for this terrible thing you and I would have been at this very hour gliding along the Hudson, with a hammock rolled up and strapped to our lunch-basket, and a single umbrella sheltering us from the sun; with Omar in one of your coat pockets, and *The Seven Seas* in the other —we shouldn't have read a word in either of them, dear! And now, what are you doing without me? What are you thinking of? A day in your life in which I have no share, the first since we came together. I hope you are not lonely, but you must be just a little, I think. After all do I wish you to be quite contented? My own feelings I can't analyse. It was very sudden, and though I have been used to unexpected things all my life, starting off sometimes at a two hours' notice with my father for a six months' trip, I had no one to leave behind in those days, for my father, while he lived, was my world, just as you are now.

But I do know that I am not unhappy. I have never been unhappy in my life, and I can't begin yet. Besides, there is a certain fascination in withdrawing a little from you and thinking over by myself all that the last three months have held. You remember the lines we were reading one night when Aunt Letitia was out and it rained against the window, and we stayed cosily in the library:—

> "break the rosary in a pearly rain,
> And gather what we let fall."

That is what I shall do while I am here—go back and pick up the days one by one, since first I met you, and string them over again in my memory. I couldn't do that if I were with you, because you would keep doing new things to distract me.

I sat a long time by my window last night after I had come up to my room. The electric lights shone through the trees, and the breeze was saying queer, mysterious things to the hemlocks on the lawn. After the insistent noises of a big city this place is oppressively quiet, and an ominous hush pervades the house itself. I cannot tell you, Tony, what a curious chill came over me as I crossed the threshold of my grandmother's room last night. It was as if I had stepped all at once into the current of an icy draught. It was an *impression*, of course, but I cannot help wondering if it meant anything, and what? There is a feeling of suspension in the air as if the old house was holding its breath and waiting for something to happen. This may be only a morbid fancy on my part, called into play by the near presence of death. Yet the chill was very real, and I shiver now to recall it. I have never been subject to such notions, and they are not the pleasantest of companions at the dead of night in a silent house. It may all be laid to "nervousness," I suppose, and I tried to overcome it with thoughts of you. As I sent my own soul out to meet yours, it seemed indeed, that you drew very near. I had seen you only a few hours before—your dear, straightforward, clear blue eyes, your square shoulders and strong, supple hands, and the parting of your thick, dark crisp hair. I said as we walked out to the train, "It's only for a little while, Tony, isn't it?" and you answered confidently, "That's all, Madge. Poor old lady! I hope she will live till you get there."

She is alive this morning, and apparently no weaker than she was last night. The doctors say another shock may occur at any time, and the second would surely be fatal. If she could only speak the thing would not be so awful. She cannot even hold a pencil, for it is her right side that is stricken, and no one who has ever known my Grandmother Pullen could conceive of anything so irregular as her trying to write with her left hand. Still, if she could communicate with us in any way, she might demand some unreasonable concession or other, as dying peo-

ple so often do. There are two nurses in the house, and they anticipate every possible want of hers. They seem to me wonderfully clever about reading what little expression she is able to put into her strange, drawn features. That intelligence is, of course, the result of training. They told me she looked pleased last night when she was informed that I had arrived. That idea must have been altogether due to their imagination, for I never saw my Grandmother Pullen look pleased at anything; but really, when I knelt down by the bedside and laid my hand on hers (I couldn't kiss her, Tony) it almost seemed that she was imploring something of me. That one eye pierced me through; it was enough to make the least sensitive person tremble. If she could have spoken, what would she have said? Something, perhaps, that I could not have borne. She looked toward the door, and her fingers closed over my wrist with a suggestion of her old overbearing purpose and determination. If I was ever afraid of anybody, it was of Grandmother Pullen. She has made me do things that no one else could ever have persuaded me to, simply by force of her tremendous, dominating will.

And she stared at that doorway till I thought I should scream aloud, all the while making a queer inarticulate noise in her throat. I took my hand from hers, quaking with the absurd fear that she would suddenly spring at me, and got slowly upon my feet. Then I began to feel myself growing weak and faint, and one of the nurses, a pretty, sleek creature with fair hair and the demurest grey eyes, came forward and led me out of the room. Bonnie—my other grandmother, on my mother's side—took me downstairs and made me some tea in her own little brass teakettle. It sounded so cheerful singing over the spirit lamp, that I partly forgot the gruesome scene in the room above. Bonnie is a dear, and we are very good friends. I will tell you more about her when I come back to you. She is a vain little person and would never allow me to call her grandma because it made her feel old, and so my mother taught me to call her Bonnie, which is a diminutive of her surname—Boniface. It suits her too, for she is a pretty, pink-cheeked old lady, not so very old either, only sixty-four.

I have been in the sickroom again this morning. I shrank from it, but Myles seemed to think I ought to go, and though I do not make a business of obeying Myles, it is easiest sometimes to do the thing that is expected of you. This time, my grandmother gazed at the ceiling, and did not appear to notice me. She is horrible to look at, one side of her face drooping and distorted. I couldn't help hoping as I stood there, that I should not die such an object. Fancy being old, dear, and not in the least attractive, having lost every one you had ever cared for except a granddaughter who couldn't love you, and then to have the strength that had been your greatest pride turned all at once into a terrible helplessness. Think of it! Tony, will you love me when I am old? As you do now, only more, because the associations of years are crowded into the love? There is nothing on earth I care for but love, and no love on earth but yours. Other people may be fond of me, they must, for your sake, but your love has come to be the one thing, and all else shrank into nothingness when you came to me and I knew that we *cared*. Grandma Pullen's money, which it is certain I am to have—for myself I hardly care whether it comes my way or not. For your sake I do want it, so that you may be free to leave your enforced duties and follow your blessed convictions, writing books that shall enlighten and redeem so many people.

What will you think of this letter? I'm afraid it will seem to you flippant. I didn't mean it so, as in your heart, you surely understand. Do you think of me, Tony, every minute? To-morrow I shall have a letter from you. After that, send to South Pullen, remember; it is the best arrangement for the little time I am to be here. I am your own

MADGE.

June 28th. Before breakfast.

It is Monday again, for which I am heartily glad. Daylight, especially the light of a weekday, is the best of mental healers. Yesterday was so long, and the morbid fancies wouldn't be driven out. I spent the afternoon overhauling some trunks and drawers—the piano mustn't be touched, and I was not in the mood for driving. In the evening, well, if you must have it, Tony, in the evening I was

lonely, for the first time in my life, I think. Love works all sorts of psychological changes, and if I am happy with you, I must miss you a little bit when I'm away, must I not? Yet, I was not actually sad, for I shall see you again very soon, and meanwhile I have a great store of memories to live upon. Bonnie won't allow me to stay in my room and think about you; she craves my society, and last night she sat and looked at me with her big eyes till I was forced to talk for the sake of keeping her in spirits. I have a character to preserve with Bonnie; she believes, and tells everybody, that I am the most amusing person she ever saw, quite unconscious of the fact that in this estimate, she is confessing her own sadly limited experience.

So I roused myself and began a description of Aunt Letitia's establishment —the carpets and curtains, the furniture and draperies, the different sets of china and silver for special occasions, auntie's costumes and jewels, and the entire conventional, philistine outfit. Dear vain, silly little Bonnie! She has always stood in awe of the material display one can make with money. I avoided, painfully enough, all mention of you. I could not tell her anything without telling all, and she would not have understood. She would have asked first whether you were handsome, and second, what your income was. Besides, she would repeat the whole story, in strictest confidence, to the very next person who called. Bonnie is not fond of Myles. She complains that he is not courtly, which means that he does not pay a sufficient amount of attention to her, but she has a certain respect for his money and position. Your work and ambitions, *our* hopes and plans, would be far too unworldly for her material little mind to grasp. Still, I should dash myself boldly against her incapacity if I felt that the time had come for disclosure. The dear old girl has a vein of dead-rose sentiment in her, and you could trust me to paint you in glowing colours, my Tony!

Later.

Myles came in and brought the mail—I was sure it would happen so. There was so little of it that my two letters were conspicuous, and of course yours had managed to get on top. I was so eager and nervous that I fairly snatched them from his hand, and then, to offset the impression I feared I had produced, I thrust them into my pocket with an air of nonchalance that would not have deceived a day-old gosling. Myles, however, preserved the stable calm of a person who is incapable of realising that one could have anything to conceal from him. I am particularly desirous of doing him justice, and so I must say just here that with all his air of obvious rectitude and his manner of intimating with his eyelids that if you differ with him you are hopelessly wrong, he is invariably a gentleman. You see, dearie, I am giving this amount of prominence to him because though not an actual member of the household, he still figures very importantly in it. He represents my Grandmother Pullen's ideal of manly virtue and business ability. He manages all her affairs; her approval of him seems to be complete. That is as near as she has ever come to loving, I believe. Poor old lady! A life without love! Could it be called living?

How curious to think that life could mean anything but love, especially to a woman! Grandfather Pullen's portrait hangs in the parlour, on the north wall, where the big chimney casts a deep shadow on it. It is one of those portraits in which the eyes follow you about the room. As a child, I always avoided looking at him past that chimney; it used to seem as if he were peering out of his corner to see if he could lure me in. I wondered even then if she loved him, as my father and mother loved each other—in a happy, playful sort of way, keeping anniversaries of everything that ever happened after he first began to "pay her attention," when she was eighteen and he twenty-one. With my present enlightenment, I know that nobody could have loved Grandfather Pullen, least of all, Mrs. G. P. Tight lips, shrewd, narrow eyes, a forehead with fine, latitudinal creases, and a pompous air of holding himself aloof from the common herd. An aristocratic money-getter. I can stand under the portrait and imitate him till Bonnie becomes hysterical. What will you think of such levity, you dear, serious-minded Tony, intent upon your socialistic theories? But you see we are terribly pent-up. Not allowed to make a sound in the house, and debarred from going abroad because it would look in-

considerate and lacking in respect. And Bonnie's sixty-four years are disposed to sit very lightly on her sloping little shoulders. Grandmother Pullen's marriage was, as nearly as I can ascertain, one of those dismal, deliberately planned affairs that go to make one a moral anarchist. If public opinion sanctions such a union, isn't its approval an insult to the real thing? Bonnie tells me little anecdotes of them. She says Grandmother Pullen always called her husband "Mr. Pullen," so far as any one ever knew, at all time and seasons. Query: In the privacy of their own apartments? Fancy it! "Mr. Pullen, will you please pick this knot out of my nightcap strings?" Or, "I believe the baby has the colic, Mr. Pullen. Won't you hand me the anise bottle?"

How would it have seemed to you if I had said "Good night, Mr. Seymour," that evening we walked home from the Casino across the park?—do you remember? Please don't think that I mean to ridicule this poor stricken old woman; it's only that my riotous imagination will run loose. Instinctively, I seem to be applying the one test to everybody nowadays; I keep wondering if they have loved, could love or will love. There is Maidie, Myles's little girl. She is twelve years old; in another twelve years will she stand up and stretch out her arms and feel that she is growing *tall* with the love that fills her heart and beats into her finger tips? I doubt it. At Maidie's age I was reading *The Idylls of the King,* which I am sure her father would prohibit as not being suitable to her years. If she is lucky enough to get hold of them by the time she is sixteen, she will be just so far behind me even if in that time Nature has succeeded in producing another man who knows how to be loved as I love you. It is a great thing to know how to be loved, Tony, dear. I believe very few men do, though as a matter of fact, I know very little about it. My father made it his business to ward off all approaches of that kind, assuring me that when the inevitable experience came, it could by no means be kept away. How right he was, and how inevitable you were, my Tony!

There again, is Bonnie. At sixty-four she has still a girlish charm, and though her colouring has faded, it is in a delicate, refined way, like old tapestry. But Bonnie's soul never soared far above the marabout feathers, and chiné silks, and thread lace shawls of her more prosperous seasons. She is fond of me because in me she lives over again her much regretted youth, and because I keep her somewhat in touch with the outside world that she has seen very little of since her husband died and she came here to live in semi-dependence on Grandmother Pullen.

Myles? Well, Myles is a well-regulated piece of mechanism, with all the latest adjustments for perfect operation according to certain requirements, but the divine fire is absent. As for the girls I know, they are all ready to dress their ideal up in the shape of the first marriageable man they meet, and very few of them have the discernment to see that the ideal hangs loose on the man. Blessed, wonderful Tony! *You* never could get on the ideal's clothes at all; you outgrew them long ago. And yet the creature did somehow bear a certain likeness to you, as if he had in the first conception been a dream image of yourself—and who knows but that he was?

We have been two days separated. I do not understand how it is, but you do not seem far away. I think and think of you, and it is almost as if I were looking into your eyes. In two or three weeks at the most, I believe, I shall be back in New York. No matter about the weather. Bonnie will be glad to go with me, and we will take rooms somewhere near the Park. After this separation is over, we must never have another. Why should we? I laugh to myself, thinking of all your dear foolish talk about not taking me until you can provide the regulation house all furnished, to put me in. I am perfectly sure that I do not desire a permanent home, at least for the present, and still more convinced that you do not. Besides—and this is not so cold-blooded as it sounds—in a very short time I shall have all my grandmother's money. It will not make us rich as riches go, but we shall be independent of salaries, and you will be free to follow your bent, without regard to the demands of editors. You shall study socialistic tendencies and conditions to your heart's content; we will travel, see with each other's eyes, think with each other's brain. Then you shall write the Great Book. I will help you—

I can, dear. My father used to say that every man's mind needed a woman's to supplement it, to go into the little side paths and corners that the masculine intellect was too clumsy to penetrate.

* * * * *

Since writing that last line I have been reading over your letter for the ——th time—never mind the exact figure. Bless the postal service! How kindly it takes care of us, and keeps our secret! You need not have apologised for what you call your brevity. Men, I believe, are not natural letter-writers. Only I hope you will have patience with my long, feminine outpourings. I have nothing to do but think and write, and it is such a comfort to talk myself out to you. You understand all I say just as I say it. I can see your eyes as I write, steady, intent, searching, sympathetic, drawing the best that is in me up to the surface. If you called me to account—blamed, or corrected, or questioned, well, you wouldn't be you in that case. I am sure advice has never been of much use to me. I know, of myself, where I am weak or wrong, and to be loved for the good there is in me seems to be my best incentive to be better. I could never live my life according to somebody else's plan any more than a strawberry could change itself into a plum. If you will simply love me, Tony, I shall in time find out all my own faults, and overcome them for your sake. You shall be my sun. Only shine on me and I will grow. Make me a good strawberry that way.

Maidie is waiting for me; we are going out together for a romp in the field, quite away from the house so no one will be scandalised. Back of our place there is an orchard, then some meadow land bordered on one side by woods. Still farther on is the river, very smooth and slow and peaceful till it gets to the lower end of the village where it rouses itself out of its deplorable laziness, and makes an effort to run Mr. Myles Havenden's mills—Myles expects it. The mills were formerly my grandfather's; they have now passed partly into Myles's possession, and wholly into his management. But, Tony, I shall never stop writing if I *don't* stop. Maidie sits by the window. She is a nice child, tall for her years and erect, with straight, slim legs and very bright eyes under her hat-brim. She has been waiting sweetly and sedately, but I know how quickly she will jump to her feet when I say I am ready.

I don't live without you, dear. I breathe just to keep the life in me till I can come back to you, which I shall do soon, very soon.

Friday, July 2d.

Oh, dear, I wonder if you are reading my letter of Wednesday and thinking it was a little disagreeable and out-of-sorts. When I wrote it was raining so hard I couldn't make any sort of excuse for leaving the house, and I was desperate to hear from you. Myles, in a dripping mackintosh, came with the mail—nothing from you, of course, as I had asked you to send to South Pullen, but just for a minute I wished that you had disobeyed me.

Later the rain stopped. I declared to Bonnie that I must have the air, and in spite of her expostulations I put on my golf suit and set out on foot for your blessed letter. I read it on the way home, sitting on a rock under a big tree that dropped tears on it and on me too, poor little Madge. Aren't you ashamed for calling me to account so soon, when I had just been praising you for your noble tolerance?

I can't imagine what I have said to make you feel that there is anything you should know that I have not already told you. You wish me to describe Myles, give his age and exact position in the family. Well, have I not already done so? If not, he is about thirty-five, well set-up, with rather piercing dark eyes, a good nose, and a thin mouth under a carefully kept dark mustache. There are depressions at the corners, which mean that speaking generally he disapproves of your conduct. His expression is one of endurance. Do you see him? I wish to heaven I did not.

As for my grandmother's case, the doctors have explained it, but you know how they delight in technicalities, and I only understand that she may have another seizure at any moment, which would, in all probability, be fatal. We are keeping her perfectly quiet, and waiting for the end. At present, her existence is nothing more than a dreadful death in life. I can think of nothing worse. To know, to

hink, to feel, to wish, and yet not be able o make anybody understand!

Bonnie is stricken to abjectness with ear, momentarily expecting a like visi- ation. She is in the best of health, but hat does not reassure her, for my Grand- mother Pullen had only the day before her own calamity been boasting of her sound physical condition. Bonnie argues, therefore, that an appearance of good health is ominous. So she sits miserable through breakfast, with only a cup of "cambric tea" to moisten her toast and eggs; she is afraid of coffee. I poke fun at her to keep my own spirits up, partly, but it is nevertheless a fact that the whole atmosphere of the house is suggestive of death.

Maidie is my greatest comfort, next to your letters. She has attached herself to me, preferring my society to that of her more youthful friends who are coldly jealous in consequence, and pass her in the street with distorted noses. The top of her head comes just to my chin, we are almost evenly matched in a hundred-yard dash, and she adores the Jungle Books. Every time I put on a fresh shirt waist she falls in love with me all over again. There is nothing more reassuring to a woman of my age than the admiration of a girl of her's—as far as one's vanity goes, I mean.

We go out every day for a walk in the fields—it's oftener a run—and yesterday we had something that for want of anything more exciting we agreed to call an adventure. We were crossing the field towards the river. The first two barriers are stone walls, and we have our regular places to step over, but the last division line is a rail fence, and it is a high one. That lets us into the meadow beyond which is the river.

I was not in quite my usual spirits, so I pulled out a rail and ignominiously crawled under, a mode of proceeding which Maidie at any time would have scorned for herself. She is as agile as a monkey and very nearly as quick. By the time I was on my feet and had restored the rail to its place I saw her on the top bar of the fence with outstretched arms just poised for a jump. I called to her to be careful, but I was too late, for down she came, her flying petticoats caught the top of the post, and she hung suspended. The sudden stop took her breath away for an instant, but Maidie is not the girl to scream. She frowned, and kicked her heels against the fence, and we heard the sound of breaking stitches, and then we both laughed.

"Let the old thing tear," said Maidie.

"Climb up backwards, can't you?" I I suggested, believing her capable of almost any acrobatic feat.

She tried to reach behind her for the top rail, but she was hanging a little too low.

"It will be a funny thing if I can't get down," she said.

She bent her knees and tried to get a footing on one of the lower rails, and again we heard the gathers giving way. She was too high for me to lift her unless I climbed to the top of the fence myself, and I was beginning to think the situation more serious than it looked, when I saw a rush of color come into Maidie's face. She began to tug at her skirt, but the thing was made of stout linen by a conscientious Pullen dressmaker, who knew that Myles was, above all things, practical. The rest of the stitches held their own, and the fabric was too stout to tear.

Maidie's face grew redder. The entire length of her stockings and some very crisp Hamburg ruffles were conspicuously in view below the invincible petticoats. She fluttered her hands at me.

"Pull me down, Madge, pull me down. Tear the botheration skirt. I've got plenty more. Papa won't know. There's Lawrence Carlew coming, hateful thing! What's he doing in this field, anyway? *Take* me, Madge, WON'T you?"

I looked, and running towards us like a deer, or rather, like a crack half-back on a 'Varsity eleven, was a young fellow in knickerbockers and a blue shirt. I felt deeply for my young charge, but I was quite powerless to help her. She was doing the last thing now, shedding tears of fury, with her hat tipped down over her face.

Mr. Carlew, when he came up, took the matter quite seriously. He raised his cap to me before he came to a stop, and leaping upon the lower rail of the fence, lifted the child carefully down. She came to earth, very angry with fate, and somewhat less than decently grateful to her preserver. It took our united efforts to restore her self-respect, and Mr. Carlew

showed a rare tact in the matter. I pinned up the wreck, and then we begged Maidie to introduce us, which made her laugh till it was too late to cry any more.

I have never known this young man, though like me, he was born in Pullen. I went to boarding-school with his sister who is now married and living abroad, but Lawrence was a little boy in those days—he is only nineteen now—and has not spent much more time in Pullen than I have. He and his mother have travelled a great deal and pass some of their winters South, with a tutor, and meanwhile he has been growing up, it seems. He is big, and very good-looking, and in six or eight years from now, I should judge, he may have become an approximate success as an all-round human being. At present, he is simply a Harvard freshman.

As we strolled together toward the river and he answered innumerable questions about Elinor, I noticed another young man walking in the same general direction, but keeping close to the belt of woods.

"Old Norrice," said Mr. Carlew in explanation. "We were trying to do a little Cicero this morning. It's too fine a day for Latin, don't you think, Miss Pullen?"

"That depends," I replied, cautiously.

"Yes, I know what you mean," he said, with a conscious laugh, but without the least confusion. "I suppose you have heard about it. The fellows don't think anything of it, you know; here in Pullen they're so simple they look upon it as a disgrace. My mother's innocent enough to be dreadfully cut up about it. Won't go to see anybody if she can help it."

I begged to know what the deplorable state of affairs could be.

"Oh, you don't know?" he exclaimed. I saw that he was distinctly piqued. Maidie got hold of my hand and slyly pulled it. She had the facts, and her opinion of them as well.

"Well, it's just this—I flunked my finals in two courses, and without them I haven't enough to take me on with my class. I hadn't done well enough through the year in Greek and mathematics to jump me over the finals. You see I played in the freshman eleven, Miss Pullen; if you read the athletics, perhaps you know about the tackle I made on Pennsy's five-yard line after I'd chased their half-back from the middle of the field. You see we held 'em there, so I saved the touch-down. It really wasn't much, you know," with an obvious air of it's being a great deal, "but the papers lauded me in great shape. They'll put me on the training table first thing in the fall. So you see, I'm tutoring for make-up exams in September."

"And that's your tutor out there?"

"Yes, that's Billy Norrice. Working his way through the Law School, regular shark at Greek and math, don't you know? Fellows say he didn't do a thing but grind when he was in college. Mother takes him awfully *au serieux*. They have long consultations as to what is going to become of me, and I believe she asks him privately every night if I had my lesson to-day. Billy's a good sort, though. But it's a queer vacation, don't you think, Miss Pullen?"

We walked slowly across the field, Mr. Carlew doing most of the talking. He is interesting as a young animal very much alive, and equal, I should think, to almost any athletic effort. It appears that he refused to be educated in Germany because of the absence of football from the university curriculums, so his mother brought him home, and between the preparatory schools and the tutors, he has arrived at his present status—a probationary sophomore. In the prep schools he seems to have distinguished himself chiefly by running round ends.

We drifted nearer to Mr. Norrice, and Lawrence (I used to hear his sister talk of him so much that his Christian name comes more naturally than the other) beckoned him up. He came, deliberately and without any apparent enthusiasm, a thoughtful looking young man nearly as tall as Lawrence, but rather spare in build, a little hollow chested, with serious grey eyes that look as if they might light up at times. His best claim to his pupil's approval consists, as I have since learned, in the fact that during his first year or two at Cambridge he made a record at sprinting. He carried a Latin lexicon under his arm, but I could see a magazine, one of the reviews, I should think, sticking out of his pocket. I studied him with some curiosity, wondering what satisfaction besides salary could be derived from the process of cramming the

assics into a young barbarian so manifestly created for the purposes of football. When one recalled the gloom of the ouse back there across the sunny fields, t was a dreadful temptation to stay out n the river bank throwing stones and wigs into the water, and I am afraid we vere a serious interruption to the morning's work. The tutor said very little, herefore I inferred that he had a great leal to say. The talk ran chiefly on athetics, and I am sure the review burned n Mr. Norrice's pocket. By and by Maidie and I came away and left them to the mercy of the Roman orator. We returned by the road, at my suggestion, and with Maidie's consent, given promptly and haughtily. The astute child feared that Mr. Carlew would insist on going back with us as far as the rail fence. She burst forth as soon as we were out of hearing. She had climbed more fences than Lawrence Carlew ever saw in his whole life, or ever dreamed of seeing—the idea of his having had to come along the only time such a disgusting thing had ever happened to her! A grown-up man that wasn't smart enough to pass an examination! She never failed in her life.

"Why one year," stumbling over her words in an engaging little way she has when she is a bit excited, "why, one year I took—took double promotion, and the teacher said—said I might have done it again last year only papa wouldn't let me."

Oh, Tony, how still and dreary the house seemed after the radiant sunlight and freedom outside! Bonnie followed me into my room. "Oh, Madge, where have you been? I'm so nervous! The doctor said my pulse was a little 'drooping'—what do you suppose he meant by that? He has given me a tonic—he *says*. I don't know whether I dare take it. It may be some very powerful medicine for my heart, and heaven knows how it will affect me. Old Dr. Tully used to say I was so sensitive he never could give me the doses he would give to anybody else. Nowadays doctors only experiment on you. If he knew that I had an organic heart disease he wouldn't tell me; they never do." And so forth.

I said, "Oh, Bonnie, don't be a goose. I wish my own heart was as sound as yours. Take the tonic, it will amuse you, and put the pretty pink colour back into your cheeks. Can't we go to Boston some day soon? It's a whole week since I've seen the inside of a shop." She brightened directly.

I am ashamed of having filled up this letter with so much that does not concern Us at all. I'm only waiting till I can come back to you, and meanwhile I simply try to fill in the chinks of time with anything available. My trunks are not wholly unpacked, it was not worth while. How strange to be going about the house with this new life in my heart among the people who have known me all these years, and yet have no real knowledge of what is within me. I have never been credited with deep feeling, I believe, I suppose because my father taught me to accept things like a philosopher. He used to say, "Be a man, Madge," when I cried over any little trouble. People remark to me: "Oh, you take life easily; *your* heart will never be broken," and that kind of thing. I do think you know better than that, Tony, and realise that I am above all things, a loving woman, capable of sacrificing all else for love's sake. But now that I have been away from you so long, although I know you do understand, I am restless, a little. I want to see in your eyes that you are not doubtful of me, that you are sure I would do what is best for you under all circumstances.

I shall be so happy to get your letter to-morrow! Tell me everything that happens. Aunt Letitia has closed her house at last; a letter came to-day. No matter, I can get rooms somewhere, as I said, and I should not mind the heat of the city. It is like taking leave of you to stop writing. How I want to see you!

(To be continued.)

THE MEN OF THE SEA*

IF Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne does not write according to a formula, it is because the Providence that gave him his other gifts has neglected to provide him with literary self-consciousness. Certainly it would not be difficult to construct one for him.

Given one wife and children or aged mother in indigence, one previous shady transaction, or one thirst for drink, and you have ready to hand your Pressing Motive for service in doubtful waters. Given one penchant for composing poetry in moments of danger or one pride in a father who was clergyman for sixty-two years in a Scotch town whose syllables translate "Nowhere," and you have your quaint and pleasing individual characteristics. Given one monkey wrench or one gun, and you have your weapon of supremacy—always effective against any odds. Given without question an ability to lick anything of any weight at any time, and you have your personal prowess. Given a tramp steamer with rusted rivets and wornout plates, a "coffee mill" engine, an insubordinate crew, or something equally terrifying, and you have your milean. Given hidden treasure, small but inimical governments, gunboats, Chinese insurrections or any other excitement to be gleaned from the daily prints or the Lithograph Library, and you have your adventure. Combine them all. Keep—I was going to say, wearisomely—intact always the pressing motive, the pleasing individual characteristic, the weapon of supremacy, and the personal prowess. Vary the milean and the adventure. Lead unfailingly back through untoward cricumstance to the pressing motive. Repeat as often as the public will stand it. There to the life stands Captain Kettle or McTodd.

The combination as worked by Mr. Hyne is always eminently readable. The adventures are sprightly, and the milean is as varied as that of a modern concert hall song of six verses. You enjoy the invulnerability of the leading characters, you marvel at the ease with which strong men succumb to the weapon of supremacy or the personal prowess, you cock your head and look wise as the technical details of the milean twinkle on your ear. Then when the curtain descends you go out into the street and perhaps wonder how the actors look without their make-up. There is plenty of action in these stories, and no real life; plenty of limelight, but no sea.

Mr. Henry Rowland, to the contrary, in his *Sea Scamps* goes to the other extreme. He has no art at all. He insists on your taking an interest in his men, but refuses to characterise them adequately until the last of his book. He tells stories from the points of view of three different individuals—one of them English—in the uniform language of Mr. Henry Rowland. On reading them, a craftsman is almost irresistibly tempted to pull the yarns to pieces, to reconstruct them, to give to their incidents the proper values and proportions. And yet withal they are the real thing.

For to save you, you cannot get over the notion that these affairs really happened. Wild and improbable as is the story entitled "Back Tracks," it nevertheless impresses you as authentic. Perhaps the very fact that the method is so back-handed and criss-cross and unconventional adds to this feeling. It is as though you had heard the incidents at first hand, or had read of them in the hasty English of a cable dispatch. These things happened thus and so, I know it because I was there; although I should have stated some time ago the following facts which are essential:—that is about the way it runs. And then slowly, little by little the personality of the big Yankee trader, Jordan Knapp, grows out of the latter stories, and you arise and curse aloud and say, "Why didn't he tell me all this before? I'd have enjoyed the first ones so much better." The final story, "At the Last of the Ebb," is, however, of

**McTodd.* By Cutliffe Hyne. New York: Macmillan.

**Sea Scamps.* By Henry C. Rowland. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

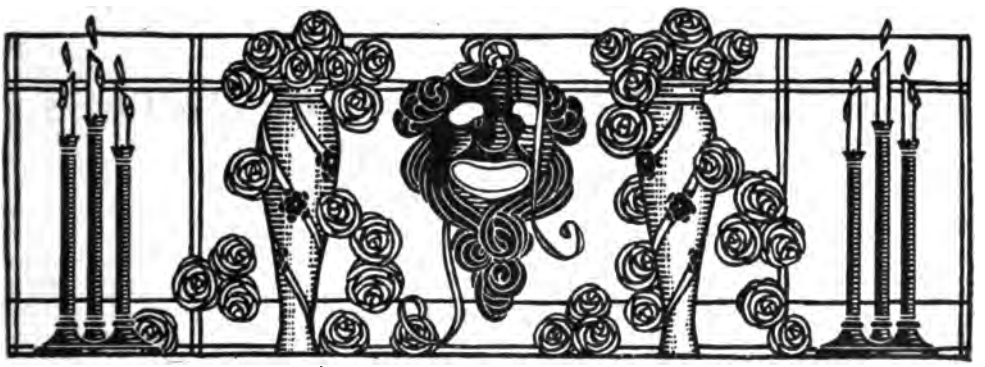
**The Way of the Sea.* By Norman Duncan. New York: McClure, Phillips & Company.

a different sort, and out of place in this book. I should almost be tempted to predicate that the hero's name had been changed to Jordan Knapp to admit of inclusion here.

The Way of the Sea, however, is both good art and reality. The atmosphere of the great grey deeps saturates its pages. The sweep of the wind, the dash of the breakers, the grinding rise and fall of the matted ice flow, the unflinching facing of hardship, danger, and death, the hard granite of the coast, the hard granite of men's characters, are all absolutely conveyed. As absolutely, but more subtly, are conveyed the influences of the sea, its mysteries, its predestinations, its impartialities, its remotenesses from the standards men have set for human nature, its immoralities. The sea is cruel, says one story; it is strong, says another; it is pitiless, says a third; it is indifferent say all, going on in its predestined and eternal way utterly unmindful of what may be its effect on the men whose characters are moulded on its influences.

This it seems to me is the way of the sea as brought out in these excellent stories. I will venture to say, however, that this was not Mr. Duncan's idea of that way when he wrote them. Temperamentally, Mr. Duncan seems to look on the sublime only as refracted through the terrible. His stories deal with but a single aspect of his subject. The sea is not always grey and driven, not always menacing, not always grasping at the lives of men; her sons are not always grim, taciturn, slow, without humour. That is *a* way of the sea. The sea has also her gentle moods, her laughing moods, her kind moods, her bountiful moods, and the men who sail her and are made by her correspond. Mr. Duncan has seen fit to ignore the bright days for the grey, but we can quarrel but mildly with him for that. Within, perhaps, self-imposed limitations he has given us a remarkably strong piece of work.

Stewart Edward White.



ALFIERI TO LOUISE

Whosoe'er will praise my sweetheart
Is silenced evermore by admiration,
And ventures on too great boldness
Speaking of charms that cannot be compared.

And envy too that joined itself to death,
And ardently to blame her often tried,
On seeing her sweet face, *though even blamed,*
Determines likewise to abstain from speech.

Thus wheresoever she in beauty passes
A voiceless emotion of the heart is left
And deepest silence too behind her.

All long to do her honour but do not dare
For all presumption by her modesty is checked
And each one dazzled by her radiance.

ALFIERI AND LOUISE, COUNTESS OF ALBANY

NOTE.—The Centenary of Alfieri, the great Italian tragic poet was celebrated throughout Italy on the eighth of October.—*The Editors of The Bookman.*

ASTI is a name known generally because of its excellent wines, the famous "Barbera" and the frothing Asti (Asti Spumante) which is similar to champagne, and rivals it. But Asti is known in the world not only for this but also for the part which it has played in the history of Piedmont and Italy during various epochs.

Situated almost in the centre of the long and somewhat narrow valley of Tomaro, surrounded by small hills rich in vegetation, it is above all a commercial town and has a numerous hard-working and industrious population. Its remote origin is Greek as is seen from its name. Gerajus Pompejus Strabo, the Roman Consul in Gaul, who admired it called it "Asta Pompea, the city of the thousand towers."

It was besieged often. Frederic Barbarossa burned and destroyed it eleven times, but the undaunted inhabitants always rebuilt it, till in 1183 they were left alone in peace. Long before the Lombards and the Florentines, the rich Republicans of Asti were the bankers of



DRAWING ROOMS, ALFIERI'S PALACE, ASTI.

Europe and had their banks everywhere, but especially in Flanders and in France. Then the struggles between the Guelfs and the Ghibillines, whose partisans in Asti were the noble families of the Solari and the Guttnari, ruined the city and the Republic, till in 1531 it was annexed by the House of Savoy. It was in this ancient city full of Gothic monuments and rich in historical memories that there was celebrated last month the first centenary of Vittorio Alfieri, the tragic poet and dramatist, who holds in Italy the same position that Schiller holds in Germany.

Alfieri was born in 1749, ten years before Schiller, and he felt new possibilities for the drama without clearly realising what character these possibilities would assume in the future. He felt that dramatic art was losing its vigour and to revivify it he combined the conceptions of the Middle Ages with the dramatic form of Greek tragedy, and on this he concentrated all his forces.



ALFIERI.

If Schiller is with reason more widely known than Alfieri, it is because the former in his dramas represents men and women as they are to be found in all nations, while the latter is almost entirely national. Indeed we may say that he is the first Italian born who found in Italy the idea of a fatherland and who sought with all his strength to inspire the minds of his countrymen with the same ideal. Judged by the standard of his time and of his class, Alfieri was poorly instructed, and grew up ignorant and lazy until his twenty-seventh year by which time, however, he had travelled all over Italy, France, Spain, Scandinavia, England, and Germany.

It would be a long story, indeed, to describe the youth of this genius who became great through the force of his iron will and through the openness of his mind.

At Versailles, when presented to Louis XV., he was amused at the monarch who acted the part of a Jupiter. At Schönbrunn, he would not meet the poet Metostasio because he held that the latter's *musa servilis* had been sold to the service of the despotic Maria Theresa. In Berlin, he saw but "una caserna universale" (huge barracks) and was heartily thankful that he had not been born a subject of that soldier-king. When Alfieri expressed himself thus he was already acquainted with the writings of Montesquieu, Helvetius, Plutarch, Rousseau, and Voltaire; he was especially impressed by Plutarch with whom he found many things in common, such as their thirst for justice and liberty.

Alfieri has been accused of a rude form in his tragic poetry, and this is true because he became a poet more through force of determination than because of any natural aptitude. In one of his epigrams he shows us his inner being:

Mi trovan duro?
Ouch 'io lo so:
Pensor li fo.
Taccia ho d' oscuro?
Mi schiarirà
Poi libertà.*

In reality in the dawn of liberty he and Foscolo were raised to the pedestal which was their due. It is not so much the poet as the man that this paper aims to de-

*Do they find me rude? I know it well. I make them think. They call me incomprehensible. But in the light of liberty all will understand me.

scribe. That and the chief reason that prompted Alfieri to leave, as he himself writes, "una vita giovanite oriosissima" (his life of indolent youth) to dedicate himself to the muses.

Towards the middle of 1773 at Turin he fell in love with a lady of noble family, seven years older than he, about whom there were many stories afloat. This lady fell ill, and Alfieri who nursed her, to pass the long and vearisome hours of watching, began to write and in this way wrote his first tragedy, *Cleopatra*. But this lady was not the twin-soul that was to inspire the poet. He found this ideal in the person of Louise of Stolberg, Countess of Albany, and wife of the last Stuart, who by force of arms, tried to regain the English throne.



LOUISE, COUNTESS OF ALBANY.
From a painting in the Uffizi Galleries in Florence.

The meeting took place in 1777 in the month of October. It was this lady, famous for the name that she bore, and famous later for the part she played, that was the real muse of Alfieri.

Her husband, when Alfieri knew him, was no longer the young, handsome, and dashing cavalier, the "Bonnie Prince Charlie," adored by Scotland. None any longer saw in him, the victor of Preston Pans and Falkirk, the vanquished of Culloden. Abandoned by France, excluded from the throne by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, first he found a refuge in the arms of Miss Clementine Walkinshaw, whom he had known at the siege of Sterling Castle and then in the strong waters that made him hunch-backed, florid, stuttering, and melancholy.

The unfortunate Prince was in this condition in 1770 when the Duke de Choiseul wanted to try to regain for him the throne, but was forced to admit that it was impossible to reëstablish on the throne a man "who had lost all dignity," for he had at this time written "de vivre et pas vivre est beaucoup pis que mourir" (to live and yet not really to live is worse than death), and so had given himself up to drinking.

The next year, in 1771, in his fifty-first year, Charles Edward Stuart was bethrothed with Louise of Stolberg, who was but nineteen years old, and he married her on the advice of the Duke d'Aiguillon, the French Minister for Foreign Affairs. She was descended from Bruce, the national hero of Scotland, and France allowed Stuart on his marriage with her an annual grant of two hundred and forty thousand francs.

After the legal arrangements the marriage was celebrated at Macerala on Good Friday, 1772, in the monumental palace of Count Compagnoni - Marefoschi, one of the most devoted adherents of the Stuart cause. A medal was struck to commemorate the occasion.

From Macerala the couple travelled to Rome, where they lived in Palazzo Muti on which the royal arms of the Stuarts did not now appear. Louise, nevertheless, always signed with an R, and also "regina apostolorum." The Romans called her "Queen of Hearts."

Carl Bonstellen, who saw her at this time, has written of her: "Luisa was of medium stature, she had light hair, dark blue eyes, a nose slightly retroussé, a clear pink complexion, regular features, and beautiful teeth. She was slightly



PIAZZA VITTORIO ALFIERI.

malicious, bright and sharp; full of fun, more French than German, and quite capable of turning a man's brain." It is easy to understand therefore that Louise, Canoness of Saint Vadru de Mons, should fall in love in her twenty-fourth year and at the height of her beauty and charm with the handsome and fiery poet of Asti, who himself was hardly five years older.

Their first meeting was at Florence in the autumn, and immediately the poet became enchained by "those new voluntary golden fetters." Two months afterwards Alfieri said to himself that "la sur vera donna era quella" (she was the true lady of his heart), and when confessing told his learned friend Tomaso Valperega di Caluso, who has been called "Montaigne redivivus" of his passion, and the abbot who understood, absolved him from all fault.

In 1779 on the night of St. Andrew's Day, Louse had a violent altercation with her husband; and Alfieri, with the consent of the Grand Duke Leopold of Tuscany, helped her to fly for refuge to the convent of the white nuns (Delle Bianchelle) to protect her from the ill treatment of her jealous and drunken husband.

From the convent Louise fled to Rome with Alfieri and an Irish gentleman, to be there under the protection of her brother-in-law, the Cardinal of York, who welcomed her and received her into his own palace. In Rome Louise applied for a divorce from Pius VI., her application being supported by the Tuscan Government and by the Papal Nonce in Flor-



ALFIERI'S PALACE.

ence. The Pope encouraged her to hope. Meanwhile, Alfieri who had written for her his play, *Mary Stuart,* went backwards and forwards from Naples to Rome to see her, and these frequent visits gave rise to much talk in the gossipy world of Papal Rome. Alfieri himself wrote that "all that pious horror of the priests was neither due to their holiness, nor was it wanting of envious jealousy."

This period was, as it were, the honeymoon of Louise and Alfieri; at this time were written the sonnets of Psipio to Psipia which Louise copied during a long forced stay at Genzano, where she was jealously guarded.

Finally, in 1784, under pressure from Gustavus III. of Sweden, who was then in Rome under the incognito of Count of The Hague, Charles Stuart decided upon divorce, and Louise regained her liberty. Immediately she went to Baden and thence to Colmar where soon Alfieri came to her from Modena, and there together for the first time they spent a life of calm happiness—she adoring her poet, he hard at work and full of love for her. And at Colmar Alfieri composed his tragedies, *Agide, Saphonisba,* and *Mirra.*

It would take us too long to follow the lovers in their constant travels from place to place. Their stay in Paris, whither they went to look after the publication of Alfieri's works, is noteworthy because there Louise received news of the death of her husband in February, 1788. Alfieri then wrote to the Abbot of Caluso: "I am certain that this husband of hers, in spite of the difference in years between them, would have found in Louise an ex-



MEDALLION OF THE COUNTESS OF ALBANY



THE ALFIERI STATUE AT ASTI

cellent friend and companion, nay, even a loving woman, had he not exasperated by his continuous coarse, drunken behaviour."

Undoubtedly the love of Louise was for Alfieri the purifying fire which impelled him courageously to work and to win glory. In his sonnets where we see his soul reflected, Alfieri says that it was love that made him devote himself to his work, and he repeats the same thought in his dedication to Louise of his play *Mirra* ". . . although thou wer't the fount of all, and I began to live only from that day when my life was united with thine."

In Paris Alfieri and Louise entertained largely, and to their salon there flocked the cleverest men, the Baron de Stael-Holstein, Beaumarchais, Mirabeau, the dramatist Talma, Cherubini, Joséphine de Beauharnais, Madame de Genlis, the two brothers Chênier, and the Italian poet Ippolili Pindemonte whom Alfieri nicknamed "my washerwoman," because he polished what Alfieri had written in a more fluent style.

Alfieri was in Paris at the year of the great Revolution, and with Pindemonte helped at the storming of the Bastile; he was full of enthusiasm for the Revolution which soon enough he had cause to hate for its terrible excesses. A little incident at table shows how this detestation arose, on the day that the Revolutionists brought back as prisoners the royal family that had fled to Varennes; there was dining with Alfieri and Louise David d'Angers then a Jacobine and later Baron and Court-painter to Napoleon. Louise on hearing the news, expressed her sympathy for Marie Antoinette, whereupon David with scant courtesy exclaimed: "You call her an unfortunate woman? She is a harpy, and I think it is a pity that the crowd did not strangle her."

From that day Alfieri, republican and free-thinker, the author of the *Tiramide,* and of so many other plays where love of liberty is worshiped as a sacred thing hated the French Revolution. Next year, in 1790, began the Reign of Terror, and Alfieri and Louise went to England and visited Oxford, Blenheim, Bath, Hampton Court, and finally, going to London stayed with General Conway in Park Place. And it was in this year, on the 19th of May, to be exact, that Louise Stuart was presented by Lady Anna Bendon, Countess of Alsburg, to George III. and Queen Caroline, the usurper of her throne. Walpole, with much reason styled this visit of the widow of Charles Stuart "to be in bad taste." Louise, Countess of Albany, in fact was wanting in tact to be in her own royal box with the usurpers, and showed a want of common sense.

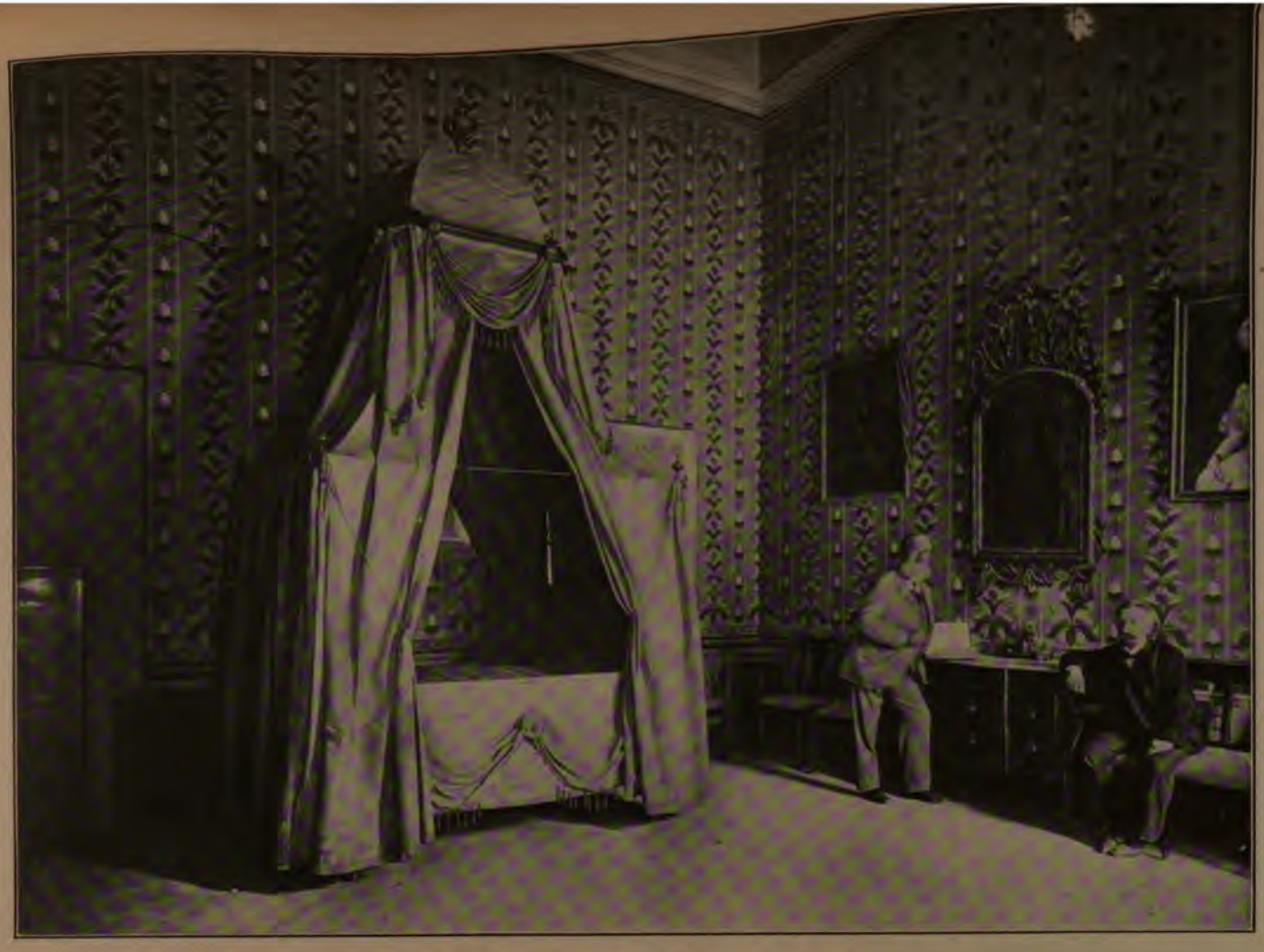
Then they returned to the Continent by way of Brussels and Mons, the birthplace of Louise, and so on to Paris where they were present at the destruction of the Tuileries on the 10th of August, 1792; and Alfieri grew more bitter still against the Revolution and conceived the plan of his *Misogallo,* a terrific satire against the French.

When he returned to Florence the emotions undergone in Paris prompted him to write, as follows, of his own country: "In my youth I have not been sparing in harsh words against thee; and now that I return again to thee tamed and softened by long experience, if in other nations I see faults, the faults in thee I regard with a son's love."

For Alfieri Florence was peace after storm, and in this birthplace of Dante and Michelangelo Alfieri and Louise lived those other years that they were yet to spend together; those years were spent in love, in printing poetry, and in recitations, for Alfieri, like Voltaire, used to recite his writings. They lived in that old palace on the Lungarno Corsini which lay between the Ponte della Trinita and the Ponte della Carraia, two monuments of the thirteenth century.

On the 7th of October, 1803, sounded the hour for the eternal parting, and the soul of Alfieri left his body. He had suffered for long years from gout, and in the end it killed him. Alfieri was then in his fiifty-fourth year. The remains of the free-thinking Italian poet were visited and held in honour by Chateaubriand, the poet of Christianity.

During the many years that the poet dwelt with Louise Stolberg, not one serious trouble arose between them and their love was constant. In the last years of his life Alfieri wrote about Louise: "After so many years . . . and after so many disappointments ever more and more I am attracted to my friend and all the more that her beauty has been slowly ravaged by time; she inspired my mind;



ALFIERI'S BEDROOM IN THE PALACE AT ASTI.

and I dare say, she too was supported and encouraged by me."

Two months after Alfieri's death, Louise wrote in a similar way about him to d'Anse de Willaison, saying: "That he never gave her a moment of displeasure, nay that at his side she had only felt love and respect."

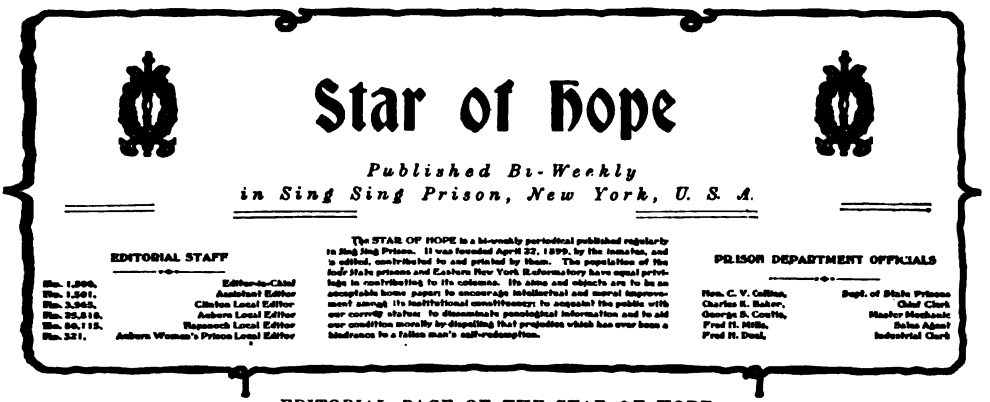
Louise did all she could in honour of her poet's memory. She published the writings of Alfieri a year after his death. Then she ordered that wonderful monument of Canova's which adorns his tomb in Santa Croce at Florence, a real Parthenon of Italian glory, where he is resting between Galileo and Machiavelli. This high honour is due to Alfieri who more than any other struggled for the regeneration of Italy.

Did Alfieri marry Louise d'Albany after the death of Charles Stuart? Some say he did not, others say he did, adding that only the marriage was not published in consideration of the Cardinal of York. Napoleon I., who wished to make her acquaintance, invited her to Paris, and made her stay fifteen months. After this Louise returned to Florence, where she met with Lamartine, Werner, the Baron of Stäel, Humboldt, Thorwaldsen, Ranch, P. L. Courier, the Englishman Millingen, Foscolo, and many other great men.

They did not blame her or pay attention to her somewhat untimely affection, after her poet's death, for a young French painter, Fabre.

Frederick Paronelli.





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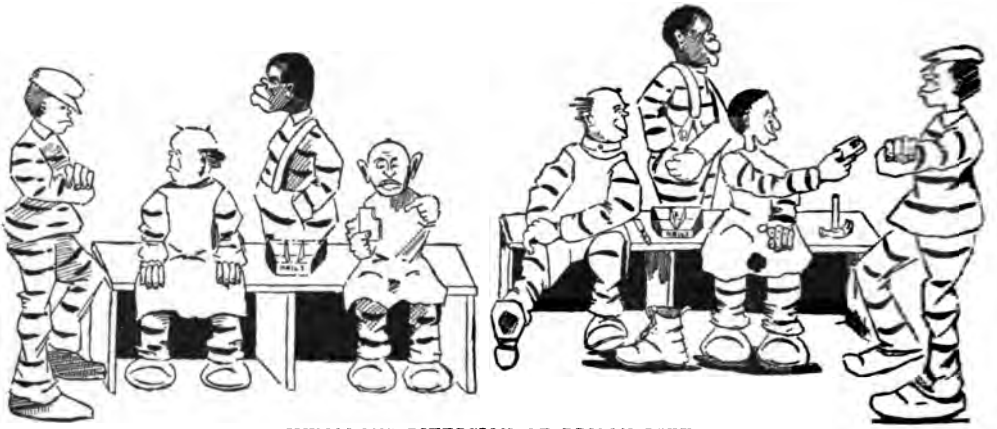
EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE STAR OF HOPE.

PRISON JOURNALISM

By No. 1500

NOTE.—Number 1500, who founded the "Star of Hope" at Sing Sing Prison, and was its editor and chief writer during four years, recently finished his sentence and left the prison gates behind him. We know of no one better fitted to write about the subject of this article. For very obvious reasons he does not wish his name to be published, so the article appears over the old signature, "Number 1500," which, until a few weeks ago, was so familiar to the readers of the "Star of Hope."—*The Editors of The Bookman.*

WITH the liberalisation of prison methods and discipline in recent years in America the prison newspaper and convict journalism has arrived. In half a dozen state prisons convicts write, edit, and print their own newspapers, and the educational value of the work has made it permanent. That this is so cannot be deemed strange in this country, where it has been accepted as a principle that a church, a school, and a newspaper are the foci of every successful new settlement and the necessities of every established community. How soon this faith as applied to the newspapers themselves may be reversed, lies within the papers themselves, but not so with those printed in prison. They are issued under official censorship and are not permitted any yellow eccentricities to work their undoing. Some of them are edited and managed by the chaplains and are as unattractive as the sermons addressed to the prisoners. They have only the interest and vigour of the conventional kind and are chiefly valuable to the prisoner as waste paper. But those edited, conducted, and written by the prisoners, as the *Star of Hope, Prison Mirror, Ohio Penitentiary News,* and *The Mentor* are of a different kind and furnish a sidelight upon their way of thinking, their views of life, its duties, and particularly of its sinfulness that is of first value to the student of penology. It may be inferred that such a prison paper would be more or less the voice of organised hypocrisy. In a measure, that is true. The convict seeking executive clemency naturally strives to emphasise the thoroughness of his own reformation, and the open columns of a prison paper furnish an inviting way for making his declaration of a new life. Some of the sermons preached in print by confirmed rascals are really edifying and lack only sincerity to make them candid. But the Uriah Heeps soon mark themselves and a much more representative publication follows in which very striking facts about the convict community appear. In a prison population such as in the five penal institutions of New York, which is maintained at about 3700 men and women, every degree of intelligence is found. University men, students of applied



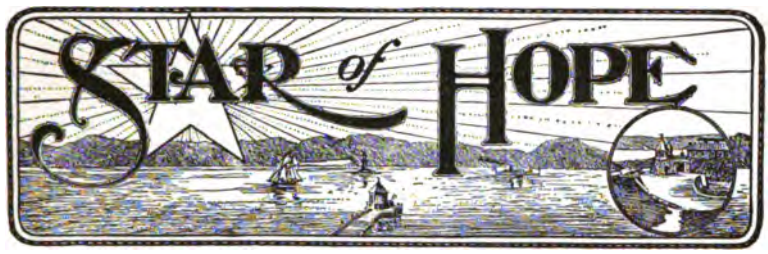
HUMOROUS DIVERSION OF PRISON LIFE.

science, reading and thinking men, capable, vigorous writers with ideas of their own in equal number to those from a community of the same size taken from the every-day walks of life. It will be found that physically, mentally and spiritually a prison community is about of the average of the human race and that it is not, as many persons seem to think, a class of beings marked all over as different from their fellowmen. Their peculiar views about property and possibly the sanctity of human life are spasmodically entertained and the pastoral joys of Gilbert's burglar are not burlesque in the minds of the imprisoned criminal by any means. In fact, he is very much like other men, except for his particular failings and possibly for a further connection in his mind that this difference is more closely concerned with his detection than his predisposition to steal or slay at certain ill-chosen times. Among these men and women there is a large number who earnestly but blindly seek to find a better path in life. That they do not often succeed has been due to their own incapacities to make a sustained effort or to select aims with sufficient clearness and generally speaking, to their ignorance and weakness. I say there has been, for in very recent years a change in the methods of treating convicted prisoners has been made that amounts to a revolution. It has been beneficent in many ways and prison journalism is one of its expressions. The convicts' mental activities have been directed in healthier channels, have been given a new perspective in life, and it is reasonable to believe, are slowly 'ted to a higher, moral plane.

In the midst of this activity, tending towards the amelioration of the condition of the prisoner, the time was propitious for the launching of a paper in the Empire State prisons. After weeks of mature thought and planning, the writer prepared the necessary prospectus by the kind permission of the then warden, Colonel Omar V. Sage, who, in turn, presented the plan to the Superintendent of Prisons, C. V. Collins, and permission was immediately granted for the publishing of the *Star of Hope*.

From its first issue of eight pages, its field being confined to Sing Sing Prison, until July 15, 1899, when it was enlarged to sixteen pages and included all the prisons, was very thankfully received and cordially supported by more than two-thirds of the prisons' population. During the four years that the paper was edited and conducted by the writer, it was written by about 1200 prisoners. It printed the news of the prisons and some little news of the outside world. It discussed editorally and in communications, all sorts of ethical and economic questions and accepted the responsibility of circulating a variety of the poetic product which is as certain to come out of a cell as a man is to go into it, and it strove to urge upon its readers the lessons of honesty, truthfulness and cleanness of speech. For all these purposes the direction was absolutely within the editorial control. In establishing the paper no fixed policy was laid down by the prison department. The writer planned it and decided upon its policy, knowing quite as well as his superiors what was befitting and his instructions were to proceed upon his own lines.

Previous to the establishing of the *Star of Hope*, printing had been one of the prison industries and the product of the department had, until the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment of 1897 which put an end to convict employment outlay was limited to paper and ink. Printers among the inmates, let it be said to the credit of the craft, were not abundant, but there were a few, and these were recruited by the selection of some nimble-fingered apprentices who were



Vol. V. SING SING PRISON, OSSINING, N. Y., JUNE 13, 1903 No. 5

Theodore Roosevelt

Sing Sing 52,430

ALMOST every one, I suppose, has a mental picture of the Ideal Man, and the chances are that no two agree. I am speaking of the character, not of the personality and my ideal has been realized in that of Theodore Roosevelt—the first man in the land.

Independence may not be generally considered one of the cardinal virtues, but it should be. And of all the independent men who have come prominently before the public eye, no man has been more so than he who now occupies the highest office it is within the power of the people of the United States to bestow. Though nominally a member of the Republican party, Mr. Roosevelt does not allow himself to be dictated to by his party managers, and has, therefore, made many enemies among those who believe the party should come first and the public next. If the good of the party does not agree with the public good—well, the public is an "also ran." What the people of this country have long wanted is a man at the helm who would reverse this general order of things and think of his public first—and such a man we now have.

Years ago, when Mr. Roosevelt held the comparatively insignificant office of Police Commissioner of New York City, he was known as a man who would do what he thought and was not to be ordered about or influenced by his more conservative associates.

It has been argued against him that he is a confirmed egotist, and it is true. But will you, can you show me a man in all history who was not. All the men who stand out prominently from the time of Noah to the present day, were and are. Noah thought he could save the human race from entire annihilation, and because he was convinced of it he carried it through successfully. Alexander, who conquered the then known world, was an egotist. Napoleon, said, "I am the saviour of France" and proceeded to damn the rest of Europe to substantiate this statement. To a man who wants to succeed, egotism is as necessary in his make-up as the action of his heart. Nobody ever knew a man to succeed who thought that another could do a thing as well as he. He must have the firm conviction that he can do that thing *better* than any of his fellows—and that is egotism.

In the President's fight with the "trust" magnates, the old problem of the irresistible force and the immovable body was again at issue. The "trusts" thought their power of dollars and "pull" omnipotent, and Mr. Roosevelt thought he was the one to show them to be wrong. And he did! Everyone knows the outcome of what was a titanic struggle between money and political "pull" on one side, and the President and right on the other. The "trusts" came off second best and they are now wondering what they were up against. At the insistent urging of Mr. Roosevelt, Congress passed legislation to control them. Within the past few weeks the promoters of the greatest combine that capitalists have tried to formulate, the Northern Securities Company, have been defeated in the United States Circuit Court of Appeals. The case will, no doubt, go to the United States Supreme Court, but most men agree that the result there will be the same.

At the last session of Congress, the three most important issues discussed, were the "trusts," Cuban reciprocity and the Panama Canal. Mr. Roosevelt had a great desire to have decisions reached in these three questions and the results of his insistance have been manifold, though not entirely satisfactory.

The "trusts" were supposed to be controlled by certain laws which, in effect, were dead letters. Mr. Roosevelt has resurrected the old and forced the making of new laws, more stringent, if anything, than their predecessors and which, if enforced, will put some bonds on the makers of combinations detrimental to the people.

He favored the Panama Canal proposition rather than the Nicaraguan project because it would be cheaper and because it would not take so long to complete—the Nicaraguan route being nearly twice as long as the Panama. And, too, the Columbian government was much easier to deal with than the Nicaraguan, and where he can, Mr. Roosevelt likes to travel along the line of least resistence—though, when necessary, he can fight as well as any and better than most men. The bill failed to pass, it is true, because of the unyielding opposition of Senator Morgan, which was not a manly one. For he delayed it so long by bringing up petty bills, which amounted to no general good, that Congress adjourned without coming to any decision on the matter. That was what Senator Morgan played for, but he can't expect to succeed all the time and the bill is bound to pass ere many months elapse.

But reciprocity with Cuba was the question which the President was most keen upon. His struggle with a vacillating Congress will go down in history as a memorable one. We promised Cuba freedom and we kept our word. We promised financial relief by a reciprocal trade treaty and for a year and a half the men who represent the people who made that promise, hemmed and hawed, and haggled and stickled, and ended up by doing nothing. Mr. McKinley, in his last message, made an earnest, almost impassioned appeal for such a treaty President Roosevelt reiterated this appeal in his first message. "Weighty reasons of morality and national interest" he said, "demand a substantial reduction of our duties on Cuban products." He recited the pledges Cuba made in our behalf and incorporated in her constitution. He declared that we were "bound by every consideration of honor and expediency to pass commercial measures in the interests of her well-being." Congressmen from the South contested the proposed reduction of the duties on sugar and tobacco because of their constituents' interests in those articles. The fifty-sixth Congress adjourned without ratifying the treaty and the last, the fifty-seventh, also failed to do so. Then the President called an extra session of the Senate and the treaty was finally accepted on the condition that the House of Representatives approve. Now the President will call another extra session of Congress, to convene immediately after election, November 9th. All of which goes to show Mr. Roosevelt's well-dog tenacity and his fight to uphold the honor and pledges of his country and his martyred predecessor.

One other thing I admire in the President, and that is his love of nature which makes of him that enviable creature—a happy man. When he is out of harness; when he is meeting the people—as he is now, on his continental journey—he is enjoying himself to the utmost extent of his capacity. He is outdoing every predecessor in energy and the extent of his traveling. It is doubtful if any man's vacation yields more pure enjoyment and pleasure, than does the President's. It is true that he needs a continent to get a wholly satisfactory outing, but, fortunately, we have the continent, with diversity enough to satisfy all his craving for activity.

Wherever he has spoken—and he speaks as well to an audience of fifty as to one of five thousand—his words have been characteristic and interesting. His subjects have been the Monroe Doctrine and the need of a strong navy. Of the tariff, which he does not feel that he should urge any radical revision of, just at present; of the "trusts," which have felt his power and have "gone way back to sit down" and think over the legislation he forced against them and which, for the time being, is satisfactory; of the Philippines, where Governor Taft is proving himself as wise and as capable an administrator as any man that any country has ever sent upon such a commission; and of the Cuban treaty, which he hopes Congress will finally ratify. He has, with an energy never equaled, made hundreds of short, non-political speeches about good citizenship, family-life, activity, natural-history—always enjoying himself and always impressing his hearers that they are listening to Theodore Roosevelt rather than the President—seeing the man rather than the official.

As for politics it is only just to say that for years Mr. Roosevelt has been in the habit of going to the Rocky Mountains in search of recreation. It is habitual with him; and it is characteristic of him to speak of what has been done during his administration rather than to discuss the theory, or theories, of politics. But if the less versatile, stay-at-home, indoor politicians of his party endeavor to dispose of him in their club-gossip and try to arrange any combination of financial interests bearing upon his defeat and detriment, they will probably find, before the end of the game, that presidents have, ere this, conquered and, metaphorically speaking, waxed fat by means of the enemies they have made. And, as man has done before, man may do again, *they* are the ones who are liable to go down in defeat. Mr. Roosevelt is on a vacation, but he can do more things—including political things—while on an outing of this kind, than can duller men who stick to their work all year round.

And not only is Mr. Roosevelt a statesman and, I firmly believe, a politician who is more nearly honest than most who have preceded him, but he is an author as well. Some people, who know no better, argue that to be an author requires no real art but only the faculty of putting upon paper the impression received by the brain. But if this is not art what is it?

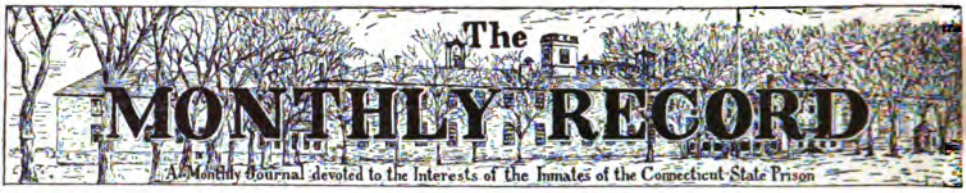
Whatever it may be, Mr. Roosevelt has it in large quantities and he has used it and given it to the world. Anyone reading his books of the West and its people, becomes imbued, for the time being, with the tingle and joy of life in the open, away from the chase of dollars and the marts of men. He who reads may hear the twang of the cow-boy's speech; breathe into his nostrils the dust of the alkali plains and feel, beating upon his head, the terrible heat, and in his throat feel the awful burning of thirst such as is only experienced on the arid plains of Arizona, where the only verdure is sage-brush and prickley pear and where the only forms of animal life—save now and then some human wanderer in search of adventure—are the coyote and the buzzard. Mr. Roosevelt knows his West and has the power of description so well developed that one, reading his works, lives the life of the plains till the last leaf is turned and he comes swiftly back to find himself in so-called civilization—and is sorry.

I have gone thus far in my article without speaking of his participation in the late Spanish-American War. I had intended to avoid that subject altogether but, on second thoughts, it is, perhaps, just as well to say a few words anent that action of his which has never been wholly forgotten nor ceased being discussed.

It has been said that opportunity comes once in every man's way. The wise man sees and grasps it and uses it to his best advantage.

in competition with free labor, gone into the open market. The plant included a fine cylinder press and an equipment for job work that any provincial office might envy, and thus furnished with all needed mechanical appliances, the preliminary soon able to hold a stick, and the work began. The first issue was dated April 22, 1899. In this initial number the following prospectus appeared:

> "'Be to its faults a little blind
> Be to its virtues very kind.'



VOL. 6. WETHERSFIELD, CONN., AUGUST 31, 1903. No. 11.

In Memorian.

Mother's gone, but not forgotten.
Still her memory is near;
For of her we think so often,
And her voice we seem to hear;

Just as when long years ago,
She would sing to soothe and please us;
Or, in accents sweet and low,
She would tell us about Jesus.

At the hour of our retiring,
In the dusky eventide;
We beside our cots were kneeling,
Nestling close to mother's side.

As the fatfaul clock struck seven,
She our nightly prayer would frame:
"Father, Thou who art in Heaven,
Hallowed over be thy name."

With a kiss from her and father,
We into our cots would creep;
Still repeating in a whisper,
"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Never more shall that dear mother
Speak to us on earth again;
In the little church yard yonder,
She for many years has lain.

Silent now her gentle voice,
Closed in death, her loving eyes;
In her love we still rejoice;
Though at rest in Paradise.

But the treasure of her love,
In our memory's choicest hoard;
And we hope to meet above
In the presence of the Lord.

* * * * * * * *

If you have a mother still,
Love her dearly while you may;
For too soon, my friend, she will
In the ground be laid away.

Reg. No. 1166.

"Becoz th' caffee wuz muddy."

"Ah! oi see yir th' same ould Casey, always jokin'."

"But by th' way Mac, who wuz thot sthyloish young lady oi saw yiz talkin' with on th' carner, yesterday?"

"Oh, thot wuz me intinded boardin' Misthress."

"Oh, bo! an' phwy do yiz call her yir intinded boardin' Misthress?"

"Becoz oi intinded skippin' me board bill but she got on to me curves."

"Say Casey, how would yiz loike a new job?"

"Faix an' it's mesilf thot would; oi'm gettin' toired av this drudgery."

"Well, Casey, oi have a chance to go to wurk for a buildin' clanin' concern an' oi'll take yiz wid me in th' marnin'. an' if yiz loikes th' job its good fir th' winther."

"All roight, Mac, oi'll resogu me posishun tonoight."

"Now Casey, th' first job we have is clanin' th' upper windies av a 14 sthory building, an' as oi can't get a ladther lang enough 'oi have brought up a plank by th' illivater, an' as ye are th' hoighest man oi'll put yiz on the outside ind av th' plank, an' oi'll sit on th' inside ind, an' hould yis up while ye wash th' windies."

"All roight Mac, anny powrt in a sthorm."

"Now Casey walk careful, it's a lang way to th' soidwalk, so don't take th' chance av beiu' kilt thryin' to walk on air."

"Faix oi'll take care av mesilf, Mac, niver you fear."

"With the timely suggestion that these lines present we are gratified to be able to lay before the inmates of the institution, the initial number of the *Star of Hope*, thereby augmenting the field of institutional journalism. In extending a salutation to our readers we realize that we could not occupy an editor's chair under more favorable circumstances. We are relieved of the remorseless pangs of unstable subscription lists or delinquent advertisers. The paper happily has no subscription price, consequently the prospects are fair for a full complement of subscribers and our treasury will not become depleted by large fees to its contributors. Under such circumstances we are pleased to announce that the *Star of Hope* has been brought into existence by the forethought of the Warden, and the approval of the Superintendent of Prisons for the benefit of us all. The paper is ours and its place in history rests entirely in our hands. Its aim and scope will be to furnish the inmates with a summary of the news of the outside world and to stimulate interest among the men toward higher and nobler mental training. The questions of criminology and penology will be liberally presented and religious and educational interests will always find space in its columns. We solicit your aid and coöperation, invite suggestions and criticisms and ask your kind consideration of our efforts, and hope that each one may be the recipient of some profit through the paper's existence and that the efforts put forth by those directly connected with the publication may not be in vain."

The makeup and general appearance of the paper was found to be satisfactory and convenient for the publishing facilities of the plant. Naturally the first issue contained considerable reprint, but every succeeding issue up to the present day, has contained nothing but contributions from the pens of the prisoners, with few exceptions, of the four State prisons, the Eastern New York Reformatory, and an occasional contribution from the more rational patients of the Matteawan State Hospital, where the paper for the past two years has had a regular circulation of one hundred. This policy was necessary, for the object of the journal is distinctly educational, maintained on a level adapted to the men and women to whom it was addressed.

The intimate relation between the paper and the inmates, the personal pride and pleasure that always predominated, was something extraordinary, mainly from the fact that every prisoner grasped the idea that was always emphasised, that it was *their* paper and no opportunity for its improvement through generous contributions and suggestions was wanting. One of the puzzling questions that occupied the writer's mind when the prospectus was being prepared, was whether sufficient contributions would be forthcoming to meet the plan and requirements of the editorial policy of the paper. But it was not long before such a doubt was removed, for it may be readily conceived

what a voluminous output of literary product reached the writer from the three thousand seven hundred persons eligible as contributors. The local editors at the different institutions were appointed by the Superintendent of Prisons, upon recommendation of the editor-in-chief, and they were directly responsible for the manuscripts submitted by their colleagues and they, in turn, forwarded them to the writer at the Home Office, as the editor's sanctum was known, where they were registered in their order of reception and published as expeditiously as possible.

One fact the writer endeavoured to impress upon his inmate readers: Practice in writing, like practice in every other field of endeavour, makes perfect, and the encouragement and patience in this direction that was never allowed to be lost sight of, brought results.

During the four years of the paper's life, 5160 contributions were received and filed and while many of the manuscripts were very crude, very few found their way to the waste paper basket. Among this mass of articles there was an overflow of verse. It is said that oppression is necessary to the production of a national poetry, and in line with that dictum the product of the prisoners flowed in in mighty currents. In one month there were received 311 poems, most of them trash, but all of them earnest and generally pathetic. It told the story of happy memories, of boyhood and girlhood



SOCIAL AMENITIES.



PRISON INTERROGATION.

dreams, laid a heavy tribute on the recollections of mother, and repeated the rhymes of simple words in metres that defy classification. Much of the poetry emanated from the Women's Prison, and was highly creditable to the "poetesses" of that institution. To such an extent is that true that the initials W. P. placed at the head of a set of stanzas in the *Star of Hope* could often be, and happily, translated "well poetised" rather than—otherwise. One of the reasons for this, however, is not difficult to assign. It is quite generally conceded that, in general, woman possesses, in far greater measure and point of development than man, the imaginative, emotional, and artistic perceptions and faculties. Hence by nature she is the more inclined toward and better qualified for poetic sentiment and inspiration which constitute the very essence of poetry, versification and rhyme being the mere adjuncts of expression.

For publication, the several articles submitted were not judged as to their literary merit, in fact in the revision of them no changes were made except where very flagrant grammatical errors predominated and mistakes in punctuation corrected. The writer's policy was not to change or alter the sense and meaning that the author wished to convey in the process of revision so that the contributor would not lose his interest and discontinue his literary endeavor.

To be sure among the large prisons' population, which was thoroughly cosmopolitan, there were many who could not contribute to the paper's columns, scarcely being able to write their own names. However, when the paper was



established a new incentive towards self-improvement along educational lines seemed to permeate the whole body of inmates. I add here three copies of notes I received during the first months of the paper's history that speak for themselves: "This is my first attempt at writing for the paper. Be patient with me for when I came here a few weeks ago I could neither read nor write." Another: "I send you a few lines for the *Star of Hope*. Please excuse spelling and writing. I am past forty and most ashamed to say that I was not able to read or write when I entered prison a few months ago. The teaching I have received here has made me a better man. I have decided crime does not pay." Finally: "What a blessing the paper is to us men. I send you a feeble attempt and if you can use it will be glad to try again. Excuse my poor writing which I have learned since coming here. Pardon my errors."

The general character of the contributions was as diversified as might be presumed, emanating as they did from such a cosmopolitan constituency. The serious, grave, and humourous, all found their way to the paper's columns.

A life woman at Auburn, who was so fortunate as to be commuted by Former Governor Roosevelt, penned the followng Salutatory in verse:

The matron walked in one morning,
Oh, what a happy day,
A smile was her face adorning
And this is what she did say:

"Girls, you are granted permission
To write for the Star of Hope,
I know there will be no omission
You all will do well I hope."

Said one: "We all thank you, matron,
And each will pick up her pen,
And, girls, let us all write something
To show we're as good as the men."

We straightway made an agreement,
You men will quickly learn;
If you're good and give us fair treatment
We ladies will be good in our turn.

So I send you my first little poem,
Please do not throw it away,
For my next I will feel more at home
And thus will improve every day.

A life man acting in the capacity of local editor at the Eastern New York Reformatory and a former actor well known in dramatic circles in New York City, wrote the following for a special Thanksgiving issue under the title, "A Turkeyette":

Folks when eating good old turkey
Should be up in etiquette,
They should follow its directions,
So all the rules would be met;
They should seat themselves at table
In a manner stanch and stiff;
With their nose high up to let them
Get the odor in one whiff.

They should not gaze at the plates
Where the steaming gobbler lies;
When they find they've got the wish bone
They should murmur in surprise;
They should cut the meat up stylish,
Eat the stuffing very swell;
If it is a tough old rooster—
They should eat and never tell.

They should try with knife to cut it,
And remove it from the bone,
And if some meat sticks, remember,
They should let the bone alone.
If it's extra tough and wanders
To directions north and south,
Why just grab it in the fingers,
And remove it with your mouth.

One of the best and cleverest poems that was ever printed in the journal was the following by a life man at Sing Sing:

The roses bloom in the garden,
The bee comes wooing the flowers,
The song bird pipes to his nest mate
Through all the golden hours.



The breeze is freighted with fragrance
From forest and field and lea;
But youth has fled and hope lies dead,
So what are they all to me?

The blue-bird rocks on the tree-tops,
Free as the summer air.
Swings and sways and warbles,
With never a flutter of care.
Memories never haunt him,
No thought of the morrow has he,
But the guarded wall like a sombre pall,
O'ershadows it all for me.

I sit in the glowing twilight,
And gaze on the evening sky,
On the glorious sunset banners
That athwart the hill-tops lie,

'Till the diamond eyes of Heaven
Look down on the bond and the free;
But I see the stars through the prison bars,
So what are they to me?

All the flowers have lost their perfume,
The summer breeze is chill,
The bees are naught but gluttons,
And harsh the song-birds trill;
For the mighty voices of nature,
Of earth, of Heaven, of sea,
Have naught of cheer for the prisoner's ear,
What, what are they all to me?

A poem that attracted wide attention and was extensively copied by exchanges, was the one written by Oliver Curtis Perry, who was sentenced a dozen years ago to forty years' imprisonment in Auburn Prison for highway robbery, committed in Oneida County, and a few years later was transferred to the Matteawan State Hospital as insane. Although now blind he was able to dictate the following entitled "Prospective Friend":

Most Holy God, I would be thine,
Righteous, free from every crime,
Surely Thou, as friend will shine
Much is due the Little Mother.
And of He thou knowest all,
Unless the convict has another,
Does for him behind the wall.
But, O Jesus! it is hard
As I suffered day by day,
Leaning much upon Thy guard,
Learning of Thine only way.
Indeed, I know no other God,
Neither shall I ever more.
Good thou art Oh! chastening rod,
Tell me, love me as before,
Only let me always be
Never ceasing all for Thee.
Bewildering are the many lives
Oozing from a doctor's mind,
Only Thou couldst make it wise
To the better of mankind,
How it came—mine eyes are blind.



THE AUBURN EDITOR'S SANCTUM.

Among the *Star's* contributors were represented nearly every profession and trade. Bookkeepers and clerks headed the list as to numbers, no less than five hundred contributed from time to time during the four years that the writer was

OHIO PENITENTIARY NEWS.

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE INMATES of THE INSTITUTION

VOLUME IX. COLUMBUS, O., SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1902. NUMBER 21.

editor. Journalism had its representation confined to three. One of this number, who had passed three score years, has served professionally in every capacity of the literary department of the leading dailies in this country from managing editor down, and to-day, by his wide learning and versatile pen, is keeping up the literary standard of the *Star of Hope*. Lawyers were more conspicuous among the paper's contributors, no less than a dozen having been represented in its columns. The profession of medical science had its representation to a very small degree. There were a few clergymen who amused and edified the paper's readers by their sentimental and doctrinal presentations. The balance of the contributors were made up of what might be generally termed labourers, and their excellent literary work added greatly to the interest of the paper's columns.

It was always gratifying to the writer to know that he was certain to have on his staff a competent artist and engraver, especially the former. The artistic and comic designs represented in the illustrations were all executed by inmates. The caricatures were the work of a former capable newspaper artist who has held positions on the New York dailies. For killing his sweetheart he was sentenced to prison for life and is at present local editor at Auburn Prison. The cover design, the centre piece of the illustration, was drawn by the present staff artist, an Italian, and hand engraved on copper plate. He is considered as the cleverest counterfeiter known.

The *modus operandi* of issuing the paper from a mechanical point of view is an interesting process and is the same as adopted in all well regulated newspaper offices.

The writer prepared a "dummy" of the forthcoming issue for the guidance of the



EDITORIAL ROOM OF THE STAR OF HOPE AT SING SING PRISON.

makeup and stone men. The copy was also revised and prepared by the editor and handed over to the proof-reader, who, in turn, entered it up in "takes" on his book and sent it forth to the compositors, of whom there were fifteen on an average the year round. After the proof-reader had performed his duty, the revised proofs were passed along to the stone man for correction and when finished the makeup man took up the thread of the routine by following the "dummy" in making up his pages. After the pages were made up, proofs were taken and the writer passed upon them finally, after which they were ordered into the form, locked up and conveyed to the pressman. After the pressman's work had been accomplished, a dozen men were set to work folding, inserting, and stitching the 5000 copies, the output bi-weekly, and then they were carefully counted and arranged for distribution to the different institutions under direction of the capable and painstaking superintendent of the shipping department.



A PRISON ARTIST AT WORK.

It is well, perhaps, to repeat that the excellent mechanical work on the *Star of Hope,* from every point of view, is the entire work of inmates—men, many of them never having seen the inside of a printing establishment, who learned the entire trade in the institution and as a monument to their work no better specimen is needed than any regular issue of the paper. The *Star of Hope* is the largest and most widely circulated of prison papers published in the world, and the excellent work it has done can never be estimated.

The prison publications of the country include some strange issues and the one from Charlestown, Mass., prison called *The Mentor,* deserves attention. It is written by hand and copied by mimeograph. It issues only two hundred copies of fifty pages each, averaging six hundred words to the page. That is to say it offers in solid reading matter, twelve and one-half columns of the size of a New York daily, a space in excess of that allotted daily to the local news by any metropolitan daily. Despite its curious appearance, *The Mentor* is no freak publication. It is earnest, original, and useful. Although keenly alive to humour and fun, it has a deep and underlying purpose in all it says and does. It seeks to be an educator of the public and the prisoners. It aims to show that the prisoner is worth being treated like a man, and that he will respond if given a chance, and it maintains a school through its columns which includes more than one-third of the prison population. The prison at Wethersfield, Conn., issues a four-page paper called *The Monthly Record,* "devoted to the interests of the inmates of the prison." The pioneer of prison papers is the *Prison Mirror,* issued from the prison at Stillwater, Minn. It was founded in 1878 by the prisoners and is

The Anamosa Prison Press

Vol 5 Anamosa, Iowa, Saturday, December 1, 1902. No. 15

edited and managed by them. Its objects are to be a home newspaper, to encourage moral and intellectual improvement among the prisoners, to acquaint the public with the true status of the prisoners, and the dissemination of penological information and to aid in dispelling that prejudice which has ever been the bar to a fallen man's self-redemption. *The Anamosa (Iowa) Prison Press* is a weekly issue of eight pages, and conducted by the chaplain. It belongs to the religious rather than the secular press. Columbus, Ohio, maintains the *Ohio Penitentiary News,* and as showing that a permanent population at a state prison is not necessary for the life of a prison publication or periodical, there is issued monthly from the Chicago Jail the *John L. Whitman Moral Improvement Journal.* It is not such a formidable paper as its name would suggest. Of course nearly all the state reformatories print papers of some kind or another, while the insane asylums in nearly all states engage in similar enterprises. In fact, it is a very modest community nowadays that is without its representative paper. Trans-Atlantic liners have them, the colleges, the jackies on the men-of-war, the soldiers in camp, and a bulletin of news is struck off at intervals on the journey of the twenty-four expresses between New York and Chicago. It is not strange then that the convicts have sought like utterance. Numerically, unfortunately, they are strong enough to do so. The oddity of it is, that a system of servitude which abhors the newspaper should be relaxed so as to permit them to enjoy a privilege common to all other men.



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY

"I HAVE been thinking over what you said at the table," Miss Wainwright remarked, after a little silence. "That one should have a definite purpose and plan before undertaking anything."

Hardy, seated beside her on the vine-covered veranda of the house at which they had met that evening, found her looking at him gravely. She carried her head well and was tall and slender, which he especially admired. But what gave him the most distinct satisfaction was her earnestness—a directness of thought and speech which a low, rich voice, a tender mouth, and eloquent hands robbed of masculine suggestion.

"I have strong opinions," he admitted.

"And you are true to them in your action. You wouldn't do anything in which you did not believe?"

"That is rather sweeping. It would depend."

"On circumstances?"

"I am adrift amid generalities," he protested. His smile was not indulgent, but might easily have been mistaken for such. Everything about him—big frame, large

ead, wide mouth, thick hair, touched ith gray at the temple, and steady eyes spoke of power. His movements were eliberate, but with no hint of laziness.

Bred to politics, equipped by mind and nclination for the law, at forty-five years f age Richard Hardy had put himself nto the office of District Attorney by unlagging work and capable manipulation f the elements of a political oligarchy. For five years he had consistently made it his aim to prove the legal guilt of other men. His friends ranged from half a dozen leaders of as many wards in the city to Dr. Matthew Cleveland, the foremost interpreter in the country of Shakespeare. His library bespoke a Catholic mind; his dress the temperament of a man of the world.

Miss Wainwright felt that he was looking into her eyes, not at them. But satisfied that this was his habit it did not discountenance her. "You wish a concrete case?" she suggested. "I am able to supply that also. It is something I have wished to ask you since I first heard of your work as District Attorney. Is that—forbidden ground?"

"By no means."

"After all it is but a hypothetical question," she reflected, turning a ring upon her finger. Then raising her face and speaking more decidedly. "Tell me, is a man in your position justified of his office in helping to send to prison one whom he knows is innocent—morally innocent, of course. It is a very old and a much dscussed question, I am sure, but to a woman whose view for many years was bounded by convent walls it is intensely interesting. I have my own ideas and I warn you they are—definite."

"What are they?"

She shook her head. "Yours first. Am I not right in thinking that you would apply reason rather than moral conviction to the settlement of such a question?" She was smiling but her earnestness was patent.

He started involuntarily at the suddenness and facility with which she had laid a finger as it were upon a joint in his professional armour. But he assured her, "Very well, then, I will say that the District Attorney does not know that an accused person *is* guiltless."

"Technically?"

"Technically is 'actually' with the District Attorney."

"So. So!" she pursed her lips prettily and her brow was wrinkled as she repeated, almost to herself, "Yet the District Attorney might know that the person was *guilty?*"

He said yes before he perceived the trap into which he had been led.

She laughed softly. "I ask your pardon for that. But you will forgive me. It is but the tiniest triumph, and, anyhow, you overwhelm me, I am sure, with a simple explanation of just what the District Attorney *does* know when there is no guilt."

He pulled himself out of the difficulty as well as he could, and soon the conversation took a turn.

But the quickness of her retort was a draft upon his respect, and when next he saw his host of that evening he questioned him. Miss Wainwright, he learned, was an American girl from a small town up the State who, after being educated at a convent, had gone abroad to study for the stage. For her own reasons she had abandoned that career, and now lived quietly and comfortably with her chaperone, Fräulein Glatz, once an opera singer of note.

Perhaps her story had piqued Hardy's curiosity. At least a few days later he took advantage of her permission to call. He left her with an impression that the serious woman of their first meeting had been a pose. As her fingers moved among the tea cups on the table in her little drawing room, she conversed of the stage, the latest book and their fellow guests at the recent dinner. The most fugitive of frowns discouraged his tentative reference to the conversation of their first meeting.

As his visits were repeated it grew upon him that here was a woman whose inconsequential moments let down no barrier. She challenged him again and again, and her intellectual grasp made a sure weapon of verbal parry and retort. Soon he was content to accept her friendship as a relaxation from his professional labours which was no less a stimulus to his ambition. Yet he wondered at his admiration for her. The woman of intellect had never suggested herself to him as an ideal. A bachelor because he understood women and had no inclina-

tion to understand woman, he yielded insensibly to the charm of her presence, and on reflection was not able to persuade himself of danger therein.

And then one afternoon the issue of their first meeting was sharply recalled to him. She referred to a paragraph she had read in an afternoon newspaper which censured a public official for the construction he had placed upon the definition of his duties. She asked him, "Is not this official responsibility to the law sometimes a matter of opinion? Can you truthfully say, that it is not?"

"Most certainly it is not," he affirmed.

She affected a mien of terror. "So positive? Then from your own experience—?"

"Yes, from my own experience—" he began, but she checked him with a chiding finger. "I was about to ask," she interposed, "whether you have ever yet—now pay attention, have yet had a case before you—as District Attorney—upon which you did not, sooner or later, form a definite personal opinion—a *personal* opinion, remember."

"If I had doubts," he said a little heavily, conscious of a mental warning, "I usually discovered evidence which settled them for me."

She nodded reluctantly. "But is evidence always conclusive?"

After a moment he said "yes." "To my mind," he went on, "evidence always points to legal guilt, or to superior shrewdness, or —" he paused and then said slowly, "I will give you an instance. I had decided the case for myself some time ago. But, for one reason or another, I postponed action. Here it is—confidentially, of course. There is a man, now out on bail, charged with a considerable embezzlement. The legal evidence against him is damaging; yet I say to you I believe he is only technically guilty. He never took the money, though I could not prove it. Bring Parker—this man—before a grand jury, present the evidence. and he will go to court to be found guilty and sentenced. According to the letter of the law this man is an embezzler."

"Yes?" she said. "Yes. And you?"

"I?" he repeated. "That is the point. Should I do my sworn duty to the country and have him punished by the law which he has broken?"

It was a half serious attempt to sound her reasoning when she was brought face to face with the fact. He made the mistake of suspecting that she would lose her poise.

Her eyes were fixed upon the point of her slipper and her face was unmoved. "Perhaps I had imagined such a case," she said, "and, since you say it exists, it would occur to me at once to ask whether the persons from whom this man is said to have taken the money will insist on his prosecution. Do they know all the facts?"

"Yes, and I understand that they believe in—his innocence—at least as far as his intent to do wrong goes. Individually they are willing to make good the money loss. But they could not prove to the satisfaction of the court what they are ready to believe; and, besides, they have their own reasons for not wishing to bring it up in court. Parker's case is in my hands. As District Attorney it is my part to prove him guilty."

"*Your* part, then," she rejoined quizzically, "is to be a smooth-running wheel in the machine called justice? It seems to me that brains are at a discount in such a rôle. Are they to have no representative, pray?"

He flushed. "You flatter me," he said, shortly and would have said more, but she answered calmy. "I am serious, my friend."

His resentment suddenly appeared to him a small thing, and he asked her to forgive him, and she went on, "Some would say that it is the office of the District Attorney to establish guilt, irrespective of fact. But you do not agree to that."

"No," he replied.

"Then what is left? The law—a code framed upon precedent, quoted by some one whose experience may and may not have been as large as your own and whose judgment was no less fallible. Are you willing to submit your action to this? Are you willing to exercise your powers only to follow a trail? The instinct of the animal would serve that purpose as well."

"I believe that I have been called 'The Bloodhound' by some of the picturesque gentlemen who write for the newspapers," he remarked, and smiled a little grimly.

"They have not dared!" she exclaimed. Incredulity was in her face, resentment in the grasp of the fingers that for a moment drew taut the slender gold chain with which they had been playing.

"That it was because you were afraid of what they would say that you remained—"

"A bloodhound?" he suggested with a twist of the lips.

"You must not use that word. Please, remember I have forbidden it," she commanded with an air of possession. "Of course, you are not afraid of them. Only, I wish you would not let them think that you are."

"Why?" He was regarding her steadily.

"Oh! for—reasons. Suppose we say because I have an ideal, and—flattered myself." Her eyes were turned upon a pillow of the sofa which she was smoothing, there was a fine colour in her cheeks. A hint of submission in the bend of her head quickened his pulses afresh. "And you flattered—*me*," he said. "I don't wish to prove false to an ideal of yours," he continued. "But, perhaps when a man has gone through what I have gone through he has few ideals left—only ambitions."

She looked up, and now their eyes met in level gaze. She said, "Help me not to lose my ideals anyhow."

"I would—" he began, and finished, "—would not disappoint you, if it lay within my power. You are doubting me because I hesitate to break away from the line of conduct along which I have been able to force myself forward. Is that fair? I would not be where I am, if I had deviated."

"You have won your way to a place where you have the right to choose your path," she returned. "The ideal man strikes out as his heart bids him."

"If I were that man," he began, and again halted. She had been resting on her elbows, her fingers interlaced beneath her chin and suddenly she dropped her arms, and cried out. "No, no! Wait. I—you don't understand."

"I understand that I would do all that you ask," he answered gravely.

For a moment he wondered at the struggle which went on in her face. Her eyes were turned away, but something tugged at her lips until they drew in a line of pain. Then they were resolute, and she started to rise, and as quickly dropped down among the cushions again, and said, "You would do what I asked? Because I asked you?"

"I have just told you."

"Then, we must plan. Yes, plan."

"But what for?" he asked.

"For this—test of your—obedience."

"Oh, of course," he laughed. "Well, what is it to be? You will not find it easy to set a satisfactory task."

"It will not be difficult for—*us*," she corrected.

The self-contained, independent pose which he had come to know so well had given place to an air of confidential frankness—almost of tenderness in which he seemed to stand by her side, as it were in counsel against himself.

"Yes, yes," he responded. "And how shall we go about this plot?"

"I must think it out. Now do not disturb me," she commanded, and then there was silence until she said abruptly, "I have it! How do you have a man released who has been held in bail—by a magistrate? For examination of the case by the Grand Jury, I mean? No legal quibbling now," as she saw his eyes darken. "Tell me plainly. I will detect any fabrication. And, remember, this is *our* plan."

"You are thinking of the Parker case?" he said.

"Of course. Of what else? Is that not the case upon which we made our point—about my ideal's duty? The ideal man is honest to himself first of all. But is he honest to himself if he allows any one to suffer whom he knows is innocent and can save? You are not honest to yourself if you allow this man Parker to be punished for what you have said yourself he is not guilty of doing, except in name. He must have those who love him—a mother, a sister; perhaps—some other woman loves him. What would you say to her if she was to ask you to help him?"

"But don't you see that I have no choice with my legal duty plain before me?"

For an instant her face paled and her eyes flashed upon him—it may have been only reproach. Then her fingers fell upon his coat sleeve, and she was saying softly, "Ah, my friend, how that woman's

heart would ache. She would never comprehend, I fear. If I would come to you with such a plea—"

"But you would not," he objected. "*You* would understand. It is because you understand me—"

"That I ask you to be true to the best that is in you. Yes, true to my ideal."

His hand closed over the one on his sleeve and, for an instant, pressed the slender fingers before they were withdrawn. He said in a low voice, "You make it very hard to disappoint you when you make this case your own."

"Not mine, but *ours*," she corrected. "We will work it out together, and we will let no one else interfere. We will think of none but—ourselves. But our enemies will learn from what we do that we mean to run our office in our own way. Is it not so?"

Leaning forward, his face burning, his hands clasped, he did not answer; and she nodded and repeated her question, "Then, tell me. How are we—the District Attorney—to have this man released? The process?"

"You are afraid I will back down if you wait," he charged. "But I will explain what you ask. First of all, the District Attorney has in his possession an indictment against Parker which filled in by him becomes a legal document."

"We've arranged about that," she returned. "You are to write 'Nol. Pros.' on the back of the indictment, sign it and send it to a judge. That is not exactly the formal way of doing it—to quote confidentially the District Attorney—but it comes within the prerogatives of the office. Am I not right?"

"Yes." Then his face grew more grave. "But an embezzlement is a serious thing to treat so summarily. There would be—talk, if one of my enemies were to hear of it."

"We are dealing with a false charge of embezzlement, not the crime itself," she responded. "Moreover, *we* are not afraid of what they say, remember. We will send for the indictment at once. Your office is open? Yes? Then we will write an order to your clerk to deliver it to the messenger."

She was on her feet as she spoke, and beside a mahogany desk, pulling out unmarked writing paper and testing a pen on the blotter. "You men take up such a lot of room when you write that I suppose my desk will be hopelessly small," she said to him over her shoulder. "But, understand you, it is not every one who would be allowed to use it. Keep your eyes strictly on your work; this is my holy of holies. I am not willing to surrender its secrets yet, even to—you."

He took the chair she placed for him. But, as he picked up the pen and poised it over the paper, a renewed sense of the gravity of her proposal made him half turn. He was about to say he must think it over. Then he felt that she was leaning over the back of the chair, with her head close to his. His resolution weakened.

"I am waiting," she said. "I am anxious to see how the District Attorney writes—professionally. It is *very* different from this?" In an instant she had drawn a letter from her bosom, and held it before him. He recognized it as one of his notes to her, her movement told him from where she had taken it. His pen touched the paper. He had written the order to his assistant, slipped it into an envelope, sealed and addressed it, almost before he was conscious of the act.

A minute later she delivered the envelope to a messenger at the door. Then she turned to him.

"Now, I will reward you!" she cried gaily. She seated herself at the piano. Good music affected him as did good wine; it bore him out of his sterner self and soothed him. Half an hour passed, and he had thought only of her, when she ran to the door, and brought to him an official envelope. It bore his name. "May I?" she said, inserting the tip of one finger beneath the flap of the envelope.

"Yes," he answered, satisfied to watch her. She sat down beside him, and, unfolding the enclosure, read it through.

When she looked up from the indictment she saw about his mouth those lines of decision which she most feared. "Prisoner!" she cried quickly, and rose, her head thrown back, one hand resting on the table by her side, the other extended toward him in gesture of command. "Prisoner, stand up to receive your sentence!"

Instinct, habit, training fought against the thralldom of her presence and voice. But she had pronounced the words most

potent to deepen the spell upon him, and he got up, exulting in his obedience, and took his former seat at the desk. She spread the paper upon the desk, and placed the pen in his hand, closing his fingers around it with a lingering pressure.

"The District Attorney will fill in the indictment with the necessary information upon the case," she said—she pointed to the document before him, and he wrote down the legal facts in the case of Parker. Then he looked up. She was smiling, yet there was a light in the depths of her eyes that made him start to rise, eagerness in his.

But she pressed him down with a hand on his shoulder. "There is a man—my ideal—he has not finished his part," she reminded him. "I am waiting."

He folded the paper, and across the back of it wrote the name and number of the case, and, below this, the usual order made by the court in entering a "Nolle Prosequi" for the dismissal of the case. He signed it "Richard Hardy—District Attorney"; and, with the last stroke of the pen, sprang to his feet.

She snatched away the paper from the desk, and retreated so swiftly that he found the table between them before he could reach her. "That is not fair!" she objected.

"What have I not done which you wished?" he cried.

She met his gaze unswervingly; and then it came to him that he loved her for herself, for something apart from her beauty and the allurement of her manner. "Forgive me," he begged, and moved around the table, and tried to take her hand. But she gave a great start, and slipped away from him. He could not comprehend the fright in her face; fear had seemed a stranger to her before, and for a moment he wondered if it could be that she mistrusted him. So, puzzled and hurt, his pride came to his rescue, and he said gravely, "I am sorry for whatever I have done to offend you. Give me the indictment, I will deliver it myself. I will come again. May I? To tell you that—we—have succeeded?"

"Yes," she answered. Her voice was so low that he hardly distinguished the word. She was not looking at him. And so he left her.

A week later he saw the indictment countersigned by the presiding judge in court, and duly recorded. The case against Henry Parker was legally as if it had never been. But he did not go at once to her. He had made one mistake by pressing his claim prematurely; he trusted that what he had done for her would plead his cause. He knew that she knew that it was love for her, not conviction of the truth of what she declared which had made him do this.

Two days after the quashing of the indictment, reaching his office about noon, he found on his desk a letter from her. Its opening words made his heart leap. He pressed it to his lips before he read its closing lines. Then the hand holding the letter dropped and he was staring at the wall, seeing nothing.

"And now," she wrote, "it must be good-bye—and for always. I am going away—at once. I cannot explain what I have done. I hope that you may never understand it—all. If you ever do understand it, try to forgive a woman whose excuse is that she misjudged you, and did not realize the wrong she did until it was too late to undo it."

At first he thought this was a jest. He read it again and again. But in the light of the final lines he was only made more sure that this was her farewell to him. He tried to explain to himself in a dull way, and was confounded by a lack of motive. He lay back in his chair, the letter loose in his hand. And then, on his desk addressed to him he noticed a small box. He picked it up with shaking fingers and tore away its wrappings. A slip of paper lay on top. On it he read:

"From one you saved because you are a man. And from another who will owe to you all that she calls happiness.

"HENRY PARKER."

On a bed of cotton wool in the box rested a plain gold locket, worn and dulled. Within it, facing a tiny photograph of a man whom he recognized as Parker, was the portrait of a woman—a woman with smiling mouth and serene eyes. It seemed to him that she was saying, *"Prisoner, stand up to receive your sentence!"*

Churchill Williams.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

THE MEMOIRS OF M. DE BLOWITZ.*

IN one respect the *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz* — Henri-Georges-Stephan-Adolphe de Blowitz—remind us of the eighteenth-century novel of adventure. Every now and then in *Humphrey Clinker* or *Tom Jones* or *Gil Blas* the main story of the hero's exploits is interrupted for a time, the hero politely effaces himself, while the mysterious stranger with whom he has been draining a bottle of wine or a tankard of ale in the tap-room of the wayside inn, regales the reader to the extent of two or three chapters with the story of his unhappy life. And so it is with M. de Blowitz. Every now and then he will pause in his narration of the march of great events and introduce a veiled lady whose career has been connected with the court intrigues of some European capital. These digressions enable him to applaud himself enthusiastically. He likes to tell how he came to the lady's assistance when she was in dire need and how much she owed to his influence with the great men of Europe. At every turn these Memoirs show him to be the man that he was—inordinately vain, at times even childishly so, swelled almost to bursting with the sense of his own importance, considering himself not as a mere journalist but as an arbiter in the affairs of nations.

To a certain extent what he wishes you to believe about himself is true. He did accomplish great things in journalism, and he undoubtedly had the ears of some of the most influential statesmen and diplomats of his time. But this, we think, was less due to his personality, which must have been far from agreeable, or to his honesty on which he insists so much, than to the fact that the newspaper that he served was from 1870 until the publication of the fraudulent Pigott letters in 1887, the most powerful and the best credited newspaper in the world. Those were the glorious years in the history of the London *Times*. Under the editorship of John Delane the honesty and reliability of its columns were unquestioned. England was then standing aloof from Continental affairs, and the pages of the *Times* offered a Continental statesman a medium such as he could not find in the press of his own country. That, we think, is the reason that such men as Thiers, Bismarck, Gambetta, and the Duke Decazes, were ready to give de Blowitz the interviews they refused other journalists and enabled him to fill his Memoirs with so much of the hitherto unwritten history of his time.

While, as a journalist, de Blowitz's greatest feat was the publication in 1878 of the Treaty of Berlin before it had been signed, his own explanation of how he secured this famous "beat" does not tend to enhance the achievement, and the chapter describing it is not equal for dramatic reading to that dealing with the French war scare of 1875. De Blowitz's account of this historical episode shows the German nation, and above all the Emperor and Von Moltke in an unenviable light. Indeed, we are told that had not Bismarck, to his lasting credit, disclosed to the civilized world through the columns of the London *Times* the plans of the military party at Berlin, the history of Germany would have been stained with the record of the most brutal and unprovoked attack upon a weakened nation of modern times. In 1875 when Marshal MacMahon was President and the Duke Decazes was the French Minister of Foreign Affairs the National Assembly voted the creation of the Fourth Battalion, an act which was regarded with apprehension in Germany. In that country Bismarck had almost absolute freedom in all questions not pertaining to the army, but the Emperor with Moltke by his side had shown that he was resolved to be the sole master in military matters. Therefore, it was Moltke who was consulted as to German action in regard to the creation of the famous Fourth Battalion. Moltke's advice was for an immediate war upon France. Without warning, without

**Memoirs of M. de Blowitz.* New York: Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company.

rovocation, the German armies were to nvade France, before that country had ime to prepare herself for the conflict, rush instantly all opposition, press on to Paris, invest the capital, and take up a osition on the plateau of Avron, where hey could overlook Paris and if neces- ary destroy it. Then Germany would dic- tate a treaty reducing France to absolute subjection for years. Picardy and Cham- pagne would go the way that Alsace and Lorraine had gone in 1871. The treaty would insist upon a permanently reduced French army, impose a war indemnity of 10,000,000 (10 milliards) of francs, pay- able in twenty annuities, without any clause allowing payment to be made in advance, with annual interest at five per cent. German garrisons would be kept in all the principal French towns until the full amount should have been paid.

Moltke and the military party at Berlin saw nothing infamous in this colossal scheme of aggression. They regarded with anxiety the marvellous swiftness with which the French were carrying on the reorganisation of their army and they argued that war was inevitable and that it should be waged before France was sufficiently on her feet to make the issue of the struggle doubtful. Bismarck, on the other hand, according to de Blowitz, believed that an attack so unprovoked would be a weal of dishonour across the face of Germany in the pages of history. According to de Blowitz had he had his way in 1871 the terms of peace would have been much less severe. A good part of Alsace and Lorraine and the cities of Metz and Belfort (the latter city was finally ceded to France upon the payment of an additional billion francs) would have remained with France. But he had been overruled then, and in 1875 he knew that nothing that he could say would have influence against the plans of the military party. The only way that the war could be averted was by apprising the civilised world of the imminence of the danger. To this end he had the full account of the plans of the German military party, and conclusive supporting proof conveyed to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, who in turn communicated them to de Blowitz. Published in the London *Times* they roused the indignant protests of Christendom and Moltke was obliged to stay his hand.

In the chapter on Diplomacy in Journalism, de Blowitz tells of a dramatic incident which took place in the autumn of 1875 when the Duke Decazes first learned that Lord Derby had bought two hundred thousand shares of Suez stock, giving England control of the canal. De Blowitz was at the Minister's house watching him play a game of billiards when a secretary entered with a package of letters and telegrams.

Opening the packet, the Duke began to read one of the telegrams. Suddenly he became red, then pale, and wiped his temples, moist with sweat. Then, as if maddened, with an irresistible movement he took the billiard cue, which he had put down, struck it on the rim of the table, broke it across his knee, and threw the bits into the fire. The persons present, it may be imagined, were in a great state of mind.

Suddenly approaching me, his teeth set with anger, he said: "Do you know what I have just heard? Derby has just bought 200,000 Suez shares from Ismail, while every possible effort has been made to conceal from us, not only the negotiations, but even Ismail's intention of selling them.

"It's an infamy! It's England putting her hand on the Isthmus of Suez, and my personal failure has in no way retarded the act. I authorize you to say what you have just seen. I even beg you to say it, and to add that Lord Derby will have to pay for that." And he added, half talking to himself, "Yes, I swear that he shall pay for it!" He then quickly left the room, and I, too, went out.

De Blowitz went home with the intention of sending a report of what he had heard to his paper, but when there began to realise the danger of the situation and ended by destroying his notes. When he next met Decazes the latter thanked him warmly for his discretion and his sacrifice of a journalistic success to a sense of duty.

Bismarck's protest against being held responsible for the severe terms imposed upon France after the struggle of 1870 will not be very readily accepted against the testimony of historians who were in a position to know the facts. The interview which de Blowitz narrates took place in Berlin on July 2, 1878. They discussed the recent Congress and European affairs in general, and finally began to talk of France.

"France," said Bismarck, "is the only country which does not hesitate to spend millions on its slightest caprices!"

"Yes," I answered; "and yet it is a curious phenomenon, when one takes into consideration the temperament of the French, to see that these people, who appear to be so thoughtless and so turbulent, should be the most economical people in the world, and that, in their country, saving is organised in such a way that it has become a national theory."

"Oh,' interrupted Prince Bismarck, turning toward me, "that is only surprising to those who are in the habit of judging that country by Paris! But there is France and France, the French of Paris and the French of the provinces. The former are immensely vain and amusing, agreeable, wasteful, always ready to knock down the lamp-posts, have revolutions, and declare war. They have nothing to do with economy. The whole world takes money to them and they squander it. But at her side is the other France, the real France, that of the provinces and of the rural districts—the French who work and labour, who are steady and who economise, and who pay for all the giddy actions, all the follies of the other. When the former bring about a revolution, it is the latter who suffer; when the former declare war, it is the latter who fight. And yet the French of the provinces love their native soil, and their greatest sacrifice is to tear themselves away from it in order to make their military service.

"When I was in France, I was very much interested in the common soldiers, and I often chatted with them. They all of them had one great desire, and that was to finish their military service and return to their fields.

"If one only listened to the French peasant, there would never be any war; and yet, when he does fight, he fights well. When he is beaten he is very much cast down, and when he is victorious he is delighted —there can be no doubt about it; but, conqueror or conquered, the one thing he sees clearly is that victory or defeat will bring the battle to a close and he will then be able to return home."

The conversation then reverted to the Congress. The Prince remarked rather severely:

"The Peace of San Stefano was one of the most thoughtless actions of modern history. Ignatieff made a blunder which no true statesman would ever have committed. He took everything that he could get. When an enemy is vanquished, and one has one's foot on his neck, he can be made to give whatever one wants, but one must think of the consequences of the victory as well as the consequences of the defeat. We should not be where we now are if, in 1886, I had acted like Ignatieff, if I had taken territory from Austria. At that time every one was against me. I had said when we started: 'If we should be victorious I shall not annex any Austrian territory, for we must not remain enemies forever. In ten or twelve years' time we must be able to come to an understanding with her.' When we were victorious, every one wanted me to take territory from her. I held my own, though, and since then I have often had cause to congratulate myself that I did so."

At these words I could not help looking the Prince in the face, and he at once read in my eyes the question that was on my lips, for without flinching he said:

"I know what you mean; you are thinking about the last war. But in 1871 I acted in the same way. At that time France was in our hands. Paris was conquered, the Commune was brewing, everything was disorganised; and if I had acted like Ignatieff I should have demanded Picardy and Champagne. Now this never occurred to any one; and when I was urged to take Belfort and Metz I refused, saying, 'No, Belfort is in the hands of the French; it must remain theirs.' And even with regard to Metz, on seeing the despair of poor M. Thiers, I hesitated. But, as you know, at the conclusion of a campaign such as that was, one has to take into consideration the military element, and I was obliged to listen to Moltke, who kept repeating to me at every hour of the day, 'Metz in our hands, or in the hands of the French, means a difference of 100,000 men, more or less, in the army.' I could not impose upon my country the burden of putting 100,000 more men into active service at a given moment."

The chapters devoted to "Alva" and "A Life Struggle" add but little to the value of the book. They are introduced apparently for no other reason than to give de Blowitz an opportunity to paint himself in very amiable colours. But apart from this the *Memoirs of M. de Blowitz* is a work of some importance. Some may dispute its reliability: no one will deny its interest.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

II.

MR. WHITE'S "THE FOREST."*

IN Mr. White's book there is a chapter on "Lying Awake at Night," which is likely to surprise a good many of his readers and impress them all. As one who has come to him, not by any short cut, but by way of *The Blazed Trail* and succeeding stories from the same hand, I wish that this chapter might fall under the eye of every person who has a sincere interest in American literature. It is the sort of thing which we have had little of and need very much. It is most significant in its immediate relation because it indicates that a writer who, from the first, has shown himself uncommonly capable in the description of certain vigorous phases of activity is also able to express into his interpretation of life those messages of earth and water and air and sky which effect the consciousness of each of us yet which are so difficult to explain even to ourselves. In Mr. White's previous work there have been signs of this same fine comprehension of nature's silent influences, but not before has he made so plain his sympathy for the spiritual and emotional sensitiveness to nature without some share of which no character, however potential otherwise, is wholly convincing. If you have ever been in the woods before dawn, and "have cast from you the drowsiness of dreams with the warm blanket" you will realise fully what Mr. White means by that "coolness, physical and spiritual" which "bathes you from head to foot." And once again, "all your senses will be keyed to the last vibration" as "the faint, searching woods-perfume of dampness, greets your nostrils." But, whether or not you may hark back to your own experience for this, there will be borne in upon you by these few pages a convincing sense of that mysterious influence compounded of blurred distances and populous silence and dim light—and what else besides?—which the wooded country breathes. Perhaps at this hour the forest more nearly yields its secret than at any other; and surely Mr. White has stood with every faculty alert.

But, if in this chapter he has wholly surrendered himself to the immaterial charm of the woods, on every page of his book he has confessed that for him the presence of the trees holds magic, that brooks are for more than the crossing, hillsides for more than the climbing, pools for more than the fishing. Not all his sage words to the man who would tramp and camp, even when they deal with the bare elements of tin cup and saucepan, beans and bacon, or the relative merits of coat and extra "sweater" convince us that the man who wrote them takes to the woods because of physical lust to cover many miles quickly, or to catch the biggest fish, or even to explore whereof he may relate upon his return. We have had many spurious nature-books; here is a nature-book of quite another kind. It is pervaded with the enthusiasm and understanding of one whom experience has only drawn close to the heart of things. There will be few who read *The Forest* and not wish that they might sit down with its author beside a "friendship fire" and there hear him tell more.

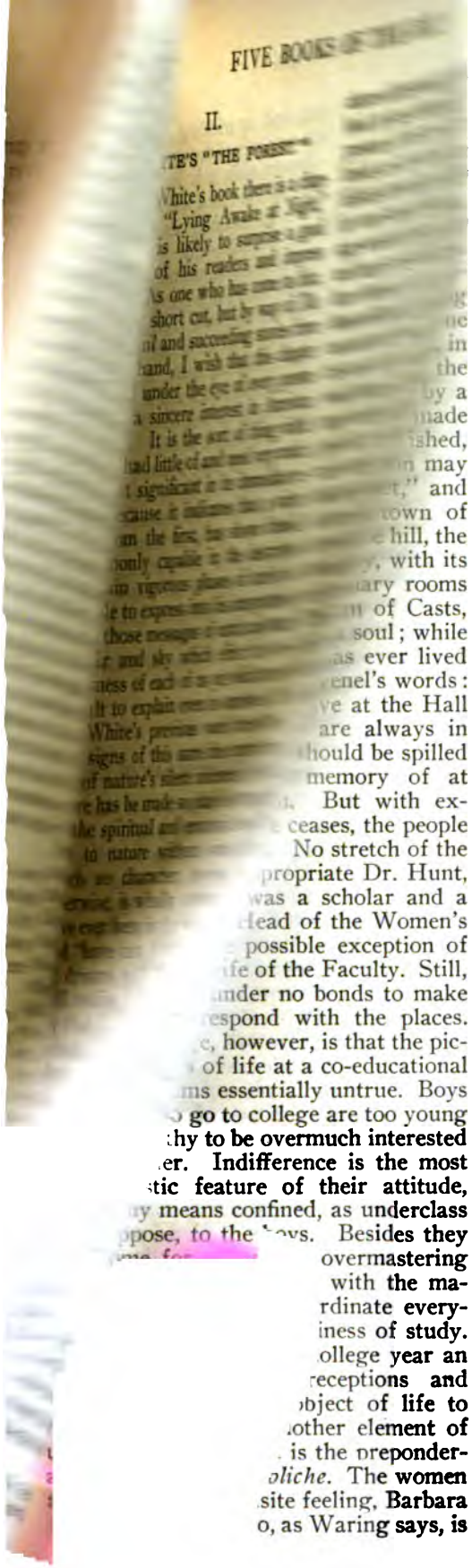
To look at the other side of the book—the side of the camp-kit and personal equipment for a tramp—it is not enough to say that it has its value. There was once a little pocket-volume by a veteran woodsman—rarely to be found now, I surmise—which, to the minds of many who knew, was the only thing of its sort; but with these, as with many others who seek in Mr. White a counselor and guide, *The Forest* is likely hereafter to rank all other volumes on the subject of what to take with you and what not to take with you into the woods, and how, with a fair share of common sense to be most comfortable and to experience the most that is worth experiencing while there. Before all else, in this respect, Mr. White is practical. "The Science of Going Light," as he calls one of his earlier chapters, is the epitome of reasonableness combined with a knowledge of the importance to one on the tramp of being free from every ounce of "duffle" not absolutely needed. His advice is not offered to the camper who plans a two weeks' stay at one spot within shouting distance of a farm house, though even such may profit from what is here; but for all others, despite its author's disclaimer of attempt "to tell it all," it comprehends in small space more than has been put into print anywhere else. So, too, with the delightfully personal chap-

* The Forest. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The Outlook Company.

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VOLUME IX.

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'many different kinds of a brick," with real dramatic power, but there are too many of them, they are the whole college, student body and faculty alike.

Barbara Dale comes to Hallworth after the death of her uncle, as the ward of Dr. Penfold, the absent-minded professor of mathematics, a man "conceived and born in numbers." At the end of her freshman year she accepts his offer of marriage, though he is twenty-five years her senior, because she pities his loneliness. She tries to understand, to make a place in her husband's house, to fill the emptiness of her days, but the only way of escape from her restlessness and ennui seems closed when her child is born dead. The following year she goes into the social life of the campus, at her husband's request and in charge of the Fellow in Mathematics, Richard Waring, a knight errant of chivalry in its truest sense. They had been much together ever since her coming to the university and now the intellectual liking developed slowly into the "love that is synonymous with pain." Barbara's pity for her husband makes it impossible for her to speak of divorce, he seems helpless as a child in her hands. The struggle is a bitter one, though it was foreordained that Barbara would win because of her unselfishness and sincerity and the clean record of her ancestors. Then is introduced, as the *deus ex machina* for their salvation, "the outrageous John Rebbor," whose gift of three millions to the university in return for a trusteeship is vigorously, even recklessly, opposed by Waring in his magazine, *College and State,* with the result that he is asked to resign. In life they could have conquered and both remained at Hallworth, but the world might have been incredulous and in a book the world must be convinced.

The author has a knack of epigrammatic expression that is very grateful, the high-water mark in this respect being reached when she speaks of "the tragic virginity of those unmarried in the spirit," and to her credit be it said that she never uses it at the expense of women in general. Not all her women are high-minded and charitable, but they none of them sit up and make disparaging remarks about the sex. The greatest tribute to her power, however, is the feeling of revolt with which one reads the book

and finally puts it down. "He that loveth his life shall lose it," has never been a popular doctrine. We want happiness for ourselves and our friends, and this book is an exposition of the "gospel of dying." But so is life and though we question the faithfulness of some of the book's details we must confess that it is true to this, the supreme law of life.

Bessie du Bois.

IV.

MISS BROWN'S "JUDGMENT."*

THERE can be no sounder theme for fiction than the present manifestation of an eternal human problem. With any approach to skillful treatment, the possession of such a vertebrate subject places a story within the province of respectful criticism; and while Alice Brown's *Judgment* is hardly more than a "novelette" in length, its dignity of purpose and grasp of a vital situation at once rank this slight volume among the slim array of serious contemporary novels.

In the Middle Ages, the familiar aspect of this same situation lay in the loving relation between tender-hearted, sensitive wives and relentless, warrior husbands, men necessarily cruel, whether robber chieftains or patriots. To-day, the characteristic manifestation of this problem lies in the attitude of women, the delicately ethical products of modern philanthropic thought, towards husbands whom they love and who represent every principle which to them is most abhorrent. The "Captain of Industry" whether merely engaged in legitimate, murderous struggle for supremacy, or even when tainted by the shadier sides of competition, is frequently an affectionate and lavish personage in his own home.

Mrs. Edith Wharton throws an extraordinary flash light on this dilemma in "The Quicksand," where a wife of extreme refinement and moral perception endures the lingering torment of her husband's connection with rank yellow journalism. Alice Brown's problem is even subtler. The wife, Helen Markham, lives on a plane of mystical exaltation, in a transport of spiritual expiation for the hurts inflicted by an honourable, unyielding man whom she never ceases to love most sincerely.

The scene opens at a climax in family affairs, when the entire happiness of John Markham's son Kent, and of Kent's betrothed, Rosamond, are in danger of shipwreck from the father's inability to temper justice with mercy. Helen the wife, step-mother to Kent, creature of feeling, vessel of tender emotion, resolves to avert disaster to the young couple and save her husband from the spiritual punishment which must inevitably await him. It is a case of vulgar blackmail. Kent's youth under sharp provocation, has not been blameless. The girl is now dead, but certain compromising letters are held by her mother, a plain New England sewing woman of the type to whom "culture" is meat and drink. The whole complication is rapidly developed in an opening chapter which immediately strikes a high pitch of intensity and interest. Each character stands out, clear and indivdual, yet there is little description, the narrative proceeding mainly by dialogue in which each personality is unmistakably preserved. The visionary, poetical step-mother, the clear-headed, efficient step-daughter, herself a softened image of "old John Markham," Rosamond, a charming and spirited young girl untouched by dread or pain, and the grim figure of Jane Harding with her little packet of poisonous information—each of these utter sentences as unmistakably characteristic as if spoken by different actors on a visible stage.

To follow the plot would be to mortgage the reader's pleasure in the rapid action covering the next three days; and this pleasure is great, not only from the writer's sound observation of motive and character, but because she also possesses a most felicitous manner. There is flavour in her style, as well as pace; but an unusual power of vivid description never beguiles her into side-tracking the breathless forward movement. She has the faculty of ending each chapter with that peculiar quip which whets one's relish for the next, and apparent ease of expression does not tempt her to neglect a real gift of condensation and elimination. A leisurely reader may well regret that the author has not lingered over a theme susceptible of much more extended development. An impatient person, liv-

**Judgment.* By Alice Brown. New York: Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

ing at high pressure will appreciate a story which plunges without preliminaries into a whirlpool suddenly formed by the rushing together of many separate streams, and a narrative so swift as to imply the writer's confidence that her audience have sufficient intelligence to follow through certain short cuts, without wearily plodding around by the dusty highroad of detailed explanation.

In reading *Judgment* (once for enjoyment, once for criticism) I marked two passages containing strained and affected use of words, thirty-seven to be quoted as examples of just and brilliant description. On reflection, it seems better not to quote at all, as those thirty-seven passages are not isolated epigrams, but form part of a complete unit, which can only suffer by dismemberment, and which as a whole is well worth an evening's attention from any adult reader.

Mary Moss.

V.

CONAN DOYLE'S "THE ADVENTURES OF GERARD."*

IN one of the stories of the earlier series narrating the adventures of the Brigadier Etienne Gerard—the story which told how the Gascon Colonel of Hussars and his friend and enemy the English "Bart" joined forces to hunt down the infamous Marechal Millefleurs—the Brigadier discoursed philosophically about the comparative valour of different nations. Each country liked to think and to boast that its own men possessed more bravery than the men of any other land. This, the Brigadier thought, was false and prejudicial. He had warred in many lands, he had fought against the Russians on the Beresina, the Austrians at Wagram, and the red-coated English in Portugal and Spain, and he felt himself qualified to say authoritatively that the men of all nations were equally brave. "Except" he added with delicious innocence, "that the French have rather more courage than the rest." If we knew nothing more than this of Colonel Etienne Gerard we should still have the foundations on which mentally to build up a fine and amusing character. We could readily deduce his valour, his geniality, his pleasant vanity, his devotion to women, and his unfaltering belief in his own irresistibility where any one of the sex, young or old, was concerned. We should know him as a dashing and valiant soldier, a loyal friend and a humane enemy.

To any one who has followed the work and methods of Conan Doyle carefully the preface of the present volume will be of interest. In it the author gives credit to the sources whence he drew the atmosphere and spirit of his stories. He mentions De Rocca's *Mémoires sur la guerre des Français en Espagne, Souvenirs Militaires du Colonel de Gonneville, Les Cahiers du Capitaine Coignet, Les Mémoires du Sergeant Bourgoyne,* the *Journal* of Sergeant Fricasse, and the *Recollections* of de Fézenac and of de Ségur and the *Reminiscences* of Marbot. To any one who has read Froissart in connection with *The White Company,* and *Pugilistica* and *Boxiana* in connection with *Rodney Stone* it will be perfectly apparent that if one were to go through the books to which Conan Doyle gives credit in the present volume, one would find at every turn familiar characters, bits of incident, scraps of conversation which have been incorporated in the two books dealing with the adventures of the Brigadier.

The *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes* was in the general estimation not quite up to *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes,* and it is to be doubted that *The Return of Sherlock Holmes* will prove as good as either. On the other hand, the second book about Brigadier Gerard seems to be rather an improvement on the first. There are at least three stories of the new collection as entertaining as "How the Brigadier Slew the Brothers of Ajaccio," which was perhaps the best of the tales in the earlier book. On the other hand, the story of "How the Brigadier Triumphed in England" is much inferior to the earlier one treating of that country and showing how the Brigadier made his escape from Dartmoor Prison and undertook to chastise physically the famous Buxton Bruiser.

In neither the old series nor the new is there a story told with more dash and variety of incident than that of "How the Brigadier Saved the Army." It told of a time when disasters were falling

**The Adventures of Gerard.* By A. Conan Doyle. New York: Messrs. McClure, Phillips & Company.

thick and fast on the French arms in Spain. Napoleon's marshals were at each other's throats. Ney hated Massena, and Massena hated Junot, and Soult hated them all. The English armies under Wellington so long bottled up in Portugal were beginning to assume the offensive, while the country about swarmed with the fiendish guerrillas who murdered those of the invading army who fell into their hands with hideous cruelty and ingenuity. There was one especial scoundrel, a guerrilla chief named Manuelo, "The Smiler," whose exploits filled the French soldiers with horror and dread. At length becoming more and more entangled in his difficulties Massena decided on a retreat. But one of the divisions, an army of fourteen thousand men, was far to the south, and it was necessary to inform this division of the move lest it would be left unsupported in the very heart of the enemy's country. For this purpose a beacon had some time before been prepared at the top of a hill, but this hill had fallen into the possession of the "Smiler" and his band. Two of Massena's trusted officers had already started out in attempts to light the beacon, and neither had returned. So Massena sent for the Brigadier and entrusted to him the desperate task of setting aflame the fire that was to save the isolated army.

It is quite superfluous to say that in accomplishing his purpose, the Brigadier meets many adventures and dares many perils. Trapped almost at the outset by a group of murderous peasants, he escapes by diving headlong into an empty barrel and rolling down hill. Captured again, he is led into the dread presence of the "Smiler," who in exchange for certain information as to the numbers and plans of the French troops gives him the privilege of choosing the manner in which way he shall die. Through the mind of the Brigadier there flashes an inspiration—a glorious inspiration. If he must die it shall be a death that shall go down in history, and an example of heroism that would be a lesson to the army which it will save. "I choose to die just one minute before midnight," he tells his captor. "As for the method, I love a death that all the world can see. Put me on yonder beacon and burn me alive, as saints and martyrs have been burned before me. That is no common end, but one which an Emperor might envy."

Almost all these stories treat of the years when Napoleon's power was waning. From Spain Gerard goes to Russia, shares in the disastrous invasion and performs another of his desperate tasks during the retreat. On the forenoon of Waterloo he has his share of the battle, but long before the fortunes of the day begin to turn he is dispatched by the Emperor with a message to Grouchy. Surrounded by the Prussian Army he hides in the attic of an inn and overhears a plot for the capture and destruction of the Emperor. This plot Gerard foils by his consummate daring and horsemanship. In the last story of the volume, the last that we shall probably ever hear from the Brigadier, there is a touch of pathos which is exceedingly effective. It is six years since the Emperor was sent to the barren rock of St. Helena, and there comes to Gerard at "The Sign of the Great Man"—the café frequented by him and other Napoleonic officers, one Captain Fourneau, who unfolds a plot to liberate the Emperor from his exile and to bring him back to France. The Brig *Black Swan* is fitted out and after a long voyage the Brigadier sets foot on St. Helena. But it is too late. When Gerard finds the Emperor it is his dead face that he looks upon.

And so I tell you in one evening how I bade good-bye to my master, and I take my leave also of you, my kind friends, who have listened so patiently to the long-winded stories of an old broken soldier. Russia, Italy, Germany, Spain, Portugal, and England, you have gone with me to all these countries, and you have seen through my dim eyes something of the sparkle and splendor of those great days, and I have brought back to you some shadow of those men whose tread shook the earth. Treasure it in your minds and pass it on to your children, for the memory of a great age is the most precious treasure that a nation can possess. As the tree is nurtured by its own cast leaves so it is these dead men in vanished days which may bring out another blossoming of heroes, of rulers, and of sages. I go to Gascony, but my words stay here in your memory, and long after Etienne Gerard is forgotten a heart may be warmed or a spirit braced by some faint echo of the words that he has spoken. Gentlemen, an old soldier salutes you and bids you farewell.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE READING PUBLIC

AS the autumn freshet of new books drew nigh, Mrs. Wharton, Mr. Howells, and others fell to discussing the public taste, and as usual in these equinoctial debates the line was neatly drawn between the hostile camps of the Scornful Few and the literary Democrats. "As for this vast new reading public," said Mr. Howells, "it is the vast old reading public with more means in its pocket of satisfying its crude, childish taste. Its head is the same empty head." Mrs. Wharton, heart and soul with the party of hauteur, and a Coriolanus to the plain people, is keener and more destructive. She assails the "mechanical reader," meaning by that the person "who makes it a rule to read," whose head no book can fertilise, who borrows his opinions of literature. "To the mechanical reader, books once read are not like growing things that strike root and intertwine branches, but like fossils ticketed and put away in the drawers of a geologist's cabinet; or rather, like prisoners condemned to life-long solitary imprisonment. In such a mind books never talk to each other." And though in his heart he hates books, the mechanical reader must repress his "bibliocidal impulse" and go on reading for the sake of saying he has done it. "Why should we all be readers? We are not all expected to be musicians; but read we must; and so those who cannot read creatively read mechanically—as though a man who had no aptitude for the violin were to regard the grinding of a barrel organ as an equivalent accomplishment. . . . The man who grinds the barrel-organ does not challenge comparison with Paderewski, but the mechanical reader never doubts his intellectual capacity. As grace gives faith, so zeal for self-improvement is supposed to confer brains."

On the opposing side there is the complacency of numbers and a boundless faith in the average American—the familiar belief that in the long run the people are just about right. "Healthy optimism," we believe is the technical term—land of promise and the goose hangs high, warm hearts and paper collars, beautiful thoughts in frowsy heads, and what is best is also simplest, and "you can't fool the people all the time," and the throbbing pulse of common humanity, and the sterling worth of the man in the street, and the divine right of the thing that gets the votes, for whatever is greatest gets them. It seems as if never a day had passed without a whirl of these rousing sentiments.

Now we too once fought (as a private of course) on the side of the Scornful and harpooned the public with all our might, but somehow or other the old hippotamus never felt it. We too not doubting that we were a first cabin passenger stood proudly among the few and let drive at mechanical readers and writers and critics and multitudes and blamed everybody for not being like somebody, and somebody for not being like us and thought mediocrity would know itself from our description and feel ashamed and perhaps die, and were particularly devastating among fools and could have wept when they did not know it and took us for one of themselves. But the pleasure of it passes and there is never any profit in it to anybody. Of course people are a little exasperating when they talk about books, which seem to go through the mind for the most part like beans through a tube, and so uniform are they and so gregarious, forty feeding as one, that it seems as if Nature turned out men's souls as from a waffle-iron. And it is the more disturbing because we know Nature does nothing of the sort but gives them personal preferences in clothes and food and cigars. Each swears in different language at his toothache and takes a different woman for his wife. Pinch a member of the reading public and you will find that he is real. But his personal taste in books is harder to get at than his secret vices.

But why need one be so bitter about it? Because a reader is inarticulate and cannot prove that green things with twining branches grow in his fertilised head, it does not follow that he is mechanical. And suppose he is mechanical and bears the needless burden of other people's

tastes and potters away at self-improvement when he has nothing to improve, there is nothing in it so very dreadful. Literary people are forever judging the quality of the mind by the turn of expression. Such sniffs at the banal remark and the empty sentence, such holy wrath at unproductive reading; the minute a poor wretch swallows an epic they look at his tongue for a sign. They expect things of people as readers that they do not expect of them as men. To most men the platitude is as natural as the bark to a dog and if feeling were measured by eloquence there would be no family ties. The dull man is not only entitled to his dull book but is privileged to talk of masterpieces in his dull way, and there is no more reason for railing at him in his relation to books than in his relation to his government, and his God, and his green grocer, and his friends, whom perhaps he bores most frightfully and who therefore have a greater grievance than true literature can complain of. Taking people as they are, considering whom they marry, and what they eat and how they live and what they say and how they say it, we must in common sense conclude that their literary taste is the least thing that is the matter with them. But literary-mindedness sees only the one thing: it would reduce the universe to a coterie, control the birthrate of this sphere and breed only Browning-readers. The question is not literary but biological. It is not a humane view of us ex-barbarians. Give us time and meanwhile thank Heaven that for the present we are at least tailless.

Critics seem often ill at ease in the bad company of this every day world. They find no pleasure in what is merely crude and laughable and have only harsh words for a stage of development. You might as well lampoon a hemisphere. They do not sneer at children with their primers but for the average man with the average book they have no mercy. A wiser view was Sir Walter Scott's on the subject of rattles and gingerbread:—

"I have very little respect, said he, for the dear *publicum* whom I am doomed to amuse like Goody Trash in Bartholomew's Fair with rattles and gingerbread; and I should deal very uncandidly with those who read my confessions, were I to say I knew a public worth caring for or capable of distinguishing the nicer beauties of composition. They weigh good and evil by the pound. Get a good name and you may write trash. Get a bad one and you may write like Homer without pleasing a single reader."

Their real grievance is with the number of people there are in the world, but for our part we believe that were it not for the presence of the unwashed and the half-educated, the formless, queer and incomplete, the unreasonable and absurd, the infinite shapes of the delightful human tadpole, the horizon would not wear so broad a grin. There must be some better tone for criticism than the wailing note of the horrified few. There is only one thing worse, which is that pot-valour of our self-conceit called "healthy optimism."

F. M. Colby.

RUDYARD KIPLING, POET*

IT is depressing to read some of the criticisms that have been called forth by Rudyard Kipling's latest volume, *The Five Nations*. Genius, in a world that is full of commonplace interests, commonplace human beings and commonplace cleverness, is so rare a thing as to make it wonderful that any one should fail to see and feel it when it blazes forth undimmed. Here is Rudyard Kipling, unique among all living writers, following in the footsteps of no predecessor and defying imitation. The most careless stanza that he pens, the very diamond dust that at any time he chances to let fall, is caught up eagerly by all who speak or read our English tongue, and in the space of a single day it is known throughout the four quarters of the globe. No other poet in his own lifetime ever had whole nations for his audience; and no other poet in modern days ever struck so unerringly a responsive chord in men and women who in all else are separated and indifferent to one another. For Kipling touches and astonishes and thrills alike the plain man in the street, the scholar in his study, the rough, illiterate soldier and the overcultivated æsthete. The magic that can do this thing and that can do it not merely once or twice, but whenever the magician wills it, is not dependent upon tricks of phrasing, or cunning touches of technique. It is the spirit of poetry itself, and the man who has the secret of it is a poet not for his contemporaries only, nor for the hour and the day alone, but for humanity and for all time.

Yet there are minds so little as to be quite unaware of this. They can only feel a sense of irritation and disturbance because something has happened which transcends their ordinary experience, which is greater than conventionality and superbly defiant of those rules which dullards have laid down for other dullards. Hence we find a few pedantic souls using this splendid achievement of a true world-poet simply as a background against which to display their own surpassing pettiness.

To them, Rudyard Kipling is little more than a literary charlatan who has for the time secured a hearing by the eccentricity of his manner and the audacity of his diction. Some of his poems, they say, are comic, though lamentably coarse; others are filled with unreasoning prejudice, with arrogance and scorn. Mr. Kipling has no self-restraint. He is a loud-voiced person. If he denounces, he denounces sweepingly. He does not balance and refine and draw distinctions. He will aim a striking phrase at an entire nation. Moreover, he is so contemporaneous! Right upon the heels of an event comes the poem which records his own impressions of that event. He does not stop to think it over. He resembles the leader-writer for a newspaper, and what is worst of all, he is imperialistic in his feeling. Therefore, let us call him "the daily Kipling" and agree to think of him as just a brilliant journalist who chooses to write in verse instead of prose.

Here, indeed, is a ponderous indictment. What sort of a man would he be who should fulfil the conception which these persons entertain of a genuine poet? Probably a harmless, well-regulated, mouse-like creature, such as Mr. Alfred Austin, one whose processes are as quiet and methodical as those of a conscientious drug-clerk. When such a one decides that some contemporaneous theme is worthy of his notice, he thinks it over in a careful, systematic way and then sits down before his desk, with a pair of carpet-slippers on his feet, a rhyming dictionary at his elbow, and with some tea and toast beside him; and then he measures out his lines and fills them in with carefully assorted words, considering at times a little variation in the cæsura, or a slight elision which will give the verse an air of pleasant spontaneity. After this, he polishes the whole, and touches up his adjectives, and at the end of several more days he has turned out a poem which is a perfect model of decorum and

*The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

of dullness. It will hurt nobody's feelings. It will shock no virtuous old lady. It is commendable, in the sense that a dish of tripe is commendable. It is good for those who like that sort of thing.

But if such must be the norm and standard of a poet, then we shall cheerfully admit that Rudyard Kipling has no title to the name. For he writes while the impression of his theme is still strong upon him, and fresh and vivid, while his heart still leaps with the emotion of the moment, while the thoughts evoked by it are still burning in his brain. His feeling finds swift utterance in words that sting and tingle with the passion which has prompted them; and his language responds instinctively to his mood, phrasing it so unerringly as to make the reader in his turn glow and stir under the spell which feeling and imagination have cast upon him. Does this resemble leader-writing for a newspaper? If so, then all the great lyric poets of antiquity were such as Kipling is, and modern poets have reached the supreme height of their achievement only when they wrote in such a way this. And they have done it very rarely. Only once in Tennyson's whole lifetime was it given him to find the theme and the inspiration both in a single moment, and that was when he struck off at a white heat the rough, but magnificent and immortal lines which will make the wild charge of the British horsemen at Balaklava live beside the heroism of Leonidas and the glorious death of Winkelried. This poem of Tennyson is not the greatest monument to his fame; yet it is the one lyrical outburst by which he stirred the hearts of the whole Anglo-Saxon world, and indeed, of all to whom unshaken courage and the scorn of death appeal. Tennyson attained this only once, while Kipling has attained it many times; and he has done so, precisely because he does not wait, but lets his mood completely master him —heart and brain and soul all swept by one great dominating impulse. Kipling, indeed, so far from being modern and mechanical, represents in reality a reversion to the primitive type of poet—the bard, the skald, the rhapsode—who sang when the echoes of the battle had scarcely died away and when the exulting shouts which greeted some heroic deed were still sounding in his ears.

And most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the range and infinite variety of his language. Whether it be the crude speech of the untaught soldier in his barrack, or the rapid, crackling, resonant rush of modern phrase and sharp colloquialism, or whether it be lofty and majestic diction coloured with something of the Oriental imagery of the Hebrew prophets, it is all the same in being absolutely perfect and inevitable, reaching its mark without an effort and with never a mistake. Pathos, humour, exultation and indignant wrath, or reverence, tenderness, haughtiness and contempt—the whole gamut of the emotions, in fact, is made to sound under the touch of this extraordinary man who uses with swift mastery whatever medium he prefers; so that some of his most wonderful effects are produced in material which the conventional poet would regard as hopeless. Long ago I roughly divided the whole human race into two classes. To the first belong those who feel in *Mandalay,* running through all the common soldier's unlettered speech, expressive and yet at times grotesque, the wonder of the East, its fascination, its perfume and melody and colour, and the mystery of its love which can move even the coarse-grained unromantic British infantryman to a pathos that is infinitely real. To the other class, belong those men and women of whatever rank or station who read those lines and grin and snigger over them in the belief that *Mandalay* is a comic poem. The former class comprises the Enlightened. The other class is made up of those who (perhaps for their ancestral sins) are fated to mumble and gibber and squeak in the fogs of philistinism forever and ever.

As to the book before us—*The Five Nations*—nearly all of its poems are well known, and many of their lines have passed into the common speech as surely as have some of the most famous lines of Shakespeare. Those poems which are new relate in the main to South Africa, and these are perhaps the least memorable of the whole collection. But "The Bell Buoy" and "White Horses" and "The Feet of the Young Men" and "The Truce of the Bear" and "The White Man's Burden" and of course "The Recessional" already belong to the literature which lives not only between the

lovers of books but in the throbbing hearts of men. And even the less notable of these poems—such as "The Islanders"—contain lines which no one but Kipling could have written, as for instance these:

So ye shall bide sure-guarded when the restless lightnings wake
In the womb of the blotting war-cloud, and the pallid nations quake.
So, at the haggard trumpets, instant your soul shall leap
Forthright, accoutred, accepting—alert from the wells of sleep.
So at the threat ye shall summon—so at the need ye shall send
Men, not children nor servants, tempered and taught to the end;
Cleansed of servile panic, slow to dread or despise,
Humble because of knowledge, mighty by sacrifice.

Or these (in quite another vein) from "Piet":

I do not love my Empire's foes,
Nor call 'em angels; still,
What *is* the sense of 'atin' those
'Oom you are paid to kill?
So, barrin' all that foreign lot
Which only joined for spite,
Myself, I'd just as soon as not
Respect the man I fight.
Ah there, Piet!—'is trousies to 'is knees,
'Is coat-tails lyin' level in the bullet-sprinkled breeze;
'E does not lose 'is rifle an' 'e does not lose 'is seat,
I've known a lot o' people ride a dam' sight worse than Piet!

And these from "The Sea and The Hills":

Who hath desired the Sea?—the sight of salt water unbounded—
The heave and the halt and the hurl and the crash of the comber wind-hounded?
The sleek-barrelled swell before storm, grey, foamless, enormous, and growing—
Stark calm on the lap of the Line or the crazy-eyed hurricane blowing—
His Sea is no showing the same—his Sea and the same 'neath each showing—
His Sea as she slackens or thrills?
So and no otherwise—so and no otherwise, hillmen desire their Hills!

Who cares whether Kipling is right or wrong in his opinions, or whether he is just or unjust in his prejudices, or whether his loves and his hates are reasonable, or whether he is an imperialist? What have these things to do with our judgment of his poetry? Let the little twittering, cheeping, dust-dried pedants of criticism hug such considerations to their shrivelled hearts. What the whole world recognises is the intensity of the feeling, the force and surge and passion and splendour of one who feels to the very depths of his heart and who voices what he feels as no other living man can do. And that is why he is a poet of the poets, a poet of life and action and daring and achievement, one who has no rival, and who stands alone in that supremacy which he has so superbly conquered for himself.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE SUSTAINED EFFORT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

THERE is a popular belief that the distinction between the novel and the short story is something peculiarly subtle and recondite—a sort of higher law which authors transgress at their peril, and which decrees that certain plots shall be treated only in the three-volume form and certain others compressed within the compass of a score of pages. And the fact that we all have met with instances of such transgression—novels so attenuated that they are obviously nothing more than short stories in disguise; short stories so overcrowded with detail that the author has plainly squandered material for a more sustained effort—gives a specious colour to the theory. Just what this distinction is, has never been satisfactorily stated. It is certainly not a question of simplicity of plot. Every reviewer knows that it is often harder to

* *Falk.* By Joseph Conrad. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

give a brief and adequate summary of a magazine story than of a volume by Zola. Nor is it a question of space or time or the number of characters. A story may be limited to one man and one woman; it may be confined within the walls of a single house or room; it may begin and end within the period of a day and night; and none the less be a novel. And another may present a crowded stage, with the action stretching over months and years, and the scene shifting back and forth between two continents—and yet be nothing more nor less than a short story. Yet of course it must be granted that in a certain class of cases, at the two extremes, space and time do enter in as factors. A story that records a family's annals unto the third and fourth generation naturally requires more pages than the episode of an hour, just as a panorama of a Roman triumph requires more square feet of surface than a miniature portrait. No one would think of expanding Poe's *Descent into the Maelstrom* into the dimensions of a novel, or of compressing the Rougon-Macquart Series, or any part of it, within the limits of a magazine article. But within these extremes, it is safe to say that a larger proportion of the plots of successful novels and short stories owe their actual length not to any sense of the inherent fitness of things, but to the characteristic mood and point of view of the individual author. The French definition of fiction as life seen through the medium of a temperament applies equally well to the long story and the short. One writer sees life in simple, elemental terms, and reproduces it with a few clear, definite pen-strokes, of etching-like simplicity and monochromie. Another writer, looking upon the same scenes, is not satisfied until he becomes a part of them himself, until he touches elbows, with the jostling throngs, the clashing instincts, the noise and clamour that go to make up work-a-day humanity—and the hours of the day seem all too short, in which to crowd his multitude of details into a single picture. War, for instance, and its lessons, may be the subject of the picture, and he may choose, as Browning did in *The Day We French Stormed Ratisbon*, to take his stand a mile or two away, with the armies in the distance moving like single units, human pawns in the big game of nations, and in the foreground one or two figures, clear-cut, solitary, refusing to be forgotten. Or he may take his point of view so near that the battle can no longer be seen, because of the fighting, men jesting and cursing, and groaning and dying—and everywhere bullets spitting up little clouds of dust—and then we have a prose epic such as *La Débâcle*. The whole question is one of temperament, and fortunate is the author who can judge correctly of his own powers, the right angle of distance, the precise length of stride, so to speak, best suited not only to his theme but to himself.

In the whole range of contemporary fiction, it would be difficult to find a better example of how largely the length of a story is dependent upon this question of individual temperament, than is furnished by Joseph Conrad, a writer second only to Rudyard Kipling in his sheer mastery of forceful English and virile audacity of style, second to none in unique, exotic flavour and oftentimes grotesque tragedy of his themes. Yet in everything he has written, Mr. Conrad has set his own pace, fallen into his own particular stride, so to speak, ignoring all precedents regarding any sort of relation between subject and space, crumpling up a world-wide theme into the limits of a few pages, stretching out some transitory incident into the bulk of a portly volume—and yet the very last thing which any critic has thought of questioning is, whether his stories are any of them too long or too short. Take for instance, his *Nigger of the Narcissus*—one of the many English stories whose titles have suffered an unfortunate sea change during their passage into an American edition. Let any other writer submit a synopsis of the plot to his publisher, and if that publisher knows his business he will tell the author frankly that there is barely enough plot in it for a Saturday supplement, to say nothing of a book. Yet Mr. Conrad wove out of it a magic volume, full of the life and breadth and

* *A Deal in Wheat.* By Frank Norris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

* *The Edge of Things.* By Elia W. Peattie. New York: Fleming H. Revell Company.

* *Tomorrow's Tangle.* By Geraldine Bonner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

* *The House on the Sands.* By Charles Marriott. New York: John Lane.

* *A Sequence in Hearts.* By Mary Moss. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

infinite variety of the sea; and in the centre of the picture the inert figure of a sickly, malingering negro stands out, as clear-cut as a carved ebony idol against a background of ivory, mysterious, ominous, the embodiment of fate. Or again, take *The Heart of Blackness,* one of the shortest stories that Mr. Conrad has written, and at the same time containing the biggest, most suggestive of all his themes. It is nothing less than a presentment of the clashing of two continents, a symbolic picture of the inborn antagonism of two races, the white and the black. It pictures the subtle disintegration of the white man's moral stamina, under the stress of the darkness, the isolation, the promiscuity of the African jungle, the loss of dignity and courage and self-respect through daily contact with the native man and the native woman. The whole thing is a matter of a few score pages, and yet such is its strength, coupled with a certain indescribable trick of verbal foreshortening, that it gives the impression of measureless time and distance. We feel that we have spent years in his company, roaming through the murky atmosphere of physical and moral darkness—and still beyond stretch unexplored vistas, measureless, forbidding, unspeakable. Mr. Conrad's new volume, which has served as an excuse for this digression upon what the present writer regards as his most remarkable contribution to fiction, is a collection of three tales neither long nor short, which represent the author's middle distance, so to speak, and take their title from the first of the three, *Falk.* They have nothing like the power of his last year's volume, yet they all bear the stamp of his characteristic and rather grim queerness. *To-morrow,* for instance, pictures a father who has disinherited his son, driven him from home and later repented of his act. Through long, lonely years he has comforted himself with the belief that the son will some time, return, perhaps to-morrow—and he has brooded upon this hope until it has become a fixed idea, an obsession, that the son will come to-morrow. At last the son does come, but since things in this material, work-a-day world necessarily happen in the present and not in the future, the father's clouded brain refuses to recognise him, because he has come to-day, when he should have come to-morrow—the morrow which must always remain in the future. Equally simple in structure is *Amy Foster,* the story of a mute, inglorious tragedy. It pictures the fate of a young Slavonic emigrant, driven together with hundreds of his kind on board an ocean liner, to toss for days in a watery prison, and then be cast by night upon the English coast, the sole survivor of a whole ship's company. Ignorant of his whereabouts, speaking an outlandish tongue, hounded, penniless and hungry, from door to door, a terror to women and children, who think him a madman, he dies at last in destitution, like a homeless dog, having awakened a passing compassion in just one heart, that of the Amy Foster of the title. But the finest story in the collection is that of *Falk.* On the surface it gives promise of pure comedy —a grotesque wooing of a Dutch girl, phlegmatic, florid and opulent of physique, by a thin, taciturn Scandinavian pilot, on board her uncle's vessel, in the harbour of a Chinese river port. But Falk is a man haunted by the memory of a revolting deed; he shows it in his face, sombre, taciturn, sinister, and in his manner, his trick of periodically covering his features with both hands, and then drawing them downwards with a slow, shuddering movement, as though to wipe away the vision of a waking nightmare. The truth is, that once under the dire distress of shipwreck and starvation it had become evident that human flesh alone stood between a whole ship's crew and death. In the face of this horror they had not drawn lots, they had fallen upon each other like wild beasts, and Falk, in whom the lust of life was strongest, had been the sole survivor. For six years this memory has haunted him; and now his suffering is doubled, because he has at last found a woman "generous of form, Olympian and simple, indeed the syren to fascinate the dark navigator" that he is, and he is confronted by the question, can any woman knowingly wed a man who has been guilty of cannibalism?

If Mr. Conrad is an example of an author who always knows his own distance, and gauges his stride accordingly, the late Frank Norris is a good example of an author who lacked that knowledge. Mr. Norris took himself and his work with great seriousness; his ideal in fiction was

a lofty one, and he was steadily, persistently, indomitably, working towards it—indeed, in the opinion of many of those who best know his work, he had already crossed the threshold of achievement. Yet, whatever place is ultimately assigned him in the history of American letters, this at least is sure—that he was first and last an artist who depended upon bold lines and sweeping brush strokes, and that he could not be true to himself if hampered by a narrow canvas. To look to Frank Norris for short stories is as incongruous as to set a Rodin to carving cherry pits, or a Verestchagin to tinting lantern slides. Yet it does not follow that the recently published collection entitled *A Deal in Wheat* were not worth preservation. On the contrary, they are full of the keenest interest to all students of contemporary letters. No one but Norris could have written them; every page breathes forth the uncrushable vitality of the man. But to call them short stories is to misname them. They impress one as fragments, rather splendid fragments too, trials of the author's strength, before he launched forth upon a really serious work. Take, for instance, the opening story, which gives the title to the volume. It was palpably written for practice, a sort of five-finger exercise in preparation for Mr. Norris's last volume, *The Pit*—and from this point of view it is brimful of interest. But taken as a story, it is at once too long and too short. Mr. Norris attempted in it to cover altogether too much ground; he might with advantage have stopped some pages sooner than he did—and yet, at the end there remains a sense of incompleteness. In the whole collection, there is just one story that stands out, unique and forceful—"A Memorandum of Sudden Death"—and in this the effect is achieved at the expense of probability. It is a good illustration of the length to which his occasional accesses of riotous romanticism would carry the author of *Moran of the Lady Letty*. This "memorandum" is a fragment of a journal supposed to be written by a wounded soldier, one of a small band of troopers who have been surrounded and followed, day after day, by a band of hostile Indians, through desolate miles of sand and sage, until the final attack is made. Granting that a United States trooper, with one or two bullets in him, and his comrades lying dead and dying around him, could go on recording passing events with the accuracy, the minuteness, the astonishing atmosphere, of this story, one must admit that this is Mr. Norris's nearest approach to the artistic unity of an ideal short story.

A good example of how much may be done with a modest one or two talents is afforded by Elia W. Peattie's unpretentious little volume, *The Edge of Things*. The author is in no sense a long-distance writer; she is best at ease in the simple, short story—and she knows it. And so, in undertaking a more sustained effort, she has frankly adopted the short story form, developing her plot through a series of more or less connected pictures, each complete in itself, yet each forming an essential part of the whole. Her style is simple, too; she is not prodigal of words and phrases; and yet it is a question whether even Norris has pictured with more compelling power the desolation of the Southwestern desert lands, and the morbid influence they have upon men who try to live too long in these regions which are literally the "edge of things." The central theme is not without interest, it concerns a young fellow from the East, who goes out there full of brave plans for building up a golden fortune from his sheep ranch. And then, after a time, luck goes against him, and his sheep die, and his funds run low, and the horror of the desert seizes him, and he thinks he is going mad, like many another poor fellow whose fate he hears of. But from this he is saved by a simple air-castle that he weaves during his hours of loneliness. In the old adobe house, to which he has temporarily fallen heir, he finds a woman's glove; and later, scratched on the wall, a verse in a woman's writing. And from these trifles he reconstructs a personality, and fills the place with the companionship of an imaginary form and face. And for the sake of rounding out the story, the girl whom he has constructed in his day-dreams turns out to be a real person after all. But the value of the book is not in the story, but in the atmosphere, the wonderful sense that you have of loneliness and isolation and endless monotony.

Another book which is worth mentioning here quite briefly, even at the risk of

seeming to attach to it more importance than it deserves, is *Tomorrow's Tangle*, by Geraldine Bonner. Of the story there is not much to be said; there are many better and many worse, appearing every month. But it has a prologue which deserves to be cited when any mention is made of the Arizona Desert in fiction. One does not soon forget the picture of the endless waste of desolate lands, the one emigrant wagon, a typical "prairie schooner," crawling painfully along the trail, the horses almost spent; and beneath the canvas cover of that tent, the twofold mystery of life and death being enacted—a year-old child gasping out its last breath almost at the same moment that its new-born sister's first cry strikes the air. As to the further details, how the Mormon husband sells his new-born child and its ailing mother to a kind-hearted, shiftless miner—this was all in the early days of the California gold fever—how the miner fell in love with the woman, who passed for his wife as long as they both lived, and how the daughter, grown to womanhood, is befriended by the man who unknown to her is her own father—all this leads up to the series of tangles indicated in the title. And this is precisely the part of the book which will be forgotten long before the memory of that grim opening chapter has begun to fade.

When Charles Marriott's first novel, *The Column*, appeared, it was a question in the minds of conservative readers whether he was not on the whole rather overrated; and his subsequent work has tended to strengthen that impression. Yet it is not easy to point out, off-hand, just why a book like *The House on the Sand* falls short of what might reasonably be expected of its author. It is a curious and morbid study of an experiment in platonic affection. Or rather, that is what the reader is led to expect it to be. When you have finished it, however, and stop to think it over, you realise how very far away you have been led from the starting-point. Here are a man and woman, both nurtured upon inflammatory socialistic literature, and drawn together by their common contempt for worldly conventions, but otherwise a strangely ill-assorted pair. Christopher Lanyon is a woman-hater, an egoist who "by carefully shunning female society had achieved a condemnatory theory of womankind, consistent because based upon and corroborated by profound ignorance of the sex." Audrey Thurston, at the age of twenty, was "a large-eyed, black-haired, lanky, and flat-chested girl, mentally and physically hungry, less a woman than an eager brain and an underfed and overgrown body." These two, the immature woman, the ascetic man, finding that their ideas of life, their scorn of sentiment and love and sex, harmonised admirably, agreed to pass their lives together, on a strictly platonic basis, scorning even a formal marriage, and for a time they lived "in a fine moral glow, caused by friction with public opinion." But at the time when the story opens the moral glow has faded. Audrey has reached the point where she knows that the dream of a platonic intimacy is impossible, that she is a woman, capable of giving a woman's love to the right man, when he comes, and that Lanyon is not that man. Lanyon, too, has changed, and the change is of a kind which, while not impossible, does violence to one's sense of probability. It is not the outgrowth of his recorded acts, it does not have the logical relation of cause and consequence, it seems to be a deliberate intervention of fate, out of pure malice, for the purpose of confusing the direct issue, the question of platonic affection. It does not follow that because an ascete, a dreamer, a votary of socialism, loses his interest in his fellow men and settles down, well-housed and well-fed, to a life of selfish comfort, that he will forthwith break down in intellect and end as a victim of erotic mania. But granting Mr. Marriott's right to lose sight of his main theme, and to follow out the exceptional rather than the normal case, there is no denying the haunting power of the picture of their life together—the man with a morbid passion daily growing upon him, the girl learning daily to shrink from him, to evade him, to dread the crisis which the morrow may bring forth. In the midst of this morbid and untenable situation it happens that the right man does come into Audrey's life, and precipitates the inevitable tragedy with which the book closes. There are many side issues in the story—politics, international relations, and socialism; but it is not this part of the volume which

haunts one afterwards, like an oppressive nightmare. It is rather the image of a helpless girl, lying at night sleepless and trembling, listening to uneasy steps passing to and fro before her door, and realising her only protection is "the frail barrier of a madman's declining self-respect."

A Sequence in Hearts, the most ambitious piece of fiction that Mary Moss has yet produced, is one of those books which a reviewer is apt to find rather exasperating, because of the evidence it gives that the author might have done something very much better. In the present instance, there is no question of the author's ability to delineate character, feminine character especially. The book is full of delicate half-tones, subtle discriminating touches, of the sort that Mr. Howells is fond of characterising as "little miracles of observation." Her different personages stand out in clear relief, distinct and unmistakable; and equally clear is the existing situation, the curious and intricate tangle of affections which she has chosen to study and straighten out. If the title and the story convey any lesson it is this: that if, in dealing the cards of the game of life, we could be sure that the hearts would always fall in well-assorted pairs, instead of awkward sequences of three or five or some other luckless odd number, many a heartache would be avoided, and many a matrimonial difference stop short of the divorce courts. The only serious trouble with Mary Moss's presentment of this lesson is that the story lacks form, it has too many loose ends. First, there is Violet Dunham, vain, and pretty, and artificial, a sort of potential Selma White, without the latter's invincible self-assurance. After a few weeks' acquaintance, she wins the love of Killian Orth, a man nearly a score of years her senior, and worthy of a better fate. Friends of them both would have been better pleased had he chosen Marian Genge, the girl with a tragic face, who "plays Chopin to young men in the dusk," and is silently eating her heart out for Killian's sake. Then there is Archie Leighton, who is secretly pining away because he cannot win Marian, and is quite unconscious of the fact that he is the ideal of Violet Dunham's younger sister, Jane. One wonders whether Jane in her turn is not the object of some hopeless passion, the ideal of some man so wrapped up in his own woes that he never once guesses that he himself is loved by some fair unknown, and so on, *ad infinitum.* The whole situation reminds one of nothing so much as a row of bricks, all ready to tumble down in succession, at the least sudden movement, the first indiscreet whisper. Of course such situations do exist in real life; and Miss Moss has depicted the present one with genuine skill. But when it comes to straightening out such a tangle, there is so little room for originality. If men and women will persist in falling in love with the wrong persons, then they must go on being miserable, or else die, or else change their minds. There are no further alternatives. Mary Moss's characters do not die, and with one exception they do not change their minds; so it is fair to conclude that they go on being miserable, to the end of the chapter. And after all that is probably as true to life as any ending that she could have devised.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH



ON the strength of his *Ulysses* alone Mr. Stephen Phillips would not rank high either as a poet or as a dramatist. Deluct what we owe to Homer, Vergil, Dante, the stage manager and the sacred memories of our freshman year, and there remains only a fraction due to Mr. Phillips as creator. But the play is in harmony with the spirit of the masterpieces he has read and if his aim was to prove that high, familiar themes could be successfully treated in blank verse on the modern English stage, he has proved it. The lines are traditionally poetical and though from the very nature of the case there can be no dramatic interest in the plot there is curiosity as to what the author will do with his material. It is stately, elemental, picturesque, and uninspired, the sort of play that it is virtuous to write and virtuous also to enjoy. Gods and demigods are simple creatures with very few ideas and no nervous system, and it is creditable to our corrupt and complicated modern sense that we can like them in English blank verse. An ancient Greek hero treated in the classic manner has, as a stage person, an exceedingly narrow range of emotion and thought. Anything superhuman is generally less than human on the stage, and on seeing this play we felt as homesick for the sight of a human being as Ulysses did for his "gaunt Ithaca." The finest passages, by the way, are precisely those in which Ulysses longed for earthly things, as if in that at least the author were at one with him. In the main the limits of the subject exclude our sympathy, and Mr. Phillips keeps within the limits.

> "Hermes, this world
> Begins to grip my heart with gradual cold!
> O how shall I descend in flesh and blood
> Unready and unripe?"

That is the way we feel about it. But there is poetical phrasing and some dramatic skill, a rare partnership, and there is no other good minor poet on our stage, or even poetoid, and Homer is a safe perch for any bard in pin feathers. Episodes from a great epic, dramatically arranged, told with dignity and accompanied by some admirable tableaux of Hades and Olympus—it does not at all imply the resurrection of the English stage, but it is one of the few things that have a claim to be taken somewhat seriously. As produced in New York it suffered from the noisiness and restlessness of the caste who played it as if the audience were a little deaf and very obtuse. Mr. Tyrone Power made an impressive but somewhat monotonous Ulysses, sighing constantly in very deep bass, and the booms of his beautiful but polyphlœsbœan voice needed a little shading. It is a pity that so well-endowed an actor as he should not have learned the blessings of diversity.

The reviews of *The Man from Blankley's* prepared one for a different sort of a play. The satire is not subtle but on the contrary very broad and obvious. It is satire of the thoroughly English and relentless sort, no stiletto work but the steady play of a good, big club. When reviewers like a thing they empty straightway all the pockets of their vocabulary, and in this case they implied a certain fineness and delicacy. The author of *Vice Versa* and *The Tinted Venus* has other qualities just as good but these do not belong to him. As a picture of a vulgar middle class English family and the barbarities of their social life it is as true as Thackeray's Osbornes. It is more amusing than the satire of Dickens and the characters are far more plausible, but it has the Dickens quality of universal and immediate appeal. Apparently no

one in the audience missed a single point, and this was accomplished without straining or over-emphasis, owing in large measure to the cleverness and good taste of Mr. Charles Hawtrey and his excellent company.

We pass reluctantly to the needless horrors of *Hedda Gabler,* in which a woman without motives or reasons, representing no known temperament, class, condition or country, holds the centre of the stage for the purpose of showing one of the peculiar forms that criminal abnormality might assume. It differs from the rest of Ibsen's plays in lacking any philosophic suggestiveness and shows his great dramatic energy applied successfully to the single object of making you squirm. Mrs. Fiske played it with all the unwomanliness she could muster, and made it inconceivable that the adoring husband and infatuated lover could remain in her company two minutes. The author hardly meant that Hedda, hateful as she was, should be outwardly so forbidding. Mrs. Fiske capped Ibsen's criminal with a shrew, speaking always in tart, snappy sentences, of which a third could be heard only on the stage. Mrs. Fiske and Mrs. Patrick Campbell are alike in their total indifference to the other persons of the play. Husbands, fathers, lovers, children are mere worms. Mrs. Campbell is too preoccupied even to glance at the object of her affection, and Mrs. Fiske's sharp rising inflection makes you feel in your pocket to see if you forgot to mail those letters. It is a mere mannerism but it often obscures the intelligence of her acting and is a fruitful source of misunderstanding between her audience and herself. Hedda Gabler is a part that requires anything but tenderness but it does not call for a continuous tone of petty severity—a tone that might almost go with a box on the ear.

In *Her Own Way,* Mr. Clyde Fitch adopts the simple and ancient plan of sending the true lover off to the wars and leaving the wicked rival behind, then baffling the villain and bringing the true lover back to life. Nor does he take the least pains to give the villain a fighting chance, for the lady never wavers and is not misled. Hence there is staleness and certainty throughout, mitigated only by some stretches of good dialogue. A children's birthday party on the stage and a leading lady remarkable for good looks and incapacity were thrown in in case the dramatic interest gave out. Mr. Fitch seldom puts all his eggs in one basket. But the thinnest play of the month was *Mrs. Deering's Divorce,* having nothing in it that the mind could grasp at the time or remember afterwards, except a well-played burlesque of a new woman, and it is hard to support life on that. Nothing of any interest fell to Mrs. Langtry's share.

In Hope's little story of *Captain Dieppe* many bewildering adventures are crowded into a single night but he has space enough at his disposal to explain them. In the play the task of explaining falls heavily on the patient shoulders of John Drew, who as the Captain not only has to do these remarkable and complicated things but to make it clear just what they are and why they are remarkable. He does not make it clear in spite of several long and rapid speeches. In fact the story is only half dramatised. Part of it is told pleasantly in Hope's own lines, and the rest tossed over to John Drew, who is left struggling vainly to expound his splendid but unintelligible abilities.

F. M. Colby.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

By an Old National Observer.

IT has been reported of him that he used the blue pencil remorselessly. It is certainly true that the sight of anything written was apt to set him at the work of alteration, and it was the same with his own work as with that of his newest contributor. When he worked for other editors he sent back proofs which it cost as much to correct as it had done to set, and one has known a paper to be huddled to press in a desperate hurry because it was guessed that he would send a telegram demanding a revise. When the end of the world had come for some of us and the *N. O.* had passed out of his hands, there was a dinner at Solferino's. When he rose to make his speech, he leaned forward over the table and looked deliberately around the room. Then he said that he did not see a single man with whose "copy" he had not taken great liberties, and that he did not propose to make any apology, because he was perfectly sure that his work had always justified it.

This was as true as any broad statement could be. Sometimes an article or story would be printed without a change. When this happened two or three times in succession, you were more than a little distressed if he altered you. One of his men used to stick the cuttings from the *N. O.* into an album, carefully recording the original versions of mutilated stories or articles. When he had been contributing for a couple of years, he was invited to add to the long list of books made up of stuff originally contributed to the *N. O.* When he was preparing the book for the press he carefully stuck to the Henley version, and now, ten years later ("I feel chilly, and grow old"), he is surer than ever that he was a prudent man.

There are editors who, though they love you well, and have plently of use for your work, deem it discreet never by any chance to praise you to your face, while, of course, they reserve to themselves the privilege of condemnation. Mr. Henley was always a busy man, and he was often prostrate with the severest physical pain. Yet you quickly arrived at an infallible way of judging whether your stuff was good; or, as you may have been inclined to think, below the level of your best. If it was good, you quickly received a letter of enthusiastic praise. Here is one such written in 1892, when the *N. O.* was still published in Edinburgh, to a man whom he had never met:—

"A line—which should have been written last week—to say that I think better of so-and-so—taken in every way—than of anything you've done. Also, that I hear naught but praise of it all round; which, indeed, is no more than its due. The other thing is very good too. You shall have a proof *quam primum*. Not yet, for I am very full of matter. The worst of it is that you cannot now afford to go back, but must make up your mind to do better and even better. That this will be your luck I do most heartily rejoice to believe.—Yours very sincerely,

W. E. H."

It seemed to the recipient then, as it seems to him now, that this letter was a most amazing exhibition of generosity. Also from the point of view of the writer and of the proprietor of the journal he conducted, the sending of such a letter was very good policy, because the man to whom it came one happy morning, in a grey, remote little town, where nobody (as it seemed to him) cared for art or letters, was at once desperately resolved to do yet better, and, indeed, never to let it be known in Thistle Street, Edinburgh, that he could occasionally do very much worse.

In a little bundle of letters addressed to one of his contributors there are many hardly less generous. For instance, a very short review of a book by a French writer who was then altogether unknown.

Somehow or other his English *confrère* felt that this was a book he should read, and he said so in writing to Mr. Henley. He need not have troubled to write. By the first post next morning the book reached him, and when he had read it and spoken of it in a subsequent letter, Mr. Henley wrote in a postscript (he was given to these): "In great haste. But I add that I hoped the book would be suggestive as well as useful. It is odd that in such-and-such a thing you anticipate (in a sense) his story of the three blackguards: a thing which (I can't help thinking) should help you." This was a curious case in which a young man in a remote part of England was writing stories which (as the book in question showed) might have been turned into French and signed with the name of a man of whom he had never heard, and who probably had never heard of him. In another case Mr. Henley was misled by such a coincidence into an injustice. A story had been written by one of his men in October, and published in the *N. O.* early in November, and a few weeks later another story, by another author, appeared in a widely-circulated journal. Mr. Henley wrote to the member of his staff, indignantly pointing out that there were strange resemblances, and that he had been robbed. There was certainly a remarkable likeness between the two, but there could have been no robbery, because, from the circumstance of its publication, it was absolutely certain that the story which had been written earliest was given to the world later than the other.

Once he had accepted your service, he was intensely eager that you should do the best it was in you to do. In the letters which have been referred to, there are repeated references to certain proposed journeyings into foreign parts. "Is it to be Japan?" he wrote once in one of those hurried postscripts; and again, "I think that if I'd known I should have advised you to go to Spain. You see, you're at the age when observation is instinctive; so that the more you are by way of laying up experience, that becomes a part of yourself, and may presently be expressed in terms of art, the better is your chance in future years, and the more admirable the equipment you bring to the real business of life. Not that I think you have done any harm by refusing to go; on the contrary, you are full of these visions, and it is probably as well, now that you have a certain outlet, that you should work the vein and make what you can of the ore. Of course I speak not altogether disinterestedly, for I like your work, and I want the best you can give; but I feel bound to put the two courses before you in justice to both of us." In a postscript he writes, "Avoid all newspaper offices. They are short cuts to the Pit." Here is a hurried little note, which was written much later to a man who wanted to produce a certain book, but saw no way of doing so unless he obtained a commission. "A" is a literary agent; "B" a publisher. "All right. Tell A to tell B that I like the idea of the book, and strongly advise him to consider it. Also, that if he be so 'disposed' I'll talk of it when next we meet. No more possible to-night."

These last two letters are characteristic in every word. It is to be supposed that he thought that one had been misguided in refusing to go wandering and abiding in a rather dull village. Yet when he must needs turn round and declare just as emphatically that you had done entirely right. The praise is like him, and so are the two postscripts.

Although a great many of his men eventually became journalists—there are at least six attached to one London newspaper—he hated the profession, and never failed to express himself on the subject with all the force that was in him. "I think it right, on the face of things, to dissuade you very strongly from entertaining the idea of going into a newspaper office, where you never have any spare time, and where whatever you have in you is precious soon washed, and mangled, and clear-starched, and ironed out of you."

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

American Book Company:

Le Petit Robinson de Paris ou Le Triomphe de L'Industrie. Par Madame Eugéne Foa. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary. By Louise de Bonneville.

A text-book recommended by the Committee of Twelve for college preparatory work. Foa's "Le Petit Robinson de Paris" is one of the best dog stories in literature.

Stories of Great Artists. By Olive Browne Horne and Kathrine Lois Scobey.

A book intended for third reader grades which offers stories of the lives of the great artists. A number of reproductions of the best paintings of all times accompany the text.

Primary Arithmetic. By William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D.

The author, president of the New York State Normal College, has added to his series of Arithmetics, a volume which provides a thorough course in the rudiments, covering the first three years in school.

General Zoology. Practical, Systematic, and Comparative. Being a Revision and Rearrangement of Orton's Comparative Zoology. By Charles Wright Dodge, M.S.

A book for high schools and for undergraduate work in colleges, presenting the established facts and principles of zoology.

Appleton and Company:

The History of Johnny Quæ Genus. The Little Foundling of the Late Doctor Syntax. A Poem by the Author of The Three Tours. With twenty-four coloured illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson.

A new edition of a work which was first published by R. Ackermann in the year 1822.

Place and Power. By Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler (Mrs. Alfred Laurence Felkin).

A new novel by the author of "A Double Thread" and "Concerning Isabel Carnaby." Like its predecessors, the story is an English one, but it lacks the snap of the earlier books.

Bryant's Complete Poetical Works. Roslyn Edition.

This volume contains chronologies of Bryant's life and poems, and a bibliography of his writings, by Henry C. Sturges, also a memoir of his life by the late Richard Henry Stoddard. A photograph of Bryant, taken by Sarony in 1873, is used as a frontispiece.

Admiral Porter. By James Russell Soley.

A new volume in the series entitled "Great Commanders." Mr. Soley writes with the knowledge which he gained while he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and he has endeavoured to make the biography as thorough as possible.

Jorrocks's Haunts and Jollities. By R. S. Surtees.

Being the hunting, shooting, racing, driving, sailing, eating, eccentric and extravagant exploits of that renowned sporting citizen, Mr. John Jorrocks, of St. Botolph Lane and Great Coram Street. This issue, with coloured illustrations by Henry Alken, is founded on the edition published by Mr. Ackermann in the year 1843.

Handley Cross; or, Mr. Jorrocks's Hunt. By R. S. Surtees.

A companion volume to the above. The original edition was published by Bradbury and Evans in the year 1854. The illustrations are by John Leech.

Barnes and Company:

His Little World. The Story of Hunch Badeau. By Samuel Merwin.

Mr. Merwin is the author of "The Road to Frontenac and joint-author of Calumet K. The present book is a tale of one Hunch Badeau, in command of a square-nosed schooner which carried cargo on the Great Lakes.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Gold From Life's Rainbows. By James Hampton Lee.

A collection of "short stories and sweet songs," with a bright blue cover and brighter yellow illustrations.

Hagar. A Dramatic Poem in Three Acts. By Rollin J. Wells.

This is exactly what the title describes it to be.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

A Reverie and Other Verses and Prose. By John Alfred Woods.

A collection of verse with several chapters in prose on "Old Masters and Modern Painters," "Realism," "Modern Art," "Schopenhauer-Pessimism," and "Chopin and Poe."

Clark:

A History of the Mississippi Valley. By John R. Spears, in collaboration with A. H. Clark.

This history covers the period from the discovery of the Mississippi Valley to the end of its foreign domination. It is a "narrative of the founding of an Empire, shorn of current myth, and enlivened by the thrilling adventures and discoverers, pioneers, frontiersmen, Indian fighters, and home makers." The volume contains many illustrations of historic places, maps, and portraits.

Crowell and Company:

Romances of Colonial Days. By Geraldine Brooks.

A new book by the author of "Dames and Daughters of Colonial Days." It contains nine separate stories, each based on history. Some of the characters which Miss Brooks weaves into her romances are John Alden, Priscilla, Major André, and a number of Puritans, Quakers, and Cavaliers less well known, which, however, aid in giving a truly Colonial background.

The Warriors. By Anna R. Brown Lindsay.

A religious book in which the author aims to "show the intimate relation of Christianity and the Church to every field of activity, small or great."

Things Fundamental. By Charles Edward Jefferson.

A series of doctrinal discourses by the pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle.

Fairy Legends of the French Provinces. Translated by Mrs. M. Cary.

These fairy stories for children have been translated from folk-lore originating in France, and follow the original as closely as possible. The book is illustrated.

Æsop's Fables. Edited by J. Walker McSpadden.

About three hundred and fifty of these Fables have been collected for this volume which, like the above, belongs to the "Children's Favourite Classics." The text has been chiefly derived from the early English versions of Sir Roger L'Estrange (1694), and Dr. Samuel Croxall (1727).

Bible Stories for Children. By Sarah E. Dawes.

Twenty-four of the best known stories from the Old and New Testament, told in a manner to instruct and entertain children. There are nine illustrations in the book, reproduced from famous paintings.

A Little Booke of Poet's Parleys. Being a set of conversations between Sundry pairs of poets assenting or anon dissenting in conveying to one another their minds on various subjects. Selected and Ranged in Dialogue Form by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke and Accompanied with Designs by Marion L. Peabody.

In this unique little volume may be found twenty-six sets of conversations which have been arranged from the works of the poets in question. The American group is represented by Lanier, Whitman, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant.

The Mislaid Uncle. By Evelyn Raymond.

A story for children. The little heroine travels as a human express parcel three thousand miles across the continent, and her adventures afford sufficient material to hold the child reader's attention.

The Little Forresters. By Clarence Hawkes.

A story of field and woods by the author of "Master Frisky." He has given the animals in this little book for children speaking parts, and he pictures the woods as they see it. Mr. Hawkes is totally blind.

Sheba. By Anna Chapin Ray.

A tale of tenement life. The author is in thorough sympathy with the little street urchins, and in writing this story about them she appeals to the young and old reader alike. Jacob A. Riis is quoted as having praised the story.

Jim Crow's Language Lessons, and Other Stories of Birds and Animals. By Julian Darrow Cowles.

Stories of birds and animals adapted for young people, some of which have appeared in the "Youth's Companion," the "New York Observer," "Happy Hours," and other periodicals.

Twilight Tales Told to Tiny Tots. By Anita D. Rosecrans.

This belongs to a new series of books for children, entitled the "Twentieth Century Juveniles." These "twilight tales" should be blessings to the mothers whose little ones are continually clamouring for a "story."

How the Two Ends Met. By Mary F. Leonard.

The story of a city square, one corner of which is occupied by the wealthy and another by the butcher, the baker, and the candelstick maker. It is written for juveniles.

The Truth About Santa Claus. By Charlotte M. Vaile.

After reading the title it is perhaps unnecessary to add that this is a child's Christmas story.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Golden Fetich. By Eden Phillpotts.

A story which leads the hero to experience many exciting adventures in the heart of Africa, where he goes to seek the treasure to which the "Golden Fetich" points the way. Mr. Phillpotts's best-known and most highly praised book has been, thus far, "The Children of the Mist."

The Young Woman in Modern Life. By Beverley Warner, D.D.

Recognising woman's influence in the world, Dr. Warner points out in simple terms some of the problems which confront her in the life of to-day. He feels, that whether she votes or does not vote, that with her lies the weal and woe of to-morrow. His advice, in many cases, might well be heeded.

The Black Shilling. By Amelia E. Barr.

A story of witchcraft days in New England by the author of "A Bow of Orange Ribbon." It was an old tradition of those days that the persons who sold themselves to the devil received from him the "Black Shilling."

Honor D'Everel. By Barbara Yechton.

Any one who has once read "We Ten" and "Young Mrs. Teddy," will not fail to read Miss Krause's new book. A love of humanity is breathed on every page. The scenes of the story are laid in St. Croix, where the author was born.

Barbe of Grand Bayou. By John Oxenham.

A strong novel. "Barbe" is the daughter of a lighthouse keeper on Grand Bayou, and through her rescue of a shipwrecked mariner a change comes into her life. Mr. Oxenham's "Flowers of the Dust" has been especially commended.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Light That Failed. By Rudyard Kipling.

The present edition is published as Mr. Kipling finally gave the story to the publishers. The dramatic version will, however, accept the happy ending of the first edition published in 1891. The book is illustrated with scenes from the play as rendered by Mr. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott.

In Old Alabama. By Anne Hobson.

"Miss Mouse, the little black merchant," is the narrator of these chronicles of negro life in a small southern town, and the publishers say that "it is perhaps the most accurate delineation of negro character since 'Uncle Remus.'"

A Deal in Wheat. By Frank Norris.

A collection of short stories dealing with the new and old West, some of which appeared as long ago as 1901. Admirers of Mr. Norris will welcome this posthumous volume. The book is reviewed in this number.

Toilers of the Home. By Lillian Pettengill.

A book which might be considered a companion volume to "The Woman Who Toils." In the present instance the story is the record of a college woman's experience as a domestic servant, and as the author has some strong convictions on the "servant problem," her book should prove helpful as well as entertaining.

A Child's Letters to Her Husband. By Helen Watterson Moody.

Of the making of epistolary books there seems to be no end. The present volume contains letters which are supposed to be written by a small child to her imaginary husband, for of course almost all little girls indulge in such imaginary possessions. The letters in this case are amusing as well as refreshing.

How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. With Introduction by W. J. Rolfe.

The third volume in a series, the purpose of which is described in the title. In addition to a chapter on the Pronunciation of Names, the author shows how to study the following plays: "Much Ado About Nothing," "Antony and Cleopatra," "King John," "The Winter's Tale," and "Love's Labour's Lost."

The Quatrains of Abu'L-Ala. A Rediscovered Forerunner of Omar Khayyam. Selected and Translated by Ameen F. Rihani.

We refer our readers to a mention of this book made in the Chronicle and Comment of the October Bookman.

The Responsibilities of the Novelist and Other Literary Essays. By Frank Norris.

A collection of essays on such subjects as "The True Reward of the Novelist," "The Novel with a 'Purpose'," "The Great American Novelist," "New York as a Literary Centre," "Fiction Writing as a Business," and "The 'Volunteer Manuscript'." At the end of the book one may find a bibliography, giving a complete list of all the essays, articles, letters, poems, and books written by the late Mr. Norris.

Eaton and Mains:

Algonquin Indian Tales. Collected by Egerton R. Young.

This collection of Indian stories has been made by a man who for a long time lived in the heart of the Indian country in the far West, and the tales which he tells have been gathered at first hand.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Red Poocher. By Seumas MacManus.

The stories in this book are supposed to be told by an Irish gamekeeper. He describes four different ways in which a clever poacher (poocher) contrived to "shoot over" the same Irish estate four times in almost annual succession. Mr. MacManus is a well known young Irishman, the author of books of prose and poetry relating to Ireland and her people.

Typical Elders and Deacons. By James M. Campbell, D.D.

A collection of sketches in which the writer "cannot refrain from embracing the present opportunity of giving expression to his personal thankfulness for the priceless friendships and invaluable services of the elders and deacons with whom it has been his privilege to be associated in the work of the Lord."

The Being With the Upturned Face. By Clarence Lathbury.

Eleven chapters of essays ranging from "The Touch of the Infinite" to "The Descent of Love." Mr. Lathbury is the brother of Mary A. Lathbury, the writer of hymns.

Ginn and Company:

Ways of the Six-Footed. By Anna Botsford Comstock.

The author of this little book is a lecturer in Cornell University Extension. She has also written a number of other "nature" books intended to instruct the young.

Insect Folk. By Margaret W. Morley.

A book for young people which tells, in the simplest manner, about the insects. Illustrations accompany the text.

Harper and Brothers:

The Change of Heart. By Margaret Sutton Briscoe.

A book of short stories, six in all, with love for their motive.

Innocent Industries; or, Kindergarten Tales for Industrious Infants. R. H. Russell.

A book intended to amuse the little ones, containing big pictures and little verse.

Monna Vanna. By Maurice Maeterlinck.

A play written by Maeterlinck, the scenes of which are laid at Pisa, Italy, at the end of the fifteenth century. A critical review of this work may be found in The Bookman for February, 1903, under the title "Maeterlinck and the Forbidden Play."

The Heart of Hyacinth. By Onoto Watanna.

A love story of Japan which comes to us beautifully bound in lavender cloth with elaborate illustrations by Kiyokichi Sanco. Admirers of "A Japanese Nightingale," by the same author, will undoubtedly find the same charm in the new story.

The Fairies' Circus. By Melville Cain. (Imprint R. H. Russell.)

An attractively illustrated book for the little ones.

Judgment. By Alice Brown.

A new novel by the author of "Meadow Grass," "The Mannerings," and a number of other books. A review appears elsewhere in this number.

A Candle of Understanding. By Elizabeth Bisland.

A love story which begins when the hero and heroine are children. The scenes shift from Mississippi to New York.

Letters Home. By William Dean Howells.

A new novel by the "Dean of American Literature." The story is told in the form of letters which are written home by a group of people who are in New York for different reasons. The book, therefore, should be classified under "New York in Fiction."

The Stories of Peter and Ellen. By Gertrude Smith.

A book suitable for little readers. The type is large, the words are small, and the illustrations are in colours by E. Mars and M. H. Squire.

History of the German Struggle for Liberty. By Poultney Bigelow. Volume III.

The third and last volume of Mr. Bigelow's story of the German revolt from the rule of Napoleon. In this volume the history covers the period from 1815 to 1848. A portrait of William the Great is used as the frontispiece, and a number of other illustrations are scattered through the text.

Flodden Field. A Tragedy. By Alfred Austin.

A three-act tragedy in blank verse by England's poet laureate. The battle of Flodden, fought between James IV. of Scotland and an English army under the Earl of Surrey, have furnished the scenes for this play.

Two Prisoners. By Thomas Nelson Page. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

Mr. Page's story, intended primarily for young readers, first appeared in "Harper's Young People," some years ago. The story in its present form has been rewritten and amplified, and the illustrations in colour are by Virginia Keep.

The Harvesters. By Aubrey Lanston. (Imprint R. H. Russell.)

An English novel of the early part of the nineteenth century. There are some

pretty unpleasant characters in it with much suffering for the heroine, and the trail of the melodramatic over it all.

A Kidnapped Colony. By Mary Raymond Shipman.

A bright little story of a young American who captured the Governorship of an English colony and ruled there for a time in place of the real Governor. The theme smacks of Richard Harding Davis, but one is not likely to quarrel with Mrs. Andrews because of this.

The Dutch Founding of New York. By Thomas A. Janvier.

A picturesque account of the history of the little colony of Dutch, "half-smothered between the two English Virginias." Mr. Janvier is identified with the literature of New York.

Richard-Land. By Robert W. Chambers.

In this charming story for children Mr. Chambers may be seen in a new light. The illustrations in colour are by Mr. Reginald Birch.

Jeffersonian Society:

Jeffersonian Democracy. By John R. Dunlap.

A book which is the result of thirty years' study and observation of political, economic, and industrial conditions in the United States, written with the hope of "putting the Democratic Party back upon the broad highway of Jeffersonian principles and precedents." Each volume contains a mailing card, giving an opportunity to readers of the book to enroll themselves as members of the Jeffersonian Societies.

Lane:

El Dorado. A Tragedy. By Ridgely Torrence.

A drama in blank verse. The play is in five acts, the first scene of which takes place in the Viceregal Palace in the City of Mexico. Mr. Torrence is one of the young writers in New York whose work shows a seriousness of purpose.

Where Love Is. By William J. Locke.

No one need wonder what this story is about, because it is obviously a love story and the title clearly says so. Among Mr. Locke's best known novels are: "Derelicts," "The White Dove," and "The Usurper."

A Book of Country Houses. By Ernest Newton.

Mr. Newton, an architect, presents here nineteen examples, illustrated on sixty-two plates, of country houses. The book is an imported one.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Memoirs of a Child. By Annie Steger Winston.

In these Memoirs the author writes of the child with a certain aloofness and stiffness which seem inappropriate when writing of the child world.

An Irish Cousin. By E. E. Somerville and Martin Ross.

A new edition of a book which was originally published in 1889. The authors' names were then given as "Geilles Herring" and Martin Ross. "An Irish Cousin" is the story of Irish country life.

Macmillan Company:

Highways and Byways in South Wales. By. A. G. Bradley.

A new illustrated volume belonging to the "Highways and Byways" Series. In preparing this work, Mr. Bradley spent six months in South Wales. The illustrations, and they are many, are by Frederick L. Griggs.

The Literary Sense. By E. Nesbit.

This is a novel, although it would be hard to guess this from the title. "E. Nesbit," who in private life is Edith Nesbit Bland, is best known through her stories for children, although she has written several novels. The present volume contains a collection of short stories which deal with lovers' meetings, partings, misunderstandings, and the usual reconciliations.

Supervision and Education in Charity. By Jeffrey Richardson Brackett, Ph.D.

A volume belonging to the series entitled American Philanthropy of the Nineteenth Century, edited by Herbert S. Brown. The author holds a number of positions in connection with the various departments of charities. He is also lecturer in Johns Hopkins University on Public Aid, Charity, and Correction.

McTodd. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne.

"McTodd" follows close upon the publication of "Thompson's Progress." McTodd appeared as the engineer in "Captain Kettle," and was popular enough to warrant his creator in making him the hero of his new story. A review is printed elsewhere in this number.

Mary of Magdala. By Paul Heyse. Translated by William Winter.

An historical and romantic drama which has been presented in New York and in many of the other large cities in the United States by Mrs. Fiske and her company. It was not known that Mr. Winter translated the play, until it was put on again at the Manhattan Theatre in September. The original version is in prose, while the translator has freely adapted it into English verse.

The Care of a House. By T. M. Clark.

A volume of suggestions to householders, housekeepers, landlords, tenants, and others, for the economical and efficient care of dwelling houses. Mr. Clark is a Fellow of the American Institute of Architects, and of the Society of Arts in London.

Trapper Jim. By Edwyn Sandys.

A story telling about all kinds of outdoor life which ought to appeal to every boy reader. Mr. Sandys has for many years been well known as a writer and a painter of outdoor subjects, especially hunting, fishing, and landscapes.

South Carolina as a Royal Province, 1719-1776. By W. Roy Smith, Ph.D.

A history of South Carolina divided under the following headings: The Proprietary Period, Land System, Land Frauds, Quit Rents, Government, The Executive, The Legislature, The Judiciary, Colonial Agents, Militia and Defense, Financial History, The Downfall of Royal Government.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. New Edition Revised and Enlarged. Under the Supervision of George G. Williamson, Litt.D. Volume I., A-C.

The first edition of this dictionary appeared in 1816, and since that time it has held its place as a complete and trustworthy authority on the facts and lives of the painters and engravers with whom it deals.

The Land of Heather. By Clifton Johnson.

An illustrated volume belonging to the series in which "Among English Hedgerows," "Along French Byways," and "New England and Its Neighbours" have already appeared. Mr. Johnson first became known as a photographer, and now that he has become a tourist he, naturally, illustrates his own books. In "The Land of Heather" Mr. Johnson describes the people and scenes of Scotland.

A Pleasure Book of Grindelwald. By Daniel P. Rhodes.

A book of especial interest to tourists. Mr. Rhodes, who is the son of Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the historian, takes his readers to the popular and beautiful resort in Switzerland, and he gives the sort of information that is not to be found in guide books.

Crabbe. By Alfred Ainger.

This "life" of George Crabbe, the English poet, belongs to Macmillan's series of English Men of Letters.

In the Seven Woods. By W. B. Yeats.

A collection of poems "chiefly of the Irish Heroic Age," and a play entitled "On Baile's Strand." Several of Mr. Yeats's plays were presented last summer at the Carnegie Lyceum under the auspices of the Irish Literary Society of New York.

Blount of Breckenhow. By Beulah Marie Dix.

The scene of this novel is laid in England in the years 1642-45. James Blount, whose father belonged to the gentry, and his mother to the yeomanry, enters the King's army as a private trooper. He wins a commission, but he is not recognised socially, while he falls in love with a girl who is won by his captain and only friend. A photograph of Miss Dix appeared in The Bookman for October.

The Beaten Path. By Richard L. Makin.

A story of modern life as it is seen in the workaday world. The action takes place in a large manufacturing town in Pennsylvania, and Mr. Makin works out the industrial problem in an interesting way.

The Physical Geography of New York State. By Ralph S. Tarr.

The articles in this volume first appeared in the Bulletin of The American Geographical Society, where they ran through twelve numbers. The present volume has been brought up to date, and a chapter on Climate, by E. T. Turner, has been included.

Byron's Shorter Poems. Selected and Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Ralph Hartt Bowles, A.M.

Macaulay's Essays on Johnson. Edited with Notes nd an Introduction by William Schuyler, A.M.

Oliver Goldsmith. A Biography. By Washington Irving. Edited with Notes and an Introduction by Gilbert Sykes Blakely, A.M.

The above little volumes belong to Macmillan's Pocket American and English Classics, which are edited for use in secondary schools.

Platonism in English Poetry of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries. By John Smith Harrison.

An attempt to explain the nature of the influence of Platonism upon English poetry of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The essay was presented as a dissertation for the doctorate in Columbia University and is brought out by the Columbia University Press, of which the Macmillan Company are the agents.

Robert Morris. Patriot and Financier. By Ellis Paxson Oberholtzer, Ph.D.

This biography was founded principally upon the Robert Morris papers, recently acquired by the Library of Congress from the General John Meredith Read estate. The portrait of Morris, used as frontispiece, is the reproduction of the Rosenthal etching of the Gilbert Stuart portrait, in possession of members of the family. A photograph of Mr. Oberholtzer appeared in the September Bookman.

The English Heroic Play. By Lewis Nathaniel Chase.

A critical description of the rhymed tragedy of the Restoration, which was originally prepared as an essay in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray.

Christmas Books, etc.

Sketches and Travels in London.

Catherine.

Three new volumes in the Dent Edition of Thackeray, edited by Walter Jerrold and illustrated by Charles E. Brock.

Familiar Letters of Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ. By James Howell. Three volumes.

Pippa Passes and Other Dramatic Poems. By Robert Browning.

Verba Christi. The Sayings of Jesus Christ.

The above books belong to the Temple Classics, and they make an attractive addition to one's Pocket Library.

The Black Chanter. By Nimmo Christie. A collection of Highland stories.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Falk. By Joseph Conrad.

In a way a companion volume to "Youth." Further notice of "Falk" appears elsewhere in this number.

The Adventures of Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle.

The second series of stories dealing with the exploits and Gasconades of the dashing, vain, but very lovable soldier of the great Napoleon. These new stories tell of the Brigadier in Russia, Spain, England, and France; show how he saved the Emperor's life during the flight from the field of Waterloo, and how six years later he looked for the last time upon the face of his master. This book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

In Babel. By George Ade.

The stories and sketches in Mr. Ade's new book have been rewritten from certain daily contributions to the Chicago "Record-Herald." The Babel of the title is Chicago, and the stories touch upon life on the lake front as well as among the Irish and Italian emigrants in the squalid quarters of the city.

Sea Scamps. By Henry C. Rowland.

A story of adventures upon the seas about the Philippines, China, and Japan. The men, who are soldiers of fortune, find themselves smuggling opium, carrying a shipload of outlawed hemp, capturing a cargo of contraband rifles and ammunition. They also have a conflict with marauding Malays, and are captured by inland tribes. This book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Following the Frontier. By Roger Pocock.

A story written in the first person, giving the account of various adventures which befall a young Englishman who emigrates to the Northwest.

Encyclopædia of Household Economy. By Emily Holt.

Housekeepers should treasure this book, as it gives considerable information on the care of a house and how to keep it clean in the simplest and best way. There are also chapters on the Lawn and Garden, Plumbing and Sanitation, Sick-Room and Nursing, the Family Sewing, etc.

Wally Wanderoon and His Story-Telling Machine. By Joel Chandler Harris.

A new book by the popular creator of "Uncle Remus." Karl Moseley has done the illustrating.

Letters from a Chinese Official. Being an Eastern View of Western Civilisation.

A small book which was originally written for the English rather than the American public. In an introduction to the American edition, the author of the "Letters" tells why they should appeal strongly to American readers.

The Way of the Sea. By Norman Duncan.

A collection of tales of the sea by the author of "The Soul of the Street." Lovers of the sea in fiction will want to include this book among their collection of sea stories. A review appears elsewhere in the current issue.

Barlasch of the Guard. By Henry Seton Merriman.

Mr. Merriman tells a story of the days when the ebbing tide of Napoleon's fortunes swept Europe with desolation. "Papa Barlasch of the Guard, Italy, Egypt, the Danube," is a veteran in the Little Corporal's service.

Silver Linings. By Nina Rhoades.

A story for young girls which the author dedicates to Helen Keller. There are many dark clouds in the life of the heroine, but the old saying is verified in the end.

The Master Rogue. By David Graham Phillips.

A new novel by the author of "Golden Fleece." The present story is the study of a man who has become a slave of wealth. As he goes on step by step to the coveted goal—money, friends, and family slip away from him, but he goes on to the bitter end.

The Long Night. By Stanley J. Weyman.

A new, historical romance by the author of "A Gentleman of France," and "Under the Red Robe." It is described as "a stirring tale of love, war, and witchcraft in old Geneva, during the days of the alchemists and religious reformers."

Love, the Fiddler. By Lloyd Osbourne.

A collection of love stories, five in number, all of them interesting to those

readers who like to read about what "all the world loves."

The Rose of Joy. By Mary Findlater.

A novel in which the heroine marries unhappily. The husband is utterly selfish and worthless, and has been married before. When the first wife puts in an appearance the second wife turns to art for consolation, and proceeds to paint her great masterpiece, "The Rose of Joy."

The Heart of Japan. By Clarence Ludlow Brownell.

Mr. Brownell gives glimpses of life and nature in Japan far from the beaten track which the ordinary traveller knows about. He is a member of the Japan Society of London. The book is illustrated.

Kings and Queens. By Florence Wilkinson.

An illustrated book for young readers containing the prose and poetry of "Beulah, Belinda, John, and David." Miss Wilkinson has gained considerable reputation as a novelist and poet.

Comedies in Miniature. By Margaret Cameron.

A collection of plays and monologues which have been played by amateur actors in various parts of the country. Two of them have been acted by Mr. Sargent's school in New York, and of these plays Mr. Sargent says: "Theatrically and dramatically I can say that I believe her plays are most unusual and valuable."

McClure's Children's Annual for 1904. Edited by T. W. H. Crosland.

A book with a number of illustrations and prose and poetry to delight the very young. The coloured plates were engraved and printed by Mr. Edmund Evans, of London.

Putnam's Sons:

Little Journeys to the Homes of English Authors. By Elbert Hubbard.

An illustrated book by the proprietor of the Roycroft Press. The homes "visited" are those of William Morris, Robert Browning, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Burns, John Milton, Samuel Johnson, Thomas B. Macaulay, Lord Byron, Joseph Addison, Robert Southey, Samuel T. Coleridge, and Benjamin Disraeli.

Little Journeys to the House of Great Musicians. By Elbert Hubbard.

A companion volume to the above. The musicians in question are Mozart, Brahms, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Handel, Chopin, Liszt, Verdi, Paganini, Schumann, Bach, and Beethoven.

Ireland Under English Rule. By Thomas Addis Emmet, M.D., LL.D. Two Volumes.

A work which is purely historical. Its purpose is to show to Englishmen and Irishmen alike the important work done by Ireland in the Middle Ages in behalf of culture, education, and Christianity. It shows, further, that Ireland's decline began when the English gained control of the country and took away her liberty.

Christopher Columbus. By John Boyd Thacher. Volume II.

The second volume in the elaborate and massive work which Mr. Thacher is preparing on Christopher Columbus, his life, his work, and his remains as revealed by original printed and manuscript records. The present volume contains a frontispiece, in colour, showing the coat-of-arms as adopted by Columbus in January, 1502.

Revell and Company:

That Betty. By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

A slight little story written in the first person, presumably by a serving woman in a rich family, while "that Betty" is lady's maid to Miss Frances.

The Edge of Things. By Elia W. Peattie.

A strong novel of western life where love plays a prominent part. The story opens as the Commencement exercises close, where before the man at the edge of things "nothing remained—except everything." A review appears elsewhere in this number.

Honor Dalton. By Frances Campbell.

An optimistic novel of to-day which tells of the romance of a man and a woman, one of whom cannot be bought, nor the other conquered by misfortune.

The Country Boy. By Forrest Crissey.

A collection of sketches of a typical American country boy, with attractive illustrations by Griselda Marshall McClure. Some of these sketches appeared in the "Saturday Evening Post," the "Woman's Home Companion," and the "Chicago Evening Post."

Eleanor Lee. By Margaret E. Sangster.

A novel of married life in which the heroine struggles to redeem from sin the husband that she loves. The frontispiece is the reproduction of a daguerreotype of Mrs. Sangster when she was a young girl.

The Bondage of Ballinger. By Roswell Field.

The story of a bibliomaniac by the brother of Eugene Fields brother. Ballinger is an old book-lover, who, like the drunkard, will sacrifice anything to buy what he craves the most. An edition de luxe of two hundred copies has been issued in advance of the regular edition.

Pott and Company:

In the Tail of the Peacock. By Isabel Savory.

The news that France, allowed a free hand by the rest of Europe, is soon to

undertake the conquest of Morocco and the introduction of European ideas in a country which has retained until now the atmosphere and the customs of the days of Haroum Alraschid, gives this volume a particular timeliness. The curious title is taken from the Moorish proverb which reads "The Earth is a peacock: Morocco is the tail of it."

Galileo. His Life and Work. By J. J. Fahie.

A history of one of the earliest and greatest of the experimental philosophers of the modern world which covers a period from 1564 to 1642. The volume contains a list of the principal works used in its preparation and a bibliography.

Scribners:

Cruising Among the Caribbees. By Charles Augustus Stoddard.

This book first appeared in 1895. The book has been revised and brought up to date by adding chapters on the description of St. Pierre, the Island of Jamaica, and the new territory of Porto Rico. Mr. Stoddard is editor of the New York "Observer." He spent parts of the winters of 1902 and 1903 in the West Indies, revisiting most of the islands described in this volume.

The Development of the Drama. By Brander Matthews.

Professor Matthews divides his book into ten chapters as follows: "The Art of the Dramatist," "Greek Tragedy," "Greek and Roman Comedy," "The Mediæval Drama," "The Drama in Spain," "The Drama in England," "The Drama in France," "The Drama in the Eighteenth Century," "The Drama in the Nineteenth Century," and "The Future of the Drama," which appeared in the pages of The Bookman. In his preface, Professor Matthews says: "Such criticism as there may be in the following pages is not so much philosophical or even æsthetic as it is technical; it is concerned less with the poetry which illumines the masterpieces of the great dramatists than it is with the sheer craftsmanship of the most skillful playwrights."

In the War With Mexico. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

A book for boys which tells of a midshipman's adventures on ship and shore, during the time of the war with Mexico. Grant, Lee, McClellan, Beauregard, and Kearney figure in the tale.

Through Three Campaigns. By G. A. Henty.

A war story for young readers by the late Mr. Henty, the well-known and prolific writer of books for boys and girls.

With the Allies to Pekin. By G. A. Henty.

A tale of the campaign which ended with the relief of the Pekin Legations.

In the Grip of the Mullah. By Capt. F. S. Brereton.

Captain Brereton's stories for boys are well known in England. Boys should enjoy this "tale of adventure in Somaliland."

Foes of the Red Cockade. By Capt. F. S. Brereton.

A story of the French Revolution of interest to boy readers. These two books by Captain Brereton are the first, we believe, to appear from his pen in this country.

The Story of the Revolution. By Henry Cabot Lodge.

A new edition of Mr. Lodge's history which is now published in one large volume instead of in two smaller ones, as with the earlier edition. The present volume contains 178 illustrations.

Vacation Days in Greece. By Rufus B. Richardson.

A series of sketches by the former director of the American School of Archæology at Athens. The book should be of interest to the traveller as well as to the student.

Richard Savage. A Romance of Real Life. By Charles Whitehead.

An important volume belonging to the Caxton Thin Paper Reprints of Famous Novels. The introduction to this novel bears the date, 1842.

Dante's Divine Comedy. The Book and Its Story. By Leigh Hunt.

A small imported volume which gives a chapter on "Dante's Life and Genius," and three chapters on "The Story of the Poem." Dante is to be presented on the New York stage this season.

Christopher Marlowe.

Ben Jonson. Three volumes.

The above books are imported ones, appearing in uniform bindings. "Christopher Marlowe" is edited by Havelock Ellis, with an Introduction by J. A. Symonds, and "Ben Jonson" is edited with Introduction and Notes by Brinsley Nicholson and C. H. Herford.

The Cavalier in Exile. Being the Lives of the First Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. By Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

This book, also imported, belongs to Newnes's Pocket Classics and is uniform with Anster's translation of Goethe's "Faust."

Switzerland and the Adjacent Portions of Italy, Savoy, and Tyrol. By Karl Baedecker.

This handbook for travellers needs no introduction. The fact that it is a "Baedeker" is sufficient. It contains sixty-five maps, fourteen plans, and eleven panoramas, and is in its twentieth edition. (Imported.)

Cuchulain of Muirthemne: The Story of the Men of the Red Branch of Ulster. Arranged and put into English by Lady Gregory. With a Preface by W. B. Yeats.

Mr. Yeats says of this book that it "is the best book that has come out of Ireland in my time. Perhaps I should say that it is the best book that has ever come out of Ireland; for the stories which it tells are a chief part of Ireland's gift to the imagination of the world—and it tells them perfectly for the first time." (Imported.)

Poets and Dreamers: Studies and Translations from the Irish. By Lady Gregory.

Another contribution to Irish literature, which is also imported.

Madame de Montespan. By H. Noel Williams.

In studying the life of Madame de Montespan, Mr. Williams says that we are studying not her alone, but the whole society of which she was the representative. She was "something more than the mistress of le Grand Monarque, the mother of legitimate princes and princesses, the woman whose blood flows today in the veins of half the Royal Houses in Europe; she was the symbol of her age, the spirit of seventeenth-century France incarnate." The volume is a handsome one, illustrated with sixteen photogravures. (Imported.)

The Shakespeare Country Illustrated. By John Leyland.

Lovers of Shakespeare would do well to own this book. It first appeared in the "Country Life" Library and met with considerable success. In addition to the illustrations which accompany the text, there are notes, in the form of appendices, upon the Washington and Franklin countries frequently visited from Stratford. (Imported.)

Scribner's Sons:

The Bar Sinister. By Richard Harding Davis.

Between handsome covers and with illustrations in colour this little story, which was printed first last year, appears as one of the holiday gift books. If you have read this story, whatever we may say will be superfluous. If you have not, our advice is to get the book as soon as you possibly can.

Silver, Burdett:

The Rational Method in Reading. By Edward G. Ward.

The Rational Method in Spelling. By Edward G. Ward.

The above are text-books, the first intended for the Fifth Reader, and the second to be used in the third and fourth years.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Congressman's Wife. By John D. Barry.

A story of American politics by the author of "A Daughter of Thespis." Mr. Barry says in his preface that he has not aimed primarily to depict conditions in American politics, as he feels that has already been done far better than he could do it. He has, however, shown the contrast between the standards a man may follow in public life or in business and those he maintains at home.

The Career of Mrs. Osborne. By Helene Milecete.

A novel which the publishers class as an extravaganza. It tells in an amusing manner of the adventures of two young women who take an apartment in London under the fictitious chaperonage of "Mrs. Osborne."

Stokes and Company:

The Correspondence of William I. and Bismarck. Translated by J. A. Ford. Two volumes.

An important work, containing portraits and facsimile letters, and other letters from and to Prince Bismarck besides the ones which passed between him and William I.

Rips and Raps. By L. de V. Matthewman. Pictures by T. Fleming.

Accompanying the pictures in this little book are raps such as the following: "The difference between vice and virtue depends largely on the vice—and the vicious." "There would not be so many fools were there not so many imitators."

Taylor and Company:

Two Years Ago. By Charles Kingsley. Two volumes.

Two new volumes in the Library Edition of the Novels, Poems, and Memories of Charles Kingsley, with an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. The October Bookman contained an article on Kingsley's "Westward-ho!"

Big Jack and Other True Stories of Horses. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

A collection of short stories for juvenile readers who love horses and who like to read about them. "Big Jack' is a horse with wonderfully beautiful brown eyes.

Little Comrade: The Story of a Cat, and Other Animal Stories. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

A companion volume to the above.

Warne and Company:

The Tale of Peter Rabbit. By Beatrix Potter.

The Tale of Squirrel Nutkin. By Beatrix Potter.

Little books for little people. Coloured

illustrations accompanying the text in both volumes.

The Handy World Atlas and Gazetteer.

The above title admirably describes this little book. It ought to be of practical value to any one who possesses a copy.

The Work of Botticelli.

A volume containing a number of reproductions of Botticelli's work, accompanied by a sketch written by Richard Davey, and a list of the principal works of the great painter. The book is brought out in London by George Newnes in his "Art Library."

What the Toys Did! A Dream. Told in Verses. By E. L. Shute.

These toys did all sorts of wonderful things in "Freddy's" dream, as one can see by looking at the coloured illustrations in this book and by reading the verses.

The Little Folks' Picture Natural History. By Edward Step, F.L.S.

A large book with over two hundred coloured figures and numerous illustrations in the text. From this book the little people may get their first glimpses of the animal world.

Wessels Company:

Royal Palaces and Their Memories. By Sarah A. Tooley.

An imported, illustrated book. The author began this work some four years ago, and her aim has been to tell the story of the royal palaces from the human rather than from the antiquarian or architectural standpoint. The palaces selected have a living as well as a past interest, and they are: Windsor, St. James, Hampton Court, Kensington, and Buckingham.

Wycil and Company:

The Mis-Rule of Three. By Florence Warden.

A new novel by the author of "The House on the Marsh" and other books similarly sensational. Judging from the chapter headings and illustrations, the sensations are not lacking in the present story.

Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured:

Handbook of First Aid to the Injured. By Bowditch Morton, M.D.

A new edition of a book which was prepared at the request of the Society for Instruction in First Aid to the Injured. The present revision has been made by Ellsworth Eliot, Jr., M.D., and Louis Faugeres Bishop, M.D. The book contains twenty-seven illustrations.

Boston.

Bacon and Company:

Rational Home Gymnastics. By Hartvig Nissen.

A new and enlarged edition of an illustrated book by a well known director of physical training in various schools and colleges. The little volume contains practical directions for the use of persons who wish to take exercise in their own homes. The illustrations of exercises for women have been contributed by Baroness Rose Posse.

Dana, Estes and Company:

Florestane the Troubadour. By Julia de Wolf Addison.

A mediæval romance of Southern France which introduces, among its characters, Dante, Cimabue, Sordello, and other celebrated men. With this romantic background one can imagine that exciting episodes are not lacking.

Ginn and Company:

A Latin Grammar. By William Gardner Hale and Carl Darling Buck.

A grammar which aims to be a working text-book, adapted to the needs of high school education. Of it the publishers say: "This new Latin grammar is the work of specialists and embodies the results of many years of independent study in their respective fields.

New Latin Grammar. For Schools and Colleges. Founded on Comparative Grammar. Edited by J. B. Greenough, G. L. Kittredge, A. A. Howard, and Benjamin L. D'Ooge.

A revised edition of a grammar which appeared first in 1888. This revision was planned and begun in the lifetime of Professor, and has been carried out in accordance with his ideas.

Griffith-Stillings Press:

Campaigns in Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, 1862-1863. Volume III.

The Military Historical Society of Massachusetts are bringing out these volumes, which contain a history of the campaigns as indicated in the title.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Overture. By Joseph Russell Taylor.

A book of poems, containing a long one, "Penelope in Love," and a number of shorter ones. Some of the poems have appeared in the "Atlantic," "Scribner's," the "Century," and "Harper's."

Jewel: A Chapter in Her Life. By Clara Louise Burnham.

Jewel will probably be described many times over as a feminine "little Lord Fauntleroy." As in "The Right Princess," the influence of Christian Science figures largely in this story.

The Clerk of the Woods. By Bradford Torrey.

The chapters in this volume were written each week for simultaneous publication in the "Transcript" of Boston and the "Mail and Express" of New York.

They give an account of events out-of-doors, as witnessed by a natural-historical observer. The chronicle begins with May, which to the bird-gazer is a "short month," and ends with April.

Witnesses of the Light. Being the William Belden Lectures for 1903. By Washington Gladden.

These lectures were delivered at Harvard University last spring by the Rev. Washington Gladden. In their published form they present a series of biographical studies of six historical figures, Dante, Michelangelo, Fichte, Victor Hugo, Wagner, and Ruskin. These studies are accompanied by portraits.

Good-Bye, Proud World. By Ellen Olney Kirk.

A novel whose heroine is a newspaper woman in New York. She inherits a little property, says good-bye to the world, and goes to a Connecticut village to rest. There she meets the Man, an author, and then the real story begins.

Essays on Great Writers. By Henry Dwight Sedgwick, Jr.

In these essays, Mr. Sedgwick deals mainly with such men of letters as Scott, Thackeray, Macaulay, Montaigne, and Cervantes. Mr. Sedgwick spent last winter and spring in Italy, and contributed various articles to the magazines on Pope Leo.

Aids to the Study of Dante. By Charles Allen Dinsmore.

"The Teachings of Dante," Mr. Dinsmore's earlier book, has gone through four editions in this country. The present book gives in a convenient form Dante's famous letter to Can Grande Boccaccio's narrative of Dante's life, information from the chief authorities like Scartazzini, Comparetti, Charles Eliot Norton, Dean Church, Gaspary, and Lowell. The illustrations include tables and diagrams. The book is designed for the general public as well as for college classes.

My Own Story. With Recollections of Noted Persons. By John Townsend Trowbridge.

J. T. Trowbridge, the veteran writer for boys and girls, and the author of novels and books of poems, has written the story of his life. His reminiscences of Walt Whitman, Father Taylor, Emerson, Alcott, Longfellow, and other men of letters are very interesting. He also gives intimate portraits of some of the men of the past who were connected with "The Atlantic Monthly," "The Youth's Companion," etc.

Long Will. By Florence Converse.

Miss Converse's new book, a romance of the fourteenth century, is utterly unlike her previous novels: "Diana Victrix" and "The Burden of Christopher." The former portrayed life in the north and south, while the latter concerned itself with the conflict between capital and labour. The present book has for its theme the Peasants' Revolt.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm. By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

A new story by an author whose popularity is widespread. The present book has the quiet charm of the country about it, and the characters are every-day, homely people.

Gawayne and the Green Knight. By Charlton Miner Lewis.

A fairy tale told in verse. The story is divided into four cantos.

Lesley Chilton. By Eliza Orne White.

A love story, with the scenes laid in Mount Desert, New York, Boston, and Cambridge. The heroine is a woman with advanced ideas in regard to the higher education for her own sex, but this does not prevent her from falling in love with a man whose opinions are directly opposed to her own.

The Pine Grove House. By Ruth Hall.

The writer of several historical novels has departed from this well-worn track and in her present novel she tells the story of a group of people belonging to the present time. Pine Grove House, say the publishers, is not far from New York City.

The Young Ice Whalers. By Winthrop Packard.

A book for boys. It tells of the adventures of wild beasts, wild men, and wild weather, in Bering Sea, the Arctic Ocean, and on the shore of Alaska. The author has himself sailed on whaling ships, and he is familiar with the sea and land of which he writes. The book is illustrated.

A Reader's History of American Literature. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Henry Walcott Boynton.

The articles in this book are based upon a course of lectures which were delivered at the Lowell Institute of Boston in January of last year. There are a number of photographs and facsimiles in the volume.

Lee and Shepard:

The Frolicsome Four. By Edith L. and Ariadne Gilbert.

A story for young readers. The "frolicsome four" are two brothers and two sisters.

Joy Bells. A Quinnebasset Story. By Sophie May.

Another story for boys and girls. It is a new "Quinnebasset" book in which some of the old characters reappear.

Little Betty Blew. By Annie M. Barnes.

The story of a little girl's experiences

and adventures in "Indian Land" about two hundred years ago.

The Hermit. By Charles Clark Munn.

A story of the wilderness which the publishers describe as "a genuine old-fashioned love story of the kind that every one likes." Mr. Munn is the author of "Uncle Terry."

Winifred's Neighbours. By Nina Rhoades.

A story for little girls by the author of "The Little Girl Next Door."

Following the Ball. By A. T. Dudley.

By the title it is easy to guess that this is a book for boys. The scene is laid in Exeter, and of the story the head coach of the Harvard Football Team for 1903 writes: "I am glad enough to find one book with real football in it."

The New Thought Simplified. By Henry Wood.

Mr. Wood explains the principles of the New Thought, and tells how through it and because of it one is enabled to gain harmony and health.

Little, Brown and Company:

Blake Redding. A Boy of To-day. By Natalie Rice Clark.

The boys of to-day will like this story. It is good.

Ursula's Freshman. By Anna Chapin Ray.

A book which belongs to the class of story hard to classify. It is neither a juvenile nor a novel. It is in its teens, so to speak. The heroine is a hot-headed young girl transplanted from the Iowa prairies to a conventional life in New York. The plucky "freshman" who earns his way through Yale is the hero.

The Golden Windows. By Laura E. Richards.

A book of fables for old and young, each of which teaches a lesson as well as a moral. But perhaps we had better keep that dark.

Adventures of an Army Nurse. Edited from the Diary and Correspondence of Mary Phinney, Baroness von Olnhausen. By James Phinney Munroe.

The subject of these Memoirs is a New England woman who served as a hospital nurse in the Civil War and the Franco-German War.

The Giant's Ruby, and Other Fairy Tales. By Mabel Fuller Blodgett.

A book of fairy tales with illustrations by Katherine Pyle. Miss Blodgett is also the author of "At the Queen's Mercy," "Fairy Tales," and "In Poppy Land."

Gay. By Evelyn Whitaker.

A new story by the author of the "Miss Toosey" books. Gay is a small boy, and judging from the illustrations a lovable one.

Camp Fidelity Girls. By Annie Hamilton Donnell.

A story of four school girls who, because of illness at home, spend their vacation at "Camp Fidelity," an old farmhouse where the girls put in a pleasant summer.

Jack, the Fire Dog. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft.

Mrs. Wesselhoeft has written a number of animal stories for young people, and in her new book about the fire dog (fire dogs are invariably called "Jack") she has chosen a theme which will surely prove entertaining to boys and girls.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Sally. Mrs. Tubbs. By Margaret Sidney.

A little book which might be classed with the "Mrs. Wiggs" type of story. "Sally" is a washerwoman who attains the coveted title of a married woman by wedding a weak-minded little man. Like Mrs. Wiggs, Sally is also cheerful and courageous.

Message and Melody. By Richard Burton.

A book of verse by a well-known man of letters and author of several books of prose and poetry. The present volume contains a number of short poems touching upon a diversity of subjects.

Page and Company:

A Book of Girls. By Lilian Bell.

A small volume containing four stories of girls and for girls by an author whose books have amused and entertained many readers.

Old New England Churches. By Mary C. Crawford.

The present volume, which belongs to the "Little Pilgrimages Series," aims to give the story side of those old meeting-houses and ministers whose names and aspects are more or less familiar to the general reader. The book is illustrated.

Among the Men Who Have Written Famous Books. Second Series. By Edward F. Harkins.

This book is uniform with the above. Among the authors who have written famous (?) books, according to the author, may be mentioned George Ade, Irving Bacheller, John D. Barry, Arlo Bates, Cyrus Townsend Brady, Thomas Dixon, Jr., George Barr McCutcheon, Charles Major, Booth Tarkington, Owen Wister, F. Hopkinson Smith, George Horace Lorimer, Jack London, Henry Harland, Arthur Sherburne Hardy, and a few others.

Chicago.

Dramatic Publishing Company:

Modern Monologues. By Marjorie Benton Cooke.

These monologues have been given from time to time by Miss Cooke, a young lady well known in Chicago's society and university circles. The monologues are sufficiently varied in scope to be of use to the most versatile public reader.

McClurg and Company:

The Castle of Twilight. By Margaret Horton Potter.

A novel which has an atmosphere of the cloister about it. In a foreword the author says: "Wistfully I deliver up to you my simple story, knowing that the first suggestion of 'historical novel' will bring before you an image of dreary woodenness and increasing courage. Yet if you will have the graciousness but to unlock my castle door you will find within only two or three quiet folk who will distress you with no battles nor strange oaths."

Talks of Napoleon at St. Helena. With General Baron Gourgaud. Together with the Journal Kept by Gourgaud on Their Journey from Waterloo to St. Helena. Translated, and with Notes, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer.

We refer our readers to the review of this book which is printed elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

Marriage in Epigram. Compiled by Frederick W. Morton.

A companion volume to "Love in Epigram," "Woman in Epigram," and "Men in Epigram." The present book contains "stings, flings, facts, and fancies from the 'Thought of Ages.'"

Famous Assassinations. By Francis Johnson.

Mr. Johnson gives the history of the thirty-one assassinations which have become famous in history, beginning with Philip of Macedon, 336 B.C., and concluding with Alexander of Servia, A.D., 1903. The story of these assassinations, we understand, has never before been told in a connected form.

Songs from the Hearts of Women. By Nicholas Smith.

One hundred famous hymns are reprinted in this book, and accompanying each hymn the author has something to say of the writer of it. "My design in compiling this volume," says Mr. Smith, "is to bring together in one small and attractive volume some of the finest hymns which have come from the hearts of women." The period covered by the hymn-writers is two hundred years, from Madame Guyon to Mary A. Lathbury.

The Spinner Family. By Alice Jean Patterson.

A simple account of the habits and characteristics of many of the common spiders. The book has been prepared from notes gathered from the author's own observation and study.

Rand, McNally and Company:

The Mills of Man. By Philip Payne.

A story of to-day in which a woman of forty and a railroad magnate play important parts. "This world grinds coarse," says this railroad magnate, "but it grinds, I guess."

Philadelphia.

Lippincott:

A Sequence in Hearts. By Mary Moss.

The first novel of a writer whose contributions to these pages have been more or less frequent. Miss Moss has written a modern story which is clever, satirical, and full of humour. A further mention of the book will be found elsewhere, and Miss Moss's photograph may be found in the Chronicle and Comment of this issue.

A Passage Perilous. By Rosa Nouchette Carey.

Miss Carey can be depended on every year to turn out at least one good, healthy story of young womanhood. The present book tells of a young girl who left her husband at the church door and who finds out before very long that he carried her heart away with him.

A Narrative of Medicine in America. By James Gregory Mumford, M.D.

Dr. Mumford is assistant visiting surgeon to the Massachusetts General Hospital and instructor in surgery in the Harvard Medical School. "This book," he says, "is not a systematic history; it is a narrative of medicine and doctors. My object has been to take some of the conspicuous American physicians of each era in their proper sequence, to tell the story of their lives and their doings, and thus to illustrate the whole by a series of pictures, as it were."

Jewish Publication Society of America:

The American Jewish Year Book. 5664. September 22, 1903, to September 9, 1904. Edited by Cyrus Adler.

A new feature in the Jewish Year Book for 5664 is the series of biographical sketches of Rabbis and Cantors in the United States. This series was compiled, according to the preface, because of the interest attached to the education and literary activities of the spiritual guides of American Jewry.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

To-morrow's Tangle. By Geraldine Bonner.

A dramatic novel with the scenes laid in San Francisco. Miss Bonner has spent much of her life in California, her first literary employment being in connection with the San Francisco "Argonaut."

She That Hesitates. By Harris Dickson.

In his dedication to "She That Hesitates"—and what woman doesn't?—Mr. Dickson very prettily puts it thus: "To Her—and to all women who have wavered since time began; to those we praise for their fortitude and virtue, to those we love for their weakness and their hesitation." Mr. Dickson will be remembered especially as the author of "The Black Wolf's Breed."

San Francisco.

California Promotion Committee:

California Addresses. By President Roosevelt.

The California Promotion Committee have collected together the addresses which the President delivered during his tour of that State in May of this year. The book is illustrated.

Elder and Company:

Book of Nature. By Johnny Jones. Spelling by His Mother.

The little verses in this pamphlet refer to the flea, the cow, the elephant, the mosquito, and about thirty other insects and animals. The drawings are in pen and ink, and the poems are somewhat as follows:

"I'm very fond of little doves,
I love to hear them coo,
It's such a peaceful kind of sound
And sort of mournful, too."

Mercury Press:

The City of Is and Other Poems. By Frederick Milton Willis.

A book of poems which the author dedicates to California, a State which he describes as the "Western Greece."

Akron, Ohio.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Character Reading. By Mrs. Symes.

A small volume which tells how one can read character by the shape of the face and head, by the lines of the mouth, and by the nose.

The Wonderful Electric Elephant. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

A fantastic tale of a wonderful elephant, whose doings should interest the young reader. The illustrations are in keeping with the text.

Dayton, Ohio.

United Brethren Publishing House:

The Criminal Classes, Causes and Cures. By D. R. Miller, D.D.

The author of this book has been Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, and Superintendent of the Girls' Industrial Home, at Delaware, Ohio, and therefore brings his own experience to bear upon the subject of which he writes.

Ithaca.

Andrus and Church:

John Chambers. By Rev. William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

A biographical sketch of one of the popular preachers of the nineteenth century in Philadelphia who for many years was in charge of the First Independent Church in that city.

Washington.

Government Printing Office:

A List of Lincolniana in the Library of Congress. By George Thomas Ritchie.

A catalogue giving a list of the writings of Abraham Lincoln and a list of the writings relating to him.

A Calendar of John Paul Jones Manuscripts in the Library Congress. Compiled under the Direction of Charmes Henry Lincoln, Ph.D.

This calendar contains 883 entries, which are arranged chronologically.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New book in order of demand as sold between August and September, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

3. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Consoli-

New York, N. Y.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Wings of Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Red Triangle. Morrison. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Maid of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Wings of the Morning. Tracey. (E. J. Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Training of Wild Animals. Bostock. (Century.) $1.00 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watana. (Harper.) $2.00.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Henry Holt.) $1.50.
5. Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. John Percyfield. Henderson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Prince of Sinners. Oppenheim. (Little & Brown.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Diplomat's Wife. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50 net.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
4. The Vagabond. Palmer. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Manuscript in a Red Box. (Lane.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. The Filagree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Consolidated Retail Bookseller.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Captain's Toll Gate. Stockton. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50

Kansas City, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
2. Brewster's Millions. Greave. (Stowe.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. At the Time Appointed. Barbour. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Gayarres History of La. (Hansell & Bro.) $10.00 net.
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Shadow of Victory. Reed. (Putman.) $1.20.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
2. Such Things as Dreams are Made of. Miller. (Lawrence.) $1.00.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. The Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Yellow Crayon. Oppenheim. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Lady Rose's Daughter. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Out for Coin. McHugh. (Dillingham.) 75 cents.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Manuscript in the Red Box. (Lane.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

2. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Under Dog. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press:) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Murray.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. Bartasch of the Guards. Merriman. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Heinemann.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead,) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Parish of Two. McVickar-Collins. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

From the bove lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	161
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50..	144
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	120
4. Gordon Keith. Page . (Scribner.) $1.50.	115
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	104
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.....	95

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IS
PEARS' SOAP



Pears' Complexion Powder is a wholesome Powder.
In a box with mirror.

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They cost a little more than the common makes, but you get a pen that will last longer and write smoothly with a quick, elastic action.

Twelve pens, different patterns, sent for trial on receipt of six cents in stamps.

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THE LATEST WEBER CREATION — THE "STYLE A" SMALL GRAND, WHICH IS BUT 5 FEET 4 INCHES IN LENGTH, IS ATTRACTING THE WIDEST ATTENTION FROM ART CRITICS AND MUSICAL CONNOISSEURS

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TWO GREAT AMERICAN WRITERS



MARK TWAIN SAYS

With a single Wirt Pen I have covered the Journey's Log for many years. With it I could have gone around the World.

Mark Twain



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THE BEST

Sold on its merits the world over for sixteen years.

Improved, beautiful line in fifty styles.
Clean, efficient, durable and reliable.

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Grape-Nuts

There is more nourishment *that the body will absorb* in ONE pound of GRAPE-NUTS than in TEN pounds of Meat, Wheat, Oats or Bread. This is a solid, sound, scientific truth. There's a reason.

Physicians find no stomach too weak to digest Grape-Nuts and grow strong upon the food.

And it is delicious.

VOSE PIANOS

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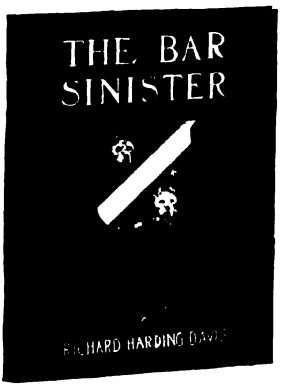
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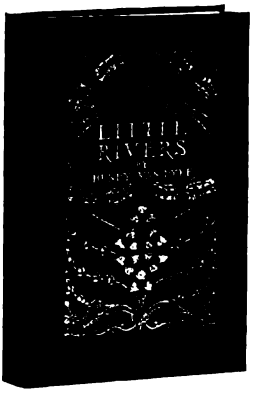
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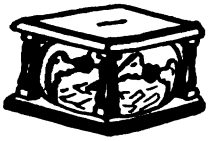
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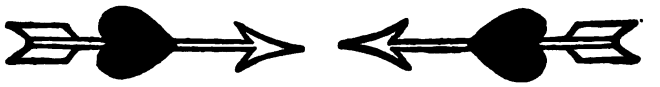
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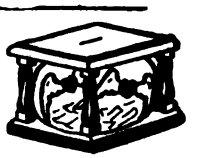
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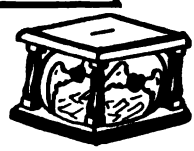
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3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
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1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
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3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press:) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Toronto, Canada.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Murray.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. Bartasch of the Guards. Merriman. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
6. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Heinemann.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead,) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

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3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. A Parish of Two. McVickar-Collins. (Lothrop.) $1.50.

From the bove lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list	receives		10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	161
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50..	144
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	120
4. Gordon Keith. Page . (Scribner.) $1.50.	115
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	104
6. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.....	95

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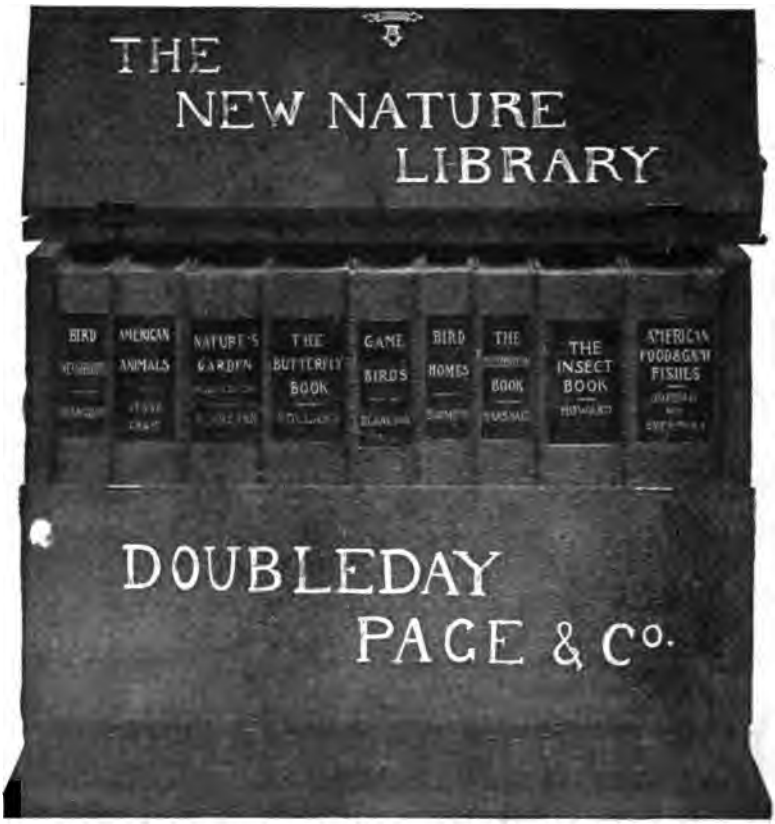
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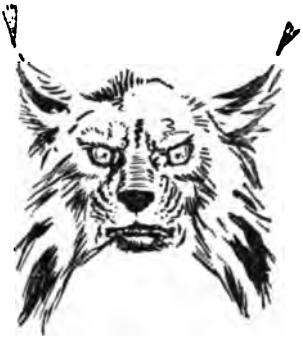
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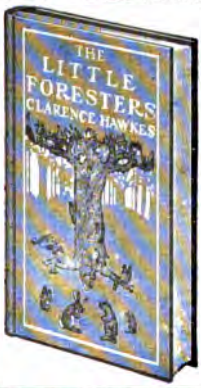
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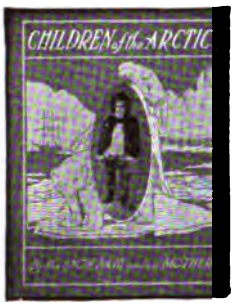
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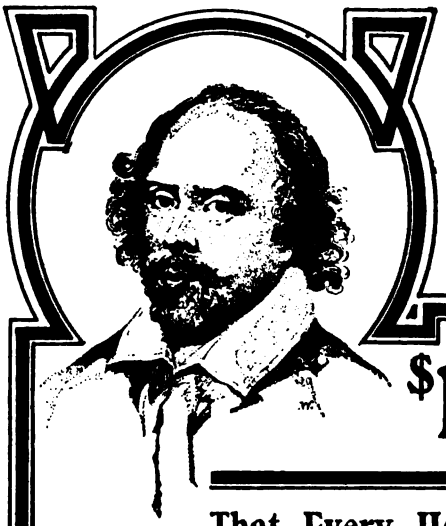
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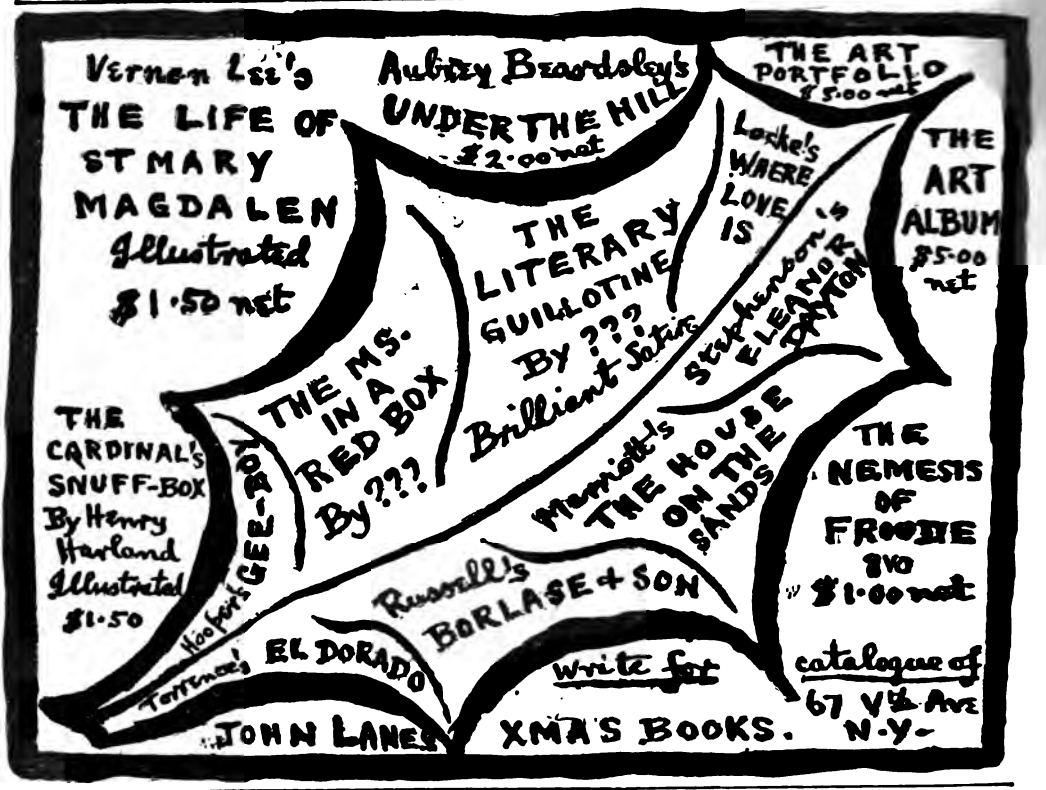
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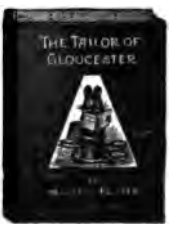
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CHAPTER III.*

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Without a word of disparaging comment on other works which claim to rival Webster, let us seek the verdict of some tribunal so high in character and intelligence, so numerous in membership, and so impartial in constitution, as to give a sanction like that of a court of last resort. Three such tribunals will be cited as to the merits of Webster's International Dictionary, in comparison with all works of similar aim.

To what authority upon doubtful questions do the American people habitually pay the highest deference? Unquestionably, to the National and State Supreme Courts. They are not only accepted as final arbiters on the vast and vital matters within their immediate sphere, but in great emergencies, like a disputed presidency or a wide-spread labor disturbance, the national impulse turns to these courts as the strongholds of broad intelligence and the highest fairness. Weighty then are their opinions on a subject so peculiarly within their range as text-books of definitions. Language, the medium through which all statutes and precedents are expressed, is the very subject matter with which courts are continually dealing. It is of the first consequence to them to have some standard of appeal as to the meanings and usages of words, which is not only of the first order of intrinsic merit, but is so widely recognized as to command popular approval. Hear then the opinions, first of individuals and then virtually of the entire body of the highest judiciary of the country.

In the United States Supreme Court, Chief Justice Fuller says of the International: "I regard it as of the utmost value in accuracy of definition, and have found it in all respects complete and thorough." Justice Gray: "I always considered Webster's Dictionary as the best in the language in the matter of definition." Justice Brewer: "From my childhood up, Webster's Dictionary has been my authority. The last, the International Dictionary, is the perfection of dictionaries." Justice Brown, after a life-long experience, has found it "invaluable as a book of easy reference," and believes "it will succeed for many years *in* maintaining its position as the leading dictionary of the language." Justice Shiras is no less emphatic. Justice Harlan says: "It should be in the library of every American judge, lawyer, preacher, journalist, statesman, and student;" and while it is desirable to have more than one dictionary always at hand, "if only one can be afforded, preference should be given to Webster's International Dictionary." Justice McKenna has "always used the Webster" and finds its old reputation as to completeness and accuracy sustained by the International. Justice White in "daily use" *finds the* book "of the greatest utility;" and Justice Peckham, praising especially the Supplement of 1900, regards the whole work as constituting "a perfect exposition of the English language as existing at this time."

Turning now to the highest courts of all the States, we find an almost unanimous consensus to the same effect. Thus Chief Justice Knowlton of the Massachusetts Supreme Court says: "For all who want but one dictionary of the English language for general use in any department of study, or in literary or professional work, I regard Webster's *International* as decidedly the best." And so on through the State Courts, the entire body of judges generally speaking as one. In many instances the statement is explicit that the International is preferred before all others. The most guarded expression is that of the Justices of the New York Court of Appeals, and they speak of the International as "in *no* respect falling behind its numerous rivals, however remarkable for their extent and accuracy." The opinions of the entire bench of other State Supreme Courts may be briefly sampled. Pennsylvania: "No other single volume is so valuable or so satisfactory." New Hampshire: "The best one-book dictionary of the English language." Arkansas, California, Oregon, and Wisconsin say the same. Kentucky calls it "the most

*Chapter I. of "The Story of a Book" was published in the October issue. Chapter II. appeared in the November issue.

omprehensive and accurate dictionary in existence." Nevada says: "In our library we have many other dictionaries, but all of them put together are not consulted as much as Webster." New Jersey: "For every day use, no English lexicon is at all comparable with Webster's International." Equally emphatic are Delaware, Idaho, Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Rhode Island, Tennessee, Vermont, Virginia, and Washington. All these are explicit in affirming the International as *the best* for general use; and this is since the publication of all its would-be rivals. The Florida Justices define its peculiar service to the bench: "Frequently the proper interpretation of an instrument or a statute, before us for review, hinges upon the accurate definition of a word: in all such cases we turn with confidence to Webster's International." Others dwell upon the fund of general information; thus the North Dakota Justices: "No other single book extant contains such stores of rich, varied and exact knowledge." The Ohio Supreme Court: "The new (1900) edition of Webster's International seems to have reached the acme of perfection in book-making, editorially and mechanically." In brief, the entire body of Judges in the National and State Supreme Courts, with the exception of hardly a dozen individuals (and these recommended no other), have borne testimony to the pre-eminent merit of the International.

To the question, "What popular dictionary is accepted as of the highest authority and value by the people of the United States,"—could there be any more weighty answer than this almost unanimous testimony of the Supreme Court Judges of the Nation and of all the States?

Another tribunal may be cited, which in a different field carries not less authority, and which speaks with one voice. The public school systems of the forty-five States are practically a unit in favor of the International. Every one of their State Superintendents recommends it in the highest terms. In every State Normal school it is the accepted standard. Wherever State funds have been appropriated for the purchase of a large dictionary for the schools, Webster's has been the book. The school books of the country, wherever they are of such character as to require a standard in spelling, pronunciation, and definition, follow the International with hardly an exception.

The highest judiciary and the entire public school system—better indexes of American opinion can hardly be named. It remains to question that broader constituency which the name "International" suggests,—the English-speaking peoples beyond America. It has been said that the judgment of foreigners carries a weight like that of posterity,—owing to its freedom from local or temporary bias. Taking first Great Britain: the popular test shows a sale of the International far beyond that of any other one-volume dictionary, English or American. The official test is given by the fact that the only Governmental departments of Great Britain using any standard of language—the Postal and Telegraphic, both managed entirely by the Government—follow the International. The scholar's test may be best indicated, to take from many tributes the most authoritative and impressive, by the unsolicited words of Dr. Murray, editor of the unfinished many-volumed Oxford Dictionary, and probably the highest individual authority on lexicography in the English-speaking world: "In this its latest form, and with its large Supplement and numerous Appendices, Webster's International Dictionary is a wonderful volume, which well maintains its grounds against all rivals, on its own lines." And again: "The last edition of Webster, the International, is perhaps the best of one-volume dictionaries."

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The Author of "An Englishman in Paris."

Ten or eleven years ago a good deal of a sensation was created by the appearance of a book entitled *An Englishman in Paris* which purported to be the reminiscences of an Englishman connected with a titled family who had spent the greater part of his life in the French capital and been on terms of great intimacy with all personages who had a hand in moulding French affairs from the days of Charles X. until the downfall of the Second Empire and the Commune. According to the book, the narrator had for years rubbed elbows with everything that was worth while in French literature, art, drama, music, society, and politics. Men like Thiers, Rouher, Blanc, Balzac, the elder Dumas, Eugène Sue, Alfred de Musset, Béranger, David, Berlioz, Horace Vernet, Delacroix, and women like George Sand, and Rachel, and Madame de Girardin, he had known well, and of each he had a dozen curious anecdotes to tell. It was a brilliant book—a very brilliant book—and summing it up at first astute critics came to the conclusion that the Englishman in Paris could be no other than the famous Sir Richard Wallace, an illegitimate son of the Marquis of Hertford, that nobleman who was known all over Europe as a *grand seigneur* and an accomplished libertine, and who served as the model from which Thackeray drew the portrait of Lord Steyne of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*.

After a time, however, it began to dawn upon the people that *An Englishman in Paris* was perhaps a little too good to be real. Sir Richard Wallace's life in Paris had been such as to have enabled him to know well almost all the great people intimately described in the work, but Chance could hardly have been generous enough to have seen that he would be always just round the corner whenever any unexpected important event took place. The Englishman in Paris was forever meeting just the right people at the right moment. If he strolled up a side street he was sure to encounter the elder Dumas, for instance, if people happened to be interested in Dumas at that particular moment, and old Alexandre always made for him some particularly appropriate bon mot or epigram. In fact, after a second reading of the book and a careful consideration of all its details, people began to grow a trifle suspicious, and this suspicion grew until at last it became known that the whole production was nothing but a gigantic "fake" and that many of the events described in the book had taken place years before the author was born. Instead of being the suspected Sir Richard Wallace, the man who wrote *An*

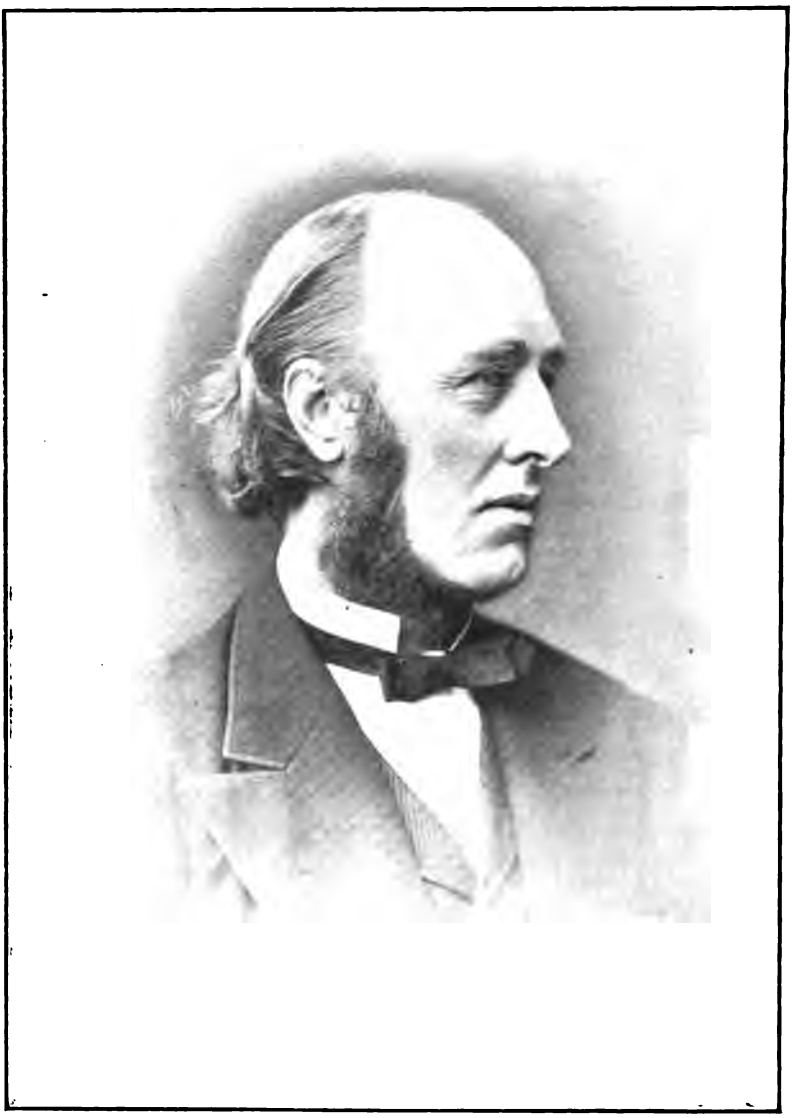


THE LATE ALBERT DRESDEN VANDAM

Englishman in Paris was Albert Dresden Vandam, news of whose death was cabled to this country from England two or three weeks ago.

W. E. H. Lecky.

The late William Edward Hartpole Lecky was one of the few contemporary English historians who gained any recognition outside of the English-speaking world. Lecky's *History of the Rise of Rationalism,* however, was not only translated at once into German, but exercised a profound influence upon Continental thought; while his *History of European Morals* has for years been a standard work of reference at the German universities. Lecky was one of the most patient investigators and philosophic reasoners of our time. He thought nothing of devoting ten or fifteen years to the preparation of the material for a single book; and after his material had been collected he took ample time to digest it thoroughly and to draw from it all its esoteric meaning. Unlike his learned associates, Stubbs and Freeman,



THE LATE W. E. H. LECKY.

he wrote in a style that has a definite literary quality; and unlike Froude, he was severely accurate. Some passages of his *History of Morals* have become almost classic; and in one of them, where he describes the true meaning of the social evil, he rises to a height of manly and yet mournful eloquence that is singularly affecting. When Freeman died, Lecky ought to have succeeded him in the chair of history at Oxford. But he was a Dublin man and owed nothing to the English universities, and so Oxford passed him by and gave the honour to the brilliant but more superficial Froude. Like Mommsen, Lecky took some part in public life and sat in Parliament; but at the time, he was far past middle age and was besides afflicted with ill health, so that he failed to make a deep impression on the House of Commons.

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The Late R. H. Savage.

The late Richard Henry Savage in a literary way may be summed as the Home Publishing Company's "second string"; the "first string" being, of course, Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter. When *Mr. Barnes of New York, Mr.*



THE LATE COLONEL RICHARD HENRY SAVAGE.

Potter of Texas, and their sequels made the yellow paper-covered novels so popular, Mr. Gunter, rapid as he was as an inventor of plots and as a writer, was not able to keep up with the demand, Colonel Savage went to his assistance. There once was prevalent the story that Colonel Savage and Mr. Gunter were one and the same person, and that the name Richard Henry Savage was simply a pseudonym used by Mr. Gunter for his poorer books. This, of course, was not so, and apart from what he wrote, Colonel Savage was a very vigorous and interesting personality. As a writer, while following closely Mr. Gunter's methods, he possessed only a little of the wit and humour of the man who wrote *Prince Karl* and *That Frenchman.* But Colonel Savage never in the least took himself seriously. In speaking of his stories he used to say "my slush." In writing them he sat at a plain deal table, using sheets of coarse yellow paper and literally spiking his copy. He worked with great rapidity and ease, and there was never any alteration or revision. Ideas for his books or memoranda for his daily life were recorded in a curious way. He never used pen or pencil, but jotted down notes by writing with soap on his mirror. This was a legacy of his days at West Point when the cadets were not allowed to have writing materials in their rooms.

*

Colonel Savage's life was a singularly varied and interesting one. The mere record of events reads like a story by Mr. Richard Harding Davis. He travelled extensively in Turkey, Asia Minor, Russia, Siberia, Corea, China, Japan, and Central America. Being graduated from West Point in 1868, three years later found him serving in the Egyptian Army. Then he became an engineer on a railway in the South, and after that turned to the law and to authorship. When the war with Spain broke out he was appointed senior major of the Second



THE HALL IN MRS. DELAND'S BOSTON HOUSE, 76 MT. VERNON ST., BOSTON.

United States Volunteer Engineers and served through the conflict. His most widely read book and probably his best was *My Official Wife*. His last book, *A Monte Cristi in Khaki*, appeared a few days before his death.



MARGARET DELAND.

Beauty in the "Bookman" Office.

A year or more ago, a publishing house brought out a novel called *Sylvia*. In order to excite public interest in it and increase the number of its readers, a number of artists were employed to draw portraits of the heroine. Then the readers of the book were invited to vote upon the question as to which of these imaginary ladies was the most beautiful and therefore most worthy of becoming Sylvia. We don't remember how the thing came out; but the incident started a discussion in THE BOOKMAN office on the general subject of heroines in fiction and the manner in which different artists have chosen to represent them. Of course the Junior Editor and the Senior Editor seldom agree in any opinion, and when the question was propounded,

"Which artist has succeeded in drawing the most beautiful face during the present year?" there was a great overturning of books and rummaging on the shelves. Both editors ruled out the beefy Gibson girls and the conventional Christy type, but they differed very widely in their final choice. As this sort of thing is not to be decided by argument, they at last concluded to leave the controversy to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. The Senior Editor selected as his choice a drawing by Mr. C. Allan Gilbert intended to illustrate a poem by Sir John Suckling in the volume entitled *In Beauty's Realm,* published by Messrs. Fox, Duffield and Company. The Junior Editor selected the frontispiece from Justin McCarthy's *Marjorie.* Both selections are here reproduced, partly for the delectation of our readers and partly because each Editor wants to be told that his taste is better than that of the other Editor.



THE SENIOR EDITOR'S SELECTION.

The Swiss Pension of "John Percyfield."

It is a common experience for novelists to receive letters from inquisitive readers enquiring the precise location of a story,—curious to know the precise street number of the house on Gramercy Park or Russell Square, from which the elopement took place, the identity of the hotel on the Rue de Rivoli that witnessed the murder or the duel. But it is so rare for the reverse to happen, for a reader to discover unaided the exact location of the story, and not only write to the author to tell him so, but actually take the trouble to send photographs, in order to prove the correctness of the surmise, that the circumstance deserves to be recorded. This was precisely what happened to Mr. Henderson, the author of *John Percyfield,* a volume which appealed to the discriminating few, on its appearance last spring by a certain unmistakable air of literary distinction, and which has since then, unobtrusively but surely, been winning its way with the general public, quite on its own merits. Just a few enthusiastic critics found a resemblance to *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,* in the genial self-assumption of its principal character, the frank assertiveness of his opinions as expressed openly at the table-d'hôte of the hospitable Swiss pension, where the scene is laid,—his cheerful philosophy of life as derived over the teacup in daily communion with the English Lady, the Irish Lady and the Scotch Lady, who together made up the United Kingdom. It all forms a very agreeable, if some-



THE JUNIOR EDITOR'S CHOICE.



THE CHÂTEAU DE BEAU RIVAGE, SCENE OF "JOHN PERCYFIELD."

"The courtyard is oblong, with the wings of the Château forming its shorter ends, and the main building and the greenery its longer sides. A splendid archway under the centre of the main Château leads to the beautiful old garden beyond, and the still more beautiful Lac Leman."



"The Château is a great, bare place that might almost be considered uncomfortable by those who love upholstery. But it has a charm about it that you don't get with newer buildings—a charm that has been gathering for four hundred years."



THE WOMEN'S PRESS CLUB OF TENNESSEE DINING IN THE SCIMETAR OFFICE.
An Event Characteristic of the Literary Activity of the South.

what leisurely, sort of reading; and there is besides a thread of romance which adds that conventional sort of charm known popularly as the "love interest." And yet it may be frankly conceded that the book would not be what it is if it were not for the atmosphere of the charming old pension overlooking the Lake of Geneva—an old château, whose towers and grounds and various nooks and corners are described with such an air of reminiscent affection that it is obviously not a novelist's creation, but a genuine structure of real stone and mortar, and one in which the author must have spent many a congenial hour. As a matter of fact, one of his readers, a woman who had lived many seasons in this particular château, recognised it from the descriptions in the book; and the photographs herewith reproduced are some taken by her and sent to the author, to convince him that his hero's place of sojourn had been discovered.

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Continental Fiction in England.

"Quite one of the most curious literary developments of the past few years," according to the London *Academy*, "is that exhibited by the increased popularity of Russian literature in England. Messrs. Mudie, for instance, estimate that the English demand for the loan and purchase of Russian fiction has more than doubled itself within the last five years. This is partly accounted for by the fact that of recent years an educated Russian community—as distinct altogether from the East End immigrant—has come into existence in London. On the other hand, a large and increasing number of purely English readers exhibit a warm interest in Russian literature. One need hardly state that ladies constitute the majority of such readers, although a large number are drawn from the commissioned ranks of the army. The annual circulation of Russian books in England already reaches a total of several thousands. The great cost of printing and paper in Russia, together with heavy postal charges, combine to render the purchase of Russian books a luxury which can be enjoyed only by the comparatively few. The question of cost is certainly one which ultimately will have to be taken in hand by the libraries, who, I believe, have already begun to feel the pinch. For some years past the most popular Russian novelist in England has undoubtedly been Count Tolstoi. But great favour has of late been shown for books by Maxim Gorki. The demand for this writer's works must now be quite equal to that exhibited for the novels of Tolstoi. Other leading favourites are Dostoevski, Andreyev, Turgéniev, and Tchechoff.

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"The demand for Spanish fiction in England is just about equal to that experienced in the case of Russian works. The Spanish authors, curiously enough, are most sought after by business men. This circumstance probably arises from the fact that so many commercial houses possess employés who have travelled or lived in South America. At the present moment, Spain is remarkably deficient in good novelists, so that most of the works circulated in England are by standard authors. Writers frequently enquired for are El Padre Coloma, Alfonso Danvila, Bazan, B. Perez Galdos, Juan Valera, and Valdes. Italian literature has always been popular here, and at the present moment Italian authors are in much greater request than those of either Russia or Spain. So far, indeed, as poetry and drama are concerned, the Italian writers enjoy more favour here than those of any other foreign country. The readers and purchasers of these works are almost exclusively English. Books in any way connected with Dante create especial interest and are sure to be much sought after. At present, the poems, novels, and dramas of D'Annunzio are first favourites among English readers. Matilde Serao is also widely read. Verga, upon one of whose novels was based the libretto of *Cavalleria Rusticana*, has also a large following. Other favourites are V. Mantegazza, J. Rovetta and Antonio Fogazzono. In point of actual sale and circulation, French literature, of course, still tops the list. But it is interesting to note that the general demand for French authors shows a steady decline, whereas the popularity of German writers shows a corresponding increase. This fact is accounted for, I think, purely

by considerations of merit. French writers—especially the novelists—show a steady falling off in the quality of their productions. Modern French fiction seems to run entirely in one groove, and in England, at any rate, the reader's appetite has been dulled by the eternal sameness of the feast. German fiction, on the other hand, is progressive and stimulating."

Theodor Mommsen.

Several years ago we received a personal letter from a professor in a Western college asking our opinion as to whether it was undesirable or improper, from an academic point of view, for him to read any literature apart from the literature of his own specialty. He said that he had been in the habit of taking some of the magazines and that he also found pleasure in the modern essayists and occasionally in a good novel. But his colleagues all frowned upon him for such frivolity. They held that a scholar must know and do one thing alone or else his scholarship would be suspected. They had, indeed, said so much to him on this head and had begun to treat him with such slight esteem, as to make him wonder whether they might not possibly be right and he discreditably wrong. We wish that we were at liberty to give the name of this particular college, because the public really ought to be warned against it. Its faculty must contain some of the most uninspired and uninspiring pedants that ever tried to suffocate the enthusiasm of youth and to substitute sawdust for wholesome food.

But we know just how these dreary men came to impose their dreariness upon themselves and upon their unfortunate colleague who wrote to us. They were suffering from the German measles which afflicted American scholarship between 1870 and 1890. Those twenty years were twenty years of intellectual reconstruction in this country,—on the whole, a fine and fruitful period, yet one that set some of our fellow citizens, who were not over wise, to woolgathering with their wambling wits. The methods of the German investigators were copied carefully and, also to some extent, their manners. Now there are two types of German scholars. One is represented by the ludicrous Herr Professor whom we find appearing and reappearing in the genial pages of *Fliegende Blätter*—a blear-eyed, absent-minded, one idea'd, absorbed and isolated creature who does not know that outside of his study the sun is shining upon men and women and the great world of joy and sorrow and passion and life. The other type is that of the splendid, creative seeker after knowledge, who is both a scholar and a man, and whose work as a scholar is ten times more fruitful just because he is a man. But many an American, feeling instinctively that he could never rise to the heights of the latter type, settled himself down to reproduce the former, because the *exemplar vitiis imitabile* is always the easier model for narrow minds to copy. And as narrow minds are in the great majority a general impression got about that unless you were arid and uninteresting and shut yourself out from every interest in life except that of your own particular specialty, you were not really "German," you did not grasp the "university idea," you were not capable of original investigation. "A man can do only one thing well," was the shibboleth of a whole troop of terribly serious persons who failed to grasp the vital truth that it depends entirely upon the man, and the still more vital truth that no man can do one thing really well unless he can do other things well also. For to develop any subject to the full, you must understand it not as an isolated thing, but in its relation to many other things and in its true proportion; and you cannot do this unless you know these other things.

But if to Germany we owe the mistaken theory which afflicted the professor in that Western college, to Germany we also owe its utter refutation. And the career of Theodor Mommsen who died last month is surely such a refutation. It is the more striking because Mommsen at the time of his death was the foremost scholar in the world, as eminent in our generation as was Erasmus in the sixteenth century and as Joseph Scaliger was in

the seventeenth. Many know of Helmholz, and many know of Ranke, and many know of Virchow; but every educated man within the bounds of occidental civilisation knew of Mommsen, the man who has left a lasting mark upon the history of modern learning. How shall one give a just idea of his vast and almost cyclopean labours? Shall we recapitulate his thirty-five published works, comprising more than one hundred volumes? Shall we speak of the colossal *Corpus* of Latin inscriptions, thousands of which he deciphered, transcribed, elucidated and edited? Shall we tell of his profound researches in the Roman law, his studies in the Italic dialects, his numismatical treatises, his investigations in Germanic archæology? Surely, here is enough to fill full the lives of several men; yet Mommsen found time for many other things. He was for the greater part of his life an earnest politician in the better sense of that much belittled word. He opposed the tyranny of Von Beust in Saxony, he faced even the mighty Bismarck and beat him in the courts of law. He plead in cause of German nationality before all Europe. He travelled and wrote and spoke incessantly. He sat for ten years in the Prussian Diet, and for four years in the German Reichstag. He supported the cause of the Boers against England; and in the



THE LATE THEODOR MOMMSEN.

last years of his life he tried to reunite the interests of his own country with the interests of Great Britain. He was a man of letters also, a journalist, and though the fact is not generally known, he was a poet.

It is by his *History of Rome* that he has always been most widely known by cultivated men who are not specialists. This brilliant, suggestive, provocative book shows the union of vast learning with the graces of the popular writer. It is a supreme demonstration of the fact that the most profound erudition is wholly compatible with clearness, lucidity and charm of presentation. No one but a specialist can realise what a mass of minute knowledge has gone to the making of this book which was written with the fluency and ease of a mere essayist. And Mommsen writes as a partisan. It is that human touch which made his glorification of Cæsar and his condemnation of Cicero seem so modern and so living an issue as to lead scores of men to rush into a controversy that has not even yet been ended. Mommsen felt that under the change of name and nation and time and place, all history is but the story of a conflict that is ever going on; and it was this feeling which gives its immense vitality to his work. A very great man, and greatest of all because he lived up to his own conception of the scholarly ideal: "Each scholar must choose his special field of labour; but he must not imprison himself within its confines." These words should be blazoned in letters of gold upon the portals of every university throughout the world, and we especially commend them to the consideration of that Western college whose name we may not give.

More Light on the Author's Side of the Case.

Very few features of magazine work in recent months have been so widely quoted and discussed as the letters which we printed in our November number showing the attitude of the American author towards his professional critic. As we announced then, it was our intention not to confine these letters to one issue of THE BOOKMAN, but to publish them from month to month through two or three numbers. Accordingly, we are now printing letters from the author of *The One Woman*, the author of *The Last of the Knickerbockers*, the author of *Vesty of the Basins*, and the author of *Golden Fleece*.

Mr. Thomas Dixon Writes:

I find that a man must write at least two books which appeal to totally different audiences to get the range of his critics and measure their calibre.

Even the date of publication is important. My first novel was issued as a regular spring book. The date of the second was a business experiment, the first day of August, the deadest day of the whole year. The result of this experiment, financially, the publishers declared to be more than they had dared to hope. The result critically was very curious.

As a rule the chiefs of the reviewing staff were away on their vacations and the book fell into the hands of the office boys for review; and in some cases the work evidently had to be done by the printer's devil.

The severity of this office boy judgment on the morals of my book was something utterly unforeseen and appalling.

One youngster who signed the name of "Dirk," writing for an alleged literary magazine, solemnly declared:

"Its subject matter is *in toto* an ignorant flout at common decency. The thread of the story is not important, but it is, in its own way, vile."

By a happy coincidence the same mail which overwhelmed me with this awful decision from the leader of the Reformed Literary Juvenile also brought me the reviews of two distinguished Doctors of Divinity, one a University President, the other a Metropolitan minister. They saved my life.

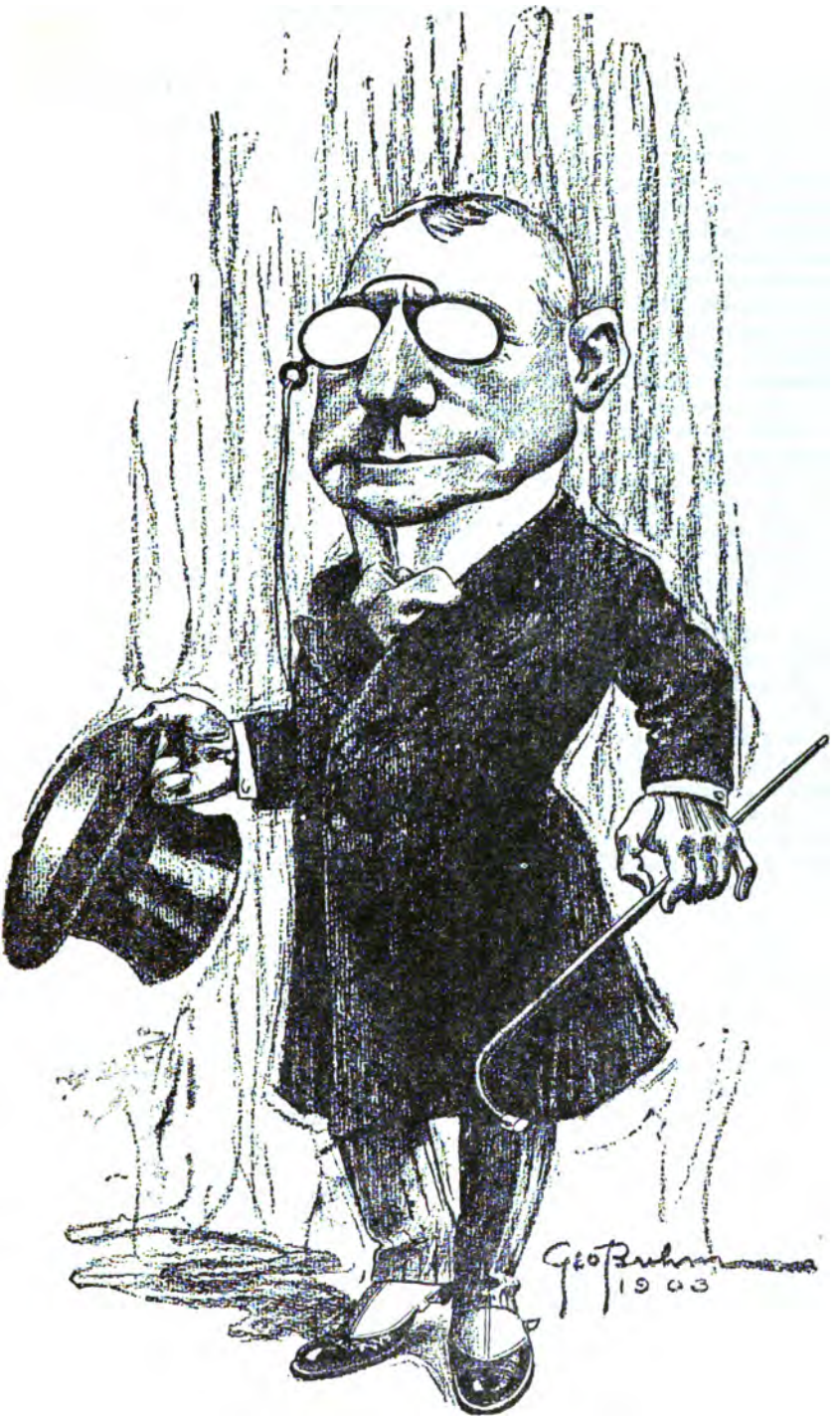
The President said:

"The whole tone and spirit is delightfully sane and wholesome."

The veteran New York minister declared:

"It is a strong, noble and beautiful book, coherent and concise. There is not a false note or foolish pronouncement from beginning to end. It is sane, wholesome, unerringly true to the best things and tremendously strong."

But what do the opinions of Presidents and Doctors of Divinity count before the fearful moral frown of a boy armed with the name of "Dirk," crowned with the diadem of the measureless critical knowledge of Youth, and seated on the throne of a three months' old magazine that was born with teeth?



Jim's gab's what made him famous for since he began to walk
He allus wuz a feller that was gifted with slick talk.
Jim's got a nack o'saying things in sich a clever way,
Without them hifalutin words the edjicated say.

That's why his tales of children pleases everybody so—
They's nothin tetches people's hearts like children that I know.
Jist plain Jim Riley 't used to be, before he got his fame
But now they say James Whitcomb when they pronounce his name. —*Joe S. Miller.*

Truly was I grateful that day for the witness of these Doctors of Divinity, that at least my intentions were honourable.

Some of my reviews were certainly written by people who had never read the book.

The purpose of my last novel was to strike radical Socialism as deadly a blow as I could possibly give in a story of elemental passions which would appeal directly and powerfully to the mind of the average reader. Yet a reviewer in a city which claims to be one of the literary centres of America attacked the book furiously because of its advocacy of Socialistic doctrines! When a distinguished citizen replied expressing his amazement at such an assertion, the reviewer stuck to it.

One of the most amusing criticisms I ever received appeared recently in New York in a famous demi-religious periodical with literary aspirations. It reads as follows:

"A dime novel except for price, typography, and—save the mark—religion! A triumph of crudeness and vulgarity."

I could but exclaim, "Et tu, Brute!"

I was once a subscriber for this periodical, and—shall I confess it?—wrote for it.

I could not smother the cry: "Alas, was I not thy *chela*, O, Most Holy One? (At least until I outgrew it!) Did I not faithfully pour into the soul of the Reverend Frank Gordon, the heroic villain of this book, all the sentimental, humanitarian mush you served to me, your erstwhile disciple, as the essence of true religion?"

With sorrowing wonder I sighed:

"Will the Most Holy Fakir now deny his own?"

As an example of final authoritative utterance the last sentence of this review is a gem. I mailed it to Elijah III., The Restorer, General Overseer in Zion, as a valuable addition to his vocabulary of the Infallible.

Honest criticism is simply the expression of the personality of the critic, his own definition of his tastes, capacities and powers. The personal equation of the author is the secret of all power in his book. It is nonsense for him to object to this bias in his critic.

Any criticism is well founded that is built squarely and honestly on the personal point of view of the critic. Lucky is the writer about whose work critics violently disagree.

The Philadelphia *Press* devoted six columns to my last book to prove this assertion:

"It is worth just thirty cents Mexican, the coin plugged."

His neighbor, *The Public Ledger*, declared in a third review:

"It is the work of a genius."

And many people hastened to pay each one dollar and ten cents unplugged American coin just to see for themselves.

I think the reviews in our great dailies compare favorably with those in the literary magazines, particularly in the West. The Western men seem to write their reviews with more breadth, greater vitality and better judgment as a rule than those of the East.

The trick of pouncing on an unimportant blemish and exploiting it instead of reviewing the book is practised by the small fry. It is the indelible mark of the Infant mind.

The particular review which made me maddest was published in the New York *Herald* about my first book. It was written by an unknown wretch who accused me of being "fond of the forcible feebleness of exclamation points."

I said: "The champion liar of the world wrote that."

I hastened to the book and found it true. A chisel, set to work on the plates, eased my pain, but I can't forgive that critic.

I have observed that where critics happen to know that I was once a clergyman they are almost sure to complain of my "preaching." This amuses me for two reasons. First, because I know that they invariably write that criticism before they read the book; and second, because all novelists are preachers, always have been and always will be.

A preacher is one who proclaims a creed. A novelist who has no faith to proclaim, no view of life to teach, is simply a fool who has nothing to say and spoils tons of good paper trying to say it.

I know of but one real law that should govern an author's utterance: Let him keep silent until so full of a great thought that he feels he shall die unless he express it, that others may see, feel and know as he does, the might of its truth, and the glory of its beauty. Then let him write the story simply, sincerely, directly, boldly, passionately.

As to whether the result is either Art or Literature, only a small man will concern himself, if he has done his best. I have a faint suspicion that not one line of all the "Literature" written in this century will survive the next 2000 years of our history.

When I hear the modern cackle of goslings about "Literature" and "Art," I mildly wonder who is the headmaster of the school and where the buildings are located in which they learned their cocksure dogmas? Who made the plumb line

with which they blithely sound the last keeps of the human heart? Who drew for hem the final chart of the soul of man and ixed its metes and bounds?

Thomas Dixon, Jr.

New York, Oct. 5, 1903.

I have no fault to find with American reviewers except that of over tolerance in the matter of criticism—but then my own books have been short and deal with no stupendous problems.

In my fair share of notices I can recall but one based unmistakably upon what might be gathered from the cover of my book. *The Last of the Knickerbockers* was a humble attempt to portray the remnant of a disappearing type, and yet a writer in no less a journal than the *Evening Post* declared that "The Last of the Knickerbockers himself goes about the streets in the guise of an old farmer." Possibly the book fell open at a passage where the word "farmer" occurs for the only time in a statement that an ancestor of one of my characters was in 1630 a colonial Farmer of Texas. I have always classed my critic of the *Post* with a Western writer whose sole objection to the book was that it said too much about "a town that most of us detest." The standards of a literary magazine are naturally higher than those governing the average newspaper work, often hurried, careless and ill digested. But nowhere can more brilliant reviewing be found than in the columns of some two or three of our daily papers; noticeably the New York *Sun* and *Times*. Personally, I owe my largest debt of gratitude to Mr. Julian Hawthorne of the Philadelphia *North American* for a single line of adverse comment in a most kindly notice of my first venture.

I have small patience with a writer who scorns a glance at his reviews. They may be no more mirrors than the plates of glass between the customer and the wares exposed for sale, but still they serve to show one often if one's literary hat is on straight.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

At the time I published *Vesty of the Basins*, the New York *Times* (for example) gave it a glowing notice of commendation, calling it not only a humorous book, but a work of a strong and serious nature, uplifting in its influence. Another New York daily cut it into small pieces with the sharpest of shears and belaboured the remnants. The notice of the New York *Times* should not have elated me; the notice of the other paper should not have troubled me. I had done my work faithfully and lovingly, and that was all that concerned me.

The large and ever-increasing sales of "Vesty" and "Flood-Tide" as showing that these books appeal somehow to the popular heart; especially the numerous letters received from people, otherwise quite unknown to me, telling me that they "love" these books, *these* have been an inexpressible help and comfort to me. For life, we all know, is dark and sad enough, and if the good God makes us the means of shedding a bit of joy or light on the path of any one, it is simply a thing to be grateful for, and not a matter of taking personal credit, or of self-gratulation.

I do not rely upon book reviews. The whole matter is a doubtful equation. I do not subscribe for reviews of my books,—and I see only those that come to me by chance. Doubtless some of them are written by the most discerning of minds and with a strict regard for the truth as it appears to the individual critic. Doubtless, some of them are shallow or biased by the mood of the critic. Surely it is better that an author should not pay great regard to them. His work is a work of patience, steady and persistent, however much joy he may find in it. The toil itself is all that can lead him higher, to correct his faults, as far as he may; above all to follow in his work his truest ideals without regard to praise or blame, to speak in a way ever more clear, direct from the heart.

S. P. McLean Greene.

Vienna, 7 August, 1903.

The Editor THE BOOKMAN:

Gentlemen—Your request was forwarded to me here and I shall try to comply with it. I have no reviews with me, so I cannot quote.

1. "Do reviewers understand the underlying meaning of your books?"

In the main, yes—that is, those who have done me the honour of reading what I wrote and have spared their imaginations the fatigue of constructing plots or characters or both with small assistance from me. Reviewers, I think, should be divided into two classes—writers of reviews and writers of book notices. The former usually give me at least the pleasure of feeling that I have been intelligible beyond my hopes in view of the varying force and effect of any word or combination of words upon different minds. The writers of book notices are usually unpretentious and of great kindliness of disposition; therefore, I think their slips should not be taken to heart.

2. "Do the majority of the reviewers write as though they had read the book?"

The majority of reviewers, yes; the majority of writers of book notices, no.

3. "Are their criticisms well founded?"

Yes and no. Yes, since criticism is personal opinion, and every man has an undeniable right to personal opinion without reference to whether it is based on name or indigestion or friendship or that mighty love which shows itself in the chastening hand. No, since many reviewers give no reason for their criticisms whether admiring or adverse; and as far as I can see, criticism without explanation is valueless. The reason for the "roast" is, in my opinion, its value both to author and to reader.

Further, as no human work is perfect, a criticism of any human work may be intemperate or out of proportion or uncharitable, but is rarely wholly groundless. And as sharp criticism is indispensable to the author, and as usually he has to rely upon himself alone for criticisms of his work, it seems to me that, unless a criticism is potently a labour of envy that deals only in vain generalities, an author can find a hint of real value in it. For, even the most fantastic prejudices have some sort of solid nucleus.

4. "How do newspaper reviews compare with reviews in the literary magazines?"

Favourably, I think. The newspaper reviewers seem to me to be men often in touch with life as it is lived in the world, and not absorbed in life as it is dreamed in studies and in the neighbourhood of oracles that rouse themselves to utterances once a week or once a month. The newspaper reviewer seems less burdened, as a rule, by the thought of his duty to be profound and to express himself in professional argot. He seems to strive after alertness and directness rather than after "weight" and "authority." However, of late ponderosity and the use of the artificial flowers and fruit of so-called "style" are almost as much frowned on in the magazine as in the newspaper.

5. "Do you not often find that, in order to cover up their lack of knowledge of the story, reviewers pick out certain passages in which they have found some unimportant blemish?"

If the blemish is real, the author should be grateful whether he happens to regard it as important or the reverse. But the annoyance of supercilious or envious flaw-picking does exist. Still, it seems to me that an author should be extremely careful how he dismisses any sort of adverse criticism disdainfully. He should first search his heart carefully and give his vanity a severe cross-examination. Not lack of appreciation, but appreciation is the curse of the workman in these generous days.

Personally a more melancholy habit of reviewers is that they too often credit, or, rather, debit, the author with the opinions he has put into the mouths or minds of his characters in his effort to give the reader a notion of their mental or venal machinery.

In general, it seems to me that criticism should never be discouraged by authors. It is most difficult for a critic to produce an article that both interests the reader and helps the author. Yet, to be highly useful, criticism must fulfill the double function. The reader must, and should, be held. Also, in the interest of good literature the conscientious and promising writer should be helped, especially by bringing, sympathetically if possible, clearly in any case, to his attention the flaws, the shortcomings in his work. And if the author has been unable to compel the critics to sympathy, I cannot see how he has any right to complain that they refuse to look at his work from his point of view.

Probably no man is great enough to *like* blame, even if deserved, better than praise, even if undiscriminating. But it seems to me that any man who hopes to learn to work well must first learn to *prefer* to praise the criticism which picks him to pieces in order that he may put himself together again better.

David Graham Phillips.

Britons at School.

The so-called Mosely Commission arrived from England several weeks ago. It is composed of a goodly number of Britons, headed by Mr. Alfred Mosely and these gentlemen are now overrunning the United States. Individually they are all persons of eminence and entitled to great respect; but collectively and as a Commission they are a joke. They have come to this country in order to discover just how it is that Americans are so energetic, so efficient and so successful in everything which they undertake. The Mosely Commission expects to learn the secret of this phenomenon and to impart it to the British nation; after which a golden age for the three kingdoms will be ushered in. We say that the Commission is a joke, because it

will certainly miss the real explanation; and so we are going to write it down here for the benefit of Mr. Mosely and his colleagues. The real reason why Americans are so successful is because they are Americans. These visiting Britons will poke around in our high-schools and universities and factories; and they will explore "the busy marts of trade," and doubtless they will here and there get some new ideas which they will later take home with them. But it isn't one thing or two things or a dozen things that make the Americans what they are. It is everything — environment, training, opportunity, temperament, institutions, climate —and all of them in a particular combination of which the formula is lost. To



HYDE SEEKING HIS DEN.

The weird picture which we present from a new edition of Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, showing Hyde groping for the keyhole of the home from which he shall soon emerge as Jekyll is the work of Charles Raymond Macauley. Mr. Macauley was educated for the legal profession, but left that to enter on an artistic career. For some time he was a caricaturist on the staff of the New York *Herald*, and thence migrated to the staff of *Life*, where his caricatures on social and political matters attracted considerable attention.

get the same results in England, you would have to make England over again and blot out the results of her long past; and this no one can do. And to transplant an isolated American idea to England and try to make it work into the British scheme of things is like taking a delicately constructed balance wheel out of a piece of machinery and attempting to fit it into a totally different machine for which it never was intended. The members of the Mosely Commission are going to write a whole sheaf of pamphlets telling what they saw while here; and we advise our readers to watch out for those pamphlets. They will form a rare collection of unconsciously comic literature. Meanwhile we shall long remember the Mosely people for the remarkable variety of checked trousers in which many of them concealed their legs.

❧

Credit for a new and interesting idea in bibliography must be given to the Messrs. Scribner for the collection of books



MRS. MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT.
The Author of "Aunt Jimmy's Will."



MR. JEROME K. JEROME.
Mr. W. W. Jacob's Study in Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's Garden.

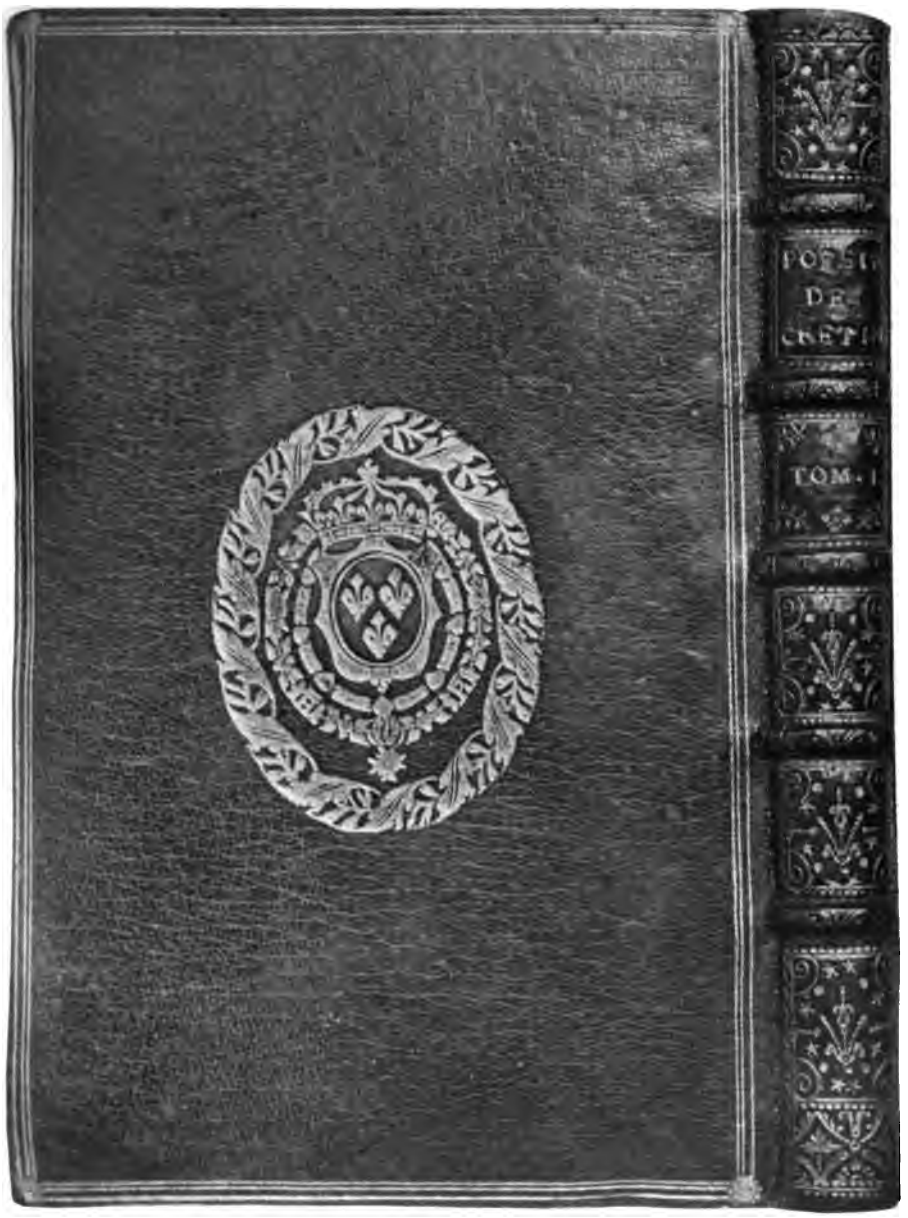
owned by famous personages which they now have on exhibition. Reproductions of some of these books we present here.

❧

Colonel Carter Reappears.

Of all the stories which have been written about quaint, tucked away corners of New York City we can recall none that had a more definite background than Mr. Hopkinson Smith's *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.* It is doubtful if the old city which is now so swiftly passing away contained any structure richer in a certain kind of local colour than that in which the Virginia Colonel exercised his hospitality and builded before the fire his dreams of the air line which was to place at the disposal of some of the first families of the Old Dominion a direct route to the sea. Four years ago in this magazine the little house on Bedford Place was described at length. The "old-fashioned, partly furnished, two-story house, nearly a century old, which

crouched down behind the larger, more modern dwelling fronting on the street," had an actual existence. The Bedford Place of the story was in reality West Tenth Street. For years the Colonel's dining room was used by the Tile Club. Until a few years ago the Colonel's home existed in its entirety. Most of it, however, was destroyed when Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the owner of the front house, No. 58 West Tenth Street, remodelled his own residence. At the present time only a small part of the white frame structure in the rear remains. In former days the swinging wooden gate whence "Chad" swooped down upon the



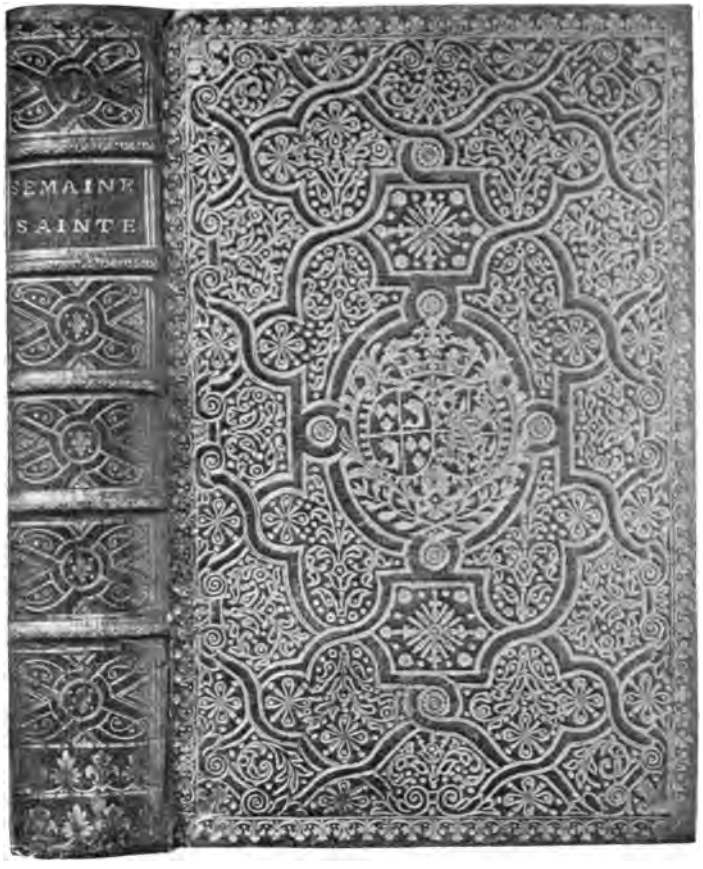
CRETIN. POESTES.
Owned by Louis XV. of France.



OWNED BY ANNE D' AUTRICHE.



OWNED BY MADAME DE POMPADOUR.
A Title Page Especially Designed By Cheredame



OWNED BY LOUIS XV.



STATII PAPINII OPERA.
Owned by Marguerite de Valois, author of "The Heptameron."

neighbouring shop keepers opened into the tunnel under the stoop of Number 58. Only a stone's throw away loomed up the tall illuminated tower of the Jefferson Market Police Court—"de jail" which filled the soul of "Chad" with so much perturbation.

In *Colonel Carter's Christmas,* the Colonel does go to jail, not to the jail which "Chad" feared, but to another one down at Old Slip. And his incarceration is not the result of any action on the part of the amiable and long suffering shop keepers; it is due to his assault on the person of the broker Klutchem, whom he had threatened to thrash in the former story. The time of the new tale is the time of the old. The Colonel is still attempting to float his "Garden Spot" bonds, and the day when he attains affluence through the purchase of his coal fields by the English Syndicate has not yet come. The December days have been dark days for the Colonel's friend Fritz. Klutchem has cornered the market and Fitz is staring ruin in the face. It is then that the Colonel, finding out how matters stand, goes valiantly to his friend's assistance. He calls upon Klutchem and as a gilt-edged security for Fitz's liabilities offers not the "Garden Spot" bonds, but the Colonel's written acceptance of a lithographer's estimate for the printing of the said bonds. Klutchem's skepticism is responsible for the caning episode and the Colonel's imprisonment at Old Slip. But the cloud has a silver lining.



M. A. DE WOLFE HOWE.
Author of "Boston, the Place and the People," and an old Contributor to "The Bookman."

The Colonel is speedily released, the market goes Fitz's way and soon Klutchem is obliged to sue for terms of peace. And finally a regenerate Klutchem, with a very lovable small daughter, sits down with Aunt Nancy and Fitz and the Major at the Colonel's Christmas board.



MISS HOBSON.
Sister of R. P. Hobson, and author of "In Old Alabama."

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

A PERSONAL friend has said of William Butler Yeats and his verse: "Other poets have written of Wisdom overshadowing man and speaking through his lips, or a Will working within the human will, but I think in this poetry we find for the first time the revelation of the Spirit as a weaver of beauty."

With the deep poetic insight that is his, Mr. George Russell has in this estimate perceived the vital issue; for it has indeed been left to a poet of our own day to reveal the illusive yet pervasive beauty of the spirit—the ancient inner loveliness that, unloosed from secret origins, works its way through the medium of unnoticed things out toward the eternal end. The entire verse of W. B. Yeats pulsates with a consciousness that when one looks into the darkness something is always to be found there: but beyond the darkness he beholds, like the first grey smirch of dawn borne in by hopeful and awakening birds, the contemplative vision of a breaking day. A seer of Beauty, he also excels in his interpretation of the vision, for his poetic artistry is the completion in



WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

Mr. Yeats Is Now in This Country Delivering a Series of Lectures.

detail of that great unrest which strives for realisation: the reflection in cool and trembling depths of the clouds and sunshine of heaven and the shadowy forests of earth.

What may be called Mr. Yeats's poems of promise—"Monsada," "The Island of Statues," and "The Wanderings of Oisin"—were all published fifteen or twenty years ago and fell far short in prediction of the attainment that is now his. The height of this attainment, up to the present time, is undoubtedly his dramatic poem, "The Shadowy Waters." It is the story of one who is seeking what is beyond the joys of mortal love and ambition, when there comes to him Dectora, the personification of the best love of woman, and he is tempted by the "brief longing and deceiving hope and bodily tenderness." But:

"All that know love among the winds of the world
Have found it like the froth upon the ale;"

and he tells her:

"My beloved, farewell.
Seek Aibric on the Lochlann galley, and tell him
That Forgael has followed the grey birds alone,
And bid him to your country."

Dectora, however, will have none of the love in Aibric's eyes, saying to Forgael:

"I follow you.
Whether among the cold winds of the dead,
Or among winds that move in the meadows and woods.
I have cut the cords that held this galley to ours.
She is already fading, as though the gods
Had woven her of wind.
(She throws herself at Forgael's feet.)
Life withers out.
I hide you with my hair, that we may gaze
Upon this world no longer."

"The Shadowy Waters" is yet another rendering of the thought in "The Land of Heart's Desire": a voicing of the divine discontent in no way to be confused with the discontent that interferes with accomplishment and serene temper: a groping after the eternal verities merely because of the heart-breaking and transitory conditions of earthly life. It is cast in the mould of symbol, as are nearly all of Yeats's perceptions of truth—his belief being that myths are briefer and more beautiful than exposition, as well as deeper and more companionable.

So unaccustomed are we to the full extent of such hidden interpretation as to be sometimes reminded of the saying of an old Irish King to an old Irish Bard: "That is a good poem, but I do not understand a word of its meaning." Yet once in possession of the key to its meaning and what a wonderful vista of possibilities is opened to the imagination; that "imaginative energy," as Blake called it, which lays hold upon the application of the things below unto the things above. It is the process of utterance by suggestion, and is to be loved for the suggestion rather than for its actual expression. As Mr. Yeats has said: "Whatever the passions of man have gathered about, becomes a symbol in the great memory, and in the hands of him who hath the Secret, it is a worker of wonders, a caller-up of angels or of devils." Such symbolism is veritable word magic—for magic is but suggestion: and symbols are the magician's wand or the process used to suggest the supreme transmutation of the weary heart into a weariless spirit to the dreamers who must do what they dream. "All imaginative men," again says Yeats, "must be forever casting forth enchantments, glamours, illusions," and few are the poets who have discarded the spell of symbol. The caves and evening star of Shelley and the eagle and sun of Blake are perhaps too well known to instance; but the extreme symbolism of Blake's disciple has received but an indicative acknowledgment, for we have not yet learned his language. For example, with him, Hanrahan in *The Secret Rose* represents "the simplicity of an imagination too changeable to gather permanent possessions." Michael Robartes is "the pride of the imagination brooding upon the greatness of its possessions." Aodh (the Centic word for *fire*) symbolises the myrrh and frankincense that the imagination offers constantly to all it loves: the sea is the drifting and indefinite bitterness of life: the rose is the flower of spiritual love and beauty.

Indeed, Yeats may be regarded as the master of the particular form of spiritual beauty called "that subtle language within language." He has taken up and carried on the work of William Blake, the crusader against Philistinism of whom it could be said with far greater truth than of Count Villiers l'Isle Adam that "he

opened the doors of the unknown with a crash, and a generation has gone through them to the infinite." Blake it was who preached the Golden Age when "all that was not inspiration should be cast off from poetry": and an interesting colloquial version of his belief is to be found in his marginal notes to one of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Discourses,* the text of which reads: "In the midst of the highest flights of the fancy or imagination, reason ought to preside." "If this be true," wrote Blake, "it is a Devilish Foolish Thing to Be an Artist."

What entitles the work of W. B. Yeats to universal recognition is the fact that over and above its spiritual beauty, the symbolism of its expression is in itself universal. Though the vehicle used is so distinctly Celtic, the result is more than individual, racial, or political. In this Yeats stands head and shoulders above his fellows of the Irish Revival. "If a writer wishes to interest a certain people among whom he has grown up," he says, "or fancies he has a duty toward them, he may choose for the symbols of his art their legends, their history, their beliefs, their opinions, because he has a right to choose among the substances of art." And as the final effort of "the vast and vague extravagance that lies at the bottom of our Celtic heart" is to find the best medium for an expression of the spiritual longing—the striving after a something never to be completely expressed in either word or deed—so it is the Celtic version of world-wide truths and beauties that best satisfy him.

During the process of this ardent quest among the substances of art Mr. Yeats has become enamoured of "the ancient simplicity and amplitude of imagination." "Simplicity and amplitude" — massed lights and shadows: breadth and directness, and the wisdom that treads in the footsteps of simplicity. Somewhere in *The Celtic Twilight* he mourns the entanglement of moods that makes us old, and says: "It is one of the great troubles of life that we cannot have any unmixed emotions. There is always something in our enemy that we like, and something in our sweetheart that we dislike." Therefore, his love for the beauty of simplicity and the simplicity of beauty has given this man of most complex and sensitive emotions, who could never have existed except as the finished product of subtleties, a great understanding of all folk-lore and traditions. He is always, though sometimes half unconsciously, following the direction of Max Müller, who applied it so differently, to "learn how things have become what they are and you will understand them." "Folk art is indeed the oldest of the aristocracies of thought," he has written, "and because it refuses what is passing and trivial, the merely clever and pretty, as certainly as the vulgar and insincere, and because it has gathered into itself the simplest and most unforgettable thoughts of the generations, it is the soil where all great art is rooted." Yet his verse is most intricately complex in emotion and most perfect in form. Even his every lyrical expression is completed and laid aside.

As a prose writer W. B. Yeats does not yet stand out clearly in the minds of men, partly because the writers of fine prose exceed in number the masters of verse and therefore his position is less distinctive: and partly because verse is his preëminent expression. His attainment in prose has also been slower of development than his attainment in verse: is more a matter of deliberate and intentional forming of words to his will and less of an inevitable output. There is in it also an element of promise not found in his verse:—for his verse is like the laying on of the hands of fulfillment. Yet his folk-lore tales are equally aflame with spiritual alchemy. *The Secret Rose* is an embodiment of the ancient rose symbolism as the impelling force of a deeply spiritual anticipation of immortality. *The Celtic Twilight* is a blessed meeting place of semi-light and semi-darkness in which the Irish peasantry wander, convinced that this world and the world we go to after death are not far apart. Throughout it there is "an understanding born from a deeper fountain than thought."

"A nation whose mission it is to revolve in its bosom spiritual truths is often weak politically," Renan said of the Jews: and the truth of this receives another verification in Ireland. When W. B. Yeats becomes a patriot he partakes of this same weakness that, while it can hardly be called political, nevertheless works from the outside inward: therefore, it is much to be deplored that his later work is almost entirely along na-

tional lines. *Kathleen ni Hoolihan* is the personified cry of Irish patriotism. The morality play called *The Hour Glass* is a rude awakening into approximate Irish orthodoxy. *In the Seven Woods* is a harking back to Ireland's heroic age, without the mystic insight. Not that such writing is to be wholly decried:—in the words of Mr. Yeats a dog chasing rabbits in a field becomes a form of the eternal chimera—but he has so proved himself among better and more sweeping breadths that it is to be regretted his greatest possibilities should be at all overshadowed by the very national and beloved forms which are his best medium of expression. Indeed, one who loves the verse of William Butler Yeats cannot but mourn his emerging out into the light of common day; for this light only points more clearly the conviction that the idealist cannot go with the crowd. As A. E. (George Russell) has said: "The danger of art is not in its subjects, but in the attitude of the artist's mind."

Yeats is preëminently a poet: preëminently the poet to reveal "the Spirit as the weaver of beauty." That he himself at times has misgivings about whither he is tending there can be little doubt, for he has voiced this feeling in the words: "I have never been quite certain that one should become more than an artist."

Isabel Moore.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH

AGES ago when we were all young and went to evening parties, there was always, it will be recalled, at least one blasé guest who entered with a look of pain and remained with conscious cynicism. So the world is still at it, he seemed to say, as if from centuries of experience (most of it dark), looking more bored than mortal man could ever feel—as bored perhaps as Satan might be at an afternoon tea with cherubs. But he went home no earlier than any one else and had you at any time felt his pulse you would have found it pumping away as cheerfully as other people's. It was only that he would not confess his indefensible emotions. It is the same way with some of us playgoers. We profess to enjoy only as we judge, but night after night we can fold up our judgment like an opera hat and contentedly sit with it under the seat, though we damn the play with it afterwards. It is just this lenient playgoing mood that makes stage criticism seem unreal. The intellect is detachable. Sometimes you are happier if you keep it on; sometimes you feel better without it; at a certain kind of conventional play it is simply poisonous.

We have been reading some inappropriately intelligent remarks on *John Ermine of Yellowstone,* a simple melodrama of Indian fights and primitive valour, wherein Mr. James Hackett impersonates a Western scout, a noble, athletic creature, a child of nature of the Leatherstocking Tales, who is full of the moon and stars and the Great Spirit, and does not know how heroic he is when he saves a regiment at the risk of his life. The critic says the character is not lifelike, as if it mattered, and adds that he is beneath the standard of Broadway, as if there were one. John Ermine belongs to the juvenilia of our stage and if you kill him you will find yourself embarked on a career of slaughter. There have been a dozen like him this year and last. There is no reason why criticism should straighten itself up with this sudden dignity and let the other eleven go through. Classify him and let him alone; enjoy the moment if you can; forget your age and education and everything else; feel on the top of your bald head for sunny curls, and try and wonder how the play will turn out. Will the Indians get him? It may be his gun will go off and shoot the orchestra. There is always something to wonder at. Where there's a will, there's a way. A play can be seen with two standards: the standard of what you have previously seen or read or studied, and the standard of what you would have been doing if you had staid at home that

evening. *John Ermine* is an average play and competes not with Shakespeare but with the evening papers or a game of cards or the bosom of the average family.

Despise not the raw virtue, black vice and scalping knives of casual melodrama unless you are ready to despise the society hodge-podge and the merely spectacular historical play. The common defect is the unrealised men and women. We reverse the practise of the Elizabethans and label characters instead of scenery. They asked their audience to believe that this was a wall and that a gate-post. We do the wall and post to the life, but say, will you please believe that these jumping-jacks are human beings. Yet our audience is well-trained, ready to take the will for the deed, and in no hurry to argue itself out of a place to spend its evenings. If you think coolly of the playwright's work, you will turn the stage into a solitude. There was only one play last month that would meet all the tests of afterthinking, but there was not one that did not suffice for the moment.

We think of the theatre as a great, grinding machine for expressing the obvious, a show-place for large adventures of body and soul, unsuited as a bass-drum to lighter arguments. Some say the theatre can take nothing up till the other arts are through with it. Then a play like *Old Heidelberg* comes along and succeeds where many poets fail through sheer clumsiness. An unheroic young prince whom the restraints of a petty court hardly permit to draw a natural breath, suddenly finds himself free to lead his own life at the university. For the first time he meets people on a common footing and can be foolish and spontaneous and undignified and young, and make a noise and fall genuinely in love with his landlord's pretty daughter. So he comes to life and after his first bewilderment does all these things with a zest that is good to see and resolves to keep on doing them forevermore, but in the midst of it all he is summoned back to the court to assume the regency. Being as we have said an utterly unheroic person, he obeys and takes leave of his sweetheart and his friends in a way that makes you pity all commonplace human princes. Later he revisits the university thinking to find everything the same, but he has changed and so have the students. Somehow no one can unbend and the meeting is absurdly ceremonious, empty and forlorn. Then the final parting with his sweetheart, for his marriage, of course, is an affair of state, and so his holiday ends. After all there was nothing in it worth losing a kingdom for. There was no great sorrow here, nothing tempestuous to wreck a life. His royal middle age will find it a choice reasonably made. But an epicure of emotion could probably show that the best seasoning for a delightful regret is a prosaic preference for the thing you chose. The imagination has better sport with what is a little beyond the range of real desire, and we daresay Prince Heinrich's grief was the most agreeable shade of the blues imaginable.

So the same old stage that plays the passions on a steam piano can be as delicately reminiscent as a violin, and this playwright can make a light regret for outgrown things more poignant than D'Annunzio could the pain of an amputation. The play has inspired Mr. Mansfield to surpass anything he has done for years. Nothing that was in the author's mind has escaped him, and it was more than a faithful rendering, for he supplemented the part in its own spirit, as only those actors can do who have reached the point at which their art becomes creative. And because of his fine realisation of the youthful prince we can forgive him for remaining Mansfield in the persistent consciousness of chest and voice, for the over-cultivation of his syllables and the swan's songs in his words. Perhaps Kathie, the innkeeper's daughter, ought not to have been so charming as Miss Grace Elliston made her, and might reasonably be more insipid, but having once seen her in the part we find it hard to conceive it differently. Other women on the stage would have played with technical skill and you would have gone away asking yourself why in the world was the prince so taken with her. This doubt so deadly to most women players, the doubt of the indiscernible charm that apparently works such havoc, never rises when Miss Elliston is on the stage.

Neither the beautiful tableaux of the inferno nor the elaborate explanations

offered in the "book of the play" can excuse the incoherence of MM. Sardou and Moreau's *Dante*. It is merely a series of pictures affording scope for Sir Henry Irving's talent, and the authors have taken no pains whatever with anything except some of the speeches put into his mouth. With little help from any one but the stage manager he carries it off successfully. He has the instinct of greatness and never fails in these large characters; and though the playwrights have succeeded in hiding Dante almost beyond chance of detection, he somehow fishes him out or at least some great poet —a noble and convincing presentment, the only illusion of the play, and its redemption, despite the actor's defects of speech which now at times make him almost inaudible.

Artifice is also apparent in *The Proud Prince* by Justin Huntley McCarthy, but at least it is good artifice and does no injustice to the pretty mediæval legend—the miraculous probation of Robert the Bad, changed to the court fool by the Archangel Michael, who rules in his stead till he is cured of his sins by penitence and then restores him to his throne. Mr. Sothern played the king's part with much spirit and found about all there was in it. Mr. McCarthy had not put very much there or indeed in the rest of his lines. Miss Cecilia Loftus looked the part of the rustic heroine, but that was all.

Those poetically rustic parts must make a player's heart sink, for as written by most playwrights they are poetical only in intent. These simple-hearted creatures are really the finished products of the corrupt civilisation with which they are supposed to contrast and while they pretend to tend their flocks on lonely mountains are composing verses for the magazines. The shepherd hero of the Spanish play, *Marta of the Lowlands,* may have lost some of his love of nature in translation; in the English version you can only see that he has poetical designs on you. But the play as a whole is vigorous and stirring, confined to elemental things, the love and hatred and revenge of simple people, but dealing with them effectively.

Cousin Kate is very far away from elemental passions, being in the polite comedy region where nothing greatly matters and love goes easily on and off, a familiar play, not at all original where no one is on the strain, least of all the author. It was pleasantly written, well played, and immediately forgotten, except, perhaps, for the chance it gave Miss Barrymore to show a marked improvement in her acting and for Miss Agnew's amusing study of a stiff little Sunday-school person. *F. M. Colby.*

THE RESOURCES OF MYCROFT HOLMES

I.—He Repudiates Sherlock.

RUSHEM, the editor of *The Daily Saffron,* had sent for and employed me within twenty minutes after he received the following message, wireless, from his London correspondent:

"Reason to believe interview could be had with Mycroft Holmes."

When I had been shown the Marconigram, Rushem asked, "You are still disposed to desert the chair of history in your university to become a journalist, Professor Mustie?"

I answered tersely in the affirmative.

"You know who Mycroft Holmes is?"

I replied that he was the tall, corpulent, seven-year-older, and more nicely observing brother of Sherlock Holmes, who had first attained worldwide fame through Dr. Watson's account of his (Mycroft's) connection with "The Affair of the Greek Interpreter," who was a member of the singularly unsociable Diogenes Club, London, and who applied his extraordinary faculty for figures in auditing books in certain government departments, Whitehall.

Rushem was pleased, as I had fully intended he should be, by my *multum in parvo* mode of expression. I think he

impulsively added a ten to the salary he was about to propose: and I was employed on the spot.

Behold me, therefore, seven days later, in the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club, Pall Mall, seated opposite Mycroft Holmes, in the gentle act of interviewing him.

"Briefly, Mr. Holmes," said I, for the twentieth time mentally sizing him up to my combined satisfaction and mystification, "what my paper's readers want is to know whether there is any truth in the widespread rumours that you are setting up in competition with your brother, lately reappeared?"

Mycroft Holmes looked up sharply from his cigar-ash, in evident surprise and disappointment. "Softly, softly, my dear fellow," he expostulated at once; "this is scarcely the proper beginning if I remember—if I know myself. It is for me to speak first, I believe, and so we shall commence over." He drew his ponderous weight higher up in his arm-chair and fixed his narrow eyes on mine in a manner well calculated to be impressive. "In the first place," he continued at once, "it must be a source of some satisfaction to you, even though a citizen of a republic, to be aware that you are descended in an almost direct line from a king of France, that another of your forbears was for months the companion of a monarch of England, and that two other progenitors of yours fell at Waterloo, fighting on opposite sides."

"Indeed, it is!" I acknowledged before I thought; and then, I frankly confess, I sprang up in the most intense amazement: I had come fully prepared for the usual demonstration of keen powers of observation and deduction, but I had certainly expected them to be applied to matters of the present or, at least, recent. So I did exactly what I had previously resolved not to do: I exclaimed in accents of extreme astonishment, "Mr. Holmes, this is marvellous! How on earth do you do it?"

Mycroft Holmes smiled contentedly. "I shall tell you," he said, "presently. Now, we shall return to the interview. It is desired to know whether I shall set up in competition with my brother, Sherlock: briefly, I shall not."

He paused, evidently to gather his forces, a frown coming over his low forehead, and continued, "Sherlock Holmes is—" in such a tone that I could not repress an involuntary, "Yes?" of expectancy and suspense.

"Sherlock Holmes is a vain coxcomb and an arrant charlatan," went on Mycroft explosively. "The strain he exhibits comes into our line in the middle of the eighteenth century: there was a fellow married a Holmes, a certain would-be detective named Quiller, who rejoiced in the sobriquet of—"

"Foxy!" I cried, exultation mingling with my surprise.

"Foxy," repeated Mycroft, nodding and pausing to interject, "Very clever in you, my dear Mustie!" Then, "Look at my brother's career," he cried sharply, "full of egregious conceit and inordinate self-advertisement, as it is! Why, it has been an eyesore and a nuisance to me for years, and, now that he has accomplished this supreme spectacularity of coming back from the dead, I can no longer endure the thoughts of it! Learn, then, young man, and report my words accurately,—that I am *not* to be in competition with my brother and that, ever since that morning when I drove his absurd Boswell to Victoria Station—the morning Sherlock left for his notorious interview with Moriarty in Switzerland—in utter disgust I have completely abandoned all effort and interest in the modern business of detection. No, I am no longer auditing for the government. Yes, I am devoting myself, body and soul, to a new pursuit. (You see, I anticipate your questions.) What is my business? I am, for the remainder of my natural life, Mycroft Holmes, Esquire, Solver of Historical Mysteries."

It was very natural that I should bow profoundly here, as he slightly nodded his head. "But, if you please," I said, "condescend to solve for me the *present* mystery of the words you have just uttered."

"Readily! My income is sufficient for my needs. My sole object in life is to redeem the name—my name—my brother has succeeded in bringing so low. It is a difficult task to restore lost dignity: but I shall do it. Briefly, my business is *not* to waste my moments in the trite processes of unravelling tangles of to-day, tangles whereof the beginnings, ends, and entire lengths of every thread are capable of being rendered visible: my business

lies with the solution of those Gordian knots of long ago, nine-tenths of whose component skeins are forever hid in the black fastnesses of the past."

I was enraptured, and I let him see it. He was by no means chagrined. After a time I exclaimed, "And so you can finally answer all those perplexing old questions, like Who wrote Shakespere? and The Letters of Junius? and Who was the Man in the Iron Mask?"

Mycroft Holmes shrugged his massive shoulders. "My dear Mustie," he said, with a smile, "you underestimate me. I assure you I have done nothing with these matters which are the common property of every amateur investigator. What I *have* done is to ascertain whose step-aunt married the seventh Earl of Willingham, how Giles Harcourt bought the broken corkscrew from the blind Crusader, how the centurion Alertius overcame the Pompeiian lictor—"

"But, my dear Mycroft," I interrupted (I might as well be familiar, too), "these are matters of the slightest interest to the public, compared with the mysteries I have mentioned. Come! get to work on something everybody knows about, and I will be your Boswell, your Watson!"

I saw that the suggestion pleased him immensely, though he tried hard not to show it. "Very well," he said after a moment; "be it as you say. Come here tomorrow at two, and I will solve any historical mystery you mention, no matter how easy."

Overjoyed with the prospect I rose to go. "And now," said I, "surely you will no longer withhold an explanation of how you ascertained my ancestry and my most cherished secret at first glance? How did you know me to be the descendant of a king and of a king's companion, as well as of the two soldiers that fell at Waterloo?"

Mycroft answered nonchalantly, "You are a student of history as a hobby, for you are wealthy; you are a descendant of Israel Mustie, since you resemble him so strikingly; I knew Israel Mustie, here in London, when I was a boy; he was my father's nearest neighbour; he had a birthmark on his forehead resembling two crossed sabres; this birthmark was the result of his mother's having learned that her father and his brother had died at Waterloo, the one under Bonaparte, the other under Wellington—"

"But," I cried excitedly, "my father, Israel Mustie, did not know the family history farther back than these unfortunate brothers!"

"Ah, yes," replied Mycroft coolly, "but *I* did. When Israel emigrated to the States I found among some papers he had thrown out, unexamined, as worthless, a complete family record extending back more than two hundred years. From this record I learned in ten minutes what has taken you a decade to ascertain from libraries and museums—not only that you are descended from one Gaston de Vrayeulx, who was a leading member of the gay little court of the exiled Charles II., of England, at Bruges, but that the said Gaston's parentage goes back to the left-handed union of Charles IX. of France with Marie Touchet. Now is the proper moment for the expression of your surprise and admiration, I believe," concluded Mycroft.

"But, my dear Holmes," I protested, "your knowing these things is sheer luck, after all!"

"So it is," said Mycroft; "but sheer luck counts."

I was at the door when he called me back to answer a conundrum, which, of course, I could not do.

"What," Mycroft asked quizzically, "what is the difference between Dr. Watson and myself?"

I gave up, and properly repeated the conundrum to him.

"Because," he replied, with a chuckle, "Watson deals with the history of mysteries, whereas I deal with the mysteries of history."

Then I left him chuckling mightily: one can imagine my elation, convinced as I was that on the morrow I should at least see solved The Mystery of the Shakesperian Authorship.

II.—He Solves the Mystery of the Shakesperian Authorship.

One of my first discoveries of the next day, when I went to fulfill my appointment with Mr. Mycroft Holmes, at the Diogenes Club, Pall Mall, was that the great historical detective, as I may safely dub him, is as wholly devoid of any decent knowledge of literature as, notori-

ously, is his brother Sherlock. Mycroft handled the superb and priceless first folio of Shakespere, the property of the most enviable Diogenes Club, as one would handle a ten-cent paper-back by say L. J. Libbey—that is, with the slightest care—much to my own anxiety. This latter I probably failed to conceal, for, with a sympathetic glance my way, Mycroft observed naïvely, "It *is* a wretched old copy: one would think so prosperous a club might afford something a trifle more modern!" Whereat I submerged the outraged feelings of an amateur bibliophile in the highly-keyed expectations of a newspaper reporter on the scent of an amazing scoop.

However, I had myself so well in hand that when, after a long silence, Holmes remarked sharply, "You are quite right; it *is* too bad a man of my attainments is no better informed on bookish subjects." Of course he had read my thoughts to the letter, but I was resolved not to show any emotion over so old a trick. I think my manner pleased him; at all events, he continued at once, "I am ignorant of books, past and present, their authors and their critics, except insofar as I must deal with them in my historical efforts. Now, I believe we are to ascertain this morning the true authorship of *The Works of William Shakespere?*"

I also believed that, and admitted it half tremulously.

"It appears," Mycroft went on quickly, "that the existence of a cypher, meant to establish the rightful authorship, is suspected. It is dry work, dealing with cyphers, but you have chosen to-day's mystery and we must abide by its terms. If there *is* a cypher, rest assured I shall soon discover it."

All the time he was speaking he was turning over the leaves of the folio, now rapidly, now slowly, now with evident assurance, now hesitatingly, his chubby finger meanwhile tracing its way down columns, across paragraphs, over pages, sometimes at a gallop and oftener at a crawl, for all the world like a faithful hound hot on the scent of a half-found quarry. Suddenly, as I watched him in fascination, he closed the book with a bang, and, leaning back in his chair, examined his watch interestedly.

"Eight minutes and three-quarters," he said, with a smile. "Not half-bad, that, eh, Mustie? To settle in eight and three-quarters minutes what dozens of erudite writers have been squabbling over for—I suppose—a century?"

I threw up my hands in unbounded amazement. "Mycroft," I cried, "do you mean to say you have discovered the author's name?"

Holmes nodded. "Exactly," said he.

"And it is?" I demanded, leaning forward in the utmost eagerness lest my ears should miss a syllable of what he was about to say.

"The name of the author, with which I am unfamiliar," he replied, "is—but, there! I sha'nt be so unjust as to tell you immediately, before you know something of the manner in which it has been ascertained."

"Then I am all attention and suspense!" I cried quickly, exasperated with the calmness that possessed his voice and manner.

Mycroft proceeded more briskly. "How many plays did this Shakespere write?" he asked.

"Thirty-seven," I responded promptly.

"So I believe; and how old was he when he died?"

"Fifty-two." Such information is always at my tongue's end.

"Fifty-two years exactly," said Mycroft Holmes. "Fifty-two and thirty-seven, then, are our prime numbers in this investigation, our starting posts. Take the latter from the former and we have fifteen. Turn to our friend Shakespere's fifteenth play, and we find that it is *Macbeth*, in the usual order. And, now, we observe that there is a cypher, and that this cypher, far from being intricate and difficult, is of a most ordinary and uninteresting nature. Observe the first line of the play:

"'1 Witch. When shall we three meet again?'"

He turned the volume so I could look on with him, at the same time handing me a writing-tablet and a pencil.

"This," he continued pædagogically, "is the key-line of our cypher, complete in itself. What are the three objects concerning which the question is asked? Evidently they are the witches, represented by the letter W, which occurs three times in the line. Oblige me by jotting down

the alphabet and placing below W the figure 3."

This I did in almost feverish haste.

"Now credit each other letter of the alphabet, that appears in this line, with the number of times it appears in the line."

I obeyed and set before him these rows:

A B C D E F G H I J K L M N O P Q R S T U V W X Y Z
3 1 6 1 4 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 3

"So," said Mycroft; "we have enough of our alphabet to proceed, found by the method usual in the commonest, old-fashioned cryptogram of the past. Add the numerals, and we have twenty-nine. Turn to the twenty-ninth line of the play, and we find:

" 'Which smok'd with bloody execution.'

And now mark a curious feature of our cypher: how many letters are there in this line?"

I counted them, and there were twenty-nine!

"Twenty-nine, then," continued the detective, "is our third prime number, sending us, of course, without hesitation, to the twenty-ninth play, which proves to be *Julius Cæsar*. Now, permit me to refer you back to our alphabet: you observe that there are thirteen unnumbered letters of the twenty-six, another very significant feature—thirteen from twenty-six leaves thirteen. I see instantly that our attention is directed to the thirteenth scene of the play in hand, and I am made supercertain of this fact when I observe that the thirteenth scene is the famous

" 'Act IV., Scene III. Within the tent of Brutus.'

Our author has set his city on a hill, has placed his cypher as prominently as possible, which is perfectly natural."

He paused, and try as I would, I could not restrain a cry of admiration. However, I was all eagerness and would not permit him to desist long, as, indeed, he seemed inclined to do. "Do you think you can get it all up as cleverly as Watson, Mustie?" he demanded.

Though a modest man by nature, I assured him I could, whereupon he exclaimed in a tone of intense satisfaction: "Ah, Sherlock, you overrated humbug! I'll have *you* down and out in no time—But, to proceed," he went on at once, referring to the folio: "We discover that the extremely important first line of this tent scene goes:

" 'That you have wronged me doth appear in this.'

This is the third line we are to make use of, and its significance is immense. I wonder if it fits well into the text, sheer secret message to the cryptographer that it is? Write down this line, and turning to your alphabet, place the proper numerals under the letters in the line."

Hastily I did, and got:

That you have wronged me doth
2 4 3 2 4 3 6 3 1 2 1 6 1 6 2 4

appear in this
3 6 3 1 2 2 2 4 2 1

Mycroft Holmes seized the paper and proceeded with the utmost rapidity. "In this line of numerals take the first 1 and the numeral of the letter next after it. But, you say, the following letter has no numeral. Very well. Take, instead, the numeral of the letter next before it, and what have you? 13. The rule is now established. Find the next 1. Put it down. 131. Put down the numeral of the letter next before it. 1312. Find the third 1 and so act once more. The whole result? 131216. There!" exclaimed Mycroft triumphantly. "Three ones, a three, a two, and a six; twice three is six, and thrice two is six; three into six goes twice, and two into six goes thrice. Now, referring to your alphabet and its numerals, fit a word to this 131216."

I did so, and got RAGIME!

"Heavens!" I cried, aghast. "Could it be 'ragtime?' "

"Probably not," replied Holmes; "you have found a wrong combination. But one thing is made clear: whatever the right word, it lacks one letter. Try again. Ragtime is, of course, inappropriate to the line in question."

I tried a half-dozen times, and at length produced GASTRE. Then Mycroft rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"Now you have it!" he exclaimed. "Of course the missing letter is an L, to be tacked on at the last, making GASTREL. And now you see the extreme subtlety of the cypher which says to Gastrel, 'That

you have wronged me doth appear in this!' Certainly Gastrel, the Rev. Mr. Gastrel—who pulled down Shakespere's home and pulled up Shakespere's mulberry tree, in sheer malevolence—had wronged him; and certainly—as plain as the light of the sun—GASTREL *'doth* appear in this.' "

Mycroft Holmes leaned back in his chair and surveyed me with an air of unmitigated self-satisfaction. I was speechless.

"And so," he went on presently, "an expert, like myself, carries out the cypher, step by step, until he obtains this alphabet in marks of punctuation, etc.:

ABCDEFGHIJKLMNOPQRSTUVWXYZ
?()-.-;[*:]† !'¶%,$/"‡£¥0 (sic)

He put it into my trembling hand, when he had written it out. "And then," continued he at once, "I turn to a certain indicated play, and tracing out the marks of punctuation, etc., in a certain indicated passage, I find this:

£*††*?! /[?]./%.$.

This, too, he handed me on a slip of paper.

"And it tells you that the author of Shakespere's plays is—?" I cried in the utmost eagerness.

"It tells us," replied Holmes, quite seriously, "that the author of Shakespere's plays is—. But, my dear Mustie, I will not insult your intelligence by translating for you a cypher so completely and simply self-evident!"

And so, like Mycroft Holmes, I will not insult my reader's intelligence: at this point I will leave him to work out for himself the name of the author of Shakespere's plays.

Trembling with intense emotion I left the great historical detective, resolved that, on the morrow, he should unravel for me The Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask.

III.—He Solves the Mystery of the Man in the Iron Mask.

The great historical detective received me for the third time on the third morning after my arrival in London, in the Strangers' Room of the Diogenes Club, as usual.

"And what, my dear Mustie," he asked, after the greetings, "is to be our child's play for to-day?"

"Mycroft," said I, a little hurt by his levity, "to-day you are to solve for me, and incidentally, for the readers of *The Daily Saffron*, and, equally incidentally, for the entire civilised world, that deep and perplexing mystery of the reign of Louis the Grand, namely, the identity of the Man in the Iron Mask."

"So!" observed Holmes, quizzically. "And what, my dear fellow, is the most striking fact in connection with this matter?"

Involuntarily I struck an attitude and recited from memory this quotation: "The mystery of the identity of the Iron Mask remains unsolved; but the field of inquiry has been greatly narrowed, and further investigation will not improbably discover this strange historical secret."

"Just so!" said Mycroft, with a smile of superiority. "And there you have an evident reference to myself, my dear Mustie: in the language of one of your American poets, I believe, he who penned that sentence 'builded better than he knew.' Now, as a student of history, tell me something of this mysterious fellow."

Which I did, declaring that the Man in the Iron Mask was a French state prisoner, who died in 1703, for many years guarded by Saint-Mars in various prisons, who was variously suspected to have been one Mattioli, a diplomatic agent of the Duke of Mantua, or a son of Oliver Cromwell, or the Minister Fouquet, or Avedick, the Armenian patriarch, or the Duke of Monmouth, or the Duke of Beaufort, or the Count of Vermandois, Louis XIV.'s natural son, or a natural son of Anne of Austria, or, indeed, a twin brother of the Grand Monarch himself, efficiently suppressed by Cardinal Richelieu.

Mycroft Holmes surveyed me with a smile and said, "Pardon me for resorting once more to that old and unworthy mind-reading stunt of Sherlock's, but—you have been reading up for the occasion on the subject of the Mask."

I had to admit that it was true, though again I managed to restrain any display of unusual admiration.

"However," continued Mycroft, "that is neither here nor there. The fact remains that this Mask is suspected to be

one of many persons and is undoubtedly none of them."

"Then you know—" I began eagerly, but he interrupted me with an uplifted hand.

"Gently, gently, my dear Mustie," he protested; "all will come out in due time, and we must not be guilty of so egregious an error as the spoiling of the artistic effect by revealing anything important in the beginning. We proceed quite orderly: The Mask was imprisoned by Louis XIV.; we will say, then, that the King had a grievance against him. Now, this grievance may have been personal or political—political, you say, because we are told the Mask was a prisoner of state. You assume that much. I, on the contrary, assume nothing. I observe; and I combine my observations with my wealth of special knowledge; and then I deduce. Yes, I admit that it's Sherlock's process over again—only quite perfected and in every way superior. To resume, then: a 'prisoner of state' is not necessarily a political prisoner—our Mask may have meant or done no harm to France. To any other country? Not likely, else the malevolent Louis would have rewarded, instead of imprisoning him. However, for the present we will let that go. Mustie, this is—as you, an American, should best know—the age of advertising. As day unto day is folded into the hazy past, the value, the necessity, the indispensability of advertising, the desire, the greed, the mania for publicity advances with gigantic strides. And, remarking this state of affairs from our respective vantage-points, you and I observe sagely: 'This is the age of advertising; a short time ago—' And so on, indefinitely. But to return to our prisoner: Louis's motive for detaining him was either personal or political. Say the latter: he had plotted, conspired against the welfare of the government, either as a foreign or an internal enemy, and the King had had him imprisoned. So far, so good; but why the mask? There were other state prisoners who wore no black velvet over their faces; and scarcely any one ever heard of them, or if he did, paid any attention to them. They were state prisoners, some of recent date, many of the dead past; and they were all neglected. Now, listen to me, Mustie!"

"I am but one great eager ear!" I assured him hastily.

"Mustie, the Iron Mask was not an offender against the state. You say, 'Then he had offended the King personally.' Let us consider that: many persons were imprisoned for such a cause. Were they better known or more thought of than the political prisoners? Not in the least. Now, observe this question, Mustie: did they wear masks?"

I must confess that a sort of diabolic glee possessed me; it was highly evident that Holmes expected and desired me to answer in the negative. I grinned in a species of minor triumph, therefore, as I replied, "There were others whose faces were concealed."

Much to my surprise, Mycroft's features, instead of expressing discontent, expanded into a smile of complete satisfaction. "Precisely!" he exclaimed. Then he arose slowly and began to walk back and forth before the window, his narrow eyes vacantly fixed on the fog and drizzle of the typical London atmosphere. This occupation he followed for full five minutes, the while I sat observing him in total mystification. Once only he paused to remark, looking at me straightly, "If only I had some particularly devilish habit, like that of consuming hasheesh by the half-pint, what a telling moment to indulge it this would make!"

Presently he paused abruptly and stood glaring down at me in a most singular fashion. Then he opened his lips and framed this enigmatical word: "Competition!" He repeated it a number of times, saying, "Competition, my boy, competition is the word, competition."

Then he sat down again and resumed, quite as though there had been no interruption. "You say, then, Mustie, that the Mask had personally offended King Louis; your reason for saying this is that Louis imprisoned the Mask; and here your undeveloped powers of deduction pause, impotent to proceed further. Sherlock Holmes could do much better; he could go on reasoning by the day, no doubt; and, probably, he would arrive at very creditable conclusions—mind, I always give the devil his due! But I can do vastly better than he—Dr. Watson himself would admit it, has admitted it practically, so mind you don't fail to follow suit. You say the King had a grudge

against the Mask—that seems perfectly obvious to you. But *I* say—now, listen attentively, Mustie—(small need for him to warn me!) *I* say the King had *no* grudge against the Mask!"

"But—but—" I began, stammering and uncomprehending.

"But me no buts," went on Mycroft imperturbably. "Louis XIV. hadn't a closer friend or a greater favorite than this same Man in the Iron Mask."

He paused again—to drive the strange statement home and let it clinch itself in my confused mind. Then he forestalled my question. "My dear Mustie," he said, "there were other prisoners, some of whose faces were concealed: can you, a student of history, recall the names of any of them on the spur of the moment? No; certainly not: you scarcely ever hear of them, and so they were scarcely ever heard of even in their own day. But the Iron Mask—who has not heard of him! Was he an object of curious mystery even in his own lifetime?"

I could but admit he had been such.

"Surely! And now isn't it perfectly clear to you? Remember what I said a while ago about advertising? Remember Competition? Well, this is the age of advertising, but—put your finger on the *Father* of modern advertising!"

In my confusion I could not, and he put his own finger on—the Iron Mask! "There!" he continued, abruptly. "The Mask was Louis's great friend; the Mask was a man of surpassing cleverness; the Mask was *neither* a political nor a 'personal' prisoner, although he *was* a conspirator—inasmuch as he *and* the King conspired to effect one of the greatest and most lasting advertising *coups* of all time. Mustie, you understand the value of advertising: did the Mask need to employ a press agent?"

"But," I protested wildly, "the man died in his prison after he had spent his life in it! Who could ever want such advertising as cost him his existence to procure?"

Mycroft Holmes looked me straight in the eyes and chuckled softly. "That," said he, "is precisely the point. In your blind, clumsy way, my dear Mustie, you have stumbled upon the key to the whole matter. Who, indeed, could want such advertising as cost him his life to procure but a man who had lives to waste. And what man in history is so endowed, Mustie?"

I threw up my hands in a species of horror. "The Wandering Jew!" I cried.

"Yes," said Mycroft Holmes; "no other. The Wandering Jew, at that time making great preparations to manifest himself in the guise of Joseph Balsamo, Count Cagliostro—Cagliostro, who now is—" He checked himself. "But that," he added, "is another story.—Oh, I have my fingers crossed," he explained, in answer to my unspoken remonstrance against this audacious violation of unwritten copyright; and, indeed, he had.

And so I left him again, my mind whirling in its effort to select the mystery I should ask him to unravel on the following day.

Charlton Andrews.

AMERICAN UNDERGRADUATE DRAMATICS

PHILLIPS BROOKS as a huge giantess, George F. Hoar as a fifer, and Henry Cabot Lodge as a hairdresser—the Bishop in a production of *Tom Thumb,* the senior Senator in *Bombastes Furioso* and the junior Senator in still another Hasty Pudding play at Harvard—these transformations of future great ones once occurred. And similar things have happened in many other American universities. For dramatics at the colleges are far older than most people think. As early as 1690, in fact, according to T. Allston Brown, students at Harvard performed *Gustavus Vasa,* and in 1736 the students "at the College in Williamshurgh, Va.," had a small theatre and "were probably the most talented company of amateurs in the Colonies." The giving of plays has grown apace, and today throughout the land interest among students in the drama is astonishingly keen.

Competition for dramatic honours nowhere flags. Out of town trips, taken by almost all the more important college dramatic clubs, heighten the desire to be assigned to a part, and in his own college town the college actor is by no means without honour. Customarily, though this is not true at many Western coeducational institutions, students of the same sex take all the parts.

Whence come complications. Every one knows how difficult it is to get a man to hold his skirts properly, while a woman, though she wears her brother's clothes to good advantage, has troubles far too many with her voice, her carriage, her gestures, and what not besides. A good "leading lady" is a rare acquisition in a men's dramatic society. In Catholic colleges the men are forbidden to dress as women; hence in their plays women characters must be eliminated. At the College of St. Francis Xavier, in New York City, and at St. John's College, Fordham, extremely successful productions are given despite this restriction.

Many college actors have gone on the professional stage. Hall McAllister is among them, and George Riddle, the monologist, and J. Cheever Goodwin, author of *Wang* and other operas. Mr. Goodwin in 1876, at the dedication of the new rooms of the Pi Eta Society at Harvard, of which he was a member, helped "compound," as the announcement read *Ozone, An Electric Wash, in One Act.* At the College of the City of New York, James K. Hackett, when a student, took part in plays. Stanton Elliott, Harvard 1900, is now supporting Kyrle Bellew, and Willard Howe, Yale 1901, is a professional monologist. Burr McIntosh, at Princeton, was much interested in theatricals. At Amherst, in 1884, Clyde Fitch, though a Sophomore, took part in one of the seniors' plays. Josephine Sherwood, now in repertory, wrote the words and music of the Radcliffe play three years ago and acted in it. Miss Elizabeth Valentine, Cornell 1902, who was active in dramatics at Ithaca, playing Katherine in *The Taming of the Shrew,* is taking the part of Beaute in one of the *Everyman* companies.

It is at Harvard dramatics flourish and have flourished as at no other American university. Pudding and Pi Eta plays are very widely known, and one of the greatest objections your Cambridge graduate will make to the present conduct of student affairs has to do with the faculty rule that keeps those societies from giving a play outside of Cambridge, unless everybody is back by one A.M. the same night. For these plays used to be given in New York City and elsewhere pretty far from Cambridge, whereas Wellesley and Lynn are now about as far as they can be taken.

The expense of such productions is large. New scenery and costumes are bought and good orchestras engaged, the Pi Eta, for instance, hiring musicians as a rule from the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Professional coaches, too, must be paid. The play, in the case of both Pi Eta and Pudding, is given first at the club theatre, and on the night set apart

for graduate members there are famous reunions.

This characteristic of Pi Eta and Pudding plays, all of which at present are original, is noteworthy—their intrinsic excellence. Several of them have been put successfully on the professional stage. Words and music are the work of undergraduate members, though a professional musician often orchestrates the score. They are almost always nowadays burlesques or comic operas. The late Herbert Schurz, the son of Carl Schurz, and a Pudding man, several years ago wrote most of the book of a burlesque on *Secret Service,* and acted the chief part in it. Another recent Pudding burlesque was *The Second Mrs. Corsetstay.* In the spring of 1902 the Pudding curtain raiser made fun of *If I Were King.* It was called *Were I the Thing.* One of the two authors was J. A. Dix, son of the Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix. In another recent Pudding play, *Hi-Ka-Yá,* the scene shifted from an Arctic village to the Sheepshead Bay racetrack, Santos-Dumont and his airship, and wireless telegraphy and the automobile being used.

A feature of the Pi Eta play in April, 1902, *Queen Philippine,* was the Japanese sword dance, known only to members of noble Japanese families, which was given by Hydesaburo Ohashi, a Japanese of noble blood and a Pi Eta man. The sword Ohashi used had been for many hundred years an heirloom in his family. The 1903 Pi Eta play, *Prince Punjab,* made a particular hit. The plot hinged on the superstition of the people of India in regard to an idol's ear. The work of John C. Miller, Harvard 1901, in Pi Eta theatricals was noteworthy.

At the club theatres, of course, the chief rehearsing is done, though to be sure neither of these organisations is wholly dramatic; each has its social features and each an excellent library. The Pi Eta theatre is exceptionally large, seating about five hundred, and well equipped. The society, organised by members of the class of 1866, had a theatre, stage and green room as far back as the early '70's, and when it went into its present commodious house in Winthrop Square, to get the best facilities for plays was a chief concern. It began giving plays about twenty years ago.

The present Pudding house, in Holyoke Street, was built in 1888, but the club dates back to 1795. In 1871, $4,000 was spent to remodel the four rooms in Stoughton Hall granted for its use, and to build a stage and green room. The club came to give plays as the result of a natural development, beginning with mock trials, then costuming those who took part in the trials; and then—but a step—the drama. The first play given was *Bombastes Furioso,* in 1844, in a member's room.

In 1851 *Lend Me Five Shillings* was given by the Pudding. Joseph H. Choate appeared as Sam in one of the productions of this. All along the years until the early '60's standard comedies were played. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., now Justice Holmes of the United States Supreme Court, took the part of Sam in *Raising the Wind,* in 1860. He and Austen G. Fox also played in *Othello* with other Pudding men. Senator Lodge was one of the two authors in the early '70's of a Pudding burlesque on *Don Giovanni,* and Barrett Wendell, in the '70's, wrote for it a little comedy called *Poison.* To mention a few Pudding men, the Oliver Wendell Holmeses were, each in his time, secretary and poet, as was Joseph H. Choate; Wendell Phillips and James Coolidge Carter were among its presidents; James Russell Lowell and Theodore Roosevelt among its secretaries, Mr. Lowell having been its poet also; and Charles Sumner, George Bancroft and the Rev. Dr. W. E. Channing among its members, in addition to Bishop Brooks and Senators Hoar and Lodge.

Owen Wister, another well-known Pudding man, wrote both the libretto and the music for a burlesque on the story of Dido and Æneas, Mr. Wister himself taking the part of Pius Æneas, and being dressed as a Greek below the waist and above the waist as Professor Charles Eliot Norton, whom Harvard men, then as at present, liked gently to satirise. The Venus in this burlesque was Henry U. Hardon, now a well-known New York lawyer, and he made his first appearance in tights on a trapeze. One of the properties was a bucket for Æneas to weep into. Mr. Wister's class was '82, and every class in Pudding since then has produced at least one original play. Ever

Jansen Wendell, another '82 man, was also actively identified with Pudding theatricals.

Other organizations at Harvard that are active in dramatics are the Delta Upsilon, the Cercle Français and the Deutscher Verein, but along wholly different lines from those of Pi Eta and Pudding. The Delta Upsilon presents each year one of the Elizabethan comedies other than those of Shakespeare. There is nothing original about the performance, but it is ambitious, great pains being taken to reproduce the comedy exactly, and it is given several times. The Cercle Français, in which James H. Hyde was and is much interested, gives annually a revival of some French play, often one of Molière's. The year *Cyrano de Bergerac* was first produced in America the Cercle revived a play by the Cyrano of history. The University of Pennsylvania Cercle Français also gives French plays. The Deutscher Verein at Harvard gives German plays. The Cambridge Dramatic Club, though not entirely a college organisation, has among its members many Harvard men. Harvard's Latin department has given plays in the original, and the Greek department has given Greek plays, including *Œdipus Tyrannus,* in the original, as has the Greek department of the University of Pennsylvania, all with notable success. Two years ago the Greek department at Stanford gave the *Antigone* of Sophocles, first at the university and afterwards at several places throughout the State.

It is at the University of California, however, that Greek plays should have most success. The president, Dr. Wheeler, was professor of Greek at Cornell before he went to California. The university accepted from William Randolph Hearst last September an open-air theatre, a reproduction of the classic Dionysian theatre at Epidaurus, Greece. This structure is in two parts, the stage being 122 feet long and 28 feet deep, surrounded by a wall 42 feet high. The theatron itself is semi-circular, 254 feet in diameter, and has two concentric tiers of seats. The faithfulness to the original is remarkable, and there is nothing quite like it in the world. The dedication was fittingly marked by a performance of the *Birds* of Aristophanes.

The Spanish tinge in everything Californian is seen plainly in both the big universities there, and evidence of this so far as dramatics are concerned is found in the plays given in Spanish. Last October at Stanford the Spanish Club gave in Spanish *Calderon Contra Ramsey,* written by two Stanford students. At the University of California a play in the original is presented each year by the students in Spanish. At California the Skull and Keys Society gives an annual play, the seniors on Class Day present an extravaganza, and on Charter Day, the university's birthday, an old English play is given under the auspices of the English department. At Stanford the English Club last year presented *The Knights of the Burning Pestle,* and the French Club presented a French play.

At Cornell a most interesting custom is that of the Savage Club, founded largely through the aid of Professor Morse Stephens of Cornell, an Oxford graduate and a member of the Savage Club of London, in entertaining after their performances well-known actors who come to Ithaca. The chief Cornell dramatic organisation is the Masque. This elects its members on the basis of competition, and several plays are given each year with marked success. It gave a few years ago *The Taming of the Shrew.* Its play this coming winter will be entitled *Her.* It is an adaptation of one of Sidney Grundy's farces. The Savage Club will give at Ithaca this December a burlesque entitled *Mrs. Renigs of the Cribbage Match,* a title which the compositor and the proofreader on one of the Cornell publications the other day managed to twist into *Mrs. Re's Wiggs of the Cribbage Patch.* The author of this burlesque is Louis A. Fuertes, '97, the illustrators, D. T. Wells, '04, and R. L. Dempster, '04. Mr. Dempster will have a song and dance at the performance with the euphonious title of *Boozie Suzie.* Last year, under the auspices of the French department, *L'Anglais tel qu'on le parle* and *La poudre aux yeux* were produced. Professor Olmstead especially took an active interest in them.

An open secret, in the real sense of that misused term, is that the sophomore-junior fraternities at Yale give plays at

their initiations. These fraternities, Psi Upsilon, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Alpha Delta Phi and Zeta Psi, occupy "tombs" after the Yale fashion. A chief feature of these "tombs," the general arrangement of which the late John Addison Porter, President McKinley's secretary, a most enthusiastic Yale man, has described, are their theatres. "It was left to the mother chapter of D.K.E. at Yale," Mr. Porter wrote, "in 1861, to perfect an appropriate and feasible building for all colleges, to rear it in suitable materials and to furnish it with complete appointments: In appearance a well-proportioned Greek temple, whose interior plan provided an assembly room for grand occasions, a smaller hall for ordinary meetings, facilities for dramatic entertainments and banquet festivities, space for the preservation of archives and the storing of relics." The initiations of these four societies take place the same nights in the spring and fall of each year, and the plays then given are made occasions for great gatherings of the societies' alumni, including many who come to New Haven from afar for the purpose. Usually these productions are light in character and usually they are written by members of the society. No outside coaches are employed and no outsiders see the plays, for only fraternity members are allowed inside the "tombs." Much about the productions, however, finds its way out. The work that William, or "Doc." Clyde, a member of the well-known Philadelphian family, and a member of the Class of 1901 at Yale, did in Psi U theatricals was locally famous, particularly his presentations of the easy man of the world.

In 1900 the Yale Dramatic Association was formed. Now so strong and successful, it started under difficulties. It had no social help at all. The members of the play-giving fraternities looked without enthusiasm on it. But it had the spirit and it throve. Frank Lea Short, a professional coach, did a great deal for the Association, and Professor William Lyon Phelps, of the English Department, also took a great personal interest in it. Its productions are ambitious. Its first offerings were two old English plays, *The Pardoner's Tale* and the *Secundum Pastorum*. Since then it has given Thomas Heywood's *The Fair Maid of the West*, with two hundred students taking part, many of whom comprised the temporary audience that was part of the production. Sheridan's *Critic; High Life Below Stairs;* and, last spring, Goldsmith's *The Good Natured Man*. At the Yale bicentennial two years ago the Yale Dramatic Association presented in an open air amphitheatre before 9,000 people, including 5,000 Yale graduates, more than half the living Yale men, a most successful series of historical pictures of Yale life, old and new. The first of them was *The Founding of Yale—1701*, and among the others were *Washington at Yale—1775*, and *The Execution of Nathan Hale—1776*. The Yale Dramatic Association is limited to thirty-five men, chosen by competition, and in the fall of 1902, to fill the fifteen vacancies in the club, no fewer than one hundred and six men responded.

The Psi Upsilon chapter at Wesleyan gives a play every spring. At Cornell an important feature of the elaborate Junior Week festivities every February is the play that Psi Upsilon gives at its home on the edge of Cascadilla Gorge.

Organised in 1882, Princeton's Triangle Club has had a most gratifying play-giving history, and among its members have been James Barnes, Booth Tarkington and "Bill" Morse. At first the plays it gave were by prominent authors, but about 1890 a musical comedy written by undergraduates was produced and that has been the policy ever since. The play in 1900, *The King of Pomeru*, was so well received that it was played throughout the next year, and last year's one, *The Mullah of Miasma*, was shown in Chicago, Cleveland, Newark, New York, and Philadelphia in addition to the two Princeton performances.

Interest in dramatics at Columbia centres in the annual "'Varsity Show." *The Mischief Maker*, produced last year, was under the auspices of Kings Crown, a literary and social organisation, and it was seen at Carnegie Lyceum, New York, during the entire week of March 23, with performances every evening and with a Saturday matinee. It was an original comic opera in two acts, the scene being laid on the planet Venus, with thirteen Columbia men in the cast, thirty in the chorus and thirty-five in



"THE PRINCE OF PUNJAB," GIVEN LAST YEAR BY THE PI ETA SOCIETY OF HARVARD.
The play was original, and members of the society took all the parts. The Pi Eta has a theatre in its house that seats five hundred.



DELTA KAPPA EPSILON "TOMB" AT YALE.



PSI UPSILON "TOMB" AT YALE.

The societies give plays in their "tombs," at initiations, and many old members return to New Haven to see the



MR. MINOR, AS FLANIGAN, THE BAILIFF'S FOLLOWER, IN "THE GOOD NATURED MAN."



MR. FOX, AS OLIVIA, IN "THE GOOD NATURED MAN."

YALE DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION.



THE HASTY PUDDING CLUB HOUSE AT HARVARD.



B. HOLLISTER, "Miss Richland." H. R. STERN, "Honeywood." E. CORNING, "Croaker." R. C. DOBSON, "Mrs. Croaker."

In "The Good Natured Man" at Yale.

the orchestra. For the previous five years the show had lost money and had accumulated debts amounting to $1,100. The 1903 show was profitable enough to pay off this debt and establish a guarantee fund for future shows. Its cost was about $2,500. Roi Cooper Megrue was the show manager. Professor Harry Thurston Peck, faculty vice-president of Kings Crown, interested himself to make it a success. The Columbia "'Varsity Show" for this year will be produced the week of March 14. The comic opera is being written by R. C. Megrue and R. C. Gaige, with music by C. J. Penney. The title probably will be *The Island of Not.* Here is a stanza from one of its lyrics:



G. T. BISPHAM, PRINCETON, 1904.
Leading Lady," of the Princeton Triangle Club for the last three years.

A tutor mild went on a toot,
And guzzled whiskey strong and beer,
But it took champagne his taste to suit,
And he drank his Werner half-pint clear.
Now he was a devil all because
That's the kind of a toot he was.
Now what do you think of that?
The tutor mild got drunk and sinned
And the devil within him gently grinned
Ha hee, ha ha!
Now what do you think of that?

The Mask and Wig at the University of Pennsylvania has had a remarkably successful existence of fifteen years, and much of its success it attributes to its graduate element, though undergraduates do the acting in public. It has a club house, and its annual burlesque costs something like $5,000, over half of this often going for costumes. Most college dramatic clubs that go out of town "try it on the dog" first, and Mask and Wig goes to Atlantic City to do this, taking four special cars, two of them for scenery. At Cornell the Masque does this frequently at the insane asylum at Willard, N. Y., and not few are the resultant jests.

Other college dramatic organisations are the Sock and Buskin at Brown; a club at Lafayette which has the same name; the Dramatic Club, of the University of Virginia; the University Dramatic Club of the University of Minnesota; the Dartmouth Dramatic Club; the Circle Comique, at Union; the Jesters of Trinity; and the Cap and Bells at Williams. For the last three years the Cap and Bells has appeared at the Carnegie Lyceum in New York. At Rutgers the seniors customarily give a play in June, and at New York University they give a play each year. The University of Rochester Dramatic Club has existed almost since the founding of the institution. A number of Amherst fraternities give plays, and there is much interest each year in the "Senior Dramatics." The Seniors take a long trip each Easter vacation with their play, usually giving at least a dozen out-of-town performances.

Perhaps the most novel attempt in dramatics made by undergraduates anywhere will be the performance of



SCENE FROM "THE MULLAH OF MIASMA."

Musical Comedy produced last year by Princeton students. The book was by M. S. Burt, '04, and the music by R. B. Mixsell, '03, and K. S. Clark, '05. The comedy was given in Chicago, Cleveland, Newark, New York, and Philadelphia.

an English adaptation of the ancient Hindu masterpiece *Sakuntála*. This the senior class at Smith College has chosen for the 1904 Commencement Week. Students at the women's colleges generally steer toward the serious in choosing their plays. At Wellesley there is a Shakespeare Society, which gives a Shakespeare play each year. At Bryn Mawr the juniors at the end of each year give something for the seniors, the performance last spring being a dramatisation of Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*. Even Greek has no terrors for them. At Vassar in May of 1902 Aristophanes's *Birds* was presented in the original by the Philalethean Society.



EMILY VAN DUZER FORD, VASSAR, 1906.
Played, this Autumn, Rose in "Trelawny of the Wells."

To this organisation at Vassar, known as "Phil," the entire student body belongs. It gives four plays a year. Besides the *Birds*, *As You Like It* and *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have been given in recent years, all as out of door performances. The names of most of the "Phil" plays are not known except to the actors until the day before the performance, the object being to deepen interest, and possibly also to train the feminine mind in the gentle art of keeping a secret. At Smith, besides the senior play, a joint production is made yearly by the two literary societies, and the clubs of the French Department and the German Department present a play each a year in those languages. In addition, each of the campus dormitories gives one once every three years. At Wellesley, as at Vassar, there is a large dramatic organisation to which all members of the college may belong, in this case called "The Barnswallows." The society gives five or six plays a year, the first and last rather elaborate, the others short. Those that were presented last June and last October were written by Wellesley girls. In addition the juniors give a play about December in each year, and the seniors give one each June. At Bryn Mawr an annual affair is the play given in November for the freshmen by the sophomores. At the women's colleges such plays as *Trelawny of the Wells* and *She Stoops to Conquer* are special favourites.

At Mount Holyoke, plays are given yearly by the three upper classes, and operas under the superintendence of the choral club. Last year *The Mikado* was presented.

At the coeducational institutions, too, dramatics flourish among the women. At the University of Wisconsin a society among the men called the Haresfoot Club gives a play each winter. A recent play it gave was *The Private Secretary*—a piece, by the way, that men's dramatic clubs seem particularly fond of. A similar organisation among the "co-eds" at Wisconsin is the Red Domino, and these two organisations often exchange courtesies in filling up the casts. The Edwin Booth Society, also at Wisconsin, gave last spring an elaborate production of



THE MASK AND WIG CLUB OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Othello. At the University of California the women present a play every year on Washington's Birthday, which has come to be known as "Co-ed Day."

At Sage College, Cornell University, the women are active in dramatics, there being a dramatic club, and in addition plays given by the classes. The women for several years, on invitation of the men's dramatic organisation, the Masque, took the parts of women in the plays. There was dissatisfaction at this, however, on the part of the men of the university, and beginning with senior week, last June, a change was effected, and men again took the women's parts.



CAST OF "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AS GIVEN BY STUDENTS AT TYLER HOUSE, ONE OF THE SMITH COLLEGE DORMITORIES, LAST MAY.



COLUMBIA COLLEGE 'VARSITY SHOW, 1908, "THE MISCHIEF MAKER"

The book was by E. A. Woolf, the music by C. J. Penner, and the lyrics by Arthur G. Hays, all recent graduates of the college. The cast, chorus, and orchestra were composed of Columbia students. It was the fourteenth annual presentation at Columbia of a musical play.



GREEK OPEN AIR THEATRE, PRESENTED TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA BY WILLIAM R. HEARST.

Echoes, if nothing more, of the opinion of the college man with regard to the woman student at his institution are frequent in the burlesques. In a topical duet between Hamlet and the Ghost, in the '93 Pudding play at Harvard, entitled *Hamlet, or the Sport, the Spook and the Spinster,* in this stanza:

Hamlet: They say that Harvard College
is a-going to the dogs.
Yes, I've heard so. *Ghost:* So they say.



MISS ELIZABETH VALENTINE, CORNELL, 1902.
As Grand-daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Storrs, who played in Cornell theatricals and who is now playing Beaute in "Everyman."

Hamlet: That we spend our time in finery
and fancy catalogues.
Yes, I've heard so. *Ghost:* So they say.

Hamlet: That luxury and riches, and dissipation's whirl
Have made the Harvard man as rare as baronet or earl,
And our only real success is now the Harvard Annex girl,
I have heard so. *Both:* I don't think!

Compliments to New Haven are paid in this stanza:

Ghost: They say that things are very diff'rent down at dear old Yale,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: That you'll find her as the song remarks so hearty and so hale,
Yes, I've heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: They all go to chapel and learn to be good,
And their purely pious motives are so fully understood,
That they say they wouldn't cut it, no! not even if they could,
I have heard so. *Both:* I don't think!

This was the fourth stanza:

Ghost: I hear that we are threatened with a terrible machine,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: And I hardly need to tell you I refer to crinoline,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: If all the girls should wear them, I wonder what we'd do.
If we got into a horse-car with even a few,
Would it hold a half a dozen where it once held sixty-two?
I have heard so. *Both:* I don't think!

Harvard men don't spare the Boston folk, as this shows:

Ghost: A stately Boston matron to her charming daughter said,
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: "Look for intellect and culture, Arabella, when you wed."
I have heard so. *Hamlet:* So they say.
Ghost: "But tell me, mamma, truly," the daughter made reply,
"Would you let a cool two millions go perambulating by?"
And the stately matron answered, as she winked the other eye,
Both: "I have heard so, I don't think!"

Among the characters in *Hamlet* were "Bolognius, the Queen's Chamberlain, Decidedly Dutch, Desperately in Debt, with a Dowerless Daughter." The libretto was by G. B. Blake, J. A. Wilder,



EDGAR MUNSON, YALE, 1904.
President of the Yale Dramatic Association.



ROBETER LEDGER DEMPSTER, CORNELL, 1904.
President of the Cornell Masque.



CORNELL STUDENTS IN "L'ANGLAIS TEL QU'ON LE PARLE."
Given in the original under the auspices of the French Department.

and S. F. Batchelder, and the music by P. L. Atherton and E. H. Abbott, all '93 men.

The "Apprentice's Song," in *The Sphinx*, another Pudding opera, is also an excellent example of the lyrics of a college play. It begins:

I was born in the suburbs of Harlem,
At the bottom of Billy Goat Dell,
And my friends all live in the Bowery,
And my girl is a Bowery belle.
Poor, hard-working, were my parents,
And I work for my living as well.
My name you can't find in the blue-book,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.

Chorus:

Only a fifth-rate swell,
Only a fifth-rate swell,
Don't say I am handsome,
Don't call me a dear,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.

The clever college hits in this stanza are obvious:

Out at Cambridge every one cuts me,
Instructors all my swipes repel,
I don't belong to the Co-operative Society,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.
The H. A. A. I couldn't get into,
The Faculty know I raise—Well!
I'm not in it with the regent,
For I'm only a fifth-rate swell.

Here again are compliments to New Haven:

In New London where the Pequots
Used to shriek their war-like yell,
Came de Yales to meet the Hayvards,
De Hayvards won, so I've heard tell.
The Elis claimed the tugboat's washing
Stopped the motion of their shell.
But I call it mighty poor rowing
If it's stopped by a fifth-rate swell.

The Vincent Club, a fashionable organisation of young Boston women which a short time before had presented a play, received this kind mention in a Pudding production:

"Society uncovers a number of shins."

L. Guernsey Price.



CORNELL STUDENTS IN "LA POUDRE AUX YEUX."
Given in the original under the auspices of the French Department.

A BALLADE OF STORY-BOOK LAND.

From sermon and sonnet and screed,
 From ponderous tones all a-row,
From theses of dogma and creed,
 From broadside and skit and *bon-mot*
 Turn back to the long, long ago.
Dull embers by memory fanned
 Break forth in a radiant glow,
The glory of Story-book Land!

Wild warriors with raging stampede
 Charge down on a furious foe:
While brave, gallant knights intercede
 For maidens all trembling with woe,
The fairies their favors bestow,
 The Prince wins the Princess's hand;
 'Tis a dazzling, a magical show,
The glory of Story-Book Land!

Give Robinson Crusoe the lead,
 Then Rollo and Alice and Jo;
Munchausen, with marvellous deed;
 Br'er Rabbit, Bagheera, Lobo,
 Captain Nemo, Sinbad, Ivanhoe,
Tom Brown, Robin Hood and his band,
 Don Quixote, the Deerslayer,—oh,
The glory of Story-book Land!

L'Envoi:

Ah, Grown-ups, a few of us know,
 A few of us still understand;
And are glad we can never outgrow
 The glory of Story-book Land!

Carolyn Wells.



A Story for Young Children.

By Harry Thurston Peck.

IN TWO PARTS.

Part I.

HILDA was sitting on the grass under a big tree. It was a favourite nook of hers, down at the end of the long meadow where the clover-blossoms swayed in the wind. She often went there all by herself in the afternoon, with her doll for company. Hilda liked to be alone sometimes, because she had thoughts and fancies that no one else ever quite seemed to understand, and so she kept them to herself and dreamed over them under the big tree at the end of the meadow.

It was the last week of September; and, in a day or two, Hilda was to be sent to school for the first time in her life. She didn't exactly know what school was like or whether she was going to be pleased with it or not. She was six years old, and she thought that she knew enough already without going to any school. She could read through *Mother Goose* without making a single mistake, for she knew it all by heart, and if you just showed her one of the pictures she could say the rhymes off fast. And she could tell you the stories out of a good many other books such as *The White Cat* and *Puss in Boots* and *Aladdin;* and she could count as far as thirty, and give you the names of the numbers up to ten when she saw them, except that she sometimes got 6 mixed up with 9, because they looked so much alike, only the curly parts were in different places. She could even tell time by the big clock at the foot of the staircase—that is, she knew the hours. So, as she thought it all over by herself under the big tree, it did seem rather silly to send her to school. She had already learned as much as she needed to know or wanted to know, and so—

What was that noise?

Hilda stopped thinking of school and began to look about her. She had certainly heard something moving quite near by. As she listened, there came to her ears a sound like a long hiss, and

also a curious little gasping and puffing as though some one was very much out of breath. It was all very faint and she would probably not have heard it if her ear had not been near the ground. Yet she could see nothing. The grass between her and the stone wall was quite long; and even when she sat up, it was as high as her head. So she scrambled to her feet and looked in the direction of the sounds. Then she saw a strange sight.

Down at one corner of the wall was a big black spider. Hilda did not like spiders, and she used to dream awful dreams about them. She did not often dream at all; but somehow or other she always dreamed at Thanksgiving night and on the night after Christmas, and it was generally about spiders. But she had never dreamed of a spider so big and black and fat and horrid as this spider which she now saw near the wall. And he was not spinning webs or doing any useful things. He was standing up high on his hind claws and striking out with his front claws, while he made a hissing noise that sounded like a snake's. The next moment, Hilda saw what it all meant. Close to the wall and with his back against it, was a tiny little creature only a few inches high. He was dressed in some kind of silken material that gleamed and glittered like spun gold, and in his hand he held what seemed to be a small sharp needle, but which Hilda saw was a sword. With this he was slashing and lunging at the great spider with all his might. The spider was afraid to come too near, lest his claws should be pierced by the sharp sword; but he kept the long, hairy nippers moving and he hissed and hissed and hissed. The little creature who was defending himself was very pale, and every time the spider hissed, his face grew paler still, and he gasped and swayed as though he was going to fall. Hilda saw that he could not hold out much longer.

"Well!" said she, "I'll just make that spider stop."

She looked about and saw a large stone. It was all she could do to lift it, but she hoisted it up in her two little hands. Then she took a step or two, and, standing just behind the spider, she held the stone directly over him. The spider did not notice her. He was puffing himself up for a final hiss. Slowly and savagely he reared up on his powerful hind claws; his fore-claws, big and black, were raised in the air; in two seconds he would



THE DOCTOR IS ANGRY

have hissed and sprung, when— Crash! Smash! Down came the great big stone, and the spider was all in pieces.

"There!" said Hilda. "Take that!"

She looked at the little creature who had been fighting the spider. He was


M. E. Leonard.
Hilda and the Elf.

leaning against the wall, and his face was still as white as paper. When he saw that the spider was smashed, he let his sword fall with a tinkle among the stones. In a minute or two, however, his colour came back to him, his eyes grew bright, and he stood up straight and looked into Hilda's face.

"You have saved my life," said he.

His voice was such a little bit of a voice that Hilda had to lean down to hear it; but it sounded sweet and clear as a silver harp. Hilda didn't know what to say.

"Yes," he continued; "you have saved my life. Who are you, little girl?"

"Oh!" she said, "I'm Hilda."

"Hilda? That's a very pretty name. I owe you a great deal, Hilda."

"Oh, no," said Hilda, simply. "I don't like spiders."

"Neither do I," remarked he, picking up his sword and wiping it on a blade of grass. "Don't you want to know who I am?"

"Yes," said Hilda, "only I thought it wouldn't be polite to ask."

"Well, I'll tell you," returned he, smiling. "I'm an elf, and I have the power of all the elves. You know elves are almost the same as fairies."

"Are they?" said Hilda. "But my mamma says that there aren't any fairies now outside of story-books."

"I know," replied the elf; "and if you ask your mamma she will say that there aren't any elves either, outside of story-books. But you see me, and I am an elf."

"You do look just like one," admitted Hilda, thoughtfully.

"Yes," said he, "and I have magic power. I am going to give you some of it because you killed the spider. How would you like to be able to wish for anything you want and have it come true?"

"Of course, I should like it," said Hilda. "But if you have magic power why didn't you just wish for the spider to be dead? He would have killed you in another minute."

"Ah," replied the elf, shaking his head ruefully. "Spiders are the natural enemies of elves, and they are the one thing over which we have no power. If we meet them, we have to fight with them, and their breath is poisonous to us. That is why we are not so powerful as the fairies. But I can make you a gift of five magic wishes, and I'm going to do so. Listen. After you wake up to-morrow morning you will be able to wish five times,—each time for anything you want, and your wish will be answered as soon as you make it. But I advise you not to use up your wishes on foolish little things such as children want, but to keep them all till you are a great deal older or until you really and truly need them."

"But how am I going to make the wishes, so that they will be answered?" asked Hilda, who was beginning to be a good deal impressed.

"I will tell you," said the elf. "When you have decided that you really do need anything, go off somewhere all by yourself, and say aloud just what it is you wish for. Then repeat these lines:

'Little elf, little elf,
Come to me your ownty self.
Make my spoken wish come true
As you said that you would do.'

"Then you will have a sign that your wish is heard and answered. But be a wise little girl and don't waste your wishes on trifles."

"I won't," said Hilda. "But I wish you could make me quite sure that it is all so."

"Well, ask me to do something to make you sure. Try and see whether I am really an elf and have magic power. Think of some proof."

"Oh," said Hilda, looking around and feeling rather at a loss, "well—er—well, suppose you turn all the green grass in this meadow bright blue."

"I will," replied the elf; "and then will you believe?"

"Yes; but do it now."

"Presently," said the elf.

Hilda had been looking at the meadow to see whether it was turning bright blue. It remained as green as ever.

"Why don't you do it?" asked Hilda, facing about.

But the elf had disappeared.

"Pooh!" thought Hilda as she walked slowly back to the house for dinner. "I don't believe it, after all. Maybe I dreamed the whole thing."

The next morning when she woke, she was quite sure that it was all a dream.

After she had been dressed, she went down to breakfast. Her mother was there, but her father had gone out for an early walk and had not yet returned. Breakfast was nearly over when all of a sudden he came rushing in with his hat on his head and his stick in his hand.

"Here is a most astonishing thing!" cried he. "Extraordinary! Inexplicable! Every blade of grass in the Long Meadow has turned a bright sky-blue! Briggs saw it first and ran out to tell me; and there are hundreds of people down there looking at it. I never heard of such a thing before! Professor Hoot who is visiting at the Rectory says that it is due to the peculiar chemical composition of the soil. He is going to analyse some of the earth and write a paper about it. But the most curious fact is this: every blade of grass in that one particular meadow is bright blue, but not one single blade of grass in the adjoining meadows has been changed at all. It is marvellous!"

He went on talking excitedly and walking up and down the room. It was a long while before he could be got to sit down and eat his breakfast, and soon after, he went off to talk with Professor Hoot. But Hilda said nothing. She only smiled to herself and knew in her heart that she had not been dreaming the day before, but that the five magic wishes were really hers.

On the following Monday, Hilda was sent to school. She was small for her age; and so Miss Morris, the principal, put her in the kindergarten. There she found a number of girls whom she already knew; and she began to think that she would like it. Everything was different from what she had supposed a school would be. No one had to study any books; but some of the girls were building block houses, and others were stringing beads, and others were putting little coloured pegs in holes. Some very small children were standing in a circle and singing a song like this:

'The rat takes the cheese,
The rat takes the cheese,
Heigh-O, the Jerry-O,
The rat takes the cheese!'

Then they would all go down on their hands and knees and squeak and pretend to nibble something. This was to teach them what rats are, and that cheese can be eaten. They would never have learned those things at home, and so their mothers had sent them to the kindergarten to be educated thoroughly.

Hilda was not set to stringing beads or playing rat; but the kindergarten teacher, Miss McFadd, took her over to a corner where five or six girls were sitting.

"Here, Hilda," said Miss McFadd, "are all kinds of splints and strips of different colours which can be woven into pretty little baskets. Just watch how the others do them and try to make a very simple one yourself. I will look at what you have done about noon-time."

So she went away and left Hilda with the other girls. Now Hilda did not know any of them to speak to; but one of them she had heard about and was sorry to see her there. This was a tall, lank, unpleasant looking girl named Frieda. She was nearly two years older than Hilda, but because she was lazy and dull she was still in the kindergarten. She could not learn things quickly herself; but she was as malicious and full of tricks as a monkey; and she always tried to annoy the new children who had just come to the school. Being older than the rest of them, she was a sort of leader among them; and though they did not like her very well, they were afraid of her sharp tongue and of the tricks she might play on them if they did not do what she wanted.

No sooner had Hilda sat down than Frieda began to mock her. If Hilda picked up a piece of coloured plaiting, Frieda picked up one just like it. If Hilda put one down, Frieda did the same. If Hilda moved her chair, Frieda moved hers. If Hilda stopped and did nothing, Frieda stopped too. If Hilda coughed, Frieda coughed. In fact, she kept mimicking Hilda until the poor child didn't know what to do. The worst of it was that the other children, instead of going on with their work, all ceased doing anything, and watched Frieda. When at last she had made Hilda very unhappy they giggled and whispered to one another, until Hilda was ready to cry with mortification.

"Huh!" said Frieda to the girl who sat beside her. "We don't want any cry-

bies here, do we? They ought to be their little cribs at home in the rsery."

"I'm *not* a cry-baby!" said Hilda, tryg to keep the tears back.

"Cry-baby! Cry-baby!" called Frieda, id then she pretended to cry herself and ipe her eyes with her handkerchief; fter which she thrust her facé forward nd stuck out her tongue. She looked xactly like an ape.

Just at this moment Miss McFadd ame up. All the children became very uiet and began to work busily on their askets. Only Hilda sat idle. She was rying not to cry.

"Children, it is noon," said Miss McFadd. "You may go down stairs for your luncheon. How have you got on with your basket, Hilda?"

Hilda did not know what to say.

"Oh, Miss McFadd!" said Frieda. "She hasn't done anything at all."

"How is this?" asked Miss McFadd sharply. "Haven't you even tried to do your basket? The other girls were to show you how."

"Oh, Miss McFadd!" broke in Frieda. "We did show her how, but she wouldn't try at all."

Miss McFadd looked at Hilda very severely. She ought to have shown Hilda herself; but she had forgotten all about it. She knew this, but it only made her more cross with Hilda.

"I am sorry," she said, "that you are so obstinate as not to try. I shall have to punish you by leaving you here alone while the other children have their luncheon. You can have something to eat, but you must remain here until you have at least begun your basket. I am afraid that you are a very sulky little girl."

Hilda wanted to tell Miss McFadd all about everything and how Frieda had treated her, and how the others had not once offered to show her about the basket. But she hated to tell tales because she had been taught that it was mean. So she said not a word, but just sat still. Miss McFadd looked at her a moment and then went away.

"There, cry-baby!" said Frieda, as she got up to go with the rest. "Now you'll have a nice time all by yourself! You're too stupid to make a basket! Stupid! Stupid!"

And she stuck out her tongue again and went away.

Hilda was in despair. She felt that she had been disgraced before all the children on the very first day of her school. She hadn't supposed that any one could be so hateful as Frieda was; and Miss McFadd seemed to be against her, too. School had seemed so pleasant to her, and now it was all spoiled at the very beginning. And she knew that she couldn't even begin to make a basket. As soon as the maid had brought her a plate with her luncheon on it and left her quite alone, Hilda broke down and begun to sob. She had never felt so unhappy in her life.

She sobbed and sobbed, and her tears fell down upon the plaits that were in her lap. If she could only weave them into a fine basket and make Frieda stop tormenting her! Suddenly she remembered the elf and the wishes that he had given her. But was it really true that she could wish things? Anyhow she could try. She had almost forgotten the rhyme which the elf had taught her, but she slowly recalled the words. Then she said aloud:

"I wish for a most beautiful basket."

And then she added:

'Little elf, little elf,
Come to me your ownty self.
Make my spoken wish come true
As you said that you would do.'

Ting! A sound like a little silver bell was heard in the room behind her, and then of a sudden all the coloured strips in her lap and on the floor at her feet seemed to slide together; and before Hilda knew what was happening, a lovely basket stood beside her. It was cunningly woven in the shape of a Grecian vase, and the colours were blended so beautifully that the whole looked like a great flower. Hilda clapped her hands with joy and her eyes sparkled.

"Wonderful!" cried she.

Then, after looking at the basket for a while, she ate her luncheon most contentedly.

At the end of the hour, the children all came trooping upstairs again. Frieda rushed over to where Hilda sat. She wanted to begin tormenting her again.

"Well, cry-baby," she said. "How did

you like being punished? I suppose you've been making a fine basket."

"Yes, I have," said Hilda.

"Ho, ho!" jeered Frieda. "Yes, a lot you have! Let's see it."

"Here it is," said Hilda.

Freida looked and her eyes got as big as saucers and her mouth opened with astonishment. She fairly gasped and hadn't a word to say. Just then Miss McFadd came up.

"Well, Hilda," said she, very severely, "have you begun your— Oh!" And she, too, gasped.

"Why," she cried, "that's the most beautiful basket that was ever made in this school. I didn't know that you had learned how to make baskets. Well, then, I'll put you at something else in another part of the room."

So Hilda was taken away from Frieda and set to counting blue buttons. The children whom she was now put with were nice children, so that when Hilda went home she was as gay as a lark.

But that night she was troubled because she remembered how the elf had told her not to use up her wishes on little things. She was afraid she had been foolish to waste the first wish on a basket; yet she had at any rate put an end to her unhappiness. And the following days at school were so pleasant and she had such fun and so many things to think about that she nearly forgot the wishes altogether.

The months went by, and winter came. It was almost Christmas time. Hilda's father had gone away upon business, but he was to return on Christmas Eve so as to be home for the Christmas tree and to see Hilda hang up her stockings, one on each side of the fireplace in her room. The snow lay deep upon the ground, and every one began to feel like Christmas. Hilda helped dress the house with sprays of pine and hemlock and to put sprigs of mistletoe among the evergreen which almost covered the cluster of electric globes that hung overhead.

It was only three days before Christmas Day, when Hilda's mother suddenly fell ill. At first she thought it was nothing more than a cold; but before evening she was so much worse that she had to send for the doctor. The regular doctor was away, so a different doctor came in his place. He was a very young doctor and so he knew a great deal; for it is a curious thing that the younger a doctor is, the more he knows. Indeed there is no one who knows more than a young doctor, except a medical student, and this, I suppose, is because a medical student is younger still.

Now this doctor did not like Hilda. He did not know what to say to children, and so he always puffed himself up and used long words. He had an idea that Hilda was laughing at him when he did this. It wasn't so, for Hilda was only puzzled by him; yet he thought it was so, and therefore when he came into the house and saw her in the hall, he looked fidgety.

"Well, little girl," said he, "I am informed that your mother is suffering from indisposition. From such intelligence as I was able to gather from the conversation of the domestic who was dispatched to summon me, I am inclined to diagnose the complaint as pulmonary in its nature."

Hilda didn't like to have the doctor call her "little girl" when he knew her name perfectly well. She didn't know why she didn't like it, but she just didn't. She had scarcely understood a word of what he had said, and so she did not answer but tried to smile out of politeness.

The doctor thought she was smiling at him. So he scowled at her and glared and went upstairs. Hilda wondered why he was so cross.

When he came down, she looked at him timidly and asked:

"Will you please tell me how mamma is?"

The doctor wagged his head at her pompously.

"Your intelligence is still too immature to allow you to comprehend my diagnosis. The case, however, is one of idiopathic pneumonia, and has already reached the stage of hepatisation."

Poor Hilda did not understand a word of this, but she felt that it meant something very bad.

"Is she very sick?" she asked, after a moment's pause.

The doctor snarled.

"Indubitably," said he. "Have you no intelligence whatever? Or are you an instance of arrested development? Only

an idiot child could fail to understand plain English."

Hilda knew what this meant and she was vexed.

"It isn't plain English!" said she, getting red in the face; for she didn't like to be called an idiot child. "I never heard anybody talk the way you talk."

The doctor was furious. For once he forgot to use long words.

"How dare you be so saucy!" cried he. "You are a bundle of impudence! Get out of my way and let me pass!"

And he went out, banging the door as he shut it. Hilda was so frightened by his anger that she sat on the stairs a long time and then went straight up to her mother's room. She forgot all about Christmas and felt only a sinking at her heart because her mother was so ill.

(*To be Concluded.*)

THE MAN.

How wonderful thy being is to me,
O my beloved one! The beauty line
Of the world's orbital eclipse is mine
In one encompassing eye-sweep of thee!
Thy substance holds that secret alchemy
By which the dust is fused in the divine;
And woven with thy being is the sign
Of primal demiurgic mystery.

And what am I—a woman!—by thy side,
Though I stand symbol of the spacial sea,
The boundless gestatorium and bride
Of the Creator? For it is to thee,
O mighty one, the ages bend aside,
As I do now, in fond humility!

Elsa Barker.

A CHRISTMAS COMEDY

IT was such a commonplace story. Simply that at twenty-six a man has not won his way unaided to editing a great daily without paying the price. Luke's price was a right lung. Then came exile, ironically masquerading as good luck—the fruit company offered him steady employment, a petty clerkship in Spanish Town, Jamaica.

Gertrude had laid by a little store of money, enough to tide over the journey and install them in a tumble-down house too large for thrice their family: but rent was a mere pittance and a gallery, closely jalousied to the street, gave on a riotous, enchanting garden whose overgrown paths all converged at a crumbling, pathetic fountain.

The installation had not been without excitement. There was even a sober pleasure in disposing their few possessions in the bare, silent rooms. They had been too busy to miss outside companionship. Indeed, with broken health, and ambition collapsed like a pricked bladder at his feet, Luke felt morbidly anxious to hide from human eyes. Here they were lost, submerged. In this he found relief.

At last all household work was done. The company gave him a month longer to recuperate before reporting at the office. He and Gertrude had often planned a holiday, but now they seemed to feel no spirit to enjoy it. For weeks each had been brave and gay, each for the other. Gertrude had made merry over the unshod negro maid whose one idea of service proved to be slowly anointing their polished black floors with the juice of a green orange. She rejoiced in the great, bare drawing room, innocent of chimneys or window glass. She exulted in the prospect of life-long freedom from woollen-chests or furnace fires. Then suddenly to-day, the heat, the senseless, endless heat, the deserted streets of a moribund village rasped upon their strained nerves, and all at once they scanned each other doubtingly, reading each other's minds too well.

"And conquering fate to give me home and shelter has stranded him," rang in her head, accusingly.

"And I've kept her waiting since she wore long plaits, to marry and bring her here." With bitter disfavour he looked out on the dusty lane, walled-in and empty, which led past their desolate house to the winding Rio Cobre.

From some unseen cabin came the sound of a child crying, and the bleat of many kids floated on the still air. One old negro slouched along close in the shadow of a wall. A golden-haired girl passed, with a tennis racquet, then a young man in white flannels.

"People do live here." Gertrude could not suppress the note of wistfulness.

"If you call it living!" Nostalgia tormented Luke like glancing pains. Oh, for the hurrying men at home, the rush, the maddening pressure of telephone calls, of people. His nostrils distended for the breath of the world only to sicken at a faint odour of oranges—and dust. Why not stay at the desk and die in his boots like a man? Then his eye rested on Gertrude, but she avoided meeting it, looking quickly out at the creak of wheels in the lane. Only a deplorable buggy drawn by a ewe-necked pony, lean and pot-bellied from a diet of cocoanut and banana waste. A half clad negro boy dozed on the seat; his relaxed fingers hardly held reins mended with many knots of twine. The pony's gait insensibly diminished till reaching the dense shade of a mango tree, he came gently to a standstill. Driver and beast were sound asleep. In another mood, Luke would have seen humour, local colour, "copy" even, in this sloth made visible. To-day he felt only terrified disgust as at the sight of inertia mounting in waves to engulf his youth and manhood. Silently, Gertrude had slipped from the room. Then he saw her in the street below. With difficulty she roused the boy. There was murmured talk, discussion, remonstrance. Presently she smiled up at her husband. "I've hired a carriage for the afternoon. We need change and walking is too hot. Come down and drive me."

Leaving the boy asleep on their doorstep they drove out a straight, white road, worn in ruts like a staff of music. Soon

dying town lay silent behind them. th half closed eyes they blinked out ough the glare, dryly commenting to h other.

"What lots of Spanish dagger!"

"I'm glad your work will be bananas, y say logwood stains the hands. Here some growing, now. These leaves like cacia." Dreading memory-laden si- nce, Gertrude desperately made conver- tion. "These cactus hedges beat any assachusetts stone fence for keeping ople out."

"But where are the people?" Luke as not helpful.

"How hot it is." She mopped her ace, pale with heat and worry. "And his is December!"

"What on earth?" He roused himself anguidly to inspect six hooded figures stretched out ahead. Little moving cones brown against the white highroad. "Sis- ters of Charity!" Overtaking them, Luke lost interest. The six women were stop- ping at a gateway in a high prison-like wall surrounding a vast enclosure.

"On time, as usual, Sister Anthony!" a man's voice called from a buggy which had also drawn up at the gate.

In watching this unaccustomed con- course, Luke's hand had grown loose upon the rein. The drowsy pony lapsed into immobility.

"Are you coming in, too, Mrs. Town- send?" From the buggy a strange gen- tleman showed a welcoming face to the loiterers.

"Are we invited?" Gertrude caught his tone of easy friendliness.

"Surely. The advice of a lady from New York is just what we need. Our fashions here aren't always quite the thing—"

"You knew we were from New York? You knew our name?" Gertrude sus- tained the weight of conversation.

He laughed frankly. "Well! Do you think new comers are so frequent here that we natives don't notice when some one actually rents a house. My wife hasn't called, because, well really, because we heard that you didn't care for visi- tors; but everybody in town, from the Bank President to the postman, is all agog to meet you."

"Now that we are settled, it will be a great pleasure if Mrs.—"

"Robinson, I'm Dr. Robinson," he vol- unteered.

"— if she will come to see me." Ger- trude's New England stoicism forbade her owning to loneliness.

"Then the Judge's wife, and the Vicar's, and all the rest will hunt you up too," he went on. "You mustn't judge of our tropical towns by their looks, Mrs. Townsend. There is still some life be- hind our shuttered windows." He glanced at his watch. "Ring again, won't you, Sister Anthony?"

When the wide gates swung open, Luke and his wife unquestioningly fol- lowed into a large enclosure, turf-clad and shaded by tall, unfamiliar trees.

Gertrude laid a trembling hand on her husband's arm.

The man who let them in lacked—a face!

Leaving the pony, they went on, speechless, through an inner gate, to an- other enclosure. Here, long one-storied pavilions half open to the air, showed rows of neat white cots, mostly unoccu- pied. Crouching about, on floors, on stools, hobbling, limping, a world of women met their eyes. Blighted, de- faced, unspeakable! Like cheerful, hap- py ghosts these greeted the doctor, hov- ering around him, laughing at his jokes. Luke had forgotten "copy." This was something beyond journalism.

As they passed along, the visiting pro- cession grew in number. A tall girl, erect and little blemished walked close behind the doctor bearing on her head a basin of disinfectants. Then came the strangers, Gertrude's arm linked in Luke's. Behind, the Sisters jested with a contented rabble who plied them with lively questions in a bewildering dialect.

The doctor had touched a woman. In- stinctively, automatically, he plunged his hands into the disinfectants. Patients clustered about him, leonine faces—no faces! Husky voices, boneless bodies! Gertrude clung to Luke.

The doctor paused before yet another gate. "Can't stop now, due next door with the dramatic company, but your tree is all right for to-morrow—a beauty!" A gratified murmur arose from the ghosts. "Do you know your carols?"

"Yes, Massa, yes!"

"Good Lord!" whispered Luke, "it's Christmas!"

"*We* had forgotten; *they* remember!" Gertrude caught back a sob.

"Next door," dwelt the men, and there they stood waiting, a hundred or more grotesque, inhuman lepers!

"Massa, see me!" With handless stumps the speaker set upon his woolly head—a gilded paste-board crown.

"De Queen's robe, Massa! Me made it!" An ageless, sexless creature draped itself about in a cloak of gay cotton cloth.

"You must excuse my neglecting you, Mrs. Townsend," the doctor spoke with a twinkle, "but this is our first venture in legitimate drama. *Richard the Third* is a handful, but we mean to pull it off in style. The lines may have been cut here and there, but we've rather spread ourselves on costume." Turning from her he went on, "How are you, Peter? No pains, up to your part?"

"Yes, Massa. Feeling not too bad, tank Gawd."

"Peter's a high class Duke of Clarence," affirmed the Doctor.

Peter gurgled with bashful delight.

"And *we* were complaining"—Gertrude had given one glance at Peter.

"The messenger, where's my messenger?" the doctor asked of a thing gnarled like the sting on an oak tree. "I have only time now to see that you're all ready for to-morrow's performance."

"Quassie! Quassie!" called a dozen raucous voices.

Racing across the grass came a boy, blooming as a rosy, yellow peach, clear-eyed and graceful. Instinctively Gertrude made a motion to screen the child from a sight of this chattering, hobgoblin crew.

The doctor understood. "He lives here, Mrs. Townsend."

"Oh!" she gasped, "but how intolerable! Will no one keep him from it? I'll take him. He might catch it."

For once the doctor's mask of courage showed the solemn face beneath. "No use, dear lady. Quassie was born with it."

Luke deeply studied the beautiful vigorous child. "What on earth was *I* kicking about?" he whispered in Gertrude's ear. But she—she had forgotten that life could ever hold a personal sorrow.

"Now, property man, keep a sharp eye on these things till to-morrow. Remember, Queen Margaret, your white wig came all the way from Kingston. Cost two and six, Mrs. Townsend. We're giving no cheap show. I believe in keeping December 25th with spirit. What have you two on hand for to-morrow?" he asked as they strolled towards the gate.

"Why," Gertrude stammered, "the fact is, we'd been so busy—we'd rather—we'd made no special plans for a holiday."

Doctor Robinson shook his head, smiling reproof at them. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, two active young people."

Gertrude and Luke interchanged one long look. Their moment of revolt, of rebellion against life was over. Again they had found each other, and could rejoice together in the freedom of the outer world, with youth and hope to aid, and only a trifle of one damaged lung to hamper them.

"I expect," said Luke, in his natural voice of humourous, speculative American, "that our ideas had been rather dislocated by ninety in the shade. The way chickens go to roost in an eclipse—"

"Only this isn't dark." Gertrude was still tremulous. "It's brighter every minute. In all my life I've never seen such good sunlight at Christmas!"

Mary Moss.



READING HIS PART.

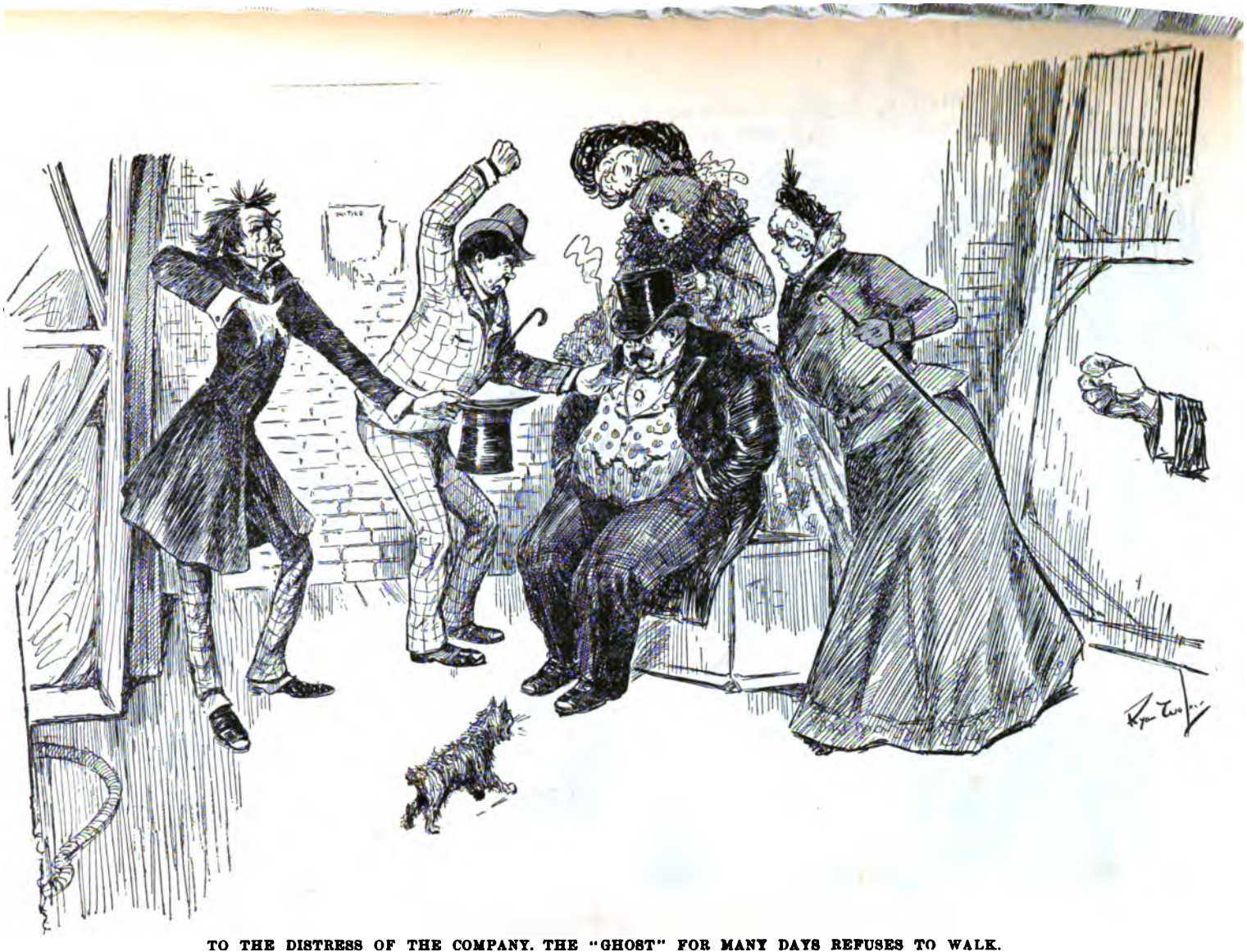
Leaves From A Barn-Stormer's Sketch Book

By

Ryan Walker



AUDIENCE SO LIGHT THAT THERE IS BUT LITTLE NEED OF TURNING ON THE GAS.



TO THE DISTRESS OF THE COMPANY. THE "GHOST" FOR MANY DAYS REFUSES TO WALK.



A SMALL ASPIRANT FOR THEATRICAL HONOURS GETS HIS FIRST LESSON IN STAGE LIFE.
Various members of the company direct him to find the "key of the curtain" and a "box of wrinkles" for the leading lady.



THE VANISHED "ANGEL" AND THE UNPAID BONIFACE OF SQUEEDUNK.



THE OLD MINSTREL'S LAST CURTAIN.

THE QUEST OF THE LOCAL COLOUR.

O bear me away on the wings of the night
And put me in touch with the stars;
For it's new local colour of which I would write
And I think that I'll seek it in Mars.

I've scoured all the earth to its farthest demesne
For some as-yet-undescribed spot,
And long have I fared, but yet none have I seen
Not used long ago in a plot.

Did I try South America? Davis has that.
The Isthmus? O. Henry's been there.
The Klondyke? Jack London, a fierce autocrat,
Has gobbled the North as his share.

Kentucky belongs to the mountaineer, Fox,
Wyoming was Wister's on sight,
And Parker has Canada's rivers and rocks
Fenced in by his own copyright.

I ride through the mesas and ranges in vain
In search of some spot in the West
Which might have escaped "The Virginian's" train—
"Red Saunders" has gobbled the rest.

Lo, Duncan has left not a comma to write
On the sad little Newfoundland isle,
And how can I dream of New England in sight
Of Mary E. Wilkins's style?

I fly to the East, and 'midst races of men,
With names unpronounceable, probe
Till bang against Kipling I come with my pen;
For he claims the rest of the globe.

Then bear me away on ethereal swells
And put me in touch with the stars—
But hold up a minute! There's Herbert G. Wells
Already located in Mars.

Wallace Irwin.

LOCAL COLOUR AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

LIKE other over-worked phrases, the term Local Colour has fallen somewhat into disrepute. There is a growing tendency to use it apologetically, to stigmatise it with quotation marks as though to waive any personal responsibility for its inadequacy. And yet until some one invents a new phrase it is the best name we have for that atmosphere of reality which no painter can give to his picture unless he paints it upon the spot,—and that, too, whether he takes his colours from little leaden tubes or between the covers of a dictionary. The fault is not so much with the phrase as with the people who use it. Local Colour is not a matter of historic monuments or the nomenclature of streets. Take a man who has been born and bred in Paris or Vienna or London or New York, set him down in some out of the way corner remote from the boulevards or the Ring or Piccadilly or Broadway, some by-street that he has never seen before; and he has only to take a deep breath and give one comprehensive glance and he knows where he is; and it is not a matter of brick and masonry or of the sky line or the smell of the asphalt or all the blending noises of the metropolis, but it is something of all these and a hundred other things besides that differentiate this spot from every other spot on earth. In the same way a novelist need not introduce a single proper name that you can recognise either of street or building or historic legend, and yet before you have finished the opening chapter you know intuitively where the scene is laid. And another book may fairly bristle with local allusion. It may be so full of historic facts and architectural detail and the names of streets that it reads like a traveller's hand-book or a city directory, and yet so far as giving you a real sense of local colour is concerned it remains a dull and spiritless monochrome.

The truth is that, while there may be a great deal of magic in a name, the vital thing is the way in which it is used. People do not live habitually under the shadow of their historic buildings. Men do not commonly propose to the women they love in Central Park or Washington Square or the foyer of the Opera House. They pass the crucial moments of their lives indoors, and the majority of them die quietly and decently in their own beds. The veteran New Yorker in his daily journey from house to office passes the various city landmarks unconscious of their existence, and leaves his car instinctively, almost mechanically, when the proper station is reached. The author who leaves his hero standing uncomfortably on Fifth Avenue or Wall Street, while he digresses to give you a picture of St. Patrick's or Trinity Church simply for the sake of reminding you that they exist, is adding not local *colour* but tediousness to his book. A golden rule for novelists to follow would be *to* put in no local descriptions unless they bore some direct relation to the plot or the temperament of the characters. For instance, a catalogue of the Elevated stations from Park Place to Forty-second Street would usually be intolerable; but imagine a man, bent on an errand of *life* and death, counting every minute of the journey, mentally measuring the distance to each successive station, breathing a sigh of relief that no one gets on or off at Eighth Street, dreading the usual shopping crowd at Twenty-third,—and the more the novelist lingers over the details, the longer drawn out he makes his picture, just so much more does he intensify our sense of the man's anxiety. An excellent illustration of this principle may be found by comparing the opening chapters of two books, Zola's *L'Assommoir* and Frank Norris's *McTeague*. They serve as splendid illustrations of how Local Colour should be used and how it should not be. In each of them the author has used that favourite device of portraying city life,—a description of the changing panorama in a city street.

L'Assommoir, it will be remembered, e scene is in the neighbourhood of the attoirs, and Gervaise crouching in the indow watches the early morning rong of workmen with feverish nxiety, for Lantier has been out all ight. Across the street is the drinking hop which gives its name to the volume, nd if ever there were a case where a ovelist might forget his characters and ndulge in pure description it might be here in describing this drinking shop and the crowds that pass its doors or find their way through them. Yet Zola keeps the interest focused on Gervaise, and his lengthening description of that street panorama serves primarily to measure the interminable minutes of her suspense. That is Local Colour used in the best possible way. Frank Norris, frankly imitating Zola, gave a wonderful description of the successive changes that take place throughout twenty-four hours in a street in San Francisco. As a piece of pure description it was quite remarkable, a sort of *tour de force*, but it had no bearing on the story. His hero, McTeague, comfortably asleep in his dental chair, breathing off the fumes of his Sunday beer, has no concern with the passing show, and for the time being the reader forgets his existence, just as later upon returning to McTeague he forgets the existence of the street outside. And that is an example of how Local Colour should not be used.

This whole question of Local Colour has been suggested by the character of a large proportion of recent stories in which the local atmosphere has formed a leading feature. Two examples, notable as being particularly good and particularly bad of their kind, come from English authors. The first of these is *Borlase & Co.* by T. Baron Russell, who will be remembered as author of *A Guardian of the Poor*, to which his new volume in a measure forms a sequel. It is a quiet, conscientious piece of work; some readers have described it as rather dull. It is simply an inside view of a big dry goods emporium in an out of the way part of London,—a sordid picture of the petty trials and miseries and privations of the London shop girl on a starvation salary, the grinding parsimony of the employer, old Borlase, a man with only one redeeming feature, his unacknowledged fondness for his adopted son. Young Borlase was taken from an orphan asylum in tardy reparation of an early wrong done to his mother, but that is one of the well-kept secrets of the story. He is set to work in the bookkeeper's room, and then after a time when he shows that he is too polite and thoughtful and tenderhearted to make a success in the hard, unselfish way that old Borlase made his, the latter turns him adrift in London, just to teach him a practical lesson in the art of getting on in the world. How young Borlase did finally get on after a good many bitter experiences is the theme of a large part of the book. It closes with a dramatic chapter in which the young man returns to the emporium of Borlase & Co. just in time to see its destruction by fire, and to rescue at the risk of his life the firm books which old Borlase had purposely left outside the safe when he set fire to the building. But it is not the quality of the plot that entitles the book to a prominent place in the month's fiction; it is the remarkable quality of the atmosphere, the subtle, and yet perfectly natural way in which the author, without the mention of any tangible landmarks, makes you feel within the first ten pages that you are breathing the air of a London business house, a very stuffy, musty air at that, full of the smell and the dust of old ledgers that set the reader instinctively coughing in sympathy. The only false note in the book, and it comes somewhat as a shock, is where young Borlase, who with all his troubles has found time to fall in love, does part of his wooing in the halls of the British Museum under shadow of the Elgin marbles.

The other book already referred to is *The Relentless City* by E. F. Benson, remembered chiefly as the author of *Dodo*. Mr. Benson's qualification for writing a story of New York consists of a few weeks' visit to this city, the precise date of which can be easily calculated because it coincided with the early days of the coal strike, at the time when the Elevated roads were using soft coal; and the smoke from that soft coal seems to have left a murky trail of discontent across all his pages. Mr. Benson was quite at liberty to dislike New

York and New Yorkers, and equally at liberty to say so in print; and his opinions, expressed with a characteristic freedom amounting at times to flippant intolerance, would have been rather edifying as a volume of personal impressions. But they are sadly out of place as a background for a novel. It is obvious that Mr. Benson suffered real discomfort from the heat and the dust, the crowded cars, the activity, the endless din of New York in mid-summer; and somehow, as you read his book you get an impression that all his characters are similarly uncomfortable,—instead of being, as New Yorkers really are, if not actually oblivious of these discomforts, at least hardened to them. Considered as a story, the book is not without interest. It belongs to a type that has increased rapidly since the appearance two years ago of Miss Manning's *Lord Alingham, Bankrupt,* —the type of the fortune-hunting Englishman, seeking to barter a depreciated coronet for an American heiress. In *The Relentless City,* the American characters are all frankly caricatured,—and here, too, Mr. Benson is quite within his rights. But he has drawn his English men and women with unwonted care, and this combination of gross caricature and careful portraits, in the same cartoon, so to speak, gives an effect of atrociously bad art. The only American whom he draws with the least attempt at kindliness is the heiress,—and she is little more than a lay figure. The one genuine woman in the book is a little English actress with a past that makes even soft-coal smoke look luminous by contrast. This actress has in her possession some rather ardent letters from the English fortune-hunter, but being a kind-souled little lady she has no intention of using them. Her American manager, however,—who has a way of dropping into her bedroom quite casually even when she is visiting one of New York's Four Hundred, down on Long Island,—is not troubled with scruples,—and uses the letters quite effectively to blackmail the Englishman both before and after the wedding. Mr. Benson obviously did not like that American manager,—he took a ghoulish satisfaction in making a British railway train run over him, and in describing the various scraps and fragments of his anatomy that remained clinging to the wheels of the engine.

There are just a few authors who have the true cosmopolitan spirit. They will spend a few weeks in Spain or Russia, and then turn out a story full of surface impressions, vignettes of the Alhambra or the Kremlin, which the casual tourist will recognise off-hand. This is clever work of its kind, but it is essentially the work of the special correspondent, the trained journalist. A far higher type of art is that which goes beneath the surface, and paints a city's deeper moods with such discriminating knowledge that only the native born is in a position to know how profoundly true the picture is. It is one of the axioms of criticism that a novelist can always paint best the country in which he was born and bred. And from this point of view a writer like Mr. Cable is the veriest foreigner when he attempts to write a New England story like *Bylow Hill,*—a foreigner who hardly speaks the language; and even Mr. Howells, after many years of residence is still something of an alien, still writes with an accent, so to speak, when he lays his scenes in New York. And that is probably why his latest book, *Letters Home,* is the best picture of New York that he has ever drawn, because from first to last it is a picture of the city as seen through the eyes of strangers.

There is no apparent straining after Local Colour in Mrs. Wharton's latest story, *Sanctuary.* Her stage setting is so quiet and unobtrusive that you do not stop to think about it, any more than she herself seems to have done. And yet, all the while you unconsciously take the locality for granted, because there is just one city in which her characters, and the things they say, and the things they do, all harmonise. It is usually safer not to try to interpret the symbolic meaning of Mrs. Wharton's stories or their titles, because there are so many different things that she may have meant, and at the same time there is the possibility that she may not have meant any one of those you have thought of. The facts of the plot, however, are unmistakable, and may be allowed to speak for themselves. In *Sanctuary,* she has added one more to the list of stories in which a young girl on the eve of marriage comes under the

shadow of a man's past folly. In this case the man is not her betrothed husband, but his deceased brother. He has died in a Western mining town, and shortly afterwards the woman who took care of him during his last illness appeared in New York, claiming to be his wife. But the family denied her claim, and the courts decided against her, chiefly on the testimony of the dead man's brother. And this would have been the end of the matter, if the woman had not seen fit to commit suicide, almost at the dead man's door. As a matter of fact, there had been a marriage, and the brother knew it, and deliberately bore false witness, in order to protect the family name and estate. Now, in real life if a young woman learned that the man she loved had been guilty of such a deed, and indirectly driven another woman to death, she would do one of two things. She would either put the man out of her life altogether, or she would discover that she loved him too well to do that, and instead would forgive him and weep over him and do her best to shield him. But Mrs. Wharton's heroine is not so much a flesh-and-blood young woman as she is a highly sensitised conscience. Her one thought is atonement and self-immolation. She wants her lover to suffer and she wants to suffer with him. He must confess and be punished, go to prison if necessary for a few years, and she will wait patiently outside while his foul crimes are burned and purged away. But the man explains to her, with the care and succinctness that one uses towards a very small child, that such a course would be impracticable, and would bring sorrow upon many innocent persons, among them his mother and hers. And finally she is convinced, and while admitting to herself that she does not really love him, finds it consistent with her sense of duty to marry him. Here the story leaps a gulf of twenty-five years. The man has long been dead, but he has left a son, and that son and mother are inseparable. The young man is undergoing a crucial test. On the one hand are professional success, assured fame, the hand of the girl he loves, all at the cost of a dishonourable act,—one in which there is no danger of detection. On the other are poverty, sorrow, and his mother's respect. She watches him day by day, in silence, wondering whether the old family taint is again going to crop out in the new generation; and day by day he fights against that silent influence. Had she spoken, implored, argued with him, he might have withstood her and added one more page of shame to the family record. But the brave, steadfast smile on the mother's face that he knows hides a breaking heart saves him in spite of himself. The connection between the earlier and the later portions of the story is slight, but some of the lessons that Mrs. Wharton meant to convey are obvious.

A book which can scarcely be classed as a New York story, although a part of the action takes place in that city, is *The Forerunner,* which taken altogether is one of the most careful, and comprehensive pictures of contemporary American life that have appeared in several months. The author is Mrs. Hutchins Hapgood, who has chosen to appear on the title-page under her maiden name of Neith Boyce; and the book, written with a strong and assured touch, is doubly surprising as being a first novel. Stated in the briefest possible form, the plot is a study in marital incompatibility. Dan Devin, of Los Angeles, is a good specimen of sturdy old New England stock veneered over with Western energy; and he has besides a sanguine temperament and a strain of old-world sentiment, inherited from his remote Irish ancestry. An unexpected boom in real estate suddenly nets him a neat little fortune, and on the strength of this he marries. But it is characteristic of Dan's sanguine nature to regard his profits from the land boom not as capital but simply as the year's earnings, to be spent freely for the greater joy of living. Women novelists, as a rule, are apt to be weak in the portrayal of men; but Dan is strongly drawn throughout, a piece of really good creative work. Anna, his wife, belongs to the class of Selma Whites, only less clever, less pushing, less certain of herself. She is the type of woman who is capable of giving her husband a certain degree of loyalty and affection so long as he can give her wealth and position and the small luxuries of life, and does not demand too ardent a return. For a year, Dan is very happy, unconscious that his

demonstrative affection is often irksome, and sometimes repellant to Anna. He is one of those men who are hopelessly blind to women's ways and moods,—one of those who make it a matter of conscience never to let a wife interfere with a business engagement. And when Dan comes home five hours late for dinner, and finds Anna in tears, he cannot understand why the magic word "business" is not in itself ample excuse. Then at the end of the year comes the catastrophe. The land boom dies out. Dan has to seek his fortune further east, and meanwhile Anna remains behind, and forms indiscrete friendships, and grows weary of waiting for some one of his speculative ventures to turn out a success. Finally when he seems on the verge of restoring his fortunes, she joins him in New York; and here the couple have their first serious quarrel, because Dan tells her that it was improper for her to have dined at a restaurant with another man. The manner in which this quarrel is described, the way in which all the woman's accumulated wrath and bitterness is poured forth, makes one of the strongest pictures in the book. Another one, equally strong, is where Dan, having decided that they must separate, takes a farewell dinner with her at a little French restaurant, a sort of Bohemian place,—and all the time he is so wrapped up in his own trouble that he cares nothing for the men and women around him, nor for Anna's mortification at the attention attracted by his loud voice, his complaints of the food and the service. He is thinking all the while that this is their last dinner together; and she is thinking that she understands now better than ever before how temperamentally different they are. The ending of the book is thoroughly artistic. It would have been a grave mistake to attempt to patch up a reconciliation. And when the news comes that Dan is dying in the far West, and Anna undergoes a sudden revulsion of feeling and starts to join him, the reader knows without being told that when she arrives, to find him already dead, her first impulse will be a sigh of relief that she has been spared the necessity of a last farewell.

Mr. Crawford is a writer who has to an unusual degree the cosmopolitan spirit. And yet those who have a most sincere liking for his writings always feel a sense of relief when they learn that his latest work is another story of Rome. His New York novels all have a flavour of Baedeker's hand-book, he is careful to explain the exact location of Thompkins Square, the particular corner on which the Gilsey House stands. But in Rome you may follow his characters back and forth for days, and they go about their business, oblivious of the fact that they are passing the Pantheon or the Coliseum or the Baths of Caracalla. Mr. Crawford's most recent addition to his long series of Roman stories is *The Heart of Rome.* Yet any one who infers from the title that the story goes down deeply into the social, or political or religious conditions of the Eternal City, will be doomed to disappointment. In so far as he has occasion to introduce pictures of Roman life, his characters are drawn with that assured touch that comes from intimate knowledge of existing conditions. But as a matter of fact the greater part of the narrative takes place not in Roman palaces, but under ground. It concerns certain subterranean streams, known as the "lost waters,"—forgotten aqueducts, dating back to the early days of Republican Rome. And these waters, from time to time, reappear and bubble up unexpectedly in the cellars of old palaces, to the consternation of their owners and the bafflement of engineers. It is such a stream as this that Mr. Crawford has utilized to imprison a young architect and the girl he loves, in the cold and slimy vaults underneath a palace whose foundations stretch back to classic days. Their adventures in their watery prison, and the manner in which they finally break their way out might have afforded a chance for a neat little comparison with George Sand's *Consuelo,* if Mr. Crawford had not cleverly forestalled his critics by referring to it himself, and frankly conceding the resemblance. The only adverse criticism that one is tempted to make of a book that on the whole is well-sustained and entertaining, is that the peril and suspense of the imprisoned pair is rather overdrawn. The girl's suffering from cold and fright and hunger are pictured quite poignantly; and yet as a matter of fact, their imprisonment lasts only about six hours. And while

their keenest anxiety is lest her reputation may suffer from being shut up alone with a young man all these hours, yet when they break their way out, somewhere about midnight, they can think of no better way of guarding that reputation than by installing her until morning in the young man's own apartments. And here they are discovered together, and cause a scandal that is silenced only by the speedy ringing of wedding bells.

While speaking of Italy in fiction, at least a brief mention should be made of Margaret Sherwood's *Daphne*. It is one of those dainty little idyls, that may be so easily spoiled by a clumsy touch, and which when well done bear the same relation to fiction that the pastel does to art. The setting is in the midst of those beautiful vine-clad hills that command a distant view of Rome. The heroine is an American girl, whose sister is the wife of an Italian count. She has gone to spend the autumn and winter with that sister, but the latter and her husband have been suddenly called away, by the illness of the count's father; and Daphne is left to amuse herself as best she may, with the old peasants of the estate for her sole companions. One day Daphne is wandering alone on the hillside when she suddenly encounters a stranger, tall and fair and statuesque. And when she tells him that her name is Daphne he gravely responds that he is Apollo. Daphne is content to let it rest at that, for with the gods it is not necessary to be so conventional as with plain everyday mortals; and besides in that beautiful dreamy land, the real, practical things of life seem very far away,—even the ascetic young New York rector, whom she has half promised to marry some day. And the present takes on such an air of unreality that as the days go by she is half tempted to believe that the tall fair stranger really is Apollo. But there is a simpler and more prosaic explanation than this, although just what it is the reader of *Daphne* is left to conjecture in part for himself.

For the novelist who lays his scene somewhere east of Suez, the whole question of Local Colour is seriously complicated. A story of Turkish, or Japanese or Hindu life, written frankly from the native point of view would be too hopelessly out of touch with western habits of thought to be even intelligible. For a writer like Pierre Loti there is no such difficulty; Basque and Japanese and South Sea Islander, passing through the lens of his mental vision are refracted at precisely the same peculiar angle; they all take on the same grey hue of his sad and picturesque pessimism. But for writers who really know the Oriental life and temperament, as Kipling knows his India, and Dawson knows Morocco, the problem is not so much how to paint a faithful picture as how to make it intelligible and sympathetic to the occidental reader. The gulf between the two civilisations is too broad to be crossed without some connecting link, some ingenious device to serve as bridge. In *Kim*, unquestionably the most remarkable story of India ever written by a European, Mr. Kipling found such a link in Kim himself, a waif of the barracks and the bazaars, a little human mongrel, familiar with the virtues and the vices of both races. A similar device, a trifle more artificial and obvious, is used in *The Mark*, a new story of Hindu life, by an almost unknown writer, Aquila Kempster. There is no intention here of discussing the relative merits of *The Mark* and *Kim*. The two stories cannot be compared, they do not even lie in the same mental plane. But Mr. Kempster's book is unquestionably a remarkable achievement. He gives you India from the standpoint of the high-caste Brahmin, the India of mysticism, telepathy and reincarnation. He leaves the impression that he himself is a devout believer in all these esoteric mysteries,—and yet the subject is so cleverly handled that the reader is left free to find a rationalistic explanation for it all, if he so chooses. The story centres in a certain Dr. Meredith, a surgeon attached to one of the Bombay hospitals,—a clear-headed man of science, specialising in a study of nerve-ganglia of the brain. For an Anglo-Saxon he has an abnormally swarthy skin, and there is besides a curious hereditary birth-mark, shaped like a young moon, upon his breast. Old Yah Mohammed thought that he knew the secret explanation of the "mark" and the dark skin. He would have told you that young Meredith, unknown to him-

self, was a lineal descendant of a native prince, who centuries ago swayed half of India; nay, more, that Meredith himself is a reincarnation of that prince, just as he, Mohammed, is a reincarnation of that prince's rival, who fought with him for the possession of a woman, a princess. That princess, born again in the fullness of time, is now a notorious woman of the bazaars; and according to old Mohammed's forecast, the time is ripe for the principles of that bygone tragedy to come together once more, with the native clans rallying to their support, and enact over again the ancient drama of rivalry and blood-shed. What actually happened it is difficult even to hint vaguely. Meredith's colleagues in the hospital would tell you that his brain temporarily gave way, from overwork in the heated season; that during this time he got into a commonplace and vulgar entanglement with a native woman, and for a while vanished from sight down in the heart of the native town. Meredith himself remembered nothing beyond vague dreams in which he seemed to be quoting with strange fluency endless passages from the Vedic ritual, in unknown Hindu dialects. But behind these fragmentary facts we seem to see as through a veil, a strange and fantastic drama. We see a man awakened by a woman's touch, a cold, materialistic Englishman, transformed in an hour into a dreamy impassioned Oriental, living over again the ardours and hopes and fears of a vanished century, rehearsing once more in a single night, the old-time passionate wooing, the joys of love's conquest, the perils of a tottering throne. There is the dim suggestion of a watchword passed from lip to lip through widening circles, of the hillsmen rallying to the defense; then the din of battle, the flow of blood, and darkness closes in. And the only tangible record that it leaves is a scar on Meredith's forehead which is slow in healing, and his permanent loss of interest in the epoch-making work which was to explain all spiritual and mental phenomena as disturbances of nerve-ganglia. As a piece of fantastic writing, as well as a picture of how the native Hindu looks upon life, the book is something of a triumph. It suggests nothing so much as the changing phantasmagoria seen in an astrologer's crystal globe,—strange forms that appear and disappear dimly through shifting clouds, blazing now and then into a glory of kaleidoscopic light, and yet suggesting all the while intangible and unspeakable horrors lurking in the murky background. It is a story which is bound to attract attention.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE DAY

I.

TRENT'S AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

In the useful Literature of The World Series, edited by Edmund Gosse, which with a high average of excellence aims to give an intelligent survey of the national literatures in compact form, the latest volume is Professor Trent's *American Literature.*

Manuals of our native literature have multiplied of late, and quite a little library of such studies now exists—most of them dictated by the practical needs of publishers, though now and then a work like Professor Wendell's takes a higher flight. In the present series, a treatment of American literature is called for by the scheme and no apology for its appearance is necessary.

The author has chosen the safely conservative plan of carrying his survey no farther than 1865,—through the Civil War. A sound idea underlies the limitation: that true criticism can only judge a literary product whose account has closed. The proper academic attitude can be displayed best in dealing with the past; impressionism creeps in with criticism of current books. Nevertheless, some readers will regret that later writers and

* *A History of American Literature.* By William P. Trent. New York: Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

schools are shut out because of this restriction, legitimate though it be. In other books of the series the critics have included contemporaries in their survey; this is true of the Italian, Russian, and English volumes. An effect of arbitrariness is made by the inclusion of men like Curtis, and Mitchell, and the mention of Aldrich, when others like Warner and Burroughs are left out, they being practically, if not literally, contemporaneous, of the same significance as modern authors. One misses, too, the treatment of a Southern poet, such as Lanier; and in connection with the discussion of the novel, the absence of any handling of Howells and James, founders of the latter-day school. Too much has happened in American letters since 1865 not to make the story incomplete which pauses there. On the whole, it might have been better to make the survey more comprehensive. But as Professor Trent chose otherwise, the main question is with the execution of his plan.

He handles the theme in four main divisions devoted to the Colonial Revolutionary, Formative (1789-1829), and Sectional periods, the last covering the years from 1830 to 1865, and embracing, of course, the most important writers, the really creative part of our literary history. There is here a commendable sense of proportion; the author gives about one-half the volume to this culminative portion, and to the formative period nearly twice the space allotted to the barren period of the revolution: a much larger space being devoted to the Colonial, in which the study is perforce rather sociological and historical than literary, yet of great consequence as a foundation for all that was to follow. The literary historian has a thankless task in this early study; he cannot make eagles or birds of plumage out of his sparrows. A host of unimportant, often dreary, particulars blur outlines and conceal the forward movement. Professor Trent attacks his task in a spirit of impartial scholarship and those who know his difficulties and dangers will be readiest to praise the accomplishment. The writer is a Southerner, but also a student of literature thoroughly modern in his training and outlook. No unfair discrimination or even unconscious bias can be found in his picture of the relative contribution of New England and Virginia to American literature; indeed, he is, if anything, too generous in much of his characterisation of the labours of the New England divines and scholars.

The interest of the book centres in the setting forth of the major writers beginning with Irving and Cooper. An earlier stalwart figure like Franklin is limned at full length and regarded as "perhaps the most complete representative of his century that any nation can point to," a judgment that stimulates if it does not convince. Little fault is to be found with the estimate of Irving, which is sympathetic without exaggeration; Cooper, too, is studied with genuine insight, and his "large, creative genius" done full justice to, while his faults are frankly dealt with. It is well to bear down, as Professor Trent does, on his greatness as man as well as author. The handling of the New England Transcendentalists is that of one with every wish to do them justice, if not in close sympathy: yet the theme, so salient in our literary development, is presented with breadth and a sure touch. The criticism of Emerson may offend some, but seems to me at once admiring yet judicial. The author recognises the claims on our regard of the great New Englanders because of their high ethical teaching, their idealism, while holding them to the æsthetic tests of literature. This latter insistence leads him to emphasize the unique contribution of Poe and his treatment of that writer is especially good, which is also true of his Whitman pages, among the best in the book: the critic's opinion here being always a test of his independence, since the battle still rages about the "good, grey poet." The Hawthorne study, too, seems catholic and perceptive, though detached sentences might be quoted easy to contest.

In dealing with such forms and kinds as the romance, poetry, history, and criticism produced from 1850 to 1865 the remarks introductory to the personal sketches often show Professor Trent at his best, a critic using a sound canon and of atmospheric quality. The discussion of American humour is suggestive and a real addition to what has been previously said on the subject: one regrets that

Mark Twain is not taken up as its chief glory, but again the limitation of plan forbids. That the author is a well-equipped modern critic is indicated in his excellent study of Bancroft; the comparison of Parkman, Prescott, and Motley also offers a capital illustration of Professor Trent's method and manner. Here, as elsewhere, the student with the most knowledge of these sterling men of letters will get most from the penetrative analysis.

The estimates of Holmes, Lowell, and Whittier raise many points for discussion, where space lacks, but are able and impartial. Dr. Holmes's prose is quite properly set above his verse, and Whittier placed very high, as he should be; Lowell, particularly as critic and our typical man of letters in the broad sense, receives his just due. Throughout, strictures are made as frankly as praise is awarded. There is no touch of the old-fashioned fear of approaching household gods. One totally ignorant of our literature might receive a less clear impression than if a bold, positive statement were made, with no attempt at the necessary qualifications. The author has preferred to give the pros and cons, albeit the other method would be easier and more effective. The qualifier, so prevalent in the volume, does not mean uncertainty of opinion: it springs from the desire to cover the ground, to see round the subject.

No book of this sort can steadily please each reviewer. Now and again a tone that smacks of the patronising creeps into this one: it gives one pause to hear Longfellow's *Hyperion* described as "maudlin chaos" and that poet's *Hiawatha* gets but scant justice—indeed the Longfellow critique as a whole seems inadequate. Again, Curtis's *Prue and I* should not be dismissed with the adjective "mild;" nor is the phrase, "the tense melody of the terza rima" of Dante luminous, tense being the last word to apply, one would think. But these be but flies in the ointment.

The pages on Mrs. Stowe are refreshing in their avoidance of the present-day underestimate, which is a reaction from the earlier uncritical laudation. It is surely good criticism to insist on the importance of any writer whose book so widely influences the world and continues to do so long after her death. Again and again the author shows that an American writer may be of far more importance to Americans than the comparative test of his merit may seem to indicate. And this wholesomely domestic attitude draws him but seldom into an exaggerated sense of our claims. He does go too far in remarking that, since Franklin, no other American "has so affected the thought of the world" as Jonathan Edwards! This is somewhat startling, but it is by no means typical of the author's judgments in general.

There are faults of expression and mannerisms which lessen the effect of what is, in plan and execution, a sound and welcome work. In the earlier sections the author has a tendency to stock adjectives like the "worthy captain," that lend a journalistic flavour to his style. He uses the dubious locution "along these lines" altogether too freely; "needless to say" is much overworked; "stylist" is a convenient word, but should be charily indulged in. Slips like *Lidian* Jackson (Emerson's second wife), Guildford (for Guilford) Ct., Whittier's "in *My Schooldays*" suggest careless proof reading. But all restrictions made, the book is a competent piece of literary criticism, a fair-minded exploitation of our native accomplishment in letters. It will worthily represent America in the series for which it was prepared.

Richard Burton.

II.

VOLTAIRE.*

THE life of a king can never be properly considered apart from the condition of his realm and his influence on his age. Voltaire was a king. "I have no sceptre," he said, "but I have a pen." With Montesquieu and J. J. Rousseau he wrested the domain of the intellect in France from the blighting influence of the Bourbons, and then, that being no age for a republic of letters, seized the rule. In the end, this kingdom of thought overthrew the monarchy in France and revo-

**The Life of Voltaire.* By S. G. Tallentyre. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Two volumes.

utionised the whole of the civilised world. Voltairism is but another name for the eighteenth century renaissance. Louis XIV. ruled the minds as well as the persons of his subjects; his successor not only lost control of the men of letters, but had a wholesome fear of them; their influence brought the sixteenth Louis to the scaffold.

As Professor Flint has put it: "With as much truth as Louis XIV. had said 'L'Etat, c'est moi' might Voltaire have said 'Le Siècle, c'est moi.' His influence during the fifty years of his literary activity was as great in France and throughout Europe as that of the monarch, during his lengthened personal reign. He was as much the central and ruling personage in the movement destructive of absolutism as the king had been in its development."

In his *Life of Voltaire* Mr. Tallentyre has given us a very entertaining but at the same time a very personal biography, although it must be evident that any work of lasting value of this subject cannot possess too exclusively the latter qualification. M. Desnoiresterres, the best of Voltaire's biographers, calls his work *Voltaire and French Society in the Eighteenth Century.* It is a happy title. The man and the age stand, in great part, for the same thing.

It is to be regretted therefore that Mr. Tallentyre should have chosen as a model a "life" such as that of Parton rather than of M. Desnoiresterres. The paucity of critical matter and the failure to give an adequate account of Voltaire's tremendous influence on eighteenth and nineteenth century thought are the chief shortcomings of his work.

But perhaps we are asking too much. He who undertakes to write the life of a man who was "poet, playwright, novelist, letter writer, historian, critic, philosopher, theologian, socialist, philanthropist, agriculturist, humourist, reformer, wit, and man of the world," must necessarily have a pressing consciousness of space limitation. Desnoiresterres devotes seven large volumes to his biography, and this is not too much. Our author confines himself to two of modest dimensions, and in considerably less than half the space employed by Parton gives quite as complete and well rounded a portrait of the "most energetic spirit in all history."

And energetic under what conditions!

"No one can gain an adequate idea of his character without realising in what 'a thin and wretched case' Nature had enveloped 'what is called my soul.' No other great man, perhaps, ever fought such a plucky fight against weakness, weariness, and infirmities. Voltaire was not always ill, but he was never well. . . . He himself said that he had never passed a single day without suffering, and could not even imagine what it must be like to be in robust health. But he had what he called his 'infallible secret'— work. Others have used physical weakness as an excuse for mental idleness, and indisposition as a natural holiday from labour. But not Voltaire. He dictated when he was too ill to write; and when he was too ill to think, he read dull books for information which he might find useful and make amusing; and when he was yet worse, and could do nothing else, he read and wrote that gay mockery of his leisure, his *Pucelle.* The body was but the ragged covering of the soul at its best; at its worst, it was a subtle and seducing enemy, and one must ever be up and at it, with a thrust here and a lunge there, lest by any means it get the mastery. Voltaire fought it his whole life long—and always won. 'Toujours allant et souffrant' was his definition of himself. He hardly ever made a happier."

He was probably the most perfect specimen of the *cérébral* that ever lived. He was all brain. His marvellous mental activity pulled a sickly physical frame through four score and four years, and one is quite willing to believe that the actual record of those wonderful years could not better be given within this space than Mr. Tallentyre has given it.

The biographer of Voltaire must be a good editor as well, and in this respect our author shows himself to be most competent. Around few names has more unauthenticated anecdote gathered than that of Voltaire, and if the reader misses many time-honoured stories it is because in all probability they should not be fastened upon the sage of Ferney. But there are enough of them as it is.

George H. Casamajor.

III.

STANLEY WEYMAN'S "THE LONG NIGHT."*

THE publication of a new novel by Mr. Stanley Weyman is, in these days, something of an event, for while there are many writers of romance who satisfy the critics but not the public, and many more who satisfy the public but not the critics, Mr. Weyman is one of the happier few who can do both. He has inherited much of the greater secret that was Scott's and Dumas'; he knows that all reality is only the stuff of dreams, and he has mastered the magic of dissolving it into dreams again. Fact in his hands remains fact, but his touch transfigures it and clothes it in such a glamour as perhaps nothing wears in reality, though all things wear it in remembrance. You step into his stories as into some wonderful cavern of the Arabian Nights, you turn the first page and have left the commonplace, every-day world behind you, and are at once in a far-off kingdom of romance, "where nothing is but all things seem," where everything has a warmth of colour and light that is neither of heaven nor of earth, where the men and women walk in human guise, yet are either of finer or baser clay than ourselves—heroes and heroines, such as in exalted moments we can imagine we ourselves might have been; scoundrels such as we can conceive it possible some of our acquaintance might have been, but are not. They are, in a word, the right dream-people of romance; we wrong them in attempting to judge of their actions and motives and natures by our conventional human standards; they could not breathe our atmosphere, they would look monstrous and ghost-like among our cold realities, being creatures of a nobler star, but in their own world, among their own conventions, where normal humanity would look grotesquely out of place, they appear merely natural and at home. It is because so few authors have power to create this other world and the non-human but human-seeming race that is native to it, so that the whole illusion convinces by its perfect harmony, that so few among the countless romances that are written fulfil simultaneously the literary and the popular ideal.

Where among common clay women are you going to find, for example, such a heroine as Anne Royaume is in *The Long Night?* When Claude Mercier, a young student newly arrived in Geneva, applies for a lodging in her mother's house, she mysteriously refuses him, and on his insisting, only accepts him after she has made a most amazing trial of his self-restraint. "Stand where you are," she said, "and I will try you whether you are fit to come to us or no." He promised to obey, and dipping an iron spoon into a pot of boiling broth, she deliberately allowed some drops of the scalding liquor to fall on her bare arm. Thrice she repeats this experiment, and he, seeing the "red blisters spring out on the white skin," is on the verge of interfering, when she tells him she has done. "If you come here," she warns him then, "you will see me suffer worse things, things a hundred times, a thousand times worse than that. You will see me suffer, and you will have to stand and see it." He takes his lodging on this condition, and finds himself in a strange household. There are three other lodgers: the swaggering, cunning Basterga, the swashbuckler Grio, and the sneaking, cowardly student Louis Gentilis, with Anne to wait upon them all, as well as upon her bedridden mother, who is subject to occasional fits of madness.

The scene is laid in Geneva at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The Duke of Savoy has lately failed in an attempt to make the city his own, and while the terms of peace are being settled, he is plotting to take by strategy what he could not by force. Basterga, who is in his pay, is in Geneva secretly seeking for means of betraying it. He is a man of some learning, and dabbles sceptically in the black arts for his own purposes. Having bribed a physician to assure the Syndic Blondel, who has charge of the city's defenses, that he is suffering from the scholar's disease which is incurable, he discovers, almost by accident, a marvellous elixir that will cure this fatal complaint, but has only been able to retain one dose, and this he has promised

**The Long Night.* By Stanley Weyman. New York.

to the Duke of Savoy. He plays cunningly on the Syndic's fears of death, and finally announces that the Duke is willing to give him the elixir as the price of his betrayal of Geneva. The old man's attempts, through Claude, through Gentilis, and at length through Anne, to steal the elixir from the casket in Basterga's room, lead to some startling and dramatic scenes; among other things, they lead to Claude's discovering what it is that gives Basterga his abhorrent power over Anne, and so increases his love of her a hundredfold, that even while he pities he could worship her. The Syndic succumbs to his tempter's diabolical machinations at last and the city is betrayed; but when all seems lost, Claude, at Anne's instigation, is the means of saving it. The gallant headlong fighting that snatches a victory when the enemy is already within the gates, on the longest night of the year, is brilliantly and thrillingly described. There is no falling off anywhere. *The Long Night* is an excellent romance, contrived with a plenty and ingenuity of detail, and a skillful use of unexpected and exciting situations that will give it place with the very best of modern romances.

A. St. John Adcock

IV.

MR. LESSING'S "CHILDREN OF MEN."*

THIS is a very remarkable collection of stories. Most of all, it is remarkable for its simplicity and self-restraint. A more frugal writer would have made a whole volume out of some of these short, graphic impressions of life. A less conscientious writer would have marred them by floridity of style. But Mr. Lessing is content to set the thing before you *au naturel* and to let it make its own appeal. There is no grotesque dialect, no broad, coarse strokes, no meretricious forcing of the facts. And this is art and it has its own rewards.

The stories all have to do with the Jews of the East Side, and the knowledge which is shown of their strangely isolated life is the knowledge which is not consciously acquired, but which is absorbed by intimate contact and experience. The scenes are scenes that few of us have ever looked upon, but you feel their truth. And the people—they, too, are true, because they are so convincingly alive and human. In the reek of the sweat-shop, and amid the tawdriness of the Essex Street ball-room, or in the silence of the synagogue, and behind the noise and fume of the squalid café, the same drama of life is going on forever, precisely as we see it played before us everywhere. The Jewish girl with red-gold hair, loving a Christian to her death, the pushing, gaudy, vulgar, half-Americanised young men who are ashamed of their own people, the learned rabbi, the drunken miser, the thief redeemed by a woman's deep devotion—here are all the elements of tragedy and comedy and farce. Love, hate, avarice, self-sacrifice, ambition—it is the whole gamut of the passions and the virtues, making these children of the Ghetto close akin to all of us who read.

Many have written of this life before, but no one with so sure a touch and with so genuine a sympathy. Mr. Lessing's book is full of that unmistakable vitality which compels attention. When you lay the book aside you have yourself seen all that he has seen.

Harry Thurston Peck.

Children of Men. By Bruno Lessing. New York: McClure, Phillips & Co.

V.

MR. MAJOR'S "A FOREST HEARTH."*

IT was about five years ago that Mr. Charles Major, an Indiana lawyer with little previous literary experience, but a very good background in the way of careful historical study and conscientious research, published *When Knighthood Was in Flower,* under the name of Edwin Caskoden, and straightway became one of the most talked about novelists of the country. That was the beginning of the era of great sales, and *Knighthood* speedily took its place with *David Harum* and *Richard Carvel.* In the list of Six Best Selling Books which is printed in the back of this magazine it appeared for fourteen consecutive months, establishing a new record. Some persons

A Forest Hearth. By Charles Major. New York: The Macmillan Company.

could not see anything in the book, and the very critical ones found much with which to find fault, but the general reading public frankly liked it. *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall* succeeded *Knighthood* and fell short of the popularity which attended that book. The second venture seemed theatrical and one could see the hand of the man whose mind was on stage mechanics. And yet Dorothy Vernon has an attractive personality and the story of her adventures has entertained many readers who do not ask too much of that type of novel.

Now, in *A Forest Hearth* Mr. Major has left behind kings and queens, and lords and ladies, and English castles. He has put aside, for the time being at least, the Julia Marlowe or Bertha Galland type of star-heroine, and he has come back to matter of fact Indiana—the Indiana of the thirties. Stripped of the trappings and theatrical properties of the historical romance, Mr. Major has written a book which might be classed as a juvenile. The sentimental young woman of sixteen or thereabouts may find enjoyment in it. It is all so simple, this love of Rita Bays for Dic Bright. It began when they were mere children, and the engagement was secretly entered into one day as they sat swinging themselves on a log and talking over a kissing-game party of the night before. Mrs. Bays, an unlovable figure of hard and selfish motherhood, is the cause of their love not running smoothly. She has other aspirations for her beautiful daughter in the person of a rich man from Boston who is determined to win Rita for his wife. One awful day, after a violent proposal of marriage, he kisses Rita, whereupon she angrily dismisses him with the threat that Dic will surely kill him. But Dic doesn't. Rita, being a very good, conscientious little girl, and considering that she has done a great wrong, sends for Dic, confessing her weakness, and offering to release him. He forgives her, and shortly after finds himself in a somewhat unpleasant entanglement with another girl—the foil to Rita. This portion of the story, by the way, is a little out of place for the sixteen-year-old reader. It is then Dic's turn to confess. Upon receipt of his contrite letter, Rita returns the ring and decides that she has ceased to love him. In the meantime the Bays family get into money difficulties. Their son proves to be an embezzler, their father a weakling, and the man from Boston is the only one who can give them material aid. This he is anxious to do, provided Rita will consent to be his wife. After an attack of typhoid fever and sundry threats from her mother, Rita consents. The hour of the wedding ceremony arrives, but Rita has fled from her persecutors. Mr. Major, however, can tell you where she may be found.

The warm-blooded love story of the youthful hero and heroine is rather prettily told. It is full of the foolishness and the sweetness of youth. But the very best character is one Billy Little, an old bachelor, with a romance of his own in the background, who lived in England in the days of Beau Brummel. His originality, his philosophy, and his humour dominate the story. If it hadn't been for Billy Little, Dic and Rita would probably have wrecked their young lives, and if it were not for Billy Little the story would lose its savour.

F. M. Mandeville.

THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

PART II.

Sunday, July 4th.

Oh, the unbroken calm of these Pullen Sundays! Myles took me to drive, my grandmother being no worse. It was well meant, but the drive was far duller than sitting on a bench under the trees. It was a cloudy day, and for that reason he thought it not prudent to drive in the open carriage, which would have allowed of Maidie's going with us. I was vexed, and probably betrayed the fact. He has plenty of occasion to remember that I detest driving in a Goddard buggy, all shut in with smelly leather, but he never chooses to take my aversions into account —thinks I ought not to have any, probably. I wonder if that sounds to you ill-humoured. Can it be that I am getting soured, in a week's time? He asked politely in which direction I preferred to go, and I answered that I could not see that it made any difference, as nothing but the horse's back and ears would be visible. So he took his own way as he probably intended to do in any case, and headed at once for South Pullen—of all places! We passed the rock where I have sat to read your letters, and through the little strip of woods where I usually smell of the envelope to see if I can get the odor of your blessed pipe, then we drove briskly past the little post office—oooh! I was glad when we got by. Myles —why is that name perpetually dropping off my pen—well, some people have the faculty of stirring up the worst that is in one. It is not his fault, but a law of nature. He began to talk about my grandmother's condition, and her wishes and plans in regard to her affairs, that is, the affairs she will leave behind her. Of course he was very dismal, saying that we could not wish to have her life prolonged, in the way people take to excuse themselves for making funeral arrangements while the person concerned is still alive. I couldn't discuss it. I said, "Myles, please do not ask me to consider these matters to-day. It really seems to me ghastly, and I shall surely be unreasonable. I always am on Sunday, and this particular Sunday has been much the dreariest one I ever knew." Dignified silence for half an hour, while the horse splashed through puddles, and my companion cleared his throat consciously at intervals.

Well, it is evening now and I am in my room alone. Tony, it cannot be many more Sundays that I shall have to spend away from you. The rain is falling with a soft sound on the maples outside my window. My heart, my whole being, is with you—and I sit here alone. I love to think of you, but can it be you are true—real, I mean—alive and warm, breathing, speaking, moving, away from me? I have no fears, but I love the near and the human, and I long to see you. What a strange, incomprehensible thing it is to be parted from the one you love! Incredible, almost. I am you and you are me, and yet fate suffers it that you should be there and I here. But in a larger sense there is no here nor there, no time, no space, and we *are* together. I am climbing, Tony, since I knew you, and every day I see a wider horison, peaks beyond peaks coming into view in the blue distances. It is the realities one sees in that higher atmosphere, but of course I am not yet quite at home in it. Down below in the valleys one wanted to touch and see in order to believe, and the human habit clings. Oh, I fear that I am very, very human!

I sat a long time by my window looking out into the sweet, moist night. A cloud of memories was all about me. I wonder if you remember *everything*.

We were destined to meet, or you would never have come to Aunt Letitia's reception, of all places. You may have thought it was because you happened to meet my cousin Edgar that afternoon, and he said, "Come on up, old fellow; we'll slip away from the crowd and have a quiet smoke in my den," but in reality it was fate that beckoned you, and you took the trouble of getting into your

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evening clothes and braving the struggle with one of Aunt Letitia's mobs simply because you couldn't have helped it.

First, I noticed that you were tall. Edgar whispered in my ear, "That is Seymour, of the *Gazer*," and I saw your head above the rest. You were smiling as you talked, then you lifted your head and your eyes swept the room. Our looks met, and I had a queer feeling of embarrassment. A test seemed to have been applied to me, and I was conscious of having failed to meet it. The young man with me was saying things that sounded perfectly foolish.

By and by Edgar brought you to me and we were introduced. Afterward when he had got you away into the den, I ran up there—"floated into the room on a wave of blue muslin," as you said. What a symposium we had looking at each other through the cigarette smoke!

Under every word that was said, behind every glance, back and forth between us like an electric current, throbbed the consciousness of each other. But the talk was concerned with matters of the day, you remember, not significant in itself. We touched on the labour question, and Edgar was as patronisingly tolerant of the demands of the workingman as only a rich man's son can be—poor devils, he called them, as if they were a distinct suborder of being.

Then I asked you if you could tell me who it was that wrote the editorials on social conditions which I had read in the *Gazer*, and you answered that you supposed you were responsible for most of them, that you were the socialistic crank of the staff. You would not allow me to call the articles original, or even clever.

I did say that I couldn't see how anyone ever got to have clear ideas about such complicated questions; that my father and I had read Spencer and Fiske and Mallock and Kidd, and at the end had found ourselves less able to formulate an opinion than when we began. So was everbody, you declared, only an editor was obliged to stand for views of some sort. You said, "About all we can do is to read the books and study life a little, and then hash up the result for the public." I have often wondered since whether you took me for just a society goose that you should have talked like that, when in reality you take the whole subject with such profound seriousness, and sense of personal responsibility, caring nothing for what others think if it does not appeal to you as truth.

Well, it doesn't matter what you thought then. When you went away you promised to mail me some pamphlets that you thought I would be interested to read. And oh! what humiliation! you went back to your desk and forgot the pamphlets, and, I suspect, myself as well. But we had met, in a very proper way, at Aunt Letitia's, and that made it correct enough for me to call at your office for the purpose of reminding you of your promise—though Aunt Letitia would probably not have seen it in that light, if I had thought it necessary to ask her advice. And you have told me many times since, Tony, that when you looked up and saw me in the doorway your heart gave a big jump, and preposterous as it seemed, you knew all at once that I was the woman you were to love.

So I am glad that I went. All has been confessed. I did not read the pamphlets, but after a day or two I returned them by a messenger with a note of thanks. You sent me a marked copy of the *Gazer* containing something of yours that you thought I would like. Then I suggested to Edgar that he ask you to dinner, and after that we made no pretence at not being interested in each other. Dearest, that was two whole months ago, two happy months. Do you remember when you *told* me? It was a warm May night, and we had been walking in the Park. No one was at home when we came in. We sat down in the reception room. The windows were open, and a hurdy-gurdy just around the corner was playing "Love's Dream After the Ball." By and by it went away and the street seemed very quiet. Then my heart began to beat strangely. I couldn't think of anything to say and after a while you began to talk. Your voice was low and steady. I don't know all you said; I seemed to realise that one of the great moments of life was at hand, and I was filled with an awful joy.

You went on to tell me what your life had been, a steady grind you said, not without definite purpose nor lacking in effort, but how far a success you could not say; no man in public life could judge impartially of the fruits of his own labour

—it "went to swell the whole amount." The effort was what counted in so far as the man's character was concerned; as for the world it would take what he gave it, and whatever seed fell on good ground would spring up. I sat there, my heart beating hard. I knew you were laying your life before me because you meant to give me what was left of it.

Tony, dear, the rest is in our hearts. A man, you said, could give his best work to the world, and whether it were recognised or not, he was the better for the effort. And there were those who had been great enough to love in the same way. You were not great, you told me.

I didn't look up. My hands lay in my lap. I knew you were standing by me. I lifted one hand, and you took it in both your own. Such a silence! I felt my life going out to you—my Tony, mine. And when you spoke, it was like a great big boy. "You *don't* care, Madge, do you?" I made a little sound—you knew what it meant—and after one minute more of the throbbing silence, you stooped and kissed my hand. Then you were gone, dear. It was not what most men would have done, but you are not like most men. We couldn't have spoken after that; there was nothing to say. The door shut behind you and I stood up. I remember throwing back my head and drawing a deep breath. I felt like a queen on coronation day. I listened till your footsteps had died away, then I caught my hand and kissed it on the very spot your lips had touched. I ran up to my room, locked myself in and fell on my knees by the bed; I thought I would stay there all night. When I have been in trouble I have never wanted to pray, but that night I felt as if I must thank God for the wonderful joy.

Next morning in the first mail your letter came. You said you had done wrong to be so precipitate; you had given me no chance to stop you. The words had been said, but would I try to forget them? If you had taken an unfair advantage, etc. Shrewd Tony! It seems to me you must have known that in a strong, masterful man who could dominate by sheer moral force any imaginable situation, humility is the most fascinating of qualities. If you had said, "You *do* care, don't you?" instead of putting it the other way, the chances are I should have resisted a little, just enough to hold myself at a high value. But what nonsense to suppose anything! I was yours from the beginning; no use for me to coquet or assume. And you could not have spoken any differently; you are you. Well, I answered that letter in two words—"Come to-night."

The rain is still falling. Across the hall, in the sickroom the night nurse is reading by the shaded lamp. My grandmother must be asleep, I think; I can hear her heavy breathing. It is not a pleasant sound, and Bonnie has moved to the back of the house in order to get away from it, leaving her beautiful big room with all its pretty draperies and adornments for the nurses to sleep in. Poor Bonnie is a bundle of fears and horrors. She loves life, and the thought of sickness and death is as terrible to her as if she were only twenty. How sad to be so near the end of life, and yet fear to go! I have never been afraid of dying—that is odd, is it not? I think I have a certain curiosity to see what will come after, to have the experience of taking a new shape and getting new impressions. But for all that, Tony, I am very much alive, and I want to live a long time, grow old with you, and only stay a little bit of a while after you are gone.

These, I guess, are Sunday night thoughts in a silent house, with the grim messenger of death standing guard outside the door. I hope I shall find the sun shining when I wake to-morrow. Good night, my own Tony; God keep you till I come.

Thursday, July 8th.

Tony, Tony dear, don't, please don't get absurd about Myles. It isn't like you, and I can't have you developing unexpected traits of character now that I am so far from you. I will admit, since you seem to insist upon it, that there might have been an "arrangement" of a sort—never anything like *love*—if I had not seen You. It would have been what is called in the world's phraseology a "desirable connection" (for me, hardly for him). But I do not need to say that would be impossible now, even if you and I were never to meet again. If Myles does not understand it so, he will as soon as there is any change in my grandmother's condition. Meanwhile he is such an unfruitful topic don't you think it

a waste of time to write about him? You want "facts" you say, but don't I know you will draw foolish masculine inferences? Nothing is more misleading than facts, different people see the same thing so differently. That is why a lie is often truer than the truth. Not that I am telling you lies. You have no cause for uneasiness so far as Myles is concerned. If you like to play at being jealous take Lawrence for your object. He amuses me, and the other person does not. Mr. Norrice is the only one of the three worth talking to.

No, there is not any change in my grandmother's condition either for better or worse. The doctors say she can never speak or walk again, but may remain for weeks as she is now. It is frightful to think of, a life so horribly like death; the mere consciousness of life with the grip of death on it. The nurses all but breathe for her, sometimes it seems as if it would be a greater kindness to let her die. As far as my own usefulness is concerned, I might as well be in New York. Sickness appalls me, this sickness in particular. Myles is here two or three times a day, and everything is referred to him; I really am not needed. I might come back for a little while with the understanding that I was to be sent for immediately if there was any change. What do you think of that plan, dear?

If she cared for me, I should never think of such a thing, but she does not. As a child, I was always under the shadow of her disapproval. I was not "ladylike" (her highest term of commendation). I romped and tore my clothes, and never could be made to sit in the house and sew. Of course I was a madcap, and a methodical person like her could not understand or condone such lawlessness. Still, if we love only those whom we altogether approve, we shall be apt to find ourselves in our old age with very few objects of affection. If Grandmother Pullen were as well-off in love as she is in material things I should not be so restless at being obliged to stay here. I should be willing to wait for her sake, happy in thinking and dreaming of you, as I could always do, no matter where I might be.

* * * * *

Maidie is such a dear; she comes to see me every day. The poor child's name is Hannah—that is Myles's literalness. If his mother's name had been Hepsibah, or Huldah, the first girl must have been christened after her just the same. The substitution of Maidie is my idea, and the little girl is sweetly grateful. I am teaching her a French word or two every day, and we introduce them into our conversation as fast as she learns them. We have a great many interesting conversations. Maidie is very advanced, being already an advocate of woman suffrage and phonetic spelling. Some time we will make a socialist of her. She has original ideas. She objects to the superfluous b in such words as dumb and comb, and declares she will attempt to institute a reform by example—she doesn't know how difficult it is to move people's minds by pure reason. When I explained to her that the letter was retained in its place for the same reason that a tailor puts buttons on the back of a man's frock coat, because they had once served a purpose, she sniffed contemptuously and declared that neither the letter nor the buttons had any right to exist in a place where they were of no present use. Which was certainly unanswerable from a purely logical point of view.

All these trifles go to make up my life as I am living here, and are all I have to write of just now. They only float over the surface of my consciousness; my thoughts are always of you. When shall I see you again? It is twelve days. When I came, no one thought it could by any possibility be so long. Your letters are the one thing that seem genuinely to belong to me. Maidie is lively and amusing, and her simple, unquestioning devotion makes me love her exceedingly, but I could leave her in cold blood, sorry, perhaps, that I couldn't be more sorry, and yet overflowing with joy, if I were only coming to you. Tony, do you think you bargained for such a quantity of love? I *think* you want it all, but I may be mistaken. Men, I believe, do often find a superabundance of affection somewhat irksome. The strange thing is that here in Pullen, and by many persons elsewhere whose impressions of me I casually discover, I am thought, well, amusing, but not "deep," the sort of girl who would dismiss suffering by a wave of the hand, as one would an importunate peddler; and who, deprived of one object deemed

desirable, would speedily console herself with another. But that judgment may have been true of me once—three months ago.

What do you think of my running over to New York, just for a little visit—say for a week? That is, I would call it a week, and no one need know here that I meant to stay any longer. I could write from there and extend my leave, and in the meantime I could get here in four hours' time if there were any change. My father used to say that people had no right to demand or expect the whole truth from others, and that most of the current talk about strict honesty was perfect humbug, since no one could even be sure that he was absolutely honest even with himself. If you could have seen how beautifully he managed everybody, including his mother, you would understand what he meant. I am afraid I am not much credit to his theories, and yet even in my comparatively short life, Tony, I have learned that "the whole truth," or, in other words, hard, bare, undraped fact, is oftentimes an utter falsehood in the impression it makes upon the hearer. Certainly you must agree with me that facts are often too brutal to be uttered by a humane person. I could give imaginary cases in point if I did not feel sure that you understand me. Oh, deary me! life is so puzzling! though I never realised it until lately. At any-rate, you know I would do anything for you, good or bad, don't you, Tony?

Thursday, July 14th.

It is certainly annoying that Lawrence should have discovered my practice of walking to South Pullen every other morning. He begins work exactly when he pleases, so there is nothing that has power to hinder him from waiting for me at a bend in the road a little way beyond his own house. On Monday he actually walked all the way over with me, and followed me about in the little, ridiculous shops, because I had not the backbone to send him about his legitimate business. The result was that I had to came home without your letter and walk over again later in the dav. But this morning I said to him, quite decidedly, "Lawrence, this will not do. You are neglecting your work and your mother will blame me. Go home to Mr. Norrice and your Cicero, like a good child, and come and see me this afternoon if you wish."

He went, rather stiffly, but he is sure to turn up somewhere in my path at some time during the day, and I might as well give him permission at an hour which is convenient for me. I wish with you that your letters could be sent to this house, but that cannot be, quite yet. I know you dislike what you call indirect dealing, and so do I, only don't talk of mysteries, Tony dear. My reasons are perfectly simple, and when I have an opportunity of explaining them, you will praise me for having been right. Meanwhile, trust me.

Oh, I suppose you do know best about my coming to New York, and I admire you for the high moral ground you take in thinking it is not quite fair to the people here to deceive them, and all the rest that you say so delicately and considerately. I understand how you feel when you say that you would rather I did not come until it is possible to be absolutely above board in the matter. I hope you don't think I meant to tell them *lies*, or that I am not in all essential respects a strictly honest person. I could never "trim facts," as my father used to say, with *your* eyes searching my soul. They would bring the truth up in spite of me, however I tried to hide it. But you have a right to the truth from me; these people have not—there lies the difference. What have they to do with my life? Oh, I see you shaking your head, and I feel that I am not making myself clear to you. If I were sitting beside vou, now, on a bench in the Park, I could tell you, dearest, so you would understand just what I mean. If you had known my father, it would be better still, he had such a charming way of explaining what he thought. He could convince anyone, or if they were not convinced, they could find nothing further to say—not even his mother. I cannot help thinking that the tact he used in dealing with others was kinder and more to be commended than the crude frankness that is so often justified by the name of truth. And, Tonv, he was so *good*. For ten years faithful to the memory of his dead wife—few men could match that record, I believe. There was never a night that we did not kiss her picture before we went to bed, and always we kept flowers above it, except just before

our allowance came, when we were apt to be short of money. Father used to tell me it was no credit to him that he was faithful to the one love of his life. After the supreme experience, he said, nothing else had power to move a man. Women liked him too, perhaps partly because he was so indifferent to them, and it was when we had shut ourselves into our rooms in order to escape some very obvious attentions (usually bestowed upon *me* as being in the most direct road to his favour) that he would talk to me about love, and what it ought to mean and could mean but once to one who was capable of love in its highest sense. I listened with interest, but I did not understand as I do now. Since I have begun to live my own life, I realise how much I am like him. Fickle as we seemed, careless in our ways of living, content with two or three trunks in a small suite of rooms, recklessly extravagant when our quarterly allowance came, happy in comparative poverty when it was spent, we had in us the same elements of constancy to the *true* things of life, and if you wish to have it so, my own Tony, the same disregard for the literal presentation of unessential details.

Father was right in his way, you are right in yours. For myself, I cannot feel that I am under obligation to disclose my motives of conduct to persons who are incapable of interpreting them rightly.

But here is another side to the matter—I love you, and for that all-sufficient, beautiful reason I wish to live by your standards, see with your eves, walk in the prints your feet have made, and be in all things great and small, the living realisation of your noble ideal. That is enough. So, tell me, show me the way,

"Teach me, only teach, love,
As I ought,
I will speak thy speech, love,
Think thy thought."

You read me that poem, and I have learned it by heart since I came here.

Later.

Lawrence came this afternoon. I was in a serious mood, and I think I disappointed him. He likes well enough to be serious himself, but my seriousness is too much for him. Usually he is eloquent with tales of action; to-day he was as flat as ditchwater. I had found a very much soiled piece of embroidery which I made an effort to ruin altogether as we sat under the trees in our basket chairs. At last Larry had my silks in such a tangle that I could not manage to get out the shade I wanted, so we stuffed them all in a drawer of the garden table and went for a walk. Enough to set Pullen gossiping, but who cares. I shall soon be away from it all. We met Mr. Norrice, who looked as if he had something on his mind, then Maidie dashed past on her wheel, scorching shamelessly, and throwing back a defiant look over her shoulder, as if to say I had no business to be walking out with anybody but herself. We had a stupid walk and I told Larry so, though he made so much of the speech that I had to take it all back, and change the subject. When I came in Bonnie said:

"That is the most unbecoming shirt waist you have got. I don't see why you wear it so much," and went on to talk about her heart.

So you see there are days and days, and this has been a dull one in my calendar. To-morrow may be brighter. I like all you tell me of your work and the little incidents connected with it. How far away it seems! I am afraid I am becoming morbid, I suppose that is what it is—morbid. It has not a nice sound, has it? It makes one think of olive-green wall paper, and musty smells, and stairs that creak when you don't step on them, and a pain over one eye. It is all because I am so shut up in this house with the oppressive presence of death lurking in every one of its rooms. For though I do spend most of the daylight hours out of doors, it is understood that I am never to be out of call for long at a time. And oh, Tony, the nights are awful. If I go to bed early, as has always been the custom here, I wake in the night and think of all evil that might possibly befall, fancy you taken suddenly ill, and no one to send for me (you must write my address and leave it where some one would see it) and imagine all sorts of horrors. On the other hand, if I sit up until eleven or twelve o'clock, the silence of the house gets to weigh upon me till I start at the slightest sound, and almost jump out of my chair when the clock strikes.

I have followed Bonnie's example, and

moved my belongings to the rear of the building. Our rooms are opposite each other, both are large and airy, overlooking the orchard, and mine gets, through the trees, a distant glimpse of the river.

This is a very spacious house, with eight rooms on the second floor, and a long hall running straight through from one end to the other. The back hall is slightly narrower than the front, and also a step lower—how many times when I was a child have I walked off that step in the dark—I didn't fear the dark in those days. I can stand outside my door and look up the whole distance, fifty (50) feet or more, to the tall arched window at the extreme front. My grandmother's chamber is over the drawing-room, so we are as far apart as would be possible under this roof. Yet there is no getting away from that awful picture of her, staring up with her one eye at the high ceiling; and one of the absurd fears that haunt me in the middle of the night is that she will come silently down the long hall, and knock suddenly on my door. The thing is, of course, a physical impossibility, but it is not the possible that terrifies one at 12 p. m.

Soon, soon, it must be over, and this big house will be mine, besides an income sufficient to provide for all our wants, and for your precious ambition, my Antony. We shall not live here—heaven forbid!—and I don't know whether I should have the heart to sell the place. Father used to talk about that—poor father, he never had it to decide—and he always said, "After all, it's the old place, Madge; one doesn't like to think of strangers walking through the rooms and running up these fine old stairs with an air of proprietorship." And still, he used to say that with the movement of time even those things which had seemed the most permanent were forced to change. Land became too valuable to hold, and must be cut up into smaller lots and put on the market. The great house would begin to give out in places, until a moderate income would not suffice to keep it in repair. Well, you know everything, and you will decide what to do when the time comes.

So good night, one and only Tony. May your dreams be sweet, and may they be of Madge.

Friday, July 23d.

The plot—to speak as if this were a sensational story, and I am not sure that it is not—grows interesting. I wrote you yesterday how uneasy my grandmother seemed, if one can apply the term to a human mechanism that has almost lost the power to move. The nurses, however, are alive to the slightest indication of any desire that she is able to give. When they read a wish in her face, they run through the list of subjects she is supposed to be interested in, watching closely for a sign of intelligence on her part. Like this: Blanket, blind (open or shut), beef-tea, and so on down the list—milk, Myles, Madge, etc.

Yesterday, one of them came and told me that she wished to see me. I said "Impossible! She cannot speak to me if I go to her. It is absurd to think of our having an interview and I have already paid her my call for the day."

The little nurse smiled in her demure way. "I have tried to put her off, Miss Pullen. She is very much in earnest. This is one of her unusually bright days. It almost seems as if she were going to speak."

I promised to come, but I delayed for a few minutes, hoping she would have forgotten about me, in the meantime. Her eye was on the door; it was the only thing I was aware of as I entered the room, which is kept in semi-darkness.

I advanced to the bed with an assumed cheerfulness, and wished her good afternoon. I told her how the lettuce and cucumbers were growing, that Lawrence Carlew had sent her a beautiful bunch of sweet peas, that Maidie was out in the orchard in the hammock, it was a beautiful day, Myles had driven to Bergenville on business. The last subject was unfortunate. At the mention of Myles's name she began to twist her left hand in the uncanny way she has. The nurse, who was standing by to act as interpreter, said:

"I think, Miss Pullen, she has a wish to see you and Mr. Havenden together. Miss Mackillay" (the other nurse) "and I have both arrived at the same conclusion. We have noticed that when Mr. Havenden is here she watches the door as if she was hoping some one else would come, and if he happens to mention your name she moves her wrist as she did just

now. That, you know, is the only way she can speak to us." This in a sick-room whisper at my ear.

I said in the same tone, "You will excuse me, Miss Burden, if I say that this seems to me like an extreme stretch of the imagination. Everything is done for her that could be done. She is too ill to be aware of any wants but physical ones."

All the time my grandmother was regarding me. I felt her eye holding my face, though I tried not to return her look. The nurse withdrew a little, with her quiet, inscrutable smile, which is so like the Mona Lisa's. But my grandmother was not so plastic. She transferred her attention to Miss Burden, who understood as if by divination that she was expected to leave the room, and the next moment I was alone with that awful Eye. Grandmother Pullen seemed to gather herself together. She almost raised herself on her elbow. She managed, in a silence that got fearfully on my nerves, and by what seemed to be a superhuman exertion, to work her living hand up under her pillow, at the same time straining her gaze toward a small iron safe that stands where it has always stood just opposite her bed, against the wall. It was inevitable that I should take the key from her fingers and unlock the safe, an old-fashioned one with a padlock, and fumble experimentally in the different compartments until a rattling sound in her throat told me I had my hand on the right paper. I drew it from its place and went back to the bed, feeling all the time as if I were hypnotised. I looked at her—I *had* to—for further directions. There was only one interpretation to her eager look; she wished me to open and read the paper. Tony, it was her will.

My hands shook so I could hardly unfold it. I began to read aloud as well as I could, with my lips so stiff, and the room so dim, and the queer, legal words looking so unnatural before my eyes. I could hardly grasp the meaning of it as I read it, but there is no doubt that in it she has left everything except a few trifling legacies unreservedly to me. I suppose there was something she wished to say when I had finished the reading and folded the paper up again. Her fingers fumbled with the counterpane as if she was trying to write. But I saw that she had nearly exhausted her strength by so much unusual effort, so I put the will back in the safe, restored the key to its place under her pillow, and slipped out of the room. I didn't glance at her face again, the strain was so great I felt as if I could not bear another minute of it.

Miss Burden sat just outside the door with a book and smiled that sweet, inscrutable smile of hers when I went by. I did not stop to speak, and you may believe I *ran* when I got downstairs. I found Maidie kicking her heels in the hammock, and we romped for an hour. The will is unconditional, and was drawn up and signed last February, the 11th, not that the date has any significance; it happened to be that day. She has had no reason to change her mind since then; even if she had, the property belongs rightfully to me and to no one else. If my father had outlived her, it would all have been his except the few bequests I spoke of, and I should have been his only heir. So you see in no imaginable case has any one else a right to her possessions.

Well, dearest, this incident, though painful at the time, is nothing more than an episode in my monotonous life, as it exists at present. I do not know why I have given it so much importance in my letter, unless it is for the very reason that life is so uneventful as to make even so slight an occasion stand out strikingly from the dead level of the day.

At luncheon I gave Miss Burden a few suggestions à propos of the affair of the morning, telling her that I thought the little scene had agitated my grandmother very much, without doing anybody the least bit of good. She kept her eyes on her plate, showing her soft, brown lashes, and agreed with me. She is a politic person, well-bred and exceedingly pretty. How I wish Myles would feel attracted towards her! Miss Burden is of a good family, but she disagreed with her stepmother, and took the training for a nurse. I must mention her admirable qualities to Myles.

Oh, if I were back in New York with you, they might make whatever arrangements they choose for themselves. But for you I should not even care for my grandmother's gold dollars. As it is, I must stay until they are mine. For you they mean freedom and a happy wandering in foreign lands; for me, the joy of

inging you the opportunity of your life, id the other joy of sharing it with you. reat is the dollar! great shall be Tony!

Monday, July 26th.

I perceive that I must answer a few of our queer, foolish questions, for you are aking such a dreadfully serious matter f the trifling things which, for want of eightier affairs must serve to fill up my tters. That is the trouble with letters, ney are invariably so misleading. If I ould see you, now, and talk with you or an hour, I could clear up whatever oubt of me may have crept into your nind, and we might start all over again.

I have already *confessed,* to use a word uited in importance to your dear, solemn nquiries, that I might perhaps have been nwise enough to marry Myles if you ad not come into my life. I *hate* writing hose words on paper, but you would have a plain, "straightforward" statement. And at this distance you—forgive me, dear—are *so* dense of understanding! I wish you to know that the idea has, once for all, been rendered as absurd as the Genesis story of the creation, or the Ptolemaic theory—or the thing itself. Now mark my words, Tony, for I'm never going to say this again—the thing itself, *impossible!* Of marriage, a woman can say no more than that. You ask, furthermore, if I know of any reason, in my grandmother's way of thinking, why I should not inherit her possessions.

I cannot, Tony dear, put myself inside my Grandmother Pullen, even for you. We are radically different, and her thoughts are as far as possible from being my thoughts, I suppose. I only know that I have three or four cousins somewhere on the Pacific Coast whom neither she nor I have ever seen. Their father displeased her by his marriage; he is dead, and his widow who was formerly his housemaid, is still living. His children are decently remembered in the will, and my grandmother could not be persuaded to do more. If she should die without a will, the property would be evenly divided amongst us all, and heaven knows who and what they are, at any-rate, they would have little respect for the traditions of the Pullen family. I am, therefore, the natural heir—oh, Tony, don't let us prolong this discussion. There will presently be plenty of time to talk of anything you may think profitable. You say, so kindly, that you don't mean to imply any distrust of me, and that you hope I do not feel your questions to be in the least censorious—well, then, dearest, I *do!* So let us leave it all.

Do you know, I am growing thin? It is one month to-day since I left you. My rings have got loose on my fingers. I tore my skirt on a nail in the fence yesterday, and sat down and cried. Maidie came up to comfort me and I pushed her away. That is not Madge. These moods do not last, but they come now and then —too often. I do not like them, neither does Maidie, though she is beautifully indulgent and forgiving.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX.

It is a long time since we lifted the lid of the Letter-Box to see what was there. We don't know whether our readers in general have been soothed by this fact or whether they have missed the interplay of editor and correspondent. For our part we deplore our own remissness, the more so as many of the letters now before us relate to matters and things too far in the past to be of general interest now. It is odd that each batch of letters taken by itself always represents some special mood on the part of our readers. At one time, three-quarters of these notes will be sizzling with indignation and peppered with sarcasm. At another time, they will be bristling with questions requiring an immediate answer. At still another time, they will be instinct with the spirit of fun. The last batch suggests the prevalence of a kindly, discursive spirit as of those who feel inclined to chat about themselves and us, and when they criticise us, to do so with the greatest amiability. As we have plenty of space at our disposal this month, and as the Junior Editor, who generally restrains us, is away in attendance upon sundry foot-ball games, we are going to publish a number of these letters in full. Some of them need no reply and are therefore restful to our mind. Not a few relate, as will be seen, to questions of a Sherlockian nature, including, we regret to say, some protests against our own Sherlockian tastes.

I.

The first comes from a lady who writes an intensely English hand and whose letter is sent from Nikko in Japan.

Dear LETTER-BOX:

I almost wept large tears over the thought of Conan Doyle retouching the revered Sherlock Holmes. *Don't* let him do it. You will be in a terrible hole,—you know you will. This is all devotion for you, because it has not been long since I read for the first time a few of his memoirs. I am unfortunately so made that I can't sleep at night or go through a dark hall alone after I have read a proper detective story.

I was going to say that three of you came to me the other day in a grand budget of home mail; but it was in reality only two of you and three BOOKMANS. Please tell the Junior Editor not to loiter too long in England.

I don't know what your 1905 banquet is going to be; but I fear that I shall not be published in the society columns as one of the invited guests, if only Clear White Souls are to be among the number. Alas! My high lights are only pearl grey. Can't you have that the fashionable colour combined with a few of the darker shades? I have yielded to the desire to write you, because you have come to me a welcome friend in a strange land and as one who has your interest deeply at heart.

Au revoir, PEARL GREY.

II.

The following is from an unsympathetic but earnest soul. It comes from Winchester, Mass.

To the LETTER-BOX:

For several years I have been a constant reader of THE BOOKMAN, and for the past two years a subscriber, and of course I have noticed that you are all rather daft on the subject of detective stories. In fact (no offense meant), I am rather sick of seeing so much space given to Sir Arthur Doyle; for, not being very enthusiastic about impossible deductions, I should never go wild over his works.

III.

The next is an antidote for the preceding letter, since it tries to goad us on still further into the jungle of criminological fiction.

To the LETTER-BOX:

If there be justification for the temporary disuse of the Letter-Box, surely it lies in the plea submitted by the Editors, although it is yet an open question as to the measure of guilt of Miss Carolyn Wells. It was a most delectable bait with which she beguiled you from the consideration of sometimes impossible and oft-time preposterous queries. For in all the world of fiction, surely there is nothing more engrossing than the detective tale.

From the days that I did climb into the topmost branches of my favourite cherry tree, there to peruse stealthily the pages of "Old Sleuth" and of "Old Cap Collier," and almost unconsciously and certainly unseeingly did also pluck and eat the delicious fruit, to the nights

that I now devote to Emile Gaboriau and Fortuné Du Boisgobey my life has been one long revel in the annals of detectivism.

I almost blush for you that *The Black Box Murder* is only a recent plunge of yours into the mysterious of criminology, and it is with mingled feelings that I note that the name of Ottolengui does not appear in your notes. Can it be that you have overlooked his writings, the most scientific in this remarkable field of thought? And did you know that even Edith Sessions Tupper has followed in the footsteps —if a detective writer leaves tracks—of Anna Katherine Green?

When I first learned that Thomas B. Reed and George Frisbie Hoar were alike guilty with me in a fondness for this fascinating form of fiction, I felt that there was still hope; but now that you have confessed, the qualms of conscience have entirely ceased, and I now read my Gaboriau in the sight of all men.

With the proper admixture of awe, and an appreciation of the Letter-Box, I beg to subscribe myself

A READER AND ADMIRER OF THE BOOKMAN.

IV.

Here is a further discussion of our views relating to "The Reigate Puzzle." (See THE BOOKMAN of last June.)

The LETTER-BOX:

In further reference to "The Reigate Puzzle," permit me to observe that (1) being no more than amateurs in crime, if the Cunninghams had the intelligence to write the words of their letter alternately so that both authors should be implicated alike, they must have been incapable of so wretched a failure to obey nature's first law as not to have made at least the most ordinary efforts to disguise and make similar their handwritings and to render their lure a trifle plausible in appearance. For (2) I believe you have no ground whatever upon which to base the assertions that "they supposed that only the murdered man would ever see the letter," and that "Alec expected to recover it from the dead body," unless, indeed, you agree that, instead of being the ordinarily intelligent beings Doyle sought to make them, they are the impossible mental ciphers he did make them. It was not even probable that Kirwan, possessed of the doubts and suspicions usually aroused by the receipt of a mysterious anonymous communication, would have carried this one to the meeting with its sender. Would not the latter—an amateur in crime—naturally have added in the note an injunction to bring it—or at the very least, to destroy it? And here again, in the introduction to the unexplained reference to "Annie Morrison" we have on the part of Dr. Doyle another subterfuge that is tacit confession of the absurdity of this crime and its unravelling as he has developed them. (Permit me to suggest that to your list of Holmes's unnarrated adventures, as printed in the June "Chronicle and Comment," you add

"The Mystery of Annie Morrison," and

"The Elucidation of the Twenty-three Other Deductions.")

As ordinarily intelligent beings—not "experts in crime"—the Cunninghams must have foreseen the dire possibility, in any event, of an incriminating document, once let out of their hands, not being recovered. As for (3) your statement that "Holmes did not depend entirely upon the evidence of the letter" I respectfully submit that Holmes had "not the slightest doubt from the first that the key of the whole matter must be looked for in the scrap of paper in the dead man's hand." Holmes deduced from the handwriting alone that "the Cunninghams, father and son, had written this letter." He did this before he had questioned or even seen the Cunninghams. So that it would seem he *did* "depend entirely on this evidence (?) of the letter," for he detected two lies long after he had deduced the letter's authorship. And (4) that the antagonism between the Cunninghams and Acton cast suspicion for the burglary on the former, is no excuse for Holmes's not frankly stating in his explanation that this fact alone, and not possibly the handwriting, was "the key of the whole matter." Lastly, if my argument is insufficient, taking as my model this fellow you so staunchly uphold, may I not with propriety add: "I am only, of cource, giving you my leading reasons; there are twenty-three others which would be of more interest to experts than to you?" SOL STICE.

Some of these points merely reiterate points already made and answered by us. We note, however, the following: (1) Even expert criminals are often careless in covering up their tracks; otherwise it would go hard with the administration of the law. Who shall define the degree of carelessness which may be ascribed to excited and inexperienced amateurs? (2) Holmes did not depend entirely upon the evidence of the letter. This statement is not contradicted by the fact that he expected to find a key to the whole matter in the scrap of paper. That was one key. There were others. If all the twenty-three deductions had been told in the story it would probably have bored the reader. Doubtless Holmes told them to Watson and therefore Watson is the only person

to blame for their suppression. (3) As for Annie Morrison, it was no part of Holmes's business to look her up, inasmuch as he had detected the criminals without bringing her into the affair at all. Presumably the newspaper reporters tracked her down and published her portrait in "the Pink 'Un."

V.

The tendency of writers of prose to glide unconsciously into the cadences of verse has always been a subject of comment among students of style. Instances are found among the Greek historians and Cicero did it continually, and Livy and Tacitus, though less often. So did the English translators of the Bible. Dickens tried to be on his guard against this unconscious tendency. A gentleman in Macon, Georgia, sends us an interesting letter to point out the occurrence in the prose of the late R. D. Blackmore, of a whole system of trochaic acatalectic verses which he has arranged in two groups, each ending with a catalectic line.

The Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

The proneness of the author of *Lorna Doone* to fall into metre in passages of fine poetic expression may have been noted often enough, but the following passage seems to me rather remarkable; and I venture to suggest this metrical scheme for it:

"And the changing of the sky is half the
change our nature calls for:
Earth we have and all its produce
(Moving from the first appearance
And the hope with infant's eyes,
Through the bloom of beauty's promise
To the rich and bright fulfillment
And the falling back to rest);

Sea we have, with all its wonder
Shed our eyes and ears and heart—
And the thought of something more—;
But without the sky to look at,
What would earth and sea and even
Our own selves be to us?"

This verse scheme may be rather fanciful, after the analogy of some of the efforts at metrical arrangement of poetical passages of the Hebrew literature; but the movement is undeniable, requiring the forced rendering of only one word, in the last line, and that not without authority, to make out the lines; namely, "our" as two syllables.

The passage occurs near the opening of Chapter LIX.

VI.

Here is a bit of interesting literary comment which comes to us from Pearl River, New York.

The Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

DEAR SIR.—I have noticed that no one could have received the sometimes irritating letters from your readers with more commendable good temper, and so I am emboldened to point out that you, for once, were not safe on your footing when, in the number for April, this year, you said—Chronicle, pp. 123-4, columns 1 and 2,—with reference to Sue's *The Wandering Jew*:

"The Englishman who follows the menagerie over Europe to see the animals devour their trainer is a triumph of morbid imagination."

Sue did not in the least imagine this—on the contrary, it inspired him. The original of his Morock was Martin, the first wild beast showman who faced animals that were in good condition and not maimed or dosed. His chief feat was to put his head in the lion's mouth. In the press of London and Paris at the time (1830) will be found the story that this feat led the English gentleman (on the Continent "the Milord"), eccentric as Selwyn, to follow Martin from London everywhere. It was asserted that he had laid a wager at his club that one time Martin would lose his head in the lion's jaws. He went to every performance to see his side win! It seems certain that a person like the traditional Englishman was seen in a private stage-box at the Porte St. Martin Theatre in Paris, watching Martin with opera glasses. As, at the time, the canard originated in the conflicts for public lead between the *Débats* and the *Constitutionnel*, I believe now that such a man did sit in the box and that the management took up the tale started in London. If Martin was an American, as I, having been a theatrical agent and hearing many yarns of old-time circus men, understood, probably he had a hand in the concoction!

Sue, by the way, was *not* imaginative. He was not a writer by nature or early training; on the contrary, he had to be goaded to earn money by literature. But he had education in naval matters, in surgery and medicine, and in fashionable life, which gave him a large store of material for fiction. See his sea-stories, beating any of the time, Bouet's, and Corbière's; for his medical knowledge, the love-fury of Jacques the money-lender; and the *Mysteries* for fashionable insight like that of Bulwer's *Pelham*.

I should not have these details but that I, particularly when abroad, read up the few but valuable newspapers of Paris and London about 1830-45.

VII.

A linguistic question is raised in a letter from Manchester, New Hampshire.

In the Letter-Box of February a letter from Butte, Montana, was interesting to me. The writer wished the literary heavyweights of THE BOOKMAN to give an authoritative exposition of the use of the verbs in a sentence THE BOOKMAN had used in the January Letter-Box. "He had better send his soul to the laundry." I think if the writer had left the adverb out, so as to let the verbs come together, the heavyweights would have seen that the tenses are irreconcilable—"He had send," etc.

I would like to ask the writer from Montana whether if "send" is in the infinitive mood, it does not make the sentence correct.

Our correspondent should remember that it is impossible to dissociate the adverb from the rest of the sentence, because this form of sentence is never used except with an adverb in the comparative degree. The grammatical construction is purely idiomatic and therefore does not lend itself to superficial analysis; but there is no doubt that the verb "send," in the sentence quoted above, is infinitival in its nature.

VIII.

A lady in Salt Lake City sends us a question:

Please tell me what authors figure in their own literature. Stevenson in *Treasure Island*, Barrie in *Sentimental Tommy*, Tolstoy in —? Here my knowledge ends.

A complete, or even partially complete list, would be too long to give; but some important instances are: Shakespeare (probably) in the *Sonnets;* Byron in *Childe Harold;* Balzac in *Zéphér in Marcas,* and also in *Louis Lambert;* George Sand in *Elle et Lui;* Dickens in *David Copperfield;* Thackeray in *Pendennis;* Trollope in *The Small House at Allington;* A. J. Dawson in *Daniel Whyte;* George Moore in *The Confessions of a Young Man;* Tolstoy in *Resurrection;* Huvsmans in *Là-Bas, En Route,* and *L'Oblat;* Charles Reade in *A Terrible Temptation;* Richard Grant White in *The Fate of Mansfield Humphreys;* Theodore Winthrop in *Cecil Dreeme;* Hawthorne in *The Blithedale Romance;* Bulwer-Lytton to some extent in *Pelham* and *The Caxtons;* and Disraeli in *Coningsby.* Of course, few authors draw portraits of themselves, or narrate many actual episodes of their own lives, but mingle fact and fiction artfully. Hence the works mentioned above are not autobioghraphical in the strictest sense, but rather furnish biographical material. The nearest approach to complete self-portraiture is probably found in the books by George Sand, Dickens, George Moore, Barrie, and Huysmans, mentioned above. The chief value of these revelations is psychological.

IX.

Philadelphia, Sept. 18, 1903.

Editor of the LETTER-BOX:

What word or phrase do you think most suggestive, as revealing, on the part of the one using it, an innate vulgarity disguised under a superficial appearance of refinement?

We are inclined to think that the word "exclusive" when employed in a social sense, is the surest shibboleth. No person who is really "exclusive" will ever use the word, just as no person who speaks of "social standing" ever has any.

X.

A correspondent in Birmingham, Alabama, asks an interesting question:

I have read with much attention and profit your occasional remark on the subject of picking up pins, and I should like a little more light. When the rhyme tells you that if you see a pin and pick it up "all the day you'll have good luck," does the word "pin" include, for example, hatpins?

We hold that an oracle is always to be interpreted in the most strictly literal fashion. Otherwise, no one can ever feel safe. Therefore, we do not hesitate to assert that this particular oracle does not mean a hatpin, or a breastpin, or a hairpin, or a lynch-pin, or a clothes-pin, or a thole-pin, or a rolling-pin, or a ninepin, or a belaying-pin, but just a plain ordinary Pin which requires no special adjective or prefix for its identification.

HERE AND THERE.

The New York Election.

THE recent municipal election in New York City was not a matter of purely local interest and importance. The result of it was awaited with feelings of profound concern not only throughout the United States, but also in Great Britain, though, of course, it was in the United States that the keenest curiosity was aroused. The peculiar municipal conditions of such American cities as Philadelphia, St. Louis, Chicago, and Minneapolis, have been described and discussed so fully during the past year or two, as to make this last election, in the greatest city of all, a subject of peculiarly intense debate.

The conditions were unusual and the result dramatic. In 1901, after a period of undeniable misgovernment, a fusion of all the elements which demanded municipal reform was effected without regard to party lines, and in November of that year, Mr. Seth Low was elected Mayor by a plurality of more than 30,000 votes. During his term of office he gave to the city of New York an honest, efficient, and thoroughly non-partisan administration. Government by favour disappeared. In every department of the public service, reforms were instituted; some of them, indeed, being remarkable for their instant improvement of existing conditions. The bitterest opponents of Mayor Low's administration could not bring a serious charge against it. Yet at the election which was held last month, in spite of the excellent record which he had made and in spite of the fact that he was supported by the same organisations as in 1901, Mr. Low and his associates were defeated and the Tammany candidate, Colonel McClellan, was elected, by a plurality of more than 60,000 votes. It is safe to say that not one human being of intelligence had even dreamed of any such result as this. On the evening of Election Day, immediately after the closing of the polls and before the ballots had been counted, the Tammany leaders had given up all hope of winning. The perfect weather and the heavy vote—proverbially unfavourable conditions for their cause—seemed to them strongly to indicate defeat. They had made confident predictions to the public; yet they well knew that their campaign speakers had never given one serious reason why Mr. Low should be defeated. Yet the thing was done. How was it done?

We have read the newspapers very carefully in search of even a reasonably intelligent explanation, but have not found one yet. Some speak of the awakening of a partisan spirit which made the issue appear to be one of Republicans against Democrats. Some say that it was the question of a "liberal enforcement" of the excise laws that did it. Some prefer to think that the reform administration enforced a mass of petty local ordinances which pleased none and irritated many. Some talk vaguely about the corrupt use of money, and the "colonisation" of illegal voters. But all such explanations do not go down to the bedrock of the whole affair. These things may have been contributary causes to the wreck of Fusion, but they fail to satisfy the mind. You cannot thus account for a majority of 60,000 votes. That is too impressive a fact for any one to dodge it or explain it by quibbling. Weakest of all is the remark which so many persons made with a forlorn and dolorous sigh: "The people of New York deliberately prefer bad government." This is the very acme of fatuity. The people of no city in the world prefer bad government; and certainly the three millions of people in the great, enlightened, prosperous metropolis of the Western World prefer good government. They may not long for the particular variety of good government which you think they ought to have, but they most assuredly do wish to be governed honestly and wisely and efficiently. If our republican theory of government

s true at all, it is quite as true of cities as f States. You cannot modify and limit t and cast reproach upon it just because n election has gone contrary to your vishes. Therefore, let us try to discuss by the exercise of reason and of observation, the actual cause of what was in eality a very curious political phenomenon.

It may be assumed as obvious that such an election is decided neither by the votes of the highly trained and highly cultivated citizens nor by the votes of the ignorant and the criminal. Each of these two classes is small, indeed, compared with the great bulk of those who cast their ballots at the polls. Doubtless every Fusion leader would admit that the persons whom they describe as "thugs, dive-keepers and cadets" all voted against Mr. Low in 1901. Therefore it was not from their ranks that Tammany gained new strength last month. Nor could the small contingent of wealthy and refined have done the trick even had there been any reason why they should have wished to do so. No; the change of the Fusion majority of 1901 into the Tammany majority of 1903, is due to a corresponding change of sentiment in the great body of citizens who constitute the bulk of a city's population and who cast an overwhelming majority of all the votes. These men make up the army of the inconspicuous. They are not rich nor are they very poor. They do not speak from public platforms, but they talk over together the events of every day in their shops and in their homes. They read the papers but they form their own opinions. They are not political philosophers, but, on the other hand, they are very far from being fools. They have no eloquence, but they abound in good hard common sense. They are narrow. They do not know much about the greater affairs of the city—its system of taxation, the construction of its budget, and the details of its administration; but do watch very keenly the things which they can readily understand, the things that are concrete and not abstract, the things that are quite near to them and touch them and that consequently seem to be far greater and far more important than any others. It is from among this class that Colonel McClellan's great majority was found; and the psychology of the change of mind which this majority represents is worthy of a careful study, dealing not with theories but facts.

When the reform administration took office in January, 1902, it had the support of nearly every newspaper in the city. These journals for the two preceding months had filled their editorial columns with all sorts of wild assertions. The editors had won the victory, so they thought, and they let themselves go in the most irresponsible and foolish fashion. New York was gloriously redeemed. Misrule was at an end forever. Vice was nevermore to raise its hideous head. Corruption was to vanish like the frost before the sun. "Graft," gambling, prostitution, policy playing, bribery, blackmail, jobbery,—the whole catalogue of public and private sins—were to be cast out from what Dr. Lyman Abbott, in a fervid moment, foresaw and pictured as "a holy city." By the time that the first of January came around and Mr. Low went up the steps of the City Hall to take the oath of office, every one was in the state of mind of those who are watching for a miracle, and quivering with a poignant thrill of expectation.

And, of course, nothing but a miracle could have effected any sudden change. Only a miracle, indeed, could ever rid a city of three million inhabitants of those evils which are as old as sin itself and from which every city in the world will always suffer. It is not to be supposed that Mr. Low was counting on a miracle. He may have felt that after months of hard, persistent, patient work, he might make a fair beginning of his task; but he knew that no human power could in a moment unravel all the complications, search out all the rottenness, discriminate between the just and the unjust, and have ready on the instant the ideal man for every place. But the newspapers had not prepared the public mind for so reasonable a view; and when at last, after blowing hot, the editors began to see that they must now blow cold, there came a great reaction, a sort of moral slump, and many persons said, unjustly but not quite unnaturally, that "reform" meant only giving offices to the reformers. It is not

impossible that some of the newly-elected officials, being only human, did themselves regard this as the esoteric principle, the supreme fulfillment, of reform.

Now whenever men get into office by exploiting the mistakes or the misdeeds of their opponents, it is the part of prudence to be extremely careful lest they themselves should seem to make the same mistakes or to suggest in what they do the same misdeeds. This is a principle which few reformers appear to understand. They are so conscious of their own rectitude and of the goodness of their own intentions, as to be incapable of seeing that critical or ignorant persons may not give them credit for anything of the kind. If a Tammany official commits a certain act and is scored for it by all the Fusion newspapers, why should that same act be less reprehensible when it is done by a reformer some months later? This is the hard question which the great body of citizens kept asking all through Colonel Partridge's incumbency as Commissioner of Police. Colonel Partridge was a most honest, amiable, and incapable Commissioner. He used to sit around helplessly in his office, and when citizens complained to him that vice was flourishing as of yore in certain districts of the city, that gambling houses were open, that blackmail was extorted, he would say, helplessly: "Bring me some specific evidence and I will act." But that was precisely what Mr. Devery used to say; and it implied that it is not the business of the police to ferret out crime, but that private citizens should relieve them of this responsibility. How the newspapers used to shriek at Devery, and how silent they were over the incapacity of Colonel Partridge! The editors relieved their personal feelings by talking violently about the thing in private, but never a word did they print. To do so would "hurt the cause of reform," they used to say. But it was really their imbecile silence that hurt the cause of reform; for it allowed Colonel Partridge to remain in office for a whole year, and it also led thousands of persons to regard the advocates of reform as dishonest or hypocritical. A little frank and friendly criticism at this time would have been worth far more to Mr. Low's administration than all the honeyed phrases under which the newspapers concealed the actual disapprobation of their editorial writers. But only the *Evening Post* spoke out.

Then came the appointment of General Greene in place of Colonel Partridge; and General Greene made from the very outset a brilliant record. Yet in some respects the selection was not wholly fortunate. We have no knowledge of the merits of the case, but the fact which everybody knows is that General Greene is involved in litigation relating to his connection with an Asphalt Trust, so called, and that he is being sued for a very large sum of money. The Fusion newspapers allowed nothing on this subject to appear, and many persons did not know of it until, at the very crisis of the late campaign, Colonel McClellan made a most effective use of it at a moment when his adversaries thought that they had cornered him. "If elected will you continue General Greene in office?" they demanded tauntingly. "Certainly not," replied Colonel McClellan with the suavest of smiles. "I shall appoint no one who has still to answer to such charges as are made against General Greene." Then sundry persons went to General Greene and asked him what he had to say about these charges. "Nothing at all," he answered. "They relate wholly to my private business." But this was the exact formula, the *ipsissima verba* which Mr. Richard Croker had used before the Mazet Committee when he was asked to explain the sources of his wealth. The coincidence was unfortunate to say the least. How the Fusion newspapers had rung the changes on "private business" when Mr. Croker used the words! How profoundly silent they were over the same phrase when uttered by General Greene. Mr. Croker and General Greene are two very different persons and the cases were not similar; yet, again, thousands of men—average men—took note of the coincidence.

Next there was the case of Mr. Thomas Sturgis, the new Fire Commissioner. Mr. Sturgis for reasons of his own desired to get rid of Mr. Edward Croker, who was Fire Chief. We know nothing of these reasons; but as the law ran, Mr.

Croker could be suspended only upon charges or removed after a trial before the Commissioner. But the Commissioner had no basis for charges. He merely hoped to discover such a basis. Mr. Croker was absent on leave, and during his absence his desk was broken open and his private papers were abstracted. On his return, the Commissioner "relieved him from duty." The law makes no provision for relieving the Chief from duty, so Mr. Croker appealed to the courts, and Mr. Justice Hall of the Supreme Court ordered his reinstatement. Commissioner Sturgis defied the order of the court, was declared to be in contempt, and took the matter to another tribunal where the decision was delayed long enough for Mr. Sturgis to try Croker, acting himself as the judge of his own charges. Mr. Croker was dismissed, perhaps justly; but suppose that a Tammany Commissioner had juggled with justice in this way, refused to obey a mandamus of the Supreme Court, and then dodged a commitment for contempt. What did the Fusion newspapers say when John Y. McKane made his insolent declaration, "Injunctions don't go here!" And how many of them had the courage to censure Mr. Sturgis? The *New York Times* and the *Evening Post*. All the rest were silent or else openly supported him; and again, thousands of citizens made mental notes for future reference.

There is also the interesting case of Patrolman Edward H. O'Neill. O'Neill had been tried by Devery under that régime and Devery had abused him with foul language. O'Neill shouted back at him and after a scandalous scene, resigned from the police force. The newspapers made a hero of O'Neill. He had served in the army, and the imagination of the editorial writers represent him as a gallant hero who after years of honourable service had suffered shame because, in his own language, he would not "stand for a shake-down," or in other words, pay money for special favours. O'Neill later brought some kind of suit against Devery, but when the "hero's" record had been carefully examined, Mr. Justice Holbrook in the Court of Special Sessions threw the case out. It appeared that O'Neill had made similar charges against nearly every other Police Commissioner under whom he had served, including Mr. Theodore Roosevelt. In short, Justice Holbrook, speaking from the bench, characterised O'Neill's conduct as "depraved." The fusion newspapers had said much about the nobility and courage of O'Neill before they knew the facts. Did they afterward say anything to qualify their former praise? Not so much as a word. They printed the report of the trial briefly and kept silence editorially,—all except the *Sun*, which had the effrontery to continue its eulogy of O'Neill. More lamentable, however, is the fact that Mr. William Travers Jerome, the District Attorney, in spite of Judge Holbrook's exposure of the man, took O'Neill under his especial patronage and appointed him a county detective. Again many persons made mental notes and said to one another that while it was outrageous for Tammany to employ a man who is "depraved," the same man was apparently worthy of all honour when a reform official had given him an office.

There was another incident, extremely unimportant in itself yet one which had a curiously marked effect on many minds. All through the campaign of 1901, Devery and "Deveryism" were made the principle issues on the stump. Upon Mr. Devery was laid the responsibility for a state of things which Mr. Jerome used to horrify great multitudes by describing, but which cannot be more than indicated here. The alliance of the police with notorious vice, the infamous "cadet" system, the "brass check" system, the hideous traffic in sin—all these were ascribed to Devery and to Devery alone. Mr. Low promised that if he were elected his first official act would be to remove Devery's official head—and he kept his promise. Yet if Devery were indeed guilty of all the horrors charged against him, his was not rightly the greatest odium. Devery is an ignorant man, reared among the worst surroundings and thrown by association amid the most corrupting influences. Not to him, then, but to the man who kept him in his place would the heaviest weight of reprobation fall,—upon the Mayor who not only would not remove him, but who in public spoke of him as "the best Chief of Police that New

York has ever had." Mr. Van Wyck was a man of good family and of education, he had held a judgeship, and he knew the city over which he ruled, as few men know it. Every word that was said of Devery and Deveryism was, if true, a blazing scar upon the reputation of Mayor Van Wyck, a terrible and dreadful condemnation. Yet when Prince Henry of Prussia visited this city and the new Mayor had the appointment of a committee of one hundred representative gentlemen to take part in his reception, among the names appeared the name of Robert A. Van Wyck. What was the plain man to think of this? Either that the charges against Devery had been false—red-lights, brass-checks, cadets and all the rest—and that Mr. Van Wyck had in this respect done rightly to stand by him; or else (a cynical conclusion) that it is only the ignorant and unpopular who are to be held responsible for wrong and sin and open shame, while men of education and position who are even more to blame may go scot-free and hold their heads up with the highest. And not a newspaper saw fit to make so much as a passing comment.

These are a few of many facts that help to make more comprehensible the result of the election. They were not, when taken by themselves, of any serious importance; yet in their effect upon the minds of thousands, they outweighed the really great achievements of the administration of Mayor Low, because they were far more generally known and spoken of. The Fusion cause was ruined and defeated by the folly and the insincerity of the Fusion press—by its ostrich-like belief that in hiding or suppressing or misrepresenting facts, it was helping Mr. Low and his associates. If a reform administration in this city is ever to succeed itself, it will do so only when its friends and allies of the press are brave enough and wise enough to criticise it,—not in a captious spirit, but freely and at the very beginning of the Mayor's term of office. If you make the people feel that you are dealing fairly with them they will forgive mistakes innumerable. If they think that you are trying by some hole-and-cover business to keep them in the dark, they will resent it and give to their resentment an expression at the polls. A non-partisan administration can afford to be absolutely open. Mr. Low himself gave a fine example of this openness when he very frankly admitted the mistake which he had made in trying to secure a "liberal" enforcement of the liquor laws. His manly utterances won him admiration everywhere. Could some of his fatuous supporters in the press have been inspired by the same generous candor before it was too late, could they have stopped vociferating "thug" and "dive-keeper" and "criminal" against every man who differed with them, and could they but have written with the purpose of giving honest utterance to helpful truths, then the people of New York would have followed where they led, instead of detecting their hypocrisy and blaming it upon the ablest and most public spirited administration that the city ever had.

H. T. P.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York:

Aldine Book Company:

The Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Company. By James Howard Bridge.

This book contains material which first appeared in a magazine article. Mr. Bridge at one time assisted Mr. Carnegie in literary work, but he wishes it distinctly understood that he never knew the secrets of the steel companies, and that the present volume does not contain a single fact which he learned during the time he was associated with Mr. Carnegie.

American Book Company:

Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice. Edited with notes by William J. Rolfe.

A new edition, revised and reset, the revisions being mainly due to the change that has taken place in educational methods in the last thirty-five years. Dr. Rolfe was at one time Head Master of the High School at Cambridge, Mass.

The Baldwin Speller. By S. R. Shear. Assisted by Margaret T. Lynch.

A text-book prepared by the Superintendent of Public Schools at Kingston, N. Y.

The Philippines. By Samuel MacClintock.

A geographical reader giving short descriptive chapters on the islands, provinces, and towns of the Philippines.

Elements of Plane and Solid Geometry. By Alan Sanders.

This work has been prepared for the uses of classes in high schools, academies, and preparatory schools.

Latin Prose Composition. By Henry Carr Pearson.

A book which has been prepared in response to requests which the author has received from those teachers who are using his Greek Prose Composition. It is an attempt to combine a thorough study of the essentials of Latin syntax with abundant practice in translating English into Latin, and to afford constant practice in writing Latin at sight.

Physical Laboratory Manual. By S. E. Coleman, S.B., A.M.

A book for secondary schools, by the head of the Science Department and teacher of physics in the Oakland High School.

Aus Dem Deutschen Dichterwald. By J. H. Dillard.

A collection of favourite German poems, edited with notes and vocabulary, for use in schools.

German Composition. With a Review of Grammar and Syntax and with Notes and a Vocabulary. By B. Mack Dresden, A. M.

A book intended to provide well-graded selections for translating English into German. Students using it should have done one-half year's reading and translating from the German into English.

Appleton:

The Vicar of Wakefield. A Tale by Doctor Goldsmith.

A new library edition with twenty-four coloured illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. This issue is founded on the Ackerman edition of 1817.

The Dance of Life. A Poem by the Author of "Doctor Syntax."

A companion volume to the above with Rowlandson illustrations in colour, and also founded on the 1817 edition.

The Pool in the Desert. By Mrs. Everard Cotes. (Sara Jeannette Duncan).

A collection of short stories entitled "The Pool in the Desert," "A Mother in India," "An Impossible Ideal," and "The Hesitation of Miss Anderson." Mrs. Cotes has a personal way of telling a story which makes it especially entertaining.

Four-in-Hand. By Geraldine Anthony.

A story of the club life of the ultra-rich set of New Yorkers, by the author of "A Victim of Circumstance." Miss Anthony was born in New York, but she boasts of New England ancestors, among them being Roger Williams.

Garden Mosaics. By Alfred Simson.

A new edition to the garden in fiction. In these reflections, Mr. Simson is philosophical, moral, and horticultural.

The Alphabet of Rhetoric. By Rossiter Johnson.

Mr. Johnson intends this book as "a familiar companion for all that care to speak and write correctly." It has an article on each of the figures of rhetoric, with essays on conversation, humour, poetry, style, and similar subjects, and a chapter on elocution.

The Story of Rapid Transit. By Beckles Willson.

A history of the beginning and the growth of rapid transit from the days of the mail coach in the early part of the seventeenth century, up to the inventions of the present day.

The Life and Times of Thomas Jefferson. By Thomas E. Watson.

In the preparation of this new life of Jefferson, Mr. Watson has consulted the leading histories, biographies, memoirs, and volumes of correspondence, and he has also spent some time in the community where Jefferson lived and died. The work is dedicated to William Randolph Hearst, because he has "consecrated his wealth, talent, and energies to the improvement of the conditions under which the masses of our people live," and because of other reasons just as strong.

Doctor Xavier. By Max Pemberton.

Doctor Xavier, scientist and magician, lives in the present day, and the plot of mystery is worked out amid conventional surroundings. Mr. Pemberton has a long list of books to his credit.

Mamzelle Fifine. By Eleanor Atkinson.

A romance of the girlhood days of the Empress Josephine. Upon a background of tropical colouring, Miss Atkinson paints the celebrated Josephine as a pure little Creole girl.

Phœnixiana, or Sketches and Burlesques. By John Phœnix.

A new edition of an old book. Persons who laughed over this book more than fifty years ago may laugh again upon its reappearance. Mr. E. W. Kemble has made the illustrations for this edition, and Mr. John Kendrick Bangs has written the introduction.

Lucretia Borgia. By Ferdinand Gregorovius.

This work is translated from the third German edition by John Leslie Garner, and the material has been gathered from original documents and correspondence of Lucretia Borgia's day.

The Chasm. By Reginald Wright Kauffman and Edward Childs Carpenter.

Another novel in which politics play an important part. Mr. Kauffman will be remembered as the author of "The Things That Are Cæsar's."

The White Company. By A. Conan Doyle.

The Hound of Baskervilles. By. A. Conan Doyle.

The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope.

Quisante. By Anthony Hope.

The above books are republished in very attractive library bindings by the Messrs. Appleton in what they call "Author's Editions." Each volume is illustrated, and "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "The White Company" contain an author's preface.

Wood-Carving Designs and Workmanship. By George Jack.

This is the third volume in the series of "Handbooks on the Artistic Crafts." It is illustrated by the author, and the series is edited by W. R. Lethaby.

Stately Homes in America. From Colonial Times to the Present Day. By Harry W. Desmond and Herbert Croly.

A profusely illustrated volume showing the White House, the residence of the late A. T. Stewart, the late W. H. Vanderbilt, J. Pierpont Morgan, William D. Sloane, Mrs. William Astor, Anson Phelps Stokes, Robert Goelet, George Gould, P. A. B. Widener, Alexander R. Peacock, Clarence Mackay, and a score of others.

Appleton's New Spanish-English and English-Spanish Dictionary. By Arturo Cuyás.

This Dictionary contains more than four thousand modern words and twenty thousand acceptations, idioms, and technical terms, with a pronouncing key and the fundamental tenses of irregular verbs.

Baker and Taylor Company:

My Mamie Rose. By Owen Kildare.

Mr. Kildare has written his own biog-

aphy, "the story of my regeneration" he alls it, and in it he quite frankly tells of is experiences, not hesitating to mention the names of periodicals and people when he feels like it. A mention of this book appeared in the Chronicle of the November Bookman.

How to Judge Architecture. By Russell Sturgis.

A profusely illustrated volume in which Mr. Sturgis, the well-known critic of art and architecture, sketches the history of modern opinion of architecture.

The Story of the Churches. The Methodists. By John Alfred Faulkner.

A volume belonging to a series which tells briefly the story of the churches, each book being written by the leading historian of his own denomination. Dr. Faulkner is Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Seminary.

The Strife of the Sea. By T. Jenkins Hains.

Stories of the sea by a man who has followed it as a business. These are imaginary tales of the whale, the shark, the penguin, the albatross, and others. Mr. Hains is the author of "The Windjammers."

Barnes and Company:

Recollections Personal and Literary. By Richard Henry Stoddard. Edited by Ripley Hitchcock. With an Introduction by Edmund Clarence Stedman.

A very interesting volume by one whose long life among literary men was full of rich material. A supplementary chapter has been added by Mr. Hitchcock. Mr. Stoddard's son, Lorimer, it will be remembered, died in August, 1901, Mrs. Stoddard in August of the following year, and Mr. Stoddard passed away on May 12, 1903. The book contains a number of interesting illustrations and reproductions from the Stoddard collection in the Author's Club.

Within the Pale. By Michael Davitt.

Mr. Davitt has visited Russia, and in this book he gives the story of the anti-semitic persecution in Russia, and pictures the superstition and tragic occurrences which accompany the religious and race question.

The Circle in the Square. By Baldwin Sears.

Mr. Sears calls this the story of "a new battle on old fields." It deals with social and political questions of to-day.

Tennessee Todd. By G. W. Ogden.

A story of the Mississippi River and the fight between steamboat and railroad. "Tennessee Todd" is a woman, and of the book the publishers boldly assert that "not since the time when Mark Twain immortalized the Mississippi in 'Tom Sawyer' from 'Huckleberry Finn,' has any one come forward to attempt comparison with those inimitable portraits."

The Boss. By Alfred Henry Lewis.

A story of political life in New York, "written from the inside." It has been running serially in the "Saturday Evening Post," where it has attracted favourable attention.

New Fortunes. By Mabel Earle.

An American story for boys and girls telling how Molly and her brothers came to Boulder Gulch.

Bell:

Letters and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Howard Wilford Bell is bringing out this book by special arrangement with the Century Company. It belongs to the series which he calls the Unit Books. The volume is of cenvenient size, printed on thin paper.

The Marble Faun. By Nathaniel Hawthorne.

This volume also belongs to the Unit Books, and is uniform with the above. Mr. Bell intends to bring out from time to time new editions of old books—the kind of books that one wishes in a library. They are to be sold at an unusually low price.

Book Publishing House:

The Judgment of God. An Historical Little Novel. By J. Russell.

A small book of eighty odd pages which purports to tell the story of the taking of Jerusalem by the Christians.

Brentano's:

Souls. By "Rita."

A novel in which the worst side of society is portrayed. In explanation of her story, "Rita" says that her characters are not portraits, but types made familiar by a perusal of the Society journals whose columns they adorn, and the "piquante" scandals that the Law Courts have evolved, and fashionable clubs betrayed.

Bilberry Wood. Pictures by Elsa Beskow. Verses by T. E. M. Diok.

A tale for the very little ones which tells all about a small boy who went to Bilberry Wood to gather berries for his mother and what he saw there.

The Child's Arabian Nights. By W. Heath Robinson.

Another book for children, with the illustrations in colour. These stories are only for good boys and girls, warns the author, "and if you, small reader, do not happen to be good, then put the book down at once and go to bed."

Century Company:

Under the Jack-Staff. By Chester Bailey Fernald.

A book of short sea stories, which have appeared at various times, telling of the rollicking adventures of Clarence O'Shay and Sudden Lannigan. Mr. Fernald is the author of "The Cat and the Cherub."

Careers of Danger and Daring. By Cleveland Moffett.

A new edition of a book which tells the story of steeple climbers, divers, engineers, dynamite workers, acrobats, balloonists, and others whose careers are equally dangerous. Many of the sketches appeared in the "St. Nicholas," the "Herald," and "McClure's."

Sixty Jane. By John Luther Long.

In this volume there may be found nine short stories written with the tenderness and the delicacy which are always a part of Mr. Long's work. Any one who has ever read "Madame Buterfly" will very likely want to read any short story that Mr. Long may feel inclined to write.

Present-Day Egypt. By Frederic Courtland Penfield.

A revised and enlarged edition of a book of travel by the former United States Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General to Egypt.

The Book of Children's Parties. By Mary and Sara White.

A book for persons who wish to know how to entertain children successfully. It describes a number of games, tells how to make suitable favours, and offers menus for all parties suggested.

The Yellow Van. By Richard Whiteing.

A new novel by the author of No. 5 John Street. It does for the rural districts of England what the earlier book did for the city. Mr. Whiteing is an earnest and sincere writer.

My Old Maid's Corner. By Lillie Hamilton French.

Most of the sketches in this little volume have appeared in the "Century," but "Mrs. Buchanan's Son" and "My Neighbours of the Doorways" are here published for the first time. "We cannot [illegible] much for the world, we old maids," [illegible] the author, "but we can do this: we [illegible] keep an atmosphere about us in [illegible] the best of young hearts can grow."

Little Stories. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D.

These are very little stories, some of which have appeared in "Lippincott's" and the "Century."

Theodore Leschetizky. By Comtesse Angèle Potocka. Translated by Mrs. Genevieve Seymour Lincoln.

An intimate study of probably the greatest of living piano teachers, who for over half a century has been a prominent figure in the social and musical life of Russia, Hungary, and Poland. Among his pupils are: Paderewski, Essipoff, Scapanoff, Schutt, Slivinski, Hambourg, and Schnabel. The illustrations show the musician as child, youth, and old man, and give interesting scenes connected with his life.

Baby Days for Very Little Folks. Edited by Mary Mapes Dodge.

A new selection of pictures and jingles, stories and verse for the little tots. The first "Baby Days" has been out of print for some years, but the present edition includes about forty pages of the earlier edition, and it has retained the original cover design.

A Book of Cheerful Cats and Other Animated Animals. By J. G. Francis.

A collection of funny sketches of cats and other animals which first appeared in 1879. Mr. Francis began to make these sketches to while away the time when he was shut up in a dingy Boston office.

Thistle Down. By Mrs. C. V. Jamison.

A juvenile publication by the author of "Lady Jane" and "Toinette's Philip." Thistledown is a little acrobat, who turns out to be the son of wealthy New Orleans people.

She Stoops to Conquer; or. The Mistakes of a Night. A Comedy. By Oliver Goldsmith.

Socrates. Plato's Apology of Socrates and Crito with a Part of His Phædo.

Translated from the Greek by Benjamin Jowett.

The Rubáiyát of Omyar Khayyám. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.

The above classics belong to the Century's Thumb Nail Series, which are perhaps among the most attractive pocket editions.

Gallops 2. By David Gray.

It will be remembered that Mr. Gray's "Gallops 1" contained some very interesting stories "which firmly established the horse as a member of society." This new collection recounts the sayings and doings of persons who love and rear horses, and is equally readable.

Madame Butterfly. By John Luther Long.

A new, Japanese edition, of that charming and pathetic story which has found favour on the stage as well as in book form.

A Christmas Wreath. By Richard Watson Gilder.

Essentially a holiday gift, containing the Christmas poems which Mr. Gilder has written from year to year. The book is bound in pure white parchment and gold, and the pictures and designs are by Mr. Henry McCarter.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. By Alice Hegan Rice.

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice.

To celebrate the large sale which has been the good fortune of "Mrs. Wiggs," the publishers have brought out Mrs. Rice's two stories in a holiday edition, richly bound, and illustrated by Mrs. Florence Scovel Shinn. The many thousands who have enjoyed reading either one or the other of these stories will undoubtedly want to own both books in their holiday attire.

Thirty Years of Musical Life in London. By Hermann Klein.

Mr. Klein has been one of London's critics for many years, and the material which he gathered during those years has enabled him to give a complete picture of operatic and musical life in England from 1870 to 1900. The volume contains over one hundred illustrations.

Pa Gladden. By Elizabeth Cherry Waltz.

Here is a book which will doubtless appeal to a large class of readers, the readers who made David Harum, Mrs. Wiggs, and other homely characters so widely known. "Pa Gladden" is described as a "common man," and the story of his kindly life is full of religious sentiment and humour.

Crowell and Company:

The Works of Henry Fielding. Novels, Essays, Dramas, and Miscellanies. Edited with Introduction by Gustavus Howard Maynadier, Ph.D. Twelve volumes.

The Novels of Tobias Smollett. Edited with Introductions by Gustavus Maynadier, Ph.D. Twelve volumes.

Joy and Power. By Henry van Dyke.

Three addresses by Dr. van Dyke. The first, "Joy and Power," was delivered in Los Angeles, May 21st, the second, "The Battle of Life," on Baccalaureate Sunday at Princeton University, June 7th, and the last, "The Good Old Way," on Baccalaureate Sunday at Harvard University, June 14th. They are a threefold discourse with one meaning.

The Faerie Queene. By Edmund Spenser.

Professor Trent, of Columbia University, has written an introduction to this edition, and J. Walker McSpadden a biography. The reading text, in which the original spelling is used, is followed by "Variations from the Original Editions," a glossary, and an index to first lines.

The Canterbury tales. By Geoffrey Chaucer.

Professor Thomas R. Lounsbury, of Yale University, has written the introduction to this volume. The text of the poems is followed by a Glossarial Index of about forty pages, giving in alphabetical order every obsolete word or phrase, its part of speech, and definition.

Poems of Alice and Phoebe Cary. With Introduction and Notes by Katharine Lee Bates.

This book is made up of material contained in the four original issues of poems by Alice and Phoebe Cary, from 1850 to 1855. The editor prints footnotes which indicate the source of each poem and other needful data. The above three volumes belong to the Astor Edition of Poets, well known to teachers and students.

Dillingham:

Sir Henry Morgan, Buccaneer. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Sir Henry Morgan played the piratical game so successfully that King Charles II. conferred the honour of knighthood upon him, and it is the figure of this man that Mr. Brady has chosen as the central figure in his historical tale.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Brazen Calf. By James L. Ford.

A satire on the type of Americans who have plenty of money but little refinement and culture. Mr. Ford is best known as the author of "The Literary Shop."

Plays I Have Seen.

A useful book to lovers af the theatre. The blank pages are arranged thus: Title, Author, Theatre, Date, With Whom, Noted Persons Present, Attendance, General Comment. Plot, Songs, Jokes or Hits, Class—Tragedy, Comic Opera, etc., with space for the pasting of portraits and scenes and a synopsis of scenes, which may be cut from the programme.

The Path of Stars. By Margaret Crosby Munn.

A musical novel by the author of "The Violin Obligato." The publishers speak of it "as a story full of musical rhapsodies, romantic love, poetry, and passion, perhaps of an intellectual kind."

"We, the People." By Edward Everett Hale.

A series of papers on the topics of the day, many of which have appeared in the "American." The subjects are divided under the following headings: Nation and State, Co-Operation and Coal, Women's Clubs, The New Century, Anniversaries, Sunday and Sunday-Schools, The Five Great Duties of the Twentieth Century.

Eighty Years of Union. By James Schouler, LL.D.

This book contains extracts from the author's larger work, and has been prepared by request. The period covered is from 1783-1865, and is intended to "instruct in the general development of parties, public measures, and public opinion during the first great era of our Union."

The Sailor King. By Fitzgerald Molloy. Two volumes.

The history of William IV., His Court and His Subjects. In his preface the author says "the Sailor King reigned over subjects whose works remain our proud heritage, whose names are dear to us as those of kin, whose intimate histories, touched with the glamour of romance or with direful tragedy, exercise a spell impossible to fiction and felt only in watching the actions of mortals unconsciously obeying the dictates of fate." The volumes are elaborately illustrated and include two photogravure plates.

In the Palaces of the Sultan. By Anna Bowman Dodd.

A timely book of Turkish political life and the various phases of life in the East. Mrs. Dodd, while the guest of General Horace Porter, was received by the Sultan at his Court, and was shown through his private domain.

The Oriental Rug. By W. D. Ellwanger.

Mr. Ellwanger, who has hitherto been known chiefly as a poet, describes this volume as "a monograph on eastern rugs and carpets, saddle-bags, mats, and pillows, with a consideration of kinds and classes, types, borders, figures, dyes, symbols, etc., together with some practical advice to collectors." Collectors of rugs should find this book of much interest.

Fireside Child Study. By Patterson Du Bois.

A small volume with some valuable suggestions on how to understand and manage children. The author's plan is to show how easy it is to be wrong, then to show what it is that makes so many persons absurd or unfair with their children.

Tea-Table Talk. By Jerome K. Jerome.

A collection of essays after the manner of "The Second Thoughts of an Idle Fellow," and as Mr. Jerome is placed among the foremost of the English humourists this small book should prove a source of amusement to its readers.

Varied Types. By G. K. Chesterton.

Mr. Chesterton's brilliant articles are pretty well known both in England and in America, and he is often the subject of varied criticisms. In this book of essays he has chapters on Charlotte Brontë, William Morris and His School, the Optimism of Byron, Pope and the Art of Satire, Stevenson, Tolstoy, Queen Victoria, Maeterlinck, and Bret Harte.

Katharine Frensham. By Beatrice Harraden.

The scenes of Miss Harradan's new novel are laid partly in England and partly in Norway and Sweden. It is a study of character development. Mention of this book was made in the Chronicle and Comment of the November Bookman.

William Makepeace Thackeray. By Charles Whibley.

A biographical and critical monograph. It is the sixth volume in the series of Modern English Writers, the others being, L. Cope Cornford's Stevenson. Professor Saintsbury's Matthew Arnold, Mrs. Meynell's Ruskin, Andrew Lang's Tennyson, and Edward Clodd's Huxley.

A Checked Love Affair. By Paul Leicester Ford.

No one will question the statement that this will be one of the most popular gift

books of the holiday season. It is a love story with cover and decorations by George Wharton Edwards, and photogravure illustrations by Harrison Fisher.

Philip Schuyler. By Bayard Tuckerman.

The memoirs of a major-general in the American Revolution. Mr. Tuckerman has gathered his material from the Gates papers belonging to the New York Historical Society, from the archives of the State Department in Washington, and from various collections of original historical material.

In Arcady. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

These essays, which appeared serially in the Bookman, are brought out in elaborate binding and decoration as a holiday gift book. The illustrations are by Will H. Low, and the decorations by Charles L. Hinton.

The Goldenrod Fairy Book. Selected and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A large volume of fairy stories which have been selected from the French, German, English, Polish, Hindu, Danish, Chinese, Russian, and Italian. The illustrations and decorations, by Charles Buckles Falls, are in colour, and the children who receive this book as a Christmas gift should consider themselves especially lucky.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling. We refer our readers to the article on Mr. Kipling which appeared in the Bookman for November.

Memoirs of Monsieur de Blowitz.

For a discussion of this book, our readers are referred to The Bookman for November.

The Mark. By Aquila Kempster.

A strange story of India which is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

Two Little Savages. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

The adventures of two boys who lived as Indians, how they lived in the woods and studied the animals about them. Mrs. Seton designed the cover, title-page, and general make-up, while Mr. Seton has made his own illustrations. This book will be in great demand as a Christmas gift for boys.

The Whip Hand. By Samuel Merwin.

A novel of a business fight in the pine lands of Michigan, by the author of "The Road to Frontenac" and the joint author of "Calumet 'K'."

Eaton and Mains:

The Sword of Garibaldi. By Felicia Buttz Clark.

A story of Rome in the sixties in which the author has taken Garibaldi for her hero.

Fox, Duffield and Company:

The Compromises of Life. By Henry Watterson.

This is the first time that Colonel Watterson's lectures and addresses have been collected into a volume. The Bookman had something to say of this book in the November Chronicle and Comment, and also reproduced a photograph of Colonel Watterson.

The Life of a Wooden Doll. By Lewis Saxby.

A juvenile book somewhat out of the ordinary. The doings of a wooden doll are told in rhyme and pictured from real life. "This series of photographs" explains the author, "attempts, merely, a set of poses such as busy little imitators of their elders are fond of making with their accumulated doll properties."

Real Rhymes of Real Children. By Betty Sage.

A group of verses which tell of the child's day in nursery, playroom, and garden, pictured by Jessie Willcox Smith.

In Beauty's Realm. By C. Allan Gilbert.

With Lyric Poems, selected and arranged by Arthur H. Hahlo and George S. Hellman.

In this very handsome gift book may be found collected together Mr. Gilbert's charming portraits of American women, each portrait being accompanied by a poem. The poems have been chosen from Byron, Shakespeare, Shelley, Longfellow, Swinburne, Wordsworth, and other sources equally famous.

The Forerunner. By Neith Boyce.

A strong novel of American life, with a striking pen portrait of a national type —the American promoter and moneymaker. Neith Boyce is the wife of Mr. Hutchins Hapgood. This work is reviewed in this number of The Bookman.

The Shepherd's Pipe. Pastoral Poems of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Selected and Arranged by FitzRoy Carrington.

Writing from Mamaroneck, N. Y., Mr. FitzRoy Carrington says: "This little book, begun to please myself, was finished in the hope that it might please you

also. If, kind reader, you should find herein poems which like you not, pass them by and dwell on those which pleasure you more."

The First Loves of Perilla. By John Corbin.

A dainty "booklet" by the dramatic critic of the New York "Times," with a frontispiece by C. Allan Gilbert. Perilla is a matinee girl, and Mr. Corbin gives an amusing picture of her.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Tittlebat Titmouse. Abridged from Dr. Samuel Warren's Famous Novel, "Ten Thousand a Year." By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

Mr. Brady has edited this new and improved edition of an old book with the special authorisation and approval of the son of the author, the Rev. E. Walpole Warren, D.D. The illustrations, curious in their way, are by Mr. Will Crawford.

Grafton Press:

Money and Credit. By Wilbur Aldrich.

A book of interest to men of business. In his preface, the author says: "When everybody is trying to believe that overspeculation and conversion of liquid capital into fixed capital can be made to go on safely forever, by legislation or intervention of government, it is time to find out how far common sense and sagacity in business can be supplemented by conjuring with money or creating a new automatic currency machine."

Harper and Brothers:

Hawthorne and His Circle. By Julian Hawthorne.

A good-sized volume giving Julian Hawthorne's reminiscences of his father, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and of his father's friends. These remembrances are written from the personal point of view, and many details of Hawthorne's life appear here which have not been available to other biographers. The volume is fully illustrated.

The Damsel and the Sage. A Woman's Whimsies. By Elinor Glyn.

The Damsel seeks the Sage to learn wisdom and to discuss men and women, and between their dialogue the author intersperses such sentences as these: "There are always three courses in life: the good, the bad, and the—indifferent. The good gives you calm, and makes you sleep; the bad gives you emotions, and makes you weep; and the indifferent gives you no satisfaction, and makes you yawn—so choose wisely." Elinor Glyn is also the author of "The Visits of Elizabeth" and "The Reflections of Ambrosine," neither one of which have any particular significance.

The Relentless City. By E. F. Benson.

The publishers consider this the most important novel which Mr. Benson has as yet written. It is a society novel, with the scenes shifting from London to New York, with occasional glimpses of life at some of the fashionable country places.

A review appears elsewhere in this issue.

Hesper. By Hamlin Garland.

A new novel by the author of "The Captain of the Gray-Horse Troop and other stories of the West. In the present volume the heroine, Ann Rupert, leaves the conventional social life in the East for the far western mountains where she accompanies her invalid brother. Mr. Garland pictures the life of a mountain mining camp, and describes a miners' strike. This is the kind of a life with which Mr. Garland is familiar and with which he is in perfect sympathy.

Dr. Lavendar's People. By Margaret Deland.

The six stories in this volume tell of the quaint people who live in a quiet little town, presumably in New England. Mrs. Deland is the author of a number of books, "Old Chester Tales" being similar to the present collection.

The Ultimate Moment. By W. R. Lighton.

A story of Nebraska, in which the love element involves one man and two women. A. I. Keller has made the illustrations.

Cherry. By Booth Tarkington.

A slight, but amusing story by the author of "A Gentleman from Indiana" and "Monsieur Beaucaire." Sylvia Gray was noted for her cherry ribbons, and she finds it an easy matter to ensnare Mr. Snudgberry, the person who tells the story. "A sparkling romance of old New York" the publishers call it.

The Hunting of the Snark and Other Poems. By Lewis Carroll.

A companion volume to the Peter Newell edition of "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking-Glass." These volumes are designed as a standard library edition of Lewis Carroll's delightful poems.

Maisie and Her Dog Snip in Fairyland. By Bennet Musson.

An illustrated book for the little readers.

Judith of the Plains. By Marie Manning.

Miss Manning's novel, "Lord Alingham Bankrupt," was a bright and entertaining novel of a bit of English life and a bit of the West. In the new story she has written a romance of the plains at the close of the cattle days in Wyoming which is even better than the first book. It will be reviewed in a later issue of The Bookman.

The Masterfolk. By Haldane MacFall.

A novel of the Bohemian circles of London and Paris. It is said that Mr. MacFall gives a picture of Bohemian life at close range, "written as no one has written of it since Du Maurier produced 'Trilby'." A review appears elsewhere in this issue.

The Fortunes of a Book-Lover. By Adrian H. Joline.

A series of papers about books, authors, book collectors, their friends and foes, and about these subjects Mr. Joline writes in a light and entertaining vein.

Li'l Verses for Li'l Fellers. By George Vere Hobart. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.)

These verses will certainly please the very "lil'l fellers." The book is illustrated by E. Mars and M. H. Squire, and it is dedicated to Donald Bayne Hobart who from his picture appears to be an attractive "lil'l feller."

Holt and Company:

The Ways of Yale in the Consulship of Plancus. By Henry A. Beers.

A new and revised edition of a book published in 1895, which at any and all times should be of interest to Yale men.

Merry Hearts. By Annie Story Allen.

A small volume relating the adventures of two bachelor maids.

The Thoughtless Thoughts of Carisabel. By Isa Carrington Cabell.

A collection of satires on The New Man, the New Child, Servants, Should Women Propose? Do Men Propose? Love and Forty, Nervous Prostration (note the sequence), and a number of other subjects.

The Regency of Marie de Médicis. By Arthur Power Lord, Ph.D.

A study of French history from 1610 to 1616, in which the author points out "the consummate skill for intrigue which Marie de Médicis possesses, and how she turned to account quarrels which seemed of no significance. I have tried to deal succintly with such characters as the Prince de Condé, the Duc de Bouillon, the Maréchal d'Ancre, the Comte de Soissons, and the Minister de Villeroy.

The Laws of Imitation. By Gabriel Tarde. Translated from the second French edition by Elsie Clews Parsons, with an Introduction by Franklin H. Giddings.

M. Tarde is Professor of Modern Philosophy in the Collège de France, and a member of the Institut, and his influence among his own countrymen and abroad has steadily increased since he began, in 1880, to contribute to the "Revue Philosophique."

Ferns. By Campbell E. Waters.

A large book containing over two hundred illustrations from photographs and original drawings, with analytical keys based on the stalks and on the fructification.

Jenkins:

Le Mariage de Gérard. By André Theuriet. With Explanatory Notes in English by Ralph Emerson Bassett.

While Theuriet is comparatively little known in this country, his position as a literary man in France is one of dignity and distinction. The present story, which was written in 1875, is one of the best known and the most wholesome of his works.

Lane.

The Cardinal's Snuff-Box. By Henry Harland.

A new and illustrated edition of Mr. Harland's popular story which first appeared in 1900. The illustrations are by G. C. Wilmshurst, and in its handsome red and gold cover the book will be found an appropriate holiday gift.

Gee-Boy. By Cyrus Lauron Hooper.

A book of child-life, written after the manner of Kenneth Grahame's "The Golden Age" and "Dream Days."

Six Fairy Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett.

These plays are written for children. In order that they may be of use in girls' schools, the author has provided most of the plays with a number of Court ladies, pages, fairies, and goblins, to allow of the introduction of as many characters as possible. Each play is prefaced by a few

hints as to its proper treatment on the "stage."

The Book of Shrubs. By George Gordon, V. H. M.

A monograph on the care of shrubs, by the editor of "The Gardiner's Magazine."

The Beatrice Book. By Ralph Harold Bretherton.

A pleasant story of family life, by the author of "The Child Mind."

The Bird Book. By A. J. R. Roberts.

A small volume belonging to a series entitled the Country Handbooks, which deals with country life. This series is under the general editorship of Harry Roberts.

Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall. By R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow. Edited with Introduction by C. E. Byles, with illustrations by J. Ley Pethybridge.

These prose sketches appeared originally as contributions to various periodicals, and were published first in book form in 1870. In 1893 another edition was issued under the title, "The Prose Works of Rev. R. S. Hawker." In the present edition it has been thought advisable to revert to Hawker's own title, and this is also to be done in the case of his poetical works, which are soon to be reissued as "Cornish Ballads and Other Poems."

The Book of Herbs. By Lady Rosalind Northcote.

A monograph in the series of Handbooks of Practical Gardening.

Borlase and Son. By T. Baron Russell.

A new novel, and a good one, by the author of "The Mandate" and "A Guardian of the Poor." This book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number.

The Literary Guillotine. Anonymous.

The papers in this book appeared in "The Reader," and did not make any especial stir at the time of their publication. Among the authors who figure in this Guillotine are Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, Winston Churchill, Booth Tarkington, Charles Major, Irving Bacheller, Richard Harding Davis, John Kendrick Bangs, Brander Matthews, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Sir Alfred Austin, Bliss Carmen, Edwin Markham, Henry James, and Mary Baker Eddy.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Crimson Fairy Book. Edited by Andrew Lang.

Fairy tales are numerous this season, and these tales, collected from various sources and edited by Mr. Andrew Lang, should be of especial interest to the young reader. There are a number of illustrations, eight of them being in colour.

Stella Fregelius. By H. Rider Haggard.

A new book by Rider Hagagrd which he describes as "a tale of three destinies," and for which in his preface he apologises because it is a story which is in no sense a romance of the character that might be expected from him.

Christian Thal. By M. E. Francis.

A novel with a musical atmosphere, each chapter heading being in the form of a bar of music. M. E. Francis is the pen name of Mrs. Francis Blundell, who has written a number of novels, among them "The Duenna of a Genius" and "The Manor Farm."

The Golliwogg's Circus. Pictured by Florence K. Upton. Verses by Bertha Upton.

A children's picture book of a children's circus told in verse and coloured illustrations.

Macmillan Company:

The Golden Chain. By Gwendolin Overton.

A new volume in the series of Little Novels of Favourite Authors. The publishers have been particularly fortunate in their choice of these stories. The Bookman published a photograph of Miss Overton in the September number, and a review of "Anne Carmel" in the October number.

Apocryphal and Legendary Life of Christ. By J. de Q. Donehoo.

On the title-page this work is described as "being the whole body of the Apocryphal gospels and other extra canonical literature which pretends to tell of the life and words of Jesus Christ, including much matter which has not before appeared in English." The Rev. Mr. Donehoo is rector of Grace Church, Monroe, La.

On the We-A Trail. By Caroline Brown.

A story of the "Great Wilderness," that is, the country west of the Alleghanies, in the year 1783. Miss Brown tells of the capture and recapture of Fort

Sackville, at Vincennes on the Wabash, and other historical events.

The Bible in Browning. By Minnie Gresham Machen.

Mrs. Machen discusses Browning's many-sided indebtedness to the Bible. The second part of the volume gives a study of "The Ring and the Book" with relation to Browning's use of the Bible.

Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers. II. D.-G.

A new edition, revised and enlarged, which is being brought out under the upervision of George C. Williamson, Litt. D. This volume contains numerous illustrations.

Hetty Wesley. By A. T. Quiller-Couch.

A novel, in which Mr. Quiller-Couch has taken the life of the sister of John and Charles Wesley and clothed the facts revealed by the Wesley correspondence in the garb of fiction. The book appears, quite appropriately, at the time of the Wesley bi-centennial celebration.

The Life of Gladstone. By John Morley. Three volumes.

This massive work of Mr. Morley's has been eagerly awaited. He has devoted himself to portraying Gladstone as man and as statesman rather than as churchman, and of him Mr. Morley says: "Nobody ever had fewer secrets, nobody ever lived and wrought in fuller sunlight." The book will be reviewed in a later issue of The Bookman.

The Heart of Rome. By F. Marion Crawford.

Mr. Crawford has spent a good part of the last year in Italy, writing this novel, and around the love story he has grouped the elements that go to make up the life of Rome at the present day. The book is reviewed elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

The Magic Forest. By Stewart Edward White.

A modern fairy tale which will rank among the best of the juvenile literature of the season. This book should not be confused with Mr. White's "The Forest" which The Bookman reviewed in the November number.

Old Quebec. By Gilbert Parker.

Sir Gilbert Parker has written this history of "the fortress of New France" in collaboration with Claude G. Bryan. The authors have woven into the story pictures of Quebec's social and industrial life, of the days of the Ancien Régime, the story of the great trading companies, the social and political progress of the last century, and the activities of the present day. The volume is illustrated.

The Ecclesiastical History of the English Nation. Written by the Venerable Bede.

An imported volume belonging to the Temple Classics of which J. M. Dent and Company are the publishers in London. This history was completed and issued in 731, and the first printed edition appeared at Strassburg, 1473.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. Contributions to Punch, etc. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

Besides the contributions to Punch, this volume of Thackeray contains a collection of his critical reviews on George Cruikshank, John Leech's pictures, and other of his well-known essays.

The People of the Abyss. By Jack London.

Mr. London spent the summer of 1902 in exploring the under-world of London, and he gives here an account of the conditions of poverty and degradation which he found there.

John Maxwell's Marriage. By Stephen Gwynn.

A novel of Ireland at the end of the eighteenth century, when it was "still possible to take a wife by force." There are some rather remarkable chapters in the book.

The Key of Paradise. By Sidney Pickering.

A romance which tells the story of a little Italian Princess. "To find the key of Paradise" some one says to her "one has only to love with the great love and be loved in return."

Aunt Jimmy's Will. By Mabel Osgood Wright.

A sunshiny story of a girl of thirteen by the author of "Tommy-Anne," "Dogtown," and other stories equally well liked. "Aunt Jimmy's Will" will please grown people as well as young people.

A Forest Hearth. By Charles Major.

Mr. Major's new book is quite unlike its predecessors, "When Knighthood was in Flower," and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." "A Forest Hearth" is a love story of Indiana in the thirties. It is reviewed in this number.

Their Child. By Robert Herrick.

A story belonging to the Macmillan's Little Novels Series, by favourite au-

thors. Mr. Herrick is the author of "The Gospel of Freedom," "The Web of Life," and "The Real World."

Children of the Tenements. By Jacob A. Riis.

"The stories printed in this volume," writes Mr. Riis, "came to me in the course of my work as police reporter for nearly a quarter of a century, and were printed in my paper, the 'Evening Sun.'" Mr. Riis is so well known as a sociologist that his work needs no further comment here.

Boston. The Place and the People. By M. A. De Wolfe Howe.

An illustrated history of Boston with spirited chapters on Colonial Boston, Provincial Boston, and Revolutionary Boston. A photograph of Mr. Howe is reproduced in the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

The Spirit of the Service. By Edith Elmer Wood.

A novel of the new Navy with the opening scenes at the Navy Yard about ten years ago, and closing soon after the battle of Manila Bay. The Brooklyn Navy Yard with its officers, their wives, and their friends, make lively reading for the lover of fiction.

Evolution and Adaptation. By Thomas Hunt Morgan, Ph.D.

A scientific book. In the preface the author says: "I am fully aware of the danger in attempting to cover so wide a field, and I cannot hope to escape criticism that is certain to be directed against a specialist who ventures nowadays beyond the immediate field of his own researches; yet, in my own defence, I may state that the whole point of view underlying the position here taken is the immediate outcome of my work on regeneration."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Musical Guide. Edited by Rupert Hughes, M.A. Two volumes.

The object of this work is to present in a convenient form all the essential facts that may be required to guide the student of music. It contains a pronouncing and defining dictionary of terms, instruments, etc., including a key to the pronunciation of sixteen languages, an explanation of the construction of musc for the uninitiated, and a pronouncing biographical dictionary. It also gives the stories of the opera with biographical and critical essays written by well known authorities.

Children of Men. By Bruno Lessing.

A collection of short stories dealing with the dwellers in the tenements and the workers in the sweat-shops of the East Side, known as New York's Ghetto.

The Home. Its Work and Its Influence. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

A book on the home which Mrs. Gilman dedicates "To every man who maintains a home—to every woman who keeps house—to every house-servant, owned, hired, or married—to every boy and girl who lives at home—to every baby who is born and reared at home—in the hope of better homes for all this book is dedicated." And following this dedication there apepars a long poem on the home, entitled "Two Callings."

Bret Harte. By Henry W. Boynton.

Walter Pater. By Ferris Greenslet.

Two small volumes belonging to the Contemporary Men of Letters Series.

The Love Affairs of Mary Queen of Scots. By Martin Hume.

A political history of Mary Queen of Scots by the author of "The Courtships of Queen Elizabeth." Mr. Hume, in his preface, says: "The only excuse that can be advanced for the production of a new book on Mary Stuart is that her supremely interesting personality has so frequently led her historians into the by-path of inquiry as to her virtue or vice, as to have obscured, to some extent, the reasons for her disastrous political failure; which, as it seems to me, did not spring from her goodness or badness as a woman, but from certain human weaknesses of character, quite compatible with general goodness and wisdom or with the reverse, but which fatally handicapped her as against antagonists who are less subject to such weakness."

Sally of Missouri. By R. E. Young.

Like most of the McClure novels, this is an American story of a certain phase of life in this country. Missouri in this case is the state which gives the local colour to the book.

The Merrylinks. By Alice Brown.

The Merrylinks, according to Miss Brown, are the animals who live Nowhere. They are the animals of the future. The story of these animals is told in verse, and illustrated by Louise Clarke for the edification of children.

Outlook Company:

Backgrounds of Literature. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

A handsomely illustrated book. Mr.

Mabie has placed behind each writer the background of landscape which most deeply affected his work. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Lake Country and Wordsworth," "The Land of Lorna Doone," "Emerson and Concord," "America in Whitman's Poetry."

Uther and Igraine. By Warwick Deeping.

A dramatic romance by a young English writer.

The Forest. By Stewart Edward White.

As The Bookman for November published a long review of Mr. White's new book, it is not necessary to make any further comments in this department.

Pott and Company:

On the Distaff Side. Portraits of Four Great Ladies. By Gabrielle Festing.

The four great ladies are Elizabeth, Countess of Shrewsbury (1521-1608), Elizabeth Wriothesley, Countess of Northumberland (1647-90), Elizabeth Percy, Countess of Ogle and Duchess of Somerset (1666-1722), Amelia Sophia Eleanora (1710-86). The author has gathered these stories from various sources, and, where it was possible, from the letters of the principal actors or their contemporaries.

Nurse Norah. By Elliott Flower.

"Nurse Norah" is the latest creation of the author of "Policeman Flynn." She tells a number of up-to-date fairy tales in the Irish dialect of which Mr. Flower is particularly fond.

The Moon Considered as a Planet, A World, and a Satellite. By James Nasmyth and James Carpenter.

The fourth edition of a work which first appeared in 1874. It is a good sized, illustrated book, published at a price which will place it within the reach of the many who are interested in the study of astronomy.

Cities. By Arthur Symons.

To Mr. Symons cities are like people, with souls and temperaments of their own, and it is one of his pleasures to associate with the souls and temperaments congenial to him among cities. The cities treated in this volume are, Rome, Venice, Naples, Seville, Prague, Moscow, Budapest, Belgrade, Sofia, and Constantinople.

Putnam's Sons:

Man and the Divine Order. By Horatio W. Dresser.

The present book, essays in the philosophy of religion and in constructive idealism, aims to meet "various practical and philosophical demands without insisting upon any one method except the spontaneous development of thought."

Romance of the Bourbon Chateaux. By Elizabeth W. Champney.

A companion volume to Romance of the Feudal Chateaux and Romance of the Renaissance Chateaux. The book is fully illustrated, and the frontispiece, in water-colour, is by the author's husband, J. Wells Champney, the well-known artist.

Little French Masterpieces. Edited by Alexander Jessup.

Honoré de Balzac. An Introduction by Ferdinand Brunetière. The Translation by George Burnham Ives.

A small limp leather volume containing, besides the introduction, the following stories of Balzac's: "The Unknown Masterpiece," "A Seashore Drama," "An Episode Under the Terror," "La Grande Bretèche," "The Conscript," and "A Passion in the Desert."

Free Not Bound. By Katrina Trask.

A story of the evolution of love, by the author of a number of love stories.

Rhymes from a Round-Up Camp. By Wallace David Coburn.

A book of verse of cowboy life, dedicated to "my cowboy friends."

Rome and the Renaissance. By Julian Klaczko. Translated by John Dennie.

A large illustrated volume giving the story of the Italian Renaissance at its culminating epoch, 1503-13.

The Nature of Man. By Elie Metchnikoff. Translation and Introduction by P. Chalmers Mitchell.

Studies in Optimistic Philosophy by a professor at the Pasteur Institute, who, since the death of Pasteur, is said to be of all living biologists the one who has shown the greatest spontaneity in the invention of ideas.

Limanora. The Island of Progress. By Godfrey Sweven.

A sequel to Rialloro published a year ago, and like that work, is both a satire and an allegory. The author describes the scientific advance of the community left on the central island after the process of expulsion of clogging elements had been completed.

Parliamentary England. The Evolution of the Cabinet System. By Edward Jenks, M.A.

A volume belonging to a series entitled "The Story of the Nations." It covers a period of a century and a half of modern history, and as it is not a large volume, the author contents himself with treating a single side of the national life.

An Agnostic's Apology. By Leslie Stephens.

A collection of essays which were originally issued about twenty-five years ago. The book has for a number of years been out of print.

The Life of Voltaire. By S. G. Tallentyre. Two volumes.

We refer our readers to a review of this work which appears elsewhere in the present number of The Bookman.

The Art of the Italian Renaissance. From the German of Heinrich Wölfflin. With a Prefatory note by Sir Walter Armstrong.

An illustrated handbook for travellers. The author deals with the period of the High Renaissance in Italy from the point of view of the craftsman himself rather than that of the interpreter.

Revell Company:

After Prison—What? By Maud Ballington Booth.

Mrs. Booth, as probably every one knows, is the wife of Ballington Booth, General-in-Chief of the Volunteers of America. She is very much interested in prison work, and in making this plea for "my boys," as she calls them, she tells what she has done and is doing for the men who after they serve their terms in prison have to face the problem of beginning life anew. A number of the letters written to her by prisoners and discharged men are printed. The Bookman published an article in the November number on "Prison Journalism."

The Cark of Coin. By Harry Lindsay.

Money is the ruling passion in this story of the commercial whirlpool. The author pictures the chase for wealth, the money-hunger as well as the heart-hunger.

The Door in the Book. By Charles Barnard.

A religious juvenile in an original vein. Mr. Barnard makes the children of to-day walk and talk with the children of Bible times.

A Flame of Fire. By Joseph Hocking.

A tale of the Spanish Inquisition, in which the hero, an English nobleman, goes to Spain to rescue two of his countrywomen from the hands of the Inquisitors.

On the Road to Arcady. By Mabel Nelson Thurston.

The romantic story of an out-door girl by a nature-lover. The book is illustrated by Samuel M. Palmer. Country life, according to this story, is a dreamy idyll.

Sons of Vengeance. By Joseph S. Malone.

A tale of the Cumberland Highlanders. The author has for a long time lived among these mountaineers and he makes use of his knowledge of their hardships and their feuds.

West Point Colours. By Anna B. Warner.

This "real West Point story" has been written at the request of some of the cadets who furnished the author with much of the material which she uses. It is a romance of the barracks, the camp, and the parade ground.

The Souter's Lamp. By Hector MacGregor.

Sketches of Scottish village life, and persons who like this sort of reading will not balk at the dialect.

Work. By Hugh Black.

A practical treatment of life's everyday duties, with chapters on "Idleness and Work," "The Moral Need of Work," and "The Duty of Work."

Miladi. By Clara E. Laughlin.

"Miladi" is Miss Laughlin's own creation, and to her—who represents a composite pen portrait of the women of our American homes—she addresses herself in good-natured admonishment, advice, and humour.

Scott-Thaw Company:

Peter Piper's Practical Principles of Plain and Perfect Pronunciation.

A collection of verses, arranged alphabetically, which will be difficult for the children to say rapidly. The following is a sample:

"Davy Dolldrum dream'd
he drove a Dragon:
Did Davy Dolldrum dream
he drove a Dragon?
If Davy Dolldrum dream'd
he drove a Dragon,
Where's the Dragon Davy
Dolldrum dream'd he drove?

Polonius. A Collection of Wise Saws and Modern Instances. By Edward Fitzgerald.

A small, limp leather volume belonging to the "Wisdom Series." In this series the publishers intend to bring out, in pocket editions, wise and witty words of the great writers of all countries, and where possible each volume will deal with the writings of a single author. The present volume closes with the following cheerful quatrain:

"For every ill beneath the sun
There is some remedy, or none.
Should there be one, resolve to find it;
If not, submit, and never mind it."

Scribner's Sons:

The Novels and Stories of Iván Turgénieff. Newly Translated from the Russian. By Isabel F. Hapgood. Four volumes.

A new and superb international edition of the works of the Russian writer, made from new plates by De Vinne, and translated by Miss Hapgood, who contributes a preface to each volume. The introduction to the edition is by Mr. Henry James. This set will be complete in fifteen volumes. The frontispiece in Volume I. is a portrait of Turgénieff printed in photogravure on Japan paper.

Sanctuary. By Edith Wharton.

This story has been running in "Scribner's Magazine," and the persons who would rather read "The Greater Inclination and the Touchstone" than "The Valley of Decision," will be glad that in "Sanctuary" the author has returned to her earlier method. The book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Colonel Carter's Christmas. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

The Bookman welcomes the return of Colonel Carter of Cartersville, and speaks of it in the Chronicle and Comment of the present issue.

The Blood Lilies. By W. A. Fraser.

A new story by the author of "Mooswa" and "The Outcasts." The characters are drawn from the French Canadians, Indians, and half-breeds, which are a part of the North Country of Canada beyond Winnipeg.

Calderon's Prisoner. By Alice Duer Miller.

Two stories are included in this book, the initial one and "Cyril Vane's Wife." Both of them are modern love stories, one relating the adventures of a young lady who finds herself transported to a situation quite mediæval, and the other presents a picture of martial infelicity.

My Wonderful Visit. By Elizabeth Hill.

A book which the publishers say recalls "Little Women." Miss Hill is a new writer, and she writes of child life in a way that will make every one feel that she understands the child mind. The little heroine of the story leaves the city for a vacation in the country, and her experiences from her point of view, are indeed wonderful.

The Daughter of a Magnate. By Frank H. Spearman.

A romance of the railway, by the author of "Doctor Bryson." The hero and heroine are Americans attracted to each other by a natural attachment.

In African Forest and Jungle. By Paul du Chaillu.

A book of travel and adventure by the well-known African explorer who died recently.

Reminiscences of the Civil War. By General John B. Gordon.

These reminiscences by a Confederate General have been written from time to time throughout a number of years. They are intended to do for the South what General Grant's "Memoirs" has done for the North. From Bull Run to Appomattox General Gordon was in most of the big battles of General Lee's army.

Eighty Drawings, Including "The Weaker Sex." The Story of a Susceptible Bachelor. By Charles Dana Gibson.

The Gibson book for 1903 made up, as formerly, of selections from Mr. Gibson's most popular drawings.

Poems. By Josephine Daskam.

In this collection may be found "Motherhood" and a number of other beautiful poems which won deserved praise when they appeared in the magazines. This is the first book which Mrs. Bacon has published since her marriage.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Trifler. By Archibald Eyre.

A light novel which may be classified as a comedy. The story hinges on the hero's efforts to regain a packet of love letters written by his sister-in-law before her marriage to his older brother. A dash of love and another dash of politics add zest to the story.

Stokes Company:

Ordered to China. Letters of Wilbur J. Chamberlin.

These letters were written from China during the Boxer uprising of 1900. Mr. Chamberlin was at that time under commission from the New York "Sun." He died the following year, and of him the "Sun" of August 16, 1901, said: "He was one of the best reporters that ever served this newspaper and its readers."

More Goops and How Not to be Them. By Gelett Burgess.

In Mr. Burgess's own words this is "a manual of manner for impolite infants depicting the characteristics of many naughty and thoughtless children with instructive illustrative illustrations." And persons familiar with Mr. Burgess's work may fill in the rest.

When I Was Czar. By Arthur W. Marchmont.

Mr. Marchmont may be counted on to write a novel with thrills in it, and in the present case he has lived up to the reputation he has made in such books as "For Love or Crown" and "A Dash for a Throne." It is an impossible story where the hero impersonates his Majesty, the Czar of Russia.

Many Cargoes. By W. W. Jacobs.

A new edition of Mr. Jacobs's popular sea story. The book is illustrated in colour and in black and white by Mr. E. W. Kemble.

Over the Border. By Robert Barr.

The first novel which Mr. Barr has published in several years. It is what reviewers would call "a robust romance." A photograph of Mr. Barr appears in the Chronicle and Comment of the present number.

Taylor and Company:

The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley. Poems. Yeast.

Two new volumes in the library edition of Kingsley which the Taylor Company are bringing out, and which is edited by Mr. Maurice Kingsley.

Everyman. A Morality Play. Edited, with an Introduction by Montrose J. Moses.

Mr. Moses has written a lengthy introduction to this new edition of the Morality Play which was enacted in New York last season with marked success. The old English spelling is followed.

Wessels Company:

Stevensoniana. Edited by J. A. Hammerton.

The aim of the editor of this volume has been to search for his material in the forgotten pages of English and American periodicals, and in books by writers of eminence not entirely concerned with Stevenson. The greater part of this work consists of material which might never have been brought together in one volume, and could have been consulted with considerable difficulty, if at all.

Wien and Company:

Wanted—A Wife. By A. Bachelor.

The author addresses a long explanation "to the reader" as to why he has written this book, and what it is all about. So far as we are able to judge, it is a personal dissertation on man, woman, and marriage.

Boston.

Caldwell:

Reflections of the Morning After. Written and Illustrated by Herman Lee Meader.

These reflections are neither wise nor witty, and the author of them confesses that they were not written for publication. "They were scribbled down from time to time for the same reason that a man leans over the rail of a ship on his first sea-voyage."

Dana Estes:

Lord Dolphin. By Harriet A. Cheever.

A book for children which is supposed to be the autobiography of a fish who was born in the Mediterranean, but whose adventures carry him to the Zoo in New York City.

Gipsy Jane. By Harriet A. Cheever.

The story of a little girl whose mother was a gipsy and whose father was a titled Englishman. It belongs to the juvenile books.

The Story Book House. By Honor Walsh.

In this book for juvenile readers may be found fairy tales, animal stories, fables, Irish ghost stories, dialect stories, and romances. These tales are supposed to be told around the family fireplace of a Virginia household.

More Five Minute Stories. By Laura E. Richards.

The second volume in a series entitled Five Minute Stories. As the title very clearly indicates, these are short tales written for the entertainment of children.

The Girl Rough Riders. By Colonel Prentiss Ingraham.

A story for girls which relates the adventures of a party of schoolgirls who

ride a thousand miles in the saddle through the Grand Cañon of Colorado, along the Mormon trail, and through Arizona and Utah.

True Blue. By Edward S. Ellis.

A story for boys which is a companion volume to "Lucky Ned" and "Our Jim." There are two boys in the tale, one who is lucky and the other who is plucky.

The Year's Festivals. By Helen Philbrook Patten.

An illustrated gift book which gives the history and traditions of New Year's Day, Twelfth Night, St. Valentine's Day, Hallowe'en, Thanksgiving, and Christmas. The illustrations are from paintings of great masters.

Among the Great Masters of the Drama. By Walter Rowland.

Another volume suitable as a gift book. It belongs to the Great Masters Series, and contains reproductions of some famous pictures. Mr. Rowlands has had a lifelong familiarity with the stage, and lovers of the drama will find this an excellent reference book.

The Little Owls at Red Gates. By Ella Farman Pratt.

A companion volume to "Jimmy Crow." It is a children's story and it is told by means of rebus illustrations.

The Green Satin Gown. By Laura E. Richards.

A half dozen stories for girls which—to quote the publishers' announcement—"will prove a treat for the wide circle of readers who follow all of Mrs. Richard's books with devotion and enthusiasm."

Chatterbox. 1903. Edited by J. Erskine Clarke, M.A.

It is the point of view of the child that is needed to write the proper appreciation of this publication, which has been appearing about Christmas time for so many years. Other books of this nature seem to be continually changing, but "Chatterbox" typographically is much the same as it always was.

Dickerman Publishing Company:

Ike Glidden in Maine. By A. D. McFaul.

The story of country life in a Maine village. Ike Glidden is a small boy in the first chapter, and a successful lawyer in the last.

Forbes and Company:

Ballands of the Busy Days. By S. E. Kiser.

A collection of verse by the author of "Love Sonnets of an Office Boy." Mr. Kiser's work is familiar to readers of newspapers.

Ginn and Company:

Geographic Influences in American History. By Albert Perry Brigham, A.M., F.G.S.A.

A book to be used in schools which combines the materials of American history and geography.

The Corona Song Book. By William C. Hoff.

A collection of choruses designed for the use of high schools, grammar schools, and academies. It comprises part songs, oratorios, hymns, and patriotic songs.

Lessons in Physics. By Lothrop D. Higgins, Ph.B.

A book which provides a thorough course in physics for schools in which little or no laboratory work is done.

The Ship of State. By Those at the Helm.

An illustrated book belonging to the Youths' Companion Series. "The Presidency" is written by Mr. Roosevelt, "The Life of a Senator" by Henry Cabot Lodge, "The Life of a Congressman" by Thomas B. Reed, "The Supreme Court of the United States" by David J. Brewer, "How Jack Lives" by John D. Long, and so on through six or seven other chapters.

Houghton, Mifflin:

Hill Towns of Italy. By Egerton R. Williams, Jr.

An illustrated volume which tells of a journey through Central Italy, with visits to the hill towns.

Conquering Success; or, Life in Earnest. By William Mathews.

Mr. Mathews will be remembered as the author of "Getting on in the World," a book which appeared about thirty years ago. The present volume is also addressed to young men who are about to face life and its responsibilities.

Ultimate Conceptions of Faith. By George A. Gordon.

Dr. Gordon is in charge of the Old South Church of Boston, and this book contains the lectures which were delivered in the autumn of 1902 at Yale University on the Lyman Beecher Foundation.

The Reminiscences of An Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb.

Professor Newcomb is a distinguished American astronomer, whose residence

for more than forty years at Washington and his visits to Europe have brought him in contact with many of the most interesting public men of the day.

A Listener in Babel. By Vida D. Scudder.

A story which is told through a series of imaginary conversations held at the close of the last century in which the heroine is thrown in relation with the representatives of capital, labour, the college, the church, and other organisations. Miss Scudder is also the author of "Social Ideals in English Letters."

The Gentle Reader. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

"The Gentle Reader" was of Thackeray's day, and this volume is printed and bound in the style of fifty years ago. Many of these essays appeared in the "Atlantic Monthly." and Dr. Crother's publishers call him a "true humourist" of the school of Charles Lamb and Dr. Holmes.

John Greenleaf Whittier, in American Men of Letters Series. By George Rice Carpenter.

Professor Carpenter's "life" of Whittier treats him as a man of letters, presenting his as typical of the mood, temper, and ideas of the New England country people of his time and vicinity.

Ponkapog Papers. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Mr. Aldrich has chosen to name his book after the little Massachusetts village under the Blue Hills which is called Ponkapog. The volume contains miscellaneous notes, critical, autobiographical, anecdotal, and descriptive.

Daphne. An Autumn Pastoral. By Margaret Sherwood.

A charming Italian idyl by a graduate of Vassar who is now associate professor of English Literature at Wellesley College. Miss Sherwood is a contributor to the magazines and author of three novels. A further notice appears elsewhere in the current number.

Mr. Salt. By Will Payne.

Mr. Payne's new novel of Chicago business life is reviewed elsewhere in these columns.

The Curious Book of Birds. By Abbie Farwell Brown.

Fanciful tales of birds written for children. The illustrations are by E. Boyd Smith.

American History and Its Geographic Conditions. By Ellen Churchill Semple.

A large volume illustrated with maps, divided into nineteen chapters, beginning with the Atlantic States of Europe, the Discoverers and Colonisers of America, and ending with the United States as a Pacific Ocean Power.

The Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America. By John Fiske. Two volumes.

These volumes, uniform with "The Beginnings of New England," are illustrated with portraits, maps, facsimilies, contemporary views, prints, and other historic materials. They have been prepared for the holiday season.

The Land of Little Rain. By Mary Austin.

The land, about which this book tells, lies between the high Sierras south from Yosemite, "east and south over a very great assemblage of broken ranges beyond Death Valley, and on illimitably into the Mojave Desert."

Lee and Shepard:

My Candles and Other Poems. By Eliza Boyle O'Reilly.

A book of poems by the daughter of the late John Boyle O'Reilly, and it is said that she inherits her father's gift for verse making.

Helen Grant's School Days. By Amanda M. Douglas.

A story of boarding school days by a prolific writer of juvenile books.

Young Heroes of Wire and Rail. By Alvah Milton Kerr.

A collection of railroad stories by a man who was formerly a train-despatcher of long experience. Most of the stories have been printed in the "Youth's Companion," "McClure's," "Saturday Evening Post," and "Success."

Randy and Prue. By Amy Brooks.

O new "Randy" book for juvenile readers, the fourth in the series. In this book Randy assumes the cares of housekeeping, in order that her mother may regain her health.

The Surprising Adventures of the Man in the Moon. By Ray M. Steward.

The Man in the Moon organises a trip in which Santa Claus, Robinson Crusoe, Cinderella, Old Mother Hubbard, Little Red Riding Hood, and other well-known characters, take part. Their adventures by sea and by land should entertain the little ones.

At the Fall of Montreal. By Edward Stratemeyer.

The third volume in the Colonial Series by the well-known writer for boys and girls. The book relates the adventures of Dave Morris and his cousin Henry during the two last compaigns against the French for the possession of Canada.

In the Days of Queen Victoria. By Eva March Tappan.

An historical book for young readers. It is the fourth in the Makers of England Series. Dr. Tappan tells the life of Queen Victoria in such a lively way as to interest her juvenile audience.

Little, Brown and Company:

Elizabeth's Charm Strings. By Cora B. Forbes.

A book intended for the juvenile reader, in which the author tells the story of some of the famous old legends in the hope "that familiarity with these legends will afford both pleasure and profit, since at least 'a bowing acquaintance' with legendary lore is necessary before a person can really enjoy the Art Galleries of Europe." The volume is illustrated from photographs.

Brenda's Bargain. By Helen Leah Reed.

A story for girls, the fourth and last of the "Brenda" books. The story deals with social settlement work under conditions with which the author is familiar.

Laura Bridgman. By Maud Howe and Florence Howe Hall.

Laura Bridgman was the famous blind deaf-mute pupil of the late Dr. Howe, and we believe that she was the first case to be successfully instructed. It was Dr. Howe's intention to write an account of this case as long ago as 1846, but he died in 1876 without having accomplished the task. Now, however, his daughters have carried out his wishes and given a full account of his methods. Many deaf-mutes, notably Helen Keller, have since been benefited by Dr. Howe's system of education.

Jo's Boys. By Louisa M. Alcott.

A new edition of Miss Alcott's sequel to "Little Men." Miss Alcott was seven years in writing "Jo's Boys." It was first published in 1886.

An English Village. By Richard Jefferies.

A new edition of Wild Life in a Southern County by one of the most notable nature writers of England in the nineteenth century. The volume contains twenty-five pictures of nature and rural life made in Wiltshire by Clifton Johnson, and an introduction by Hamilton W. Mabie.

A Daughter of the Rich. By M. E. Waller.

The story of two girls whose circumstances in life are different, one belonging to a wealthy New York family, while the other is a Vermont girl. The action of the story takes place in New York and in the Green Mountains of Vermont. Miss Waller is the author of a number of entertaining stories for young people.

The Awakening of the Duchess. By Frances Charles.

A new story by the author of "In the Country God Forgot" and "The Siege of Youth." The Duchess is not a real Duchess, but is so called by her little daughter, Roselle. The awakening takes place through the love of the mother for her child.

Pioneer Spaniards in North America. By William Henry Johnson.

Mr. Johnson takes up the story of Spanish exploration and conquest immediately after the discovery of America. "The World's Discoverers" and "The King's Henchman."

Jane and John. By Elizabeth Polhemus.

A book for children from nine to fourteen years of age. Jane and John spend a summer at the seashore where they become familiar with all kinds of sea life. They have a pet rooster and harness a frog, and become intimate with ants. In this way the author teaches, in a pleasant manner, many lessons about animal life.

Robin Hood. His Book. By Eva March Tappan.

The author has gathered from old poems and English folk-stories the legends concerning Robin Hood and his men of Sherwood Forest. The book is intended for young and old readers. The illustrations, in colour, are by Charlotte Harding.

Indians of the Painted Desert Region. By George Wharton James.

Mr. James has had many personal adventures and hardships in the Western deserts, and has visited a number of Indian tribes. In this volume he gives the reader the benefit of his experiences, and the illustrations which he uses are reproductions from photographs taken either by himself or by a special artist who accompanied him.

Morning Star Publishing House:

Carbon. By Wildie Thayer.

"Wildie" Thayer is a lady who lives in Lowell, Mass., and in a little preface she says: "There may not be a line in this book which will exist long enough to crystallise in the human heart as a diamond, but as carbon is commonly mentioned as the meanest of elements I have presumed to name these verses 'Carbon.'"

Pilgrim Press:

A Flight for Life and An Inside View of Mongolia. By James Hudson Roberts.

A history of the situation in China during the past two years by a missionary of the American Board of Commissions for Foreign Missions.

Going Into Business. By Frank H. Sweet.

This is intended as a novel.

The Christmas Cat. By Anna Burnham Brynat.

A story for children with a fluffy white kitten as the heroine.

The Living Christ. By George H. Ide, D.D.

A religious book by the pastor of the Grand Avenue Congregational Church in Milwaukee. In a sub-title, Dr. Ide calls his book "The Vital Force in Pulpit and Pew."

Hewers of Wood. By William G. Puddefoot and Isaac Ogden Rankin.

A tale of the Michigan Pine Forests, dedicated to the "wives of American Home Missionaries."

Turner and Company:

The Pensionnaires. By Albert R. Carman.

A novel of life in the various "pensions" of Europe in which a young American girl with a voice figures conspicuously. Of the "pension" Mr. Carman says: "It is a democracy with opinions about Botticelli; an aristocracy in exile and without leisure; an European Concert, free from jealousies and welcoming an American invasion which, in turn, anxiously repudiates the Monroe Doctrine as applied to tourists." A review is published in the present number.

Chicago.

Donohue and Company:

The Spirit Father. By Mrs. Mary Mann.

A religious book of which the author says: "No merit is claimed by the author for the writing of this book, for I believe that God has simply used me as His instrument. As the whole light as here revealed was given by one night's revelation, and forty nights' spiritual revelation."

Marquis and Company:

Who's Who in America. A Biographical Dictionary of Notable Living Men and Women of the United States. 1903-05.

The compilation of a book of this nature is a work demanding much discrimination, judgment, and tact. The first issue of "Who's Who," which appeared four years ago, showed that its editors possessed these qualities. The new edition—the third—is a vast improvement on the two former. To say this, tells the story.

McClurg and Company:

A Handbook of Modern Japan. By Ernesy W. Clement.

A short, illustrated history of Japan intended to portray that country as it is rather than as it was.

From Empire to Republic. By Arthur Howard Noll.

The story of the struggle for constitutional government in Mexico, illustrated with maps and portraits.

How George Rogers Clark Won the Northwest. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.

There are eight historical papers in this volume, most of which have been delivered as lectures. They have been rewritten, however, and brought up to date.

The Best Tales of Edgar Allan Poe. By Sherwin Cody.

These tales have been edited by Mr. Cody with introductory studies. The contents are divided thus: Tales of Imaginative Science, Tales Grotesque and Amusing, Tales Weird and Beautiful, Tales of Ratiocination, Tales Psychological and Gruesome, Prose Poems, and Studies in Landscapes.

A Short History of Mexico. By Arthur Howard Noll.

A new edition thoroughly revised with new matter added. The period covered is from aboriginal Mexico in 1325, to the Mexico of to-day.

On the Storied Ohio. By Reuben Gold Thwaites.

The story of an historical pilgrimage of a thousand miles in a skiff from Redstone to Cairo which took place in 1894. The volume was published in 1897 under the title of "Afloat on the Ohio."

The Star Fairies. By Edith Ogden Harrison.

A new fairy book by Mrs. Carter Harrison, the author of that charming juvenile of last Christmas, entitled "Prince Silver Wings." The illustrations, mostly in color, are by Lucy Fitch Perkins. "Prince Silver Wings," by the way, has been dramatised.

Open Court Publishing Company:

St. Anselm. Translated from the Latin by Sidney Norton Deane, B.A.

This translation contains the Proslogium, the Monologium, the Cur Deus Homo, and an Appendix, entitled In Behalf of the Fool by Gaunilon, a monk of Marmoutiers. The book is a paper-covered one and belongs to the Philosophical Classics.

The Canon of Reason and Virtue. (Lao-Tze-Tao Teh King.) Translated from the Chinese by Dr. Paul Carus.

This paper-covered booklet is an extract from the author's larger work, "Lao-Tze's Tao Teh King," and belongs to the Religion of Science Library.

Stone and Company:

The Strange Adventures of Mr. Middleton. By Wardon Allan Curtis.

In the author of this book of strange adventures the publishers claim that they have discovered a new humourist with a touch of Stevenson about him.

Welch Company:

Lessons in the Study of Habits. By Walter L. Sheldon.

The second series in "Ethics for the Young" which is intended for use in the Grammar School, the home, or the Sunday-school.

Philadelphia.

American Book and Bilble House:

Organised Labour. Its Problems, Purposes, and Ideals, and the Present and Future of American Wage Earners. By John Mitchell.

The discriminating reader, while taking up this book without any idea of accepting it in its entirety, must at least concede that it is worthy of serious consideration. Its source stamps it indelibly as partisan. Its author has for so many years held a brief for one side that it would be impossible to ask him to do strict justice to the other, no matter how honest his intentions. Remembering this, the book may be read and respected as coming from one who writes with knowledge and authority.

Coates and Company:

In Happy Hollow. By Max Adeler.

A second-rate novel by the author of "Out of the Hurly-Burly." "Max Adeler" is Charles Heber Clark.

Jacobs and Company:

The Immortality of Animals. By E. D. Buckner, M.D.

The object of this work is to promote kindness and to prevent cruelty to animals. "Man and the lower animals are not immortal from choice," says the author, "but because the Creator has decreed it, and what God has created He alone can annihilate. That there will be a general restoration of all animal life is the most liberal and reasonable conclusion of modern theology."

Lippincott:

Abraham and the Patriarchial Age. By Professor Duff, D.D., LL.D.

David the Hero King of Israel. By the Rev. J. W. Knox Little, M.A.

The above imported volumes belong to the Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks. "Abraham," is in a measure an introduction to the study of the History of the Hebrews, and in "David," Canon Knox-Little gives a vivid picture of one of the greatest heroes of Jewish history.

Sibyl, or Old School Friends. By May Baldwin.

A book for girls which is a sequel to "A Popular Girl." The scenes are laid among fashionable personages of England.

A Gay Charmer. By Laura T. Meade.

Another story for girls by the author of "Daddy's Girl" and "The Rebel of the School."

An Ocean Mystery. By Mrs. Richard P. White.

A love story in which adventure and mystery play their little parts. The scene is laid on the south coast of France.

The Romance of Modern Engineering. By Archibald Williams.

An illustrated volume which contains descriptions in non-technical language of the Nile Dam, the Panama Canal, the Tower Bridge, the Brooklyn Bridge, the Trans-Siberian Railway, the Niagara Falls Power Company, and the Bermuda Floating Dock.

Alexander in the Ark. By F. Russel Burrow.

A story for children with a number of amusing illustrations by Edith Hope.

Vir Publishing Company:

Faces Toward the Light. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

A devotional book dedicated to "those who find in the devotional hour and silent time divine help and spiritual strength for days of need."

Indianapolis.

Bobbs Merrill Company:

The Torch. By Herbert Müller Hopkins.

A new novel by the author of "The Fighting Bishop." It is a romance of college life in a state university in the West. Mr. Hopkins, himself a college professor, has drawn a clever picture of a university president.

The Way to the West. By Emerson Hough.

This is not a novel, but the history of three early Americans, Boone, Crockett, Carson. It was not Mr. Hough's intention to write a history of the American people, but a history of the American man, and as Mr. Hough is primarily a writer of fiction he has succeeded in making his history very entertaining reading.

San Francisco.

Elder and Company:

The Limerick Up to Date Book. By Ethel Watts Mumford and Addison Mizner.

An illustrated book of nonsense rhyme with an original perpetual calendar and pages for memoranda.

Antigone. An Account of the Presentation of the Antigone of Sophocles at the Leland Stanford Junior University.

This volume is published in commemoration of the presentation, at Stanford University, in April, 1902, of the Antigone of Sophocles in the original Greek, with Mendelssohn's choral music. The book is illustrated, and also contains essays by Professor H. R. Fairclough and A. T. Murray.

Widows: Grave and Otherwise. Purloined by an Ex-Widow and Pictured by a Victim. Published by an Immune.

The selections in this volume are arranged for every day in the year. They are drawn from many sources, ancient and modern.

My Favourite Book-Shelf. By Charles Josselyn.

An anthology of prose selections from famous writers, especially English and French. In a preface, Mr. Josselyn disclaims any thought of making a condensation of the "world's best literature," but offers these extracts from his favourite authors in a convenient form in order that they may appeal to the busy persons of to-day.

Akron, Ohio.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Billy Whiskers' Kids. By Frances Trego Montgomery.

A book illustrated in colour for the little ones. It is a sequel to "Billy Whiskers."

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. By William Eleroy Curtis.

Mr. Curtis spent the summer of 1901 travelling through the countries named in the above title. The volume contains the letters written during that summer to the "Chicago Record-Herald." Mr. Curtis states that there are a million Swedes, five hundred thousand Norwegians, and three hundred thousand Danes in the United States, and this being the case the book should have a large sale.

Æsop's Fables in Rhyme for Children. By Richardson D. White and Margaret D. Longley.

A book of rhymes for small children which is illustrated in colour, and decorated by Charles Livingston Bull.

Dickon-Bend-the-Bow. By Everett McNeil. Pictured by Rob Wagner.

A children's book of wonder tales.

In Childhood-Land. By Margaret Page.

A book of verse for the little readers, illustrated by Katharine H. Greenland.

Denver.

Reed Publishing Company:

Love-Bits. By Elsie Elizabeth Johndon and Mary Rebecca Leonard.

The compilers of this little volume have selected some of the short poems of the poets of to-day, namely, Thomas Bailey Aldrich, John Vance Cheney, Virginia Woodward Cloud, John Hay, Mary Olcott, Curtis Hidden Page, Thomas Walsh, Clarence Urmy, Carolyn Wells, Florence Wilkinson, and several others. Quite a large proportion of these poems have appeared in the pages of The Bookman.

Lincoln, Ill.

Reidler and Company:

Hoke Beidler's Poems.

A book of poems which may have a large sale in Lincoln, Ill. The book is embellished with a frontispiece of the author, a very old gentleman with a very long beard.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between October and November, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Carnegie Steel Co. Bridge. (Aldine Co.) $2.00 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Pigs in Clover. Danby. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Fortune of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25..
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. Barlarsch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harpers.) $1.25.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Blowitz's Memories. (Doubleday-Page.) $3.00 net.
4. Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
3. The Red Triangle. Morrison. (Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40 net.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guards. Merriman. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Chicago, Ill.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (Mclure.) $1.50.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. Power of Truth. Jordan. (Brentano.) 75 cents.
5. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. In Babel. Ade. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Cleveland, Ohio.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lover Press.) $1.50.
5. In Babel. Ade. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Cleveland, Ohio.

1. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
5. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Long Night. Weyman. (Longman.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bowen-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Ben Hur. Lew Wallace. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. To-Morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lovers Press.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Place and Power. Fowler. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.25.
6. The Cynic's Calendar. Mizner. (Paul Elder.) $75 cents.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Anne Carmel. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. A Deal in Wheat. Norris. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. How Paris Amuses Itself. Smith. (Funk-Wagnalls.) $1.50 net.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Old Sweetheart of Mine Christy Ed. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

New Orleans, La.

1. Young Woman in Modern Life. Warner. (Dodd-Mead.) 85 cents net.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Qne Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.

The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
The Mettle of the Pasture. Allyn. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) 50 cents.
Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Edge of Things. Beattie. (Revell.) $1.25.
2. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lovers Press.) $1.50.
3. The Ultimate Moment. Lighton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Co. Bridge. (Aldine Book Co.) $2.00 net.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Portland, Me.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small-Maynard.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.

St. Paul, Minn.

1. The Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book-Lovers Press.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Toledo, Ohio.

1. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd-Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.

4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
5. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.

Toronto, Can.

1. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (Capp-Clark.) 75c. and $1.25.
2. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
3. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod-Allen.) 75c. and $1.25.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Moray Co.) $1.50.
6. The One Woman. Dixon. (Musson Book Co.) 75c. and $1.25.

Washington, D. C.

1. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.08.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) 90 cents.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
4. Manuscript in the Red Box. Amory. (Lane.) $1.08.
5. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.08.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.08.

Washington, D. C.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40 net.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peggy O'Neal. Lewis. (Biddle.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.50.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Limerick Book. Mumford. (Elder.) $1.00 net.
3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
5. The Five Nations. Kipling. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.40 net.
6. The Filigree Ball. Green. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system.

					POINTS
A book standing	1st	on	any	list	receives 10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.....	205
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	91
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton-Mifflin.) $1.25.....	69
4. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.....	65
5. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.....	61
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.....	60

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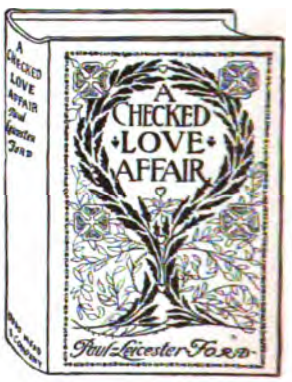
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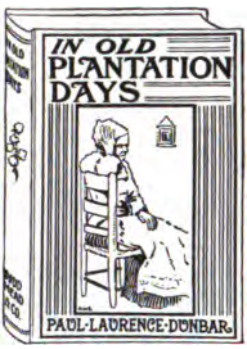
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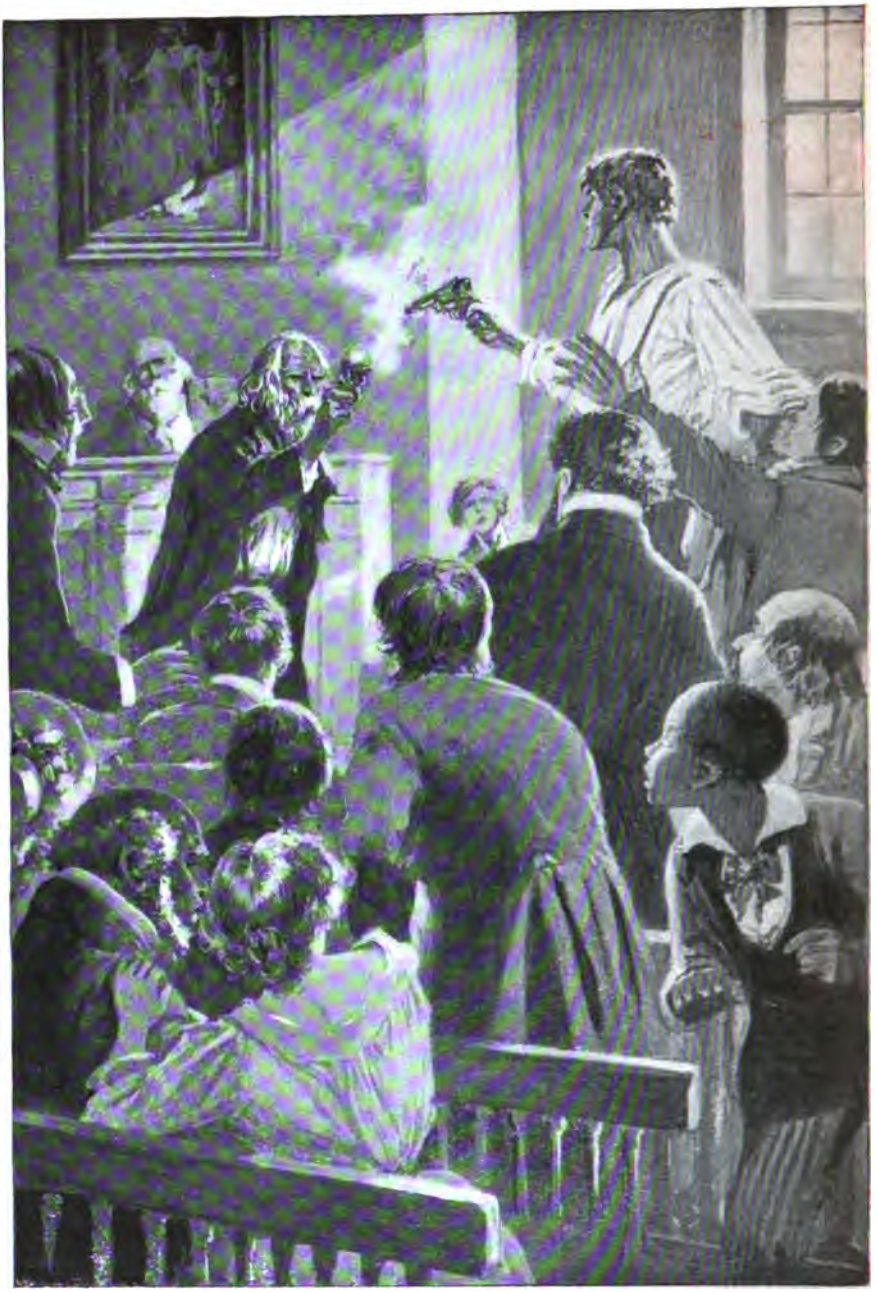


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Professor Frank Moore Colby, whose striking articles on various phases of literature and life have been so widely quoted in the newspapers, will during 1904 contribute to THE BOOKMAN a series of papers which, we are sure, will more than justify the contention of those who rank him as the equal of Chesterton, holding with the brilliant Englishman a unique place in contemporary criticism.

Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper will contribute each month an article in which he will sum up those books which show the rapidly changing tendencies of contemporary literature.

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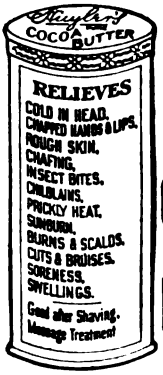
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Language Reform in Japan

The Japanese Government has recently sanctioned the use of the Roman alphabet for the transliteration of Japanese in printed books. This removes one stumbling block from the path of Occidentals who have found the acquisition of the Japanese language made doubly difficult by the fact that its literature could be read only after mastering the complicated Chinese ideographs which have until now been exclusively employed in the Mikado's empire. The literary language of the Japanese has, in the course of centuries, been greatly affected by Chinese influence, precisely as literary English has been affected by the influence of Latin. Educated men in Japan use a form of speech which is so full of Chinese words and phrases as to be almost unintelligible to the common people; and therefore, the substitution of the Roman alphabet for the Chinese symbols will be one step toward a simplification of the native tongue. Precisely for this reason, conservative Japanese opposed the change. The more difficult the written language, the more sharply the line of demarcation between the cultivated and the illiterate. In fact, there is in Japan as in China, a sort of aristocracy of learning, an intellectual caste founded upon book knowledge; so that anything which smooths the path for the common



THE STRENUOUS LITERARY LIFE—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AT WORK.
From the London Sketch.

man and makes it easier for him to read the Japanese classics is resented by the scholars who have acquired the written language with great labour and as a result of years of patient study. Their objection is somewhat like that which was made in Greece a year or two ago to the translation of the New Testament from Hellenistic Greek into the vernacular—a proposal which led to serious rioting in Athens. Naturally, there is also a certain sentimental dislike felt by Japanese conservatives toward a movement which will soon result in printing the ancient and almost sacred classics in Occidental typography; but the practical advantages of the reform are so obvious that the opposition will not be long effective.

*

Raffles

We have personally derived a great deal of pleasure from witnessing Mr. Eugene Presbrey's ingenious play of *Raffles* at the Princess Theatre, with Mr. Kyrle Bellew and Mr. E. M. Holland in the principal rôles. Those who have read Mr. Hornung's two



MRS. HUTCHINS HAPGOOD (NEITH BOYCE)
The Author of the Unusual Novel, "The Forerunner," Reviewed in the December Bookman.



KYRLE BELLEW AS "RAFFLES."



E. M. HOLLAND AS "CAPTAIN BEDFORD."

books, *The Amateur Cracksman* and *Raffles,* should by all means go to see the play; while those who have seen the play should not fail to read the books from which its material is largely drawn. Mr. Presbrey's drama bears about the same relation to the Hornung stories as Mr. Gillette's *Sherlock Holmes* bears to Conan Doyle's original invention. In neither case does the play follow the books, but rather assimilates them and transmutes them into a dramatic form. In one respect, Mr. Presbrey's play is more effective than Mr. Gillette's; for it reserves its grand climax—a most startling and unexpected one—for the final curtain, whereas in *Sherlock Holmes* the real climax is the episode of the gas chamber. After that, the rest of the play is comparatively tame. On the other hand, there is nothing so original and creepy in *Raffles* as this same gas chamber, and the cleverness of Raffles himself has not the superb assurance with which Mr. Gillette so perfectly panoplies his impersonation of Holmes. Moreover, it jars upon one's sense of the probable to see Raffles in his early fencing with the detective doing everything which in life would draw suspicion upon himself. His continual and suspicious allusions to the Cracksman, his bet with Bedford, and his obvious self-consciousness all through the first act, are neither necessary nor artistic. Mr. Bellew ought to take a lesson here from Mr. Gillette and cultivate a little more self-repression besides cutting some of his lines and modifying some of his business. When the detective, Bedford, says that he hopes soon to meet the Cracksman face to face, and Raffles replies, "And so do I!" (or words to that effect), it is surely absurd for him to thrust his face forward so as almost to touch his adversary's. Even a Scotland Yard detective—a Lestrade or a Gregson—would have suspected him after that. Mr. E. M. Holland is delightful as Captain Bedford, repeating both his make-up and his success of twenty years ago as the detective in *Jim the Penman.* His face is a study at every moment, and his conception of a Dundreary in the rôle of a criminal expert is inimitably comic. For genuine entertainment, this is one of the very best plays of the season.

The Raffles of Mr. Hornung's books (which are published by the Messrs. Scribner) differs in some respects from the Raffles of the play. The latter is made to appear a genuine amateur in crime and to rob only for the excitement of the thing. This, of course, is to make it easier for the audience to sympathise with him. In the book, he plunders because he is hard up and needs the money. So, too, with Bunny, who in the play has no share in the misdeeds of Raffles, but who in the book becomes a burglar of his own choice and finally gets a term in prison. Someone suggested several years ago that Mr. Hornung and Conan Doyle should write a book in collaboration, pitting the clever criminal, Raffles, against the inspired detective, Holmes. But apart from the impossibility of that kind of collaboration (for both authors would have to agree as to which hero should ultimately win), Raffles is not in the same class as Sherlock Holmes. He is several times outwitted in the stories —once by the South African millionaire and again by Captain Mackenzie, a mere Scotchman. In fact, as a criminal he is about on a level with the originator of the Red Headed League. The man who patiently wove a net around Professor Robert Moriarty would have run down Raffles in twenty-four hours.

Russian Americans

The recent appearance of *A History of Socialism in the United States* by Mr. Morris Hillquit, calls attention to the increasing number of Russian Americans who are beginning to make themselves felt in the spheres of literature and art and science. Mr. Hillquit, for instance, came to this country little more than fifteen years ago, as a poor boy and with no knowledge of English whatsoever. At first he had a hard struggle, trying in turn six trades in as many months. In less than a year he had begun to teach in one of the night schools of New York, and to-day he is well known as a lawyer of repute, an influential political leader among the New York Socialists, and an investigator of social conditions in the United States. Among American citizens of Russian birth he is a prominent figure well known for the unostentatious assistance which he is continually giving to his compatriots who come to this country in the hope of finding opportunities which are denied to them in the empire of the Czar. To all such he shows himself to be an untiring and generous friend and helper. Mr. Hillquit, however, is only one of many Russians who have become well known to Americans in general. Mr. Cahan secured by his *Yekl* a warm recognition from American men of letters; Mr. Bernstein the pianist, Mr. Volpé the violinist, and Mr. Altschuler the 'cellist, have won a definite place among American musicians; while Mr. Maurice S. Sterne is well known as an etcher and painter. These and many others of their countrymen are coming steadily into prominence; and both by their remarkable facility in acquiring an idiomatic knowledge of English and by their adaptability, they are able in a wonderfully short time to assimilate the habits of thought and the intellectual traditions of their adopted country.

Bruno Lessing

So many inquiries have come to us concerning the identity of the author of *Children of Men* which was reviewed in the last number of this magazine as to justify us in dispelling the obscurity of his pseudonym. "Bruno Lessing" is the pen name of Mr. Rudolph Block, and his book has excited too much interest for his secret to remain unknown. Mr. Block, though only thirty-three years of age, has had a long experience in practical journalism, having been for six years a reporter on the New York *Sun*, where he got his early newspaper training. Subsequently, he was connected with the *World*, and for the past five years has been editor of the Comic Supplements to Mr. Hearst's newspapers, in which capacity he has delighted scores of thousands of American children by providing them with harmless and never-failing amusement in spreading before them the now classic adventures of Foxy Grandpa, Lady Bountiful, Happy Hooligan, the Stone Age People, and Mr. Swinnerton's tigers. During his connection with the *Sun*, Mr. Block was assigned for a year to "labour reporting," and while engaged in this occupation he became deeply interested

in the cloak-makers' strikes and other labour troubles on the East Eide. The terrible earnestness of the East Side Jews, their poverty and frightful sufferings, and finally their picturesqueness impressed Mr. Block so intensely as to fill him with a desire to give the greater world outside a better knowledge of them. The concrete result of this desire is to be found in the stories that made up his lately published volume in which are contained the impressions which he drew direct from life. Mr. Block at present is at work upon a novel, the scene of which will be a very different one from that of the New York Ghetto, and we understand that it is one of his pet ambitions to write a play.



MR. RUDOLPH BLOCK (BRUNO LESSING).

The Berlioz Centenary

On December 11th, musical Paris celebrated the centenary of Hector Berlioz, the father of modern instrumentation, who was born in La-Côte-Saint-André, near Grenoble, France, December 11, 1803. Berlioz in addition to being one of the foremost of modern French composers, was a brilliant critic and journalist. After

listening at the first night of one of his own operas he would go to the office of the *Journal des Débats* and dash off two columns of appreciation and criticism, a practice of which Thackeray used to write with bitter sarcasm. But Thackeray was in a measure unjust. Berlioz tried to be perfectly honest and candid in discussing his own music, and who was there better fitted for the task? His last years were spent in continual suffering and illness. He died in Paris, March 9, 1869.



HECTOR BERLIOZ. 1803–1869.

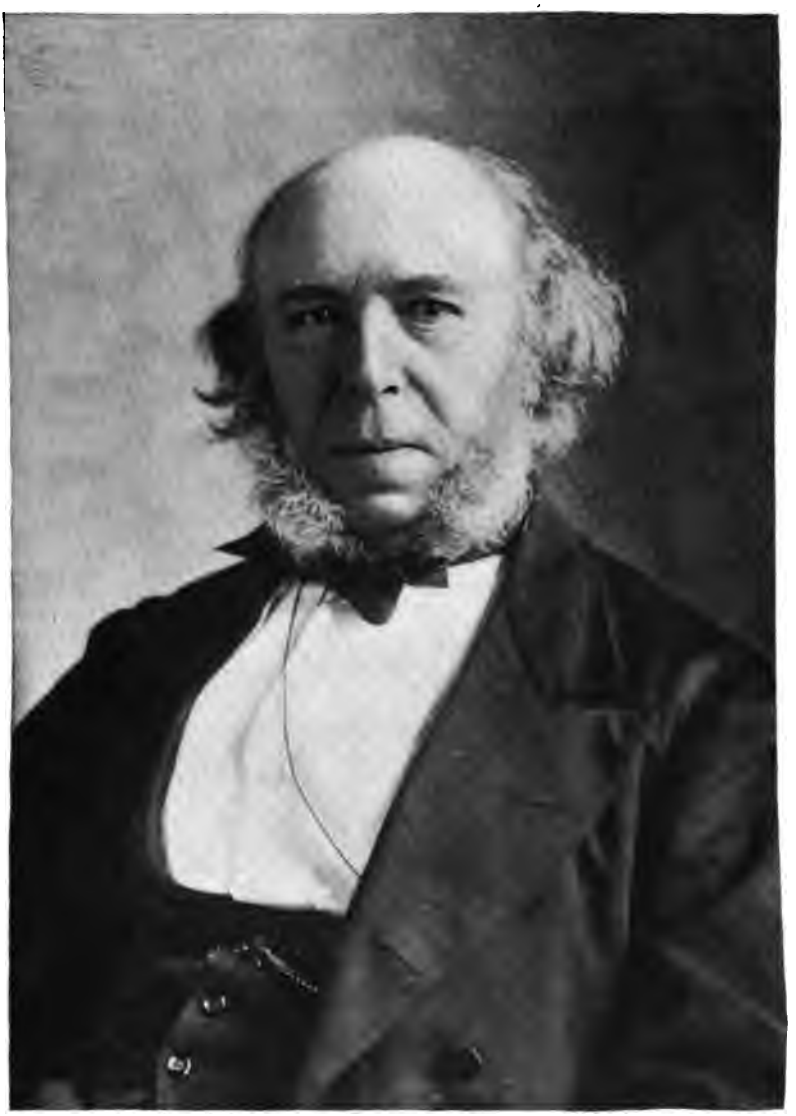
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More Royalty in Paris

Paris gave an appropriately royal welcome to the King and Queen of Italy—trimmed the Boulevards with flags, hung the trees with paper flowers each enclosing an electric lamp, and made the Avenue de l'Opéra a blaze of light. It was a pretty spectacle, fit for a queen to see; and evidently, in the minds of the crowd, it was the Queen's fête. The cheers were for her, the street songs were greetings to her, the talk was about her. A pretty little story is told of her visit to the Louvre. She drew away from her escort, and gazed silent at the pictures. Presently her eyes filled with tears. A French officer hastened to her side, but she lifted a repelling hand. "Let me alone for a moment, Monsieur," she said; and then, as the story goes, she turned to him impulsively and added, "Ah, Monsieur, it is not often that I have an opportunity to *be* myself—with fifty people always near me!" Such simple little speeches as this have endeared her to the crowd. But whether the royal visit has been influential in cementing a cordial understanding between France and Italy, is doubtful. The artists who work for the comic papers have taken advantage of the doubt to produce several of those bitter caricatures which Frenchmen permit themselves to draw. The *Assiette au Beurre*, which devotes each issue to some one topic, is particularly disagreeable. One or two of the cartoons only could be reproduced here. There is one entitled

'France as others see her," representing a lady who has just ceased to make herself agreeable to King Edward, and is ready to receive the attention of other monarchs.

of *le sport*, by a paper devoted to athletics; but it received from all classes of newspapers an attention almost inconceivable to the American mind. The up-to-date name for these working girls—



THE LATE HERBERT SPENCER.

Whether or not the love of Italy was deep in the French heart during the visit, at all events it evaporated as soon as the royal backs were turned, and all the emotion of Paris was concentrated upon an important walking match for working girls. It was organised in the interests

midinettes, because they come out at *midi*, and are supposed to be seen in restaurants at their midday meal—was in every one's mouth. Writers of feuilletons seized the word, and the result was an astonishing play of imagination. Midinettes were suddenly hailed as the



THE RACE IS ON.



NEARING THE FINISH.



LES MIDINETTES OF PARIS.
Mlle. Cheminette, Winner, Marked by a Cross.

successors of the late lamented grisettes. They were called Mimi Pinson; their tendency towards love affairs was described, as well as their reluctance to hear honeyed words from unpleasing suitors; and their persons were depicted in the rosiest language. One example of hyperbole will perhaps suffice to indicate the lofty strain of poetry which was devoted to the midinette—a feuilletonist went so far as to speak of the "imperceptible feet" of these creatures of romance. Can any one who has noted the enormous size of the Parisian shoe fail to respect the idealism of a writer who can call the feet of these working girls imperceptible, or as another journal has it, *cendrillonesques?*

The question whether they really ought to enter the competition gave rise to grave discussion. The sporting papers pointed out the healthfulness of athletics among women; the other journals mainly opposed the walking match, because it would make the midinettes look bedraggled. Nevertheless, about two thou-



sand *modistes, fleuristes, couturières, plumassières,* and so on, enrolled themselves for the contest, and of these some five hundred actually heel-and-toed from the gardens of the Tuileries to Nanterre. There was no order in the start; the road was choked with automobiles and carriages, and with the friends of the participants, who were permitted, by the way, to aid with pushes their candidates for the prizes. Nanterre was *en fête* to receive them. The band stand in the main square was adorned with a sign "Homage to the Midinettes," and in the afternoon there was dancing upon the gravel of the square, in the midst of a crowd of onlookers so dense that each midinette and her partner had barely room for spinning round. The restaurants of Nanterre and the *cafés chantants* in Paris were ringing with songs about them. Most of these are not for American readers; but here is one printable example of the kind of poetry inspired by the occasion:

BALLADE POUR LES MIDINETTES.

On les voit dans les Tuileries,
Au Palais-Royal mêmement,
Boulotter des charcuteries,
Quand le temps est assez clément;
Et c'est un spectacle charmant.
De ces spartiates dînettes
La joie est l'assaisonnement:
Amour et los aux midinettes!

Elles vont dans des crémeries
Quand pince le froid véhément,
Et, là, fond des câlineries
Aux chats de l'établissement.
Etant chattes également,
Elles aiment fort les minettes
Qui les caressent lentement;
Amour et los aux midinettes!

Vives, malignes, aguerries,
Qu'un vieux marcheur, imprudemment,
Leur conte des cochonneries,
Elles ripostent, exprimant
Leur dégoût pour un tel amant.
Ces brunettes, ces blondinettes
Se prennent par le sentiment:
Amour et los aux midinettes!

ENVOI.

Princesses! ce poète ment,
Qui vous adresse des sornettes
Et ne s'en va plutôt clamant:
"Amour et los aux midinettes!"

A Tale Once Told

Thirty or forty years ago, long before skyscrapers and rapid transit were thought of, and New York was just a great big growing town, they used to tell a story that was ghastly enough to curdle the blood of the most sceptical and to keep people of nervous temperament awake of nights. Of course, the thing probably never happened, but those who told it were careful to enhance its horror by assuring their hearers that it was an absolute, if inexplicable, occurrence. The tale went that of a summer night a husband and wife returning home from the theatre entered a Fifth Avenue stage far down town and for many blocks were the only occupants. A little above Fourteenth Street, however, the stage came to an abrupt stop, the door was opened, and three young men entered. One of the three had evidently been drinking heavily, for his companions were obliged to help him to his seat. The door was closed behind them and the stage continued its journey northward. About ten blocks farther on, one of the young men rose, and bidding his friends good night, stopped the stage, and alighted. A few minutes later the second of the three said, "Well, good night, Dick," pulled the strap, stepped to the sidewalk, and walked off through one of the side streets. There remained in the stage only the husband and wife and the young man, who was obviously under the influence of liquor, and who sat in a crouching attitude in a corner of the stage under the dim flickering lamp. After a time, the husband noticed that the young man's head seemed to be drooping as if in sleep, and fearing that he might be borne beyond his destination. he rose, tapped him on the shoulder, and called attention to the number of the street they had just passed. There was no response, and the husband repeated his words, leaning over as he did so. Then he suddenly straightened up. turned to his wife, and said quickly, "We will get out here." She began to protest, but he simply repeated his words, pulled the strap, and helped her to alight. As they stood under the corner lamp-post, she turned questioningly and asked him why he insisted on their getting out of the 'bus blocks below their destination.

'Because," he replied, "that young n's throat was cut from ear to ear."

*

The ysterious Card

That was the story that went the rounds of New York thirty or forty years ago. Ten or twelve years ago they were telling in the aris clubs a tale equally weird and uesome. No one knew whence it orig-ated—no one does know whence such ories come—they seem to be evolved ut of the air. It had to do with a ealthy American who was passing a few ays in Paris before joining his wife who as in London waiting for her husband nd for the date of sailing of the ocean teamer that was to bear them to their ome. One evening the American hav-ng nothing better to do decided that he would seek entertainment at the *Folies Bergères*. As he was sitting comfortably in that place of amusement, sipping a bock and smoking a cigar, his attention was attracted to a very handsome and strikingly attired woman at a nearby table. He studied her discreetly for some time, and noticed that she was throwing occasional glances in his direction and whispering about him to her companions. Suddenly, to his amazement, she rose, walked directly to him, took a card from her case, laid it on the table before him, and then, without a word, passed out of the theatre. The American examined the card on both sides, and found it to be absolutely blank. He was about to throw it away; but reconsidering, thrust it in his pocket, and a little while later, feeling rather tired, left the theatre and returned to his hotel. It was a small establishment, and before retiring, being in a communicative mood, the American had a little chat with the landlord. Among other things he spoke of his experience at the *Folies Bergères* with the mysterious woman and the card. The landlord laughed, and the American to emphasise his point, took the card from his pocket, and threw it on the table. But when the Frenchman saw it, a terrible change came over his countenance. His face was ashen with horror, and without a word he rose and abruptly left the room. The American's amazement at this was heightened into indignation when, a minute later, a waiter appeared and told him that the management insisted that he leave the hotel at once. Puzzled and furious, the American called for a cab, had his trunks brought down from his room, and departed for the Continental. Reaching there, he told his story, which was received with sympathetic wonder and attention. The landlord of the other hotel must have gone crazy, they assured him. To this the American agreed, and to show the absurdity of it all produced the blank and innocent card. To his astonishment, the faces of those about him changed as if by magic. Instead of sympathetic attention, they looked upon him with expressions of the utmost horror and loathing. "Monsieur's pardon, but we find that we are entirely unable to accommodate Monsieur. Monsieur must go elsewhere." Utterly dazed by the turn of events, the American re-entered a cab and told the *cocher* to drive him to the Gare du Nord, took a midnight train, and ten o'clock the next day found himself in London. As he emerged from the Charing Cross Station, who should he encounter but his most intimate friend, and before going to his wife, the American felt that he must make him acquainted with the infamous and inexplicable treatment which he had received in Paris. After hearing the story, the friend whistled, rubbed his head, confessed that he could make nothing of it, and finally asked to see the card. "Here it is," said the American, drawing the bit of blank pasteboard from his pocket, and then to his amazement saw again the old expression of hatred and loathing and horror come over his friend's face, and a minute later he was standing giddy and alone in the street, the whole world reeling about him. He rushed away to find his wife. There, at least, he must find sympathy, consolation, and explanation. To her he breathlessly told the story, and before her threw down the terrible card. She looked upon it and in an instant the loving woman of the minute before was shrinking from him as from some loathsome reptile, her eyes stark and staring with hatred. "Don't touch me! Out of my sight! Never let me see you or hear of you again!"

Mr. Cleveland Moffett

This was the story that Parisian *flaneurs* told one another, darkly hinting that it was an actual fact. So far as we know, in France the tale never appeared in print. But an industrious American journalist, Mr Cleveland Moffett, being in Paris and hearing the yarn, straightway put it down upon paper. He called it "The Mysterious Card," sent it to a Boston publication that made a speciality of short stories and was at the time offering a prize of one thousand dollars, if we are not mistaken, for the best tale submitted before a certain date. "The Mysterious Card" won the prize, but with his success the troubles of the author began. From all over the country there came ridiculous requests for an explanation of the card. Of course the artistic strength of the tale lay in the fact that there was no explanation, just as Mr. Stockton's "The Lady or the Tiger" was good because the author did not know and did not say which way the choice would be. But people refused to recognise this, and Mr. Moffett was hounded until he consented to write the sequel entitled "The Mysterious Card Unveiled." Thereby he spoiled a very good story, but we are not going to abet his crime by a description of the obnoxious sequel. Apart from this *faux pas*, Mr. Moffett, whose *Careers of Danger and Daring* we were reading the other day, has done a great deal to entitle him to serious consideration in contemporary magazine work. He has made himself in a way a kind of glorified reporter, taking all sorts of uncomfortable risks in his relentless hunt for good "copy." He has been on the deck of turbine boats going at a speed of forty miles an hour; he has entered the cages of wild animals in the company of their trainers; he has sat at the throttles of fast-flying locomotives, and he has stood on narrow ledges at great heights, in order to taste the sensations of the men who build our suspension bridges and our skyscrapers. These are the experiences which would daunt most men, but Mr. Moffett has been repaid. He has got his "copy."

A caricaturist who is doing some exceptionally good work these days, especially at the expense of literary men, is Mr. George Brehm whose cartoons are published in the Indianapolis *Morning Star*. The sketches of Mr. George Barr McCutcheon which appeared in the November number of THE BOOKMAN and of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, printed in the December issue, were originally drawn for the *Morning Star*.

Mr. White's Truthful Fisherman

According to Mr. Stewart Edward White, it was during his expedition last spring through the King's River Cañon for the purpose of gathering material for *The Mountain*, that he fell in with the hero of this anecdote. The hero in question was a gaunt and grizzled idler who for the last thirty years has been doing as little work as he possibly could and spending the greater part of his time on fishing excursions to the intense disgust of his friends and family. A few years ago he was notorious in his neighbourhood as the concocter of discreditable fish stories. At that time no exaggeration as to the size and weight of his catches could disturb him. He lied about his fish glibly and with relish. The day came, however, when the spirit of revival reached his town, and a sense of his own shamelessness and iniquity dawned upon the old man. He "got religion," and he got it hard. Solemnly he gathered his friends and relatives about him, confessed his shortcomings of the past, and announced forcibly that he never again would lie wantonly about the size of his fish, that he would purchase a pair of scales, and that in future every tale that he told would have upon it the cachet of absolute certainty and truth. By following this course he won a good name in the community and came to be regarded as a man of distinct and unusual probity. This reputation he might have continued to enjoy had not a new-born baby made its appearance in his household. There was the usual flutter of excitement in which some one suggested that the baby should be weighed. The only scales at hand were those which the old man had used to attest his fish yarns, and so they were brought down for the occasion. Ever since the fisherman has been regarded with the old-time scepticism, for

his scales the baby was found to eigh forty-three pounds.

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ccording Professor Matthews

Those persons who are inclined to regard the following tale with any degree of scepticism we refer to Prof. Brander Matthews. t is Professor Matthews who is telling it and who vouches for its truth. We, on our part, disclaim any responsibility. According to the tale, one evening a few weeks ago, Professor Matthews went to dine at a club of which he is a member. We shall not specify the club beyond saying that it was founded by the late Edwin Booth and faces Gramercy Park. After checking his coat and hat, Professor Matthews climbed the short flight of stairs leading to the hall and went through the compartment labelled "M" in the letter box to see if there was any mail for him. Among the letters he found one which when opened proved to be a rather peremptory request from a tailor for the settlement of a bill. This proved puzzling, because the name of the tailor was entirely unknown to him, and the dun was evidently a mistake. After studying it over for a minute, he looked again at the envelope and found that he had accidentally taken a letter intended for another member, so he put back the bill in the envelope and returned it to the compartment. As Professor Matthews turned to go into the reading room he noticed that the man to whom the letter had been sent was right at his heels. This man went through the "M" compartment, picked out the letter which Professor Matthews had returned, walked into the reading room where a number of clubmen were sitting about the open fire, read the letter through twice very carefully, discreetly tore it into little bits, and with a knowing wink and the smile of an invincible conqueror commented: "Poor silly little girl!"

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The Late Henry Seton Merriman

The unexpected news of Mr. Seton Merriman's death at the early age of forty, was received with deep regret by a very wide circle of readers in this country. Mr. Seton Merriman, whose real name was Hugh Scott, was one of the most unassuming and most retiring of men. He was very rarely seen in literary clubs and gatherings, and about two years ago he built for himself a beautiful house in Suffolk, not far from Ipswich. It was there he died, after having undergone two operations for appendicitis. Mr. Seton Merriman, as he would prefer to be called, disliked publicity to an excessive and almost morbid degree. Indeed, it is said that when he knew he was dying, he asked the watchers round his bed to supply no information about him to the newspapers. Though he was brought up in business, he had a link of connection with literature in the fact that the late Mr. W. L. Thomas, founder of the *Graphic,* was his uncle. His earliest productions first saw the light in the columns of the *Graphic.* When he began to write books he kept the secret even from his own family, though he could not hide his literary inclinations. From his youth he was delicate, suffering from a weak heart. His first book, which he suppressed, was the story of a gifted young man who never did what his friends expected from him, took no pleasure in his successes, and showed no eagerness to follow them up. It turned out when he died that he had known for some years that he could not live long, as he suffered from an obscure and deadly form of heart disease. This chilled his interest in life. In this book, Mr. Merriman was certainly autobiographical. It was his own experience.

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At first he made but slow progress in the favour of the public, but by the time he died, he was one of the most popular of living novelists, and was gaining ground steadily. As a mere story teller he was surpassed by few living writers. Many objected to the abundance of his reflections, but to others they were at least provocative of thought, and especially pleasing was the uniformly high, gentle, and dignified tone of all his books. This reflected the character of the writer. In his rare appearances in the London clubs he was one of the most unassuming and friendly of men. Though avoiding literary circles, he made some close literary friendships, particularly with Mr.

Stanley Weyman. Another friend was Mr. Rider Haggard, who lived some forty miles away. Mr. Seton Merriman, though delicate, was by no means an invalid, and in the delightful Suffolk home which he and his wife planned, he indulged himself in the recreation of golf. He was also much addicted to travelling. The novelist's wife, with whom deep sympathy will be felt, is a daughter of a clergyman of the Church of England, and sister of the accomplished lady who has just published an able memoir of Voltaire. This sister, under the pseudonym, S. G. Tallentyre, co-operated with her brother-in-law in the production of a series of sketches, entitled *The Money Spinner.*

The Profession of Publicist

We should like to call the attention of our readers to an article in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly.* It is entitled "The Profession of Publicist," and is signed by Mr. Arthur Reed Kimball. Not in a long time have we found so clean-cut a piece of writing and so much "straight talk." The article was suggested by the establishment of the new School of Journalism at Columbia University. Mr. Kimball takes a pessimistic view of journalism as a profession, and he says some very interesting things about it. The following paragraph may be quoted as illustrating Mr. Kimball's point of view.

The phrase "newspaper property" of itself suggests a necessary limitation to the possibilities of establishing the profession of publicist in the sphere of journalism. Only by the happy chance of a broad-minded and high-minded ownership of the "property" employing him, or by the rarer chance of being himself admitted to a share in the ownership, can such a publicist, however competent, enjoy that degree of independence which is the distinguishing mark of professional life. A certain latitude of treatment may be accorded in specially favored places of peculiar responsibility, as to the long-time correspondent; or the valued editorial writer or critic may be permitted to choose his subjects, and thus escape self-stultification in what he writes; but beyond that, liberty of expression can seldom go. The lawyer, the doctor, the minister, the engineer, the artist, the man of science, the actor, the musician, even the teacher, all look forward to a time, which with some of them begins with the beginning of professional life, when individuality shall have free play in work,—the charm of a professional career in that it is an embodiment of individuality. The more competent a man has made himself through study and training, the more he covets and claims this independence. In professions where, as in the higher branches of teaching, such independence has been at times invaded, where "academic freedom" has been violated under pressure of external control suggesting a control to which journalism is constantly subject, the voice of general protest is quick to make itself heard, and, in instances, has found concrete expression in the appointment, by colleagues, of a committee of inquiry. This is the proper response of professional pride to any menace of that *esprit de corps* which differentiates the profession from the occupation. It is true, of course, that there remains to the journalist a wide range of innocuous subjects, the opportunity to spend time on the preparation of articles informing or amusing, work more or less attractive according to individual aptitude. To these subjects no such restraint applies since they contribute only incidentally to determining the character, and still less, the policy, of the paper, and hence are a negligible quantity. But in so far as this class of articles is chosen by a journalist as his specialty, they obviously remove him from the profession of publicist, however broadly inclusive may be the meaning attaching to that loosely used phrase.

Mr. Kimball goes on to say that the journalist not only merges his individuality in that of the newspaper for which he works, but furthermore, that no adequate compensations of a pecuniary nature are given to him as an offset for this lack of popular recognition. He tells an interesting anecdote:

The crux of the question was touched by a brilliant journalist, the late John Swinton, for many years managing editor of the New York *Sun*, in a retort on Mr. Dana. "Swinton," said Mr. Dana one day, "I need a first-class editorial writer. Have you one to recommend?" "How much are you willing to pay, Mr. Dana?" asked Mr. Swinton. "For a first-class man $125 a week," was the reply. "But you cannot get a first-class man for that," protested Mr. Swinton.

"Why not?" asked Mr. Dana. "That is what I pay you, and don't you consider yourself a first-class man?" "No, Mr. Dana," rejoined Mr. Swinton. "If I were a 'first-class man' I should be paying you $125 a week." That $125 a week practically marked the limit of Mr. Swinton's opportunity, as it may be said to mark the limit of the same quality of brains in journalism to-day; and also the limit of something far more vital, for the difference between a Dana and a Swinton defines status.

This is the same cruel fact accentuated which years ago pointed Thackeray's contemptuous fling, that Pendennis eked out his narrow income from book-reviewing "by occasional contributions of leading articles to the *Journal* when, without hurting the paper, this eminent publicist could conscientiously speak his mind." The conditions then being what they are, and what, for any sign to the contrary, they must long continue to be, it is futile to attempt through a special school to raise journalism to the rank of a profession. Such a school, whatever the problematical value of its training in technique, cannot give its graduate professional prestige, for that in all the professions has lost the significance of popular recognition. It cannot for the same reason give him professional authority. It cannot give him the chance of large professional reward, for that is determined by the returns of an uncertain, and often unprofitable, business. It cannot give him professional opportunity, for independence of view is controlled by the policy of the editor, who is either the owner of the paper or the representative of the capital invested in it. Under such limitations of career, journalism must increasingly repel the men to whom naturally it would most appeal, the men to whom it owes the largest share of its influence in the past, the men to whom it should look to give it character in the future.

We have quoted with such fullness from Mr. Kimball's article, because the newspapers generally will pass it over in silence. There is so much truth in it that the editors and owners in their cowardice will shrink from this unsparing revelation of their methods and their limitations. We shall ourselves have something to say upon the subject before very long; and in the meantime we advise every one who is interested in the contemporary press to read what Mr. Kimball has written so frankly and forcibly.

Thomas Nelson Page Replies

A great many letters have been received in this office on the subject of the author's attitude toward the men and women who review his books and the replies to the questions which we asked from the pens of Mr. James Lane Allen, Mr. Owen Wister, Gertrude Atherton, Mr. F. Marion Crawford, Mr. Jack London, Mr. Charles Major, Mr. Stewart Edward White, Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., Mr. Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, Mrs. S. P. McLean Greene, and Mr. David Graham Phillips. In addition to these personal letters the whole matter has been much discussed and quoted in the newspapers. While it was our original intention merely to acquaint our readers with the opinions of some of the representative writers, we should be very glad to hear what others, whether they have done literary work or not, have to say on the subject. To all such we call attention to the fact that the series of questions originally sent out is to be found in the November number. A somewhat belated but very welcome response is that of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, which we herewith present.

To the Editors of THE BOOKMAN:

I have only twice subscribed to notices of my books. Once was, when I had a novel running as a serial; the other time was, when I brought out a novel dealing with conditions more recent than I had ever attempted to describe before.

From these reviews I should imagine that most of the writers must have read the books they reviewed, but that their opinions as to fiction were more or less formed already. They have appeared not at all inclined to pick out, for adverse criticism, certain passages in which they have found unimportant blemishes. Many of them appear to have found blemishes enough without doing much "picking." A fair proportion of the reviews have struck me as having something in them, while some contain sound, and, a few, even acute criticism.

My estimate of the reviews of my last book is that about one-third of them are entirely flattering; one-third damn it heartily and completely, while the remaining third make a serious effort at real criticism; so some of them must have been about right.

From these reviews I am confirmed in the opinion, to which I have long been inclined,

that the taste for books is within certain limits as personal as the taste for material food. Some persons like their game fresh, others like it best when the feathers are about to drop out. Views of books are as likely to vary as views of the tariff or views of bonnets. I fancy, moreover, that a good deal depends on the mood and circumstances under which the reviewer has read a book. Not infrequently the same mail has brought clippings from different newspapers which varied all the way from praise, too strong even for an author's stomach, to fierce denunciation. I know one author who decidedly prefers the former to the latter, but, possibly, the latter is the more wholesome.

One of the most interesting notices received was an editorial from the Saint Paul *Globe*. It praised warmly the Board of Public Libraries, which, it stated, had properly excluded the book from the libraries of that city, and it wound up by declaring that the book ought to be "gibbeted in chains." I confess that I do not think the work merited this unusual and cruel punishment. Now, if he had simply said lynching! Nor do I believe this particular book to be in truth a "dime novel," which several critics called it. Still I am not very familiar with that class of literature. I rather prefer the charge made against it by a number of papers, that it was too "old-fashioned." This contained the consoling admission that I had succeeded, at least, in a small measure in what I had attempted to do—write an old-fashioned novel of old-fashioned people.

Far be it from me, however, to question the right of any person to his opinion upon any subject which is not against good morals. Certainly I shall not quarrel with any one because he does not like my books. If I had to read and review a basketful of books a week, and said anything good about a novel of over five hundred pages, it would have to be in my sleep.

Newspaper reviews do not seem to me generally so thoughtful or so critical as those which find their way into the more serious magazines. In the nature of things they would not be. But there are notable exceptions to this rule. The reviewer, who, *me judice*, speaks with more authority than any other in the country, is a regular contributor to one of the great New York dailies. Mr. Dana once said of him that he had reviewed every important work that had appeared in twenty years and had never forgotten anything he had read.

As to whether critics appear to me to miss the underlying meaning of my books, I would say that I try not to have any underlying meaning. Whatever meaning my books have, I strive to make as plain as possible, and if the critics miss it I charge the fault against myself, not against them. My design is to picture life as it appeals to me and as it appears to me, and to show that whatever its hardships may be, it is after all worth living. Such measure of success as I have had has surprised me quite as much as it could surprise any one else. All I can claim is that I have never slurred a piece of work, or let a piece go out of my hands until I have done my best on it at that time, though as soon as it appears in print I always seem to find a thousand things I might have bettered, and am, therefore, rather glad that the critics in general find no more than they do find.

The only notices with which I have any serious quarrel are those which bear on their face the fool's stamp of cock-sureness, and those of the "greatest-novel-of-the-age" class. The former may be brayed in the mortar and will still show the mark of a fool, and the latter tend to deceive the public.

On the whole, I fancy I shall have to write another book and take advantage of all the advice that has been given me.

Thos. Nelson Page.

Revising Dead Authors

The literary commentators in the daily press have been sharpening their pens at the expense of Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady because this gentleman has published a revised and somewhat abridged edition of Dr. Samuel Warren's famous novel, *Ten Thousand a Year*. Mr. Brady has been called presumptuous and sacrilegious, and various other names, and the task which he took upon himself seems to excite a good deal of merriment. We have not read Mr. Brady's revised version, and therefore we do not know with how much discretion he has carried out his purpose; but, assuming that he did it well, there is no doubt that it was a very good thing to do. Dr. Warren originally wrote his book back in 1839 with the definite political purpose of supporting the Conservative measures of Lord Derby. In so far as the book served that end it was ephemeral and contained much matter which to-day is absolutely without interest to any one. All that one cares about now is the story of Tittlebat Titmouse, stripped of every-

ing which obscures the portrait of a pical parvenu. This part of the book perpetually true and therefore per-etually interesting. All the rest of it is ıbbish. As a matter of fact, there are ot a few well-known but obsolescent uthors who could be made popular once ıore if a practiced hand and unerring ıste could be brought to the task of runing away that part of them which elongs exclusively to their own time. For example, if some one would only ake the works of Fenimore Cooper in ıand and translate a lot of their stilted lialogue into the sort of language that ıuman beings really speak, it would be a service to literature. Whenever Cooper is telling the story of a sea-fight or an Indian ambush, and when some of his genuine creations, such as Long Tom Coffin and Leatherstocking appear upon the scene, everything moves with the fire and briskness of actual life. But when his young men and his young women get to talking, or when some of his ordinary civilians of mature age become eloquent, then we have pages upon pages of intolerable pomposity which one is tempted to skip even though in skipping, the thread of the narrative is lost. Take, for instance, the beginning of *The Pilot*. Katherine Plowden, an impulsive girl, is speaking to Barnstable, a young naval officer. Here is a bit of their conversation as given by Cooper:

"Come, Katherine," he said, "the time urges to be prompt."

"What pressing necessity is there for immediate departure?" she inquired, checking his movements by withdrawing herself from his side.

"You heard the ominous prognostic of my cockswain on the weather, and I am forced to add my own testimony to his opinion. 'Tis a crazy night that threatens us, though I cannot repent of coming into the bay, since it has led to this interview."

"Ominous prognostic," is good. We should translate this passage as follows:

"Come along, Katherine," he said. "We haven't a minute to lose."

"Why are you in such a hurry?" she asked, checking his advance by turning from him.

"You heard what my cockswain said about the storm, and I believe he's right. We're going to have an awful night. All the same, I'm not sorry I came up the bay, for otherwise I shouldn't have met you."

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Successful Fiction of 1903

Now that the time has come again to turn over the numbers of the magazine during the past twelve months for the purpose of reading the story of a year's successful books, we are obliged to preface our paragraphs with the customary observation that the subject has very little to do with permanent literature, but is of importance primarily because it furnishes so many curious contrasts and comparisons, and because it is a record of undoubted value to those who have an interest in what the "great selling" novel is, and what makes it a "great selling" novel. Taken as a whole, 1903 has differed very little from the four or five years preceding, except that the record of sales shows that it is no longer easy to take a mediocre novel and by the mere force of lavish exploitation and ingenuity of advertising methods induce the reading public to accept and buy it as an exceptional work of fiction. People are beginning to demand something more than gaudy wrappers, posters by the "best illustrators," and reading notices studded with superlatives. Which is a little something over which we may feel pleased. Then another feature of much more importance is the consistent good work that is being done by the men who go out of the beaten and conventional path to find their material—the men who write of trails, and of the Northland, and of remote seas—the men whose industry and energy have made the quest of new local colour so baffling, as Mr. Wallace Irwin complained in his poem in our December issue. The work of such writers as Richard Harding Davis, Stewart Edward White, Jack London, John Fox, Jr., Joseph Conrad, Owen Wister, A. J. Dawson, Lloyd Osbourne, and Bruno Lessing is of undoubted importance. They are succeeding admirably in bringing the strange and the far-off corners of the earth very close to us. It is the writer who is trying to paint the life we all of us know at first hand, the tragedy that is going on in the house at the corner, or in the flat overhead, who is failing to "make good."

Those writers from whom we have come to expect a book or two every year have, in the main, not disappointed us. Mr. Kipling published nothing of any length during 1903, which may mean that we are to have something to look forward to in 1904. From Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, nothing; but this was not in the nature of a surprise. Mr. Henry James was as usual industrious, and Mrs. Humphry Ward had the success to which she has become accustomed with *Lady Rose's Daughter.* Sir Arthur Conan Doyle revived his Napoleonic hero, the *Brigadier Gerard,* and is now in the full swing of a new series of tales about Sherlock Holmes. As to American writers, Mr. F. Marion Crawford brought out his expected novel of Italian life, Mr. James Lane Allen broke the silence of three years with *The Mettle of the Pasture,* Mr. John Fox, Jr., produced in *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,* a novel very much out of the ordinary, Mr. Howell's *Letters Home* elicited much high appreciation, and in *The Forest,* Mr. Stewart Edward White wrote a book which is far from being merely one of the books of a year. Mr. Davis's *The Bar Sinister* and Mr. Tarkington's *Cherry* we read and enjoyed long before they ever appeared in bindings of their own. We agreed with all of our readers that Jack London's *The Call of the Wild* was a rattling good dog story, and that it was a downright pleasure to be enabled to meet again Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's Colonel Carter, and to share the hospitality which he extended to that reprobate Klutchen, even though *Colonel Carter's Christmas* seemed to lack something of the spontaneity and genuineness of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville.*

In the list of the best-selling books at the end of THE BOOKMAN for January of last year first place was held by *The Virginian*—a position which Mr. Wister's popular novel had occupied in every number since August. Mr. Tarkington's *The Two Vanrevels* was second, twenty-four points behind, and then followed *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Blue Flower, The Letters of a Self Made Merchant,* and *Cecilia* in the order named. In the February number *The Virginian* had dropped to third place, although having twenty-six more points to its credit than the month before, with *Mrs. Wiggs* first and *The Blue Flower* second. In the months of March and April Mr. Frank Norris's *The Pit* held the lead, being closely followed by *Mrs. Wiggs* and *The Virginian* in the first month and by *The Virginian* and *The Letters of a Self Made Merchant* in the second. May showed a close competition between *Lovey Mary* and *Lady Rose's Daughter,* there being a difference of only seven points in favour of Miss Hegan's book. This order was reversed in both the June and July issues, when *Lady Rose's Daughter* had 244 and 193 points respectively, as against 215 and 125 points for *Lovey Mary.* In August *Gordon Keith* forged far to the front, *Lady Rose's Daughter* being a poor second, and *Lovey Mary* being forced down to sixth place. *Gordon Keith* remained in first place in the September issue, but in October was passed by Mr. Allen's *The Mettle of the Pasture* which was also the leading book in the November lists. The other best selling books were, in the order named, *Gordon Keith, The One Woman, The Call of the Wild, The Grey Cloak,* and *The Lightning Conductor,* for October; and *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come, The One Woman, Gordon Keith, The Call of the Wild,* and *The Main Chance.* The order for December was: 1. *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.* 2. *The Call of the Wild.* 3. *Rebecca.* 4. *The One Woman.* 5. *The Adventures of Gerard.* 6. *The Sherrods.*

JANUARY.

1. The Virginian	160
2. The Two Vanrevels	134
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	106
4. The Blue Flower	98
5. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant	74
6. Cecilia	55

FEBRUARY.

1. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	210
2. The Blue Flower	192
3. The Virginian	186
4. Wanted: A Chaperon	80
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine	65
6. Glengarry School Days	61

MARCH.

1. The Pit	188
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch	168
3. The Virginian	135
4. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant	110

5. Glengarry School Days..... 56
6. The Blue Flower..... 50

APRIL.

1. The Pit..... 259
2. The Virginian..... 120
3. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant 115
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch... 107
5. The Leopard's Spots..... 37
6. The Spenders..... 34

MAY.

1. Lovey Mary..... 272
2. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 265
3. The Pit..... 175
4. The Letters of a Self Made Merchant 90
5. Under the Rose..... 57
6. The Circle..... 54

JUNE.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 244
2. Lovey Mary..... 215
3. Under the Rose..... 129
4. The Pit..... 104
5. Conjuror's House..... 58
6. The Filigree Ball..... 43

JULY.

1. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 195
2. Lovey Mary..... 123
3. Under the Rose..... 97
4. Darrel of the Blessed Isles..... 73
5. & 6. The Filigree Ball... 56
5. & 6. Wee Macgreegor... 56

AUGUST.

1. Gordon Keith..... 229
2. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 117
3. The Grey Cloak..... 102
4. The Filigree Ball..... 64
5. The Under Dog..... 61
6. Lovey Mary..... 59

SEPTEMBER.

1. Gordon Keith..... 237
2. The Mettle of the Pasture..... 150
3. The Grey Cloak..... 88
4. The Filigree Ball..... 80
5. Lady Rose's Daughter..... 74
6. The Main Chance..... 50

OCTOBER.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture..... 221
2. Gordon Keith..... 207
3. The One Woman..... 164
4. The Call of the Wild..... 77
5. The Grey Cloak..... 69
6. The Lightning Conductor..... 66

NOVEMBER.

1. The Mettle of the Pasture..... 161
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come 144
3. The One Woman..... 120
4. Gordon Keith..... 115
5. The Call of the Wild..... 104
6. The Main Chance..... 95

DECEMBER.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come 205
2. The Call of the Wild..... 91
3. Rebecca 69
4. The One Woman..... 65
5. The Adventures of Gerard..... 61
6. The Sherrods..... 60

A compilation from the above tables yields the following results:

Five Times Mentioned.

Lady Rose's Daughter.

Four Times Mentioned.

The Virginian, Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, The Letters of a Self Made Merchant to His Son, The Pit, Lovey Mary, The Filigree Ball, Gordon Keith.

Three Times Mentioned.

The Blue Flower, Under the Rose, The Grey Cloak, The Mettle of the Pasture, The One Woman, The Call of the Wild.

Twice Mentioned.

Glengarry School Days, The Main Chance, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.

Once Mentioned.

The Two Vanrevels, Cecilia, Wanted: A Chaperon, An Old Sweetheart of Mine, The Leopard's Spots, The Spenders, The Circle, Conjurer's House, Darrel of the Blessed Isles, Wee Macgreegor, The Under Dog, The Lightning Conductor, Rebecca, The Adventures of Gerard, The Sherrods.

During 1903 there was no single book which had the uninterrupted run month after month in the "six best-selling books" such as *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* had in 1902, and *When Knighthood Was in Flower* had in 1899 and 1900. *Knighthood* appeared in fourteen consecutive lists and *Mrs. Wiggs* in twelve. *Lady Rose's Daughter*, the most consistent book of 1903, appeared in but five. Thirty-two different books are to be found in the above tables, as against twenty-eight last year, and twenty-nine in 1901. Of these, twenty-seven were written by American authors, and if you will look back to the records of six or seven years ago, when the authors whose books our reading public was buying were

Sienkiewicz and Barrie and Ian Maclaren and Marie Corelli and Hall Caine, and when the American tale spinner was very much in the background, you will realise that this statement has some significance. The only strikingly successful book by an English author was *Lady Rose's Daughter,* and of the other three writers in England, we can claim one, *The Lightning Conductor,* as half American in authorship. Last year twenty-three were by Americans and five by Europeans, and in 1901 the figures were nineteen to ten. When we come to the matter of sex we find that twenty-five were written by men and six by women, *The Lightning Conductor,* of course, being the joint effort of a husband and a wife. On this point, 1903 did not greatly differ from 1900 and 1901.

A RECIPE FOR CERTAIN SOCIETY FICTION.

Take three parts so-called Society
 (Choose it just a trifle shady)
Then a pinch of impropriety
 (If in doubt, divorce the lady!)

Have a *roué,* who engages
 To undo some maid's salvation:
(Make 'em wait for sixty pages
 Larded well with French translation!)

Put her in a *devilish* pickle;
 Carry on, say, like a Cenci;
(Epigram through this must trickle,
 Pungent, and—er—rather Frenchy!)

Talk in millions, debonairly,
 (Morgan?—pooh, a Lilliputian!)
Though your attic ink-pot barely
 Turns the page without dilution!

Then a yacht—one scene aquatic—
 Drag in Newport, Lenox, Aiken;
(If uncertain, turn erotic;
 Love-scene *always* saves your bacon!)

Callow youths, and maids romantic,
 Who know less of life than art yet,
One and all then will grow frantic
 At "true scenes of Gotham's Smart Set!"

Arthur Stringer.

THE LITERARY TEMPERAMENT.

THE young hero of Mr. Howell's *Letters Home* is so literary that he can dine gloriously at a fifty-cent table d'hôte, where on Fridays he mistakes clam chowder for *bouillabaisse* and feels like Thackeray when he is eating it. Every one he meets is a "type" and every emotion is "material." When consumed by passion he is not too preoccupied to note how that passion would look in print, and when attacked by the influenza he turns his delirium into "copy" that no magazine would refuse. He is not especially gifted. He has the temperament without the gifts. A genius writes in the overflow of life and seems to forget he is writing, but our hero could never do that. With him the phrase must always come first; his mind is book-bitten and he is doomed to edit his life in advance. Hence he never will altogether live. People of the literary temperament seldom do quite live. They are impeded by a too persistent pen-consciousness which is the spiritual form of writer's cramp, and while others may merely feel they must be making phrases as well as feeling. So by dividing the mind they lower the pulse, and they are always a little below their vital capacity. If it is a love affair, a part of the creature is taking notes and down goes his temperature; if it is an agony he must see to it that it bring forth fruit meet for publication. "I was as miserable," says this Wallace Ardith in *Letters Home,* "as a guilty wretch can be and be conscious of his innocence, but my confounded mind kept taking notes of the situation and in a hideous way rejoicing in it as material." Mr. Howells meant him for a young man, but he might be as old as Mr. Howells himself. He comes from a town in Iowa but he might as well have been born in Thrums. The essential thing is his ingrained literosity.

We should have liked to see him hanged in the end like Sentimental Tommy, but Mr. Howells seemed rather fond of him. He showed the clemency of introspection. Few authors wish to hang their Sentimental Tommies after confessing them. Mr. Barrie is the only Brutus among novelists, and you cannot read that book of his without hearing his self-love groan aloud. To the unliterary reader Tommy is merely a vain young man, who might even be a hero if the author would let him alone, but whenever he is most heroic Mr. Barrie is most incredulous. It was a grand deed, to be sure, he will say, but Tommy would never have done it, if there had been no women around; and had there been no public, there would have been no Tommy at all, for he could do nothing for its own sake—not even draw a natural breath—but only for the sake of having it known that Tommy did it. Straightforward inartistic folk cannot make out what all this sarcasm is about, but the literary temperament blushes up to the roots of its hair when it reads it. The book was never adequately reviewed. It was too brutally intimate and indelicately true, too terribly authorish for any other author to deal with frankly and retain his self-esteem, and for any one not an author or an observer of authors to understand. Tommy is practically thrown away on any reader who has not at least a literary temperament in the family.

The trouble with Tommy was simply that he had no private life. Every motive was forked like the devil's tail and he did nothing without reference to a bystander. The eternal bystander is the peculiar gift of the literary temperament. Stevenson's fancy would have peopled a desert isle, not that he might look at them but that they might see Stevenson. Alone under the sky the literary temperament still hopes it may be discovered, and fancies itself discovered when it has given up hope. In the fifth century A.D. Tommy would have been a pillar saint and stood on one leg and let the other rot off, not at all in the fear of the Lord, but in the sense of the crowd below and the high hope that some day there would be a Saint Thomas of Thrums. If there

had been no crowd below, Tommy would have invented one.

The loss of the private life is the chief danger of the literary temperament. Even Shakespeare feared it when he wrote that his nature was subdued to what it worked in like the dyer's hand. "The world is too much with us," said Wordsworth suddenly aware that the public had grown into him and that his soul had no songs without words and that the primrose on the river's brim a four-line stanza was to him and nothing more. Had it not been for that he would have had glimpses, standing on that pleasant lea, that would have made him less forlorn. But writers of this class are in no real danger. The risk is run on the lower plane, where life, like a magazine poem, is written before it is felt and thoughts are tried on like hats to see if they are becoming and the land is only local colour and the sea is made of ink. That is where the Tommies are, among the best-selling heroes of the week, the impersonal ghosts of current literature, each trying to pick out a soul that the reading public would like the look of.

"Now you're looking holy again," said the exasperated Aaron when Tommy was planning some conspicuous nobility and resolving in his mind to look the part and seeing it all in type and hearing the reader's comments on it. The private life of the two Carlyles must have been full of these little calamities, and it certainly was not genius that made the pair so uncomfortable. We all love the illusion of spontaneity and like to believe that the poet's eye doth actually glance from Heaven to earth instead of glancing sidewise at the onlooker. It is not pleasant to ascertain that Poe's *Raven* would not have been written if he had not happened to observe that "Nevermore" would make a musical refrain and "Lenore" rhymed with it and that he brought in the raven only because nothing but a raven would be at all likely to ejaculate "nevermore" at regular intervals, except possibly a parrot, and a parrot would not rhyme with Lenore. Poe's description of his processes set many minor poets working wrong-end-to. Nor do we like to read how Burke generously tinkered poor Crabbe's poem and Johnson lent his heavy hand and Crabbe accepted everything as more likely to beguile the public, forgetting by that time that he had started out with anything of his own. But while the most gifted sometimes sink to it, the merely clever never rise above it and they leave you wondering whether there is anything in them that the public did not put there. That is why Miss Emily Dickinson exclaimed that she liked a look of agony because she knew it was real and why Kingsley advised everybody to be only good and "let who will be clever," and why Hotspur called poetry the "forced gait of a shuffling nag" and why sometimes after a brilliant literary meeting where authors read their papers our heart goes out to the simple and spontaneous, natural and single-minded cow who never flourishes her tail for our sakes but to remove from her actual haunches an authenticated fly. The literary emotions are so seldom authenticated in the secondary ranges of art.

Frank Moore Colby.

ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.*

WOLFVILLE, Days and Nights, illuminated the cowboy more humourously than any other writer has succeeded in doing. The stories were fresh and "out doors," and their new slang amusing and delightful. They have lived beyond the usual book life, nowadays, and have deserved their success. In coming to New York from the West, Mr. Lewis seems, in his effort to illuminate Tammany (perhaps unfortunately for the reader) to have dropped his humour, and in *The Boss*, to have taken up a sterner matter—satire. The book is the autobiography of a Tammany savage. The boss is a Celtic aborigine, with the treachery, the cunning, the taciturnity, the lawlessness, of an Iroquois. If

* The Boss, and how he came to rule New York, by Alfred Henry Lewis.—A. S. Barnes & Co.

ere is a laugh in Mr. Lewis's new book, is a satirical laugh at the "reputable" izen of New York, and the laugh is still us *citoyens*—since we seem as yet to be able to tame the Tammany savage and duce him to law and order.

The style of the book is unfortunate. resh from his cheap political life of roker (1901), and his flimsy *Peggy O'Neal* (1902), Mr. Lewis made, we elieve, a mistake—not in putting his arrative into the mouth of a savage—ut a savage who is top heavy with sor-ow and sentiment, gloomy with remorse, vhile tenderly affectionate with his women, his "Apple Cheek," his Anne, nd his "Blossom;" and who oddly talks the archaic and turgid English of an eighteenth century parson. He has painted his sketches of "Big Kennedy," his police captains, his "plug-uglies," his Old Mikes, Sheeny Joes, and his Gothecores, with a surer touch. Even his dandiacal Young Morton, as a "variety" sketch, seems hardly overdone, but his Boss, take him all in all, seems a monster—unhuman. Mr. Lewis, in fact, in aiming at impressiveness, overdoes it. The Boss's cynicism is not overdone, but his Indian stoicism, his tender sensibility, and his final awful solemnity, are out of drawing. The Tammany Boss has always been, we have been led to believe, an essentially blunt, matter-of-fact, semihumourous personage. He never really quite takes himself seriously. Like Byron's buccaneer, he's "the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." Big Kennedy, the genial Irish boss, *the* boss succeeds, is the truer type. But *The Boss,* being possibly a conglomerate, has the most contradictory characteristics, and all the distorted effects of such a combination.

Of course Mr. Lewis may be justified; he may have made his study at close quarters. Forty millions of money wrongfully absorbed from the "body politic" may produce a certain awful solemnity in the absorber, and compel him to use in a sort of self-defense when he speaks or writes, the ponderous English of other days. He may seek to shroud himself in a garment of mystery and awe, just as did the Augurs of old, as Big Kennedy would say, "to keep the people guessing." In Mr. Lewis's *Boss* the attitude seems more nearly allied to the gloomy majesty of Mrs. Wilfer and her lofty glares.

In the preface, the boss himself seems to realise his lack of easy style, his lack of "skill of pen and ink." He tells us his own "phrasing would fail to be disreputable, and the story itself turn involved and to step on its own toes, and mayhap with the last of it to fall flat on its face unable to proceed at all," so the Boss tells us he gets Mr. Lewis, "one who makes print his trade, to write these pages for me." But Mr. Lewis writes them, mayhap and peradventure, after he is so saturated with the defects of the old savage's archaic method, that his narration can hardly be distinguished from the preface itself—confessedly composed by the Boss. The phrasing is involved and steps on its own toes, and mayhap falls flat enough, were it not for the conversations of the minor characters which are in keeping, and unusually good. When any one speaks but the Boss—we can fancy ourselves among the Tammany hybrids of to-day. When the Boss "sermonises," we go back to the last century. We credit Mr. Lewis with a desire to be strictly literary and not newspapery, and to have chosen the curious "Stepping on its own toes" style, out of a natural fear of falling into (*Odi profanum!*) Reporter English. But in doing this he has run a great risk; he has weakened his effect; he has made his book appear dull, when it is anything but dull. We will go as far as saying that his curious, fatuous turgidity has almost spoiled what might have been a satire worthy as *Hudibras,* in its day, or as the *Biglow Papers.* Tammany is the mark for satire. As it is, one rises from the book wearied by the style and rather wearied also with the depressing state of our American, democratic, metropolitan civilisation. Our condition seems hopeless. The book does not rouse us. What, then, has become of the new "liberty" prated about so greatly a hundred and twenty years ago? Where are the rights of the citizen to say and do as he may please within the law? What has become of "Justice," when judges are bought, juries bribed, legislatures openly sold, when "politics" are none other than "how to safely steal from the body politic?" Lowell said somewhere, "Democracy must show its

capacity for producing not a higher average man, but the highest possible types of manhood in all its possible varieties, or it is a failure." By this severe test, so far, in this city, democracy is a contemptible failure—our standard of men in politics is low—it is the standard of the worst citizen—the plumber, the carpenter, who cheat and steal, the workman who robs his employer, the trust magnate who sells watered stock, and cheats the tax collector—the briber of judges and juries, the standard of the rascal and the pander.

In his top-heavy English, the Boss says (p. 9), "I would have you pardon me a first defensive word. Conceiving that in the theory of politics whatever the practise may discover, there is such a commodity as morals and such a ware as truth, and remembering how much as the Chief of Tammany Hall I have been condemned by purists and folk voluble for reform as a fashion of City Satan, striving for all that was ebon in local conditions and control, I would remind the reader—hoping his mind to be unbiassed and that he will hold fairly the scales for me—that both morals and truth as questions will ever depend for their answer on environment and point of view. The morality of one man is the sin of another, and the truth in this mouth is the serpent lie in that."

That there is no such thing as absolute truth outside of mathematics, has been contended for, since the world began. Morals, Lecky tells us, are subject to evolution like man's physical nature. The morals of one age are thought unfit for the next. But in Tammany, we have the barbarisms of the savage, exhibited as a product of the present day of supposed enlightenment. Tammany is an anachronism, we claim. Yet are we "reputable citizens," so much above the organisation's ideal, when, for example, ninety-five per cent. of us go down each April and perjure ourselves over personal taxes? "Speaking of reform," says Young Morton, "as we employ the term in politics, the town in honesty *never desires it.* And that's why somebody must forever attend on 'reform' to keep it from falling on its blundering nose and knees, by holding it up by the tail." Is this true? Are we, "reputable" citizens, really no more moral than Tammany? Are we living in what future historians will term a corrupt age? Mr. Lewis would have us believe so, and perhaps he is right.

The facts of the narrative proceed on synchronous lines with the late lamented Mr. Croker's celebrated career. The Boss's father was a blacksmith of Clonmel, his mother a washerwoman, he had a sister "Anne" half-way through the book, "under the grass roots." He is tried for murder and acquitted; in the end he retires with his millions into mournful desuetude.

He mourns that he was a "gutter-snipe." He mourns over his lack of attendance at school—in fact, it is the "most mourned thing in all my life." It appears that he was a "Cateran," out of his sleeping lair with the sun to follow the milkman and baker on their rounds," to rob the poor customer of his breakfast. He slept on the docks, a little wharf rat, thief, and vagrant. Later on, a plug-ugly and miscreant of the East Side, a leader of the "Tin Whistles," a gang of roughs, an accused murderer, with "sinister strength, almost the strength of a gorilla"—of such, it seems, are Tammany bosses made. At fifteen, he first "met politics," and he says, "it carried for a darkling element, the locking of me in a graceless cell—it was my first captivity." The explanation of what politics had to do with his incarceration, is gathered from the story which follows of his defending Apple Cheek from Sheeny Joe, a Tammany heeler, or cadet, who tried to lure the English servant girl, who had just come off a Southampton clipper of the Black Ball Line, to her ruin. He tripped Sheeny Joe, and "tossed him high in the air, like a rag," "the chimb of a cask cutting a fine gash in his scalp." A "reputable old gentleman" happens along, as they do in melodramas, and interferes, but he is "turned down" by a "burly figure of a man, red of face, and broad as a door across the shoulders." This is "Big Jawn Kennedy," the Tammany local boss, whom the boy is to succeed. They come before the police captain, who releases Sheeny Joe and thrusts the boy and Apple Cheek into cells, where "drunken men babbled and cursed and shouted: while a lunatic creature laughed and screamed, and once I heard the low *click*

of sobs, and thought it must be poor unhappy Apple Cheek. The surmise went wide, for she was held in another part of the prison." He is haled before the Justice "while in the mills of great misery," induced we suppose by the click of sobs.

Here ensues what may be intended to be one of Mr. Lewis's humourous flings at the New York citizen. The "reputable old gentleman" bobs up in court when Sheeny Joe accuses the boy and Apple Cheek, and defends them, and Sheeny, being a powerful "politician" of the dis-



ALFRED HENRY LEWIS.

trict, the court obsequiously orders the innocent boy and girl to the Island, despite the protests of the reputable old gentleman taxpayer, who is not a politician. Big Kennedy comes rushing in, opportunely, and summarily orders the court to release them—and set them free.

"I commend what you have done, sir," says the R. O. G., "but in that connection and as a taxpayer, let me tell you that I resent your attitude toward the Magistrate. You issued your orders, sir, and conducted yourself toward that officer of Justice as though you owned him."

"Well, what of it?" observed the red-faced man, Big John Kennedy. "I put him there. What do you think I put him there for? To give me the worst of it?"

The R. O. G. reiterated that he was a taxpayer and again protested in a feeble way, as New York Citizens, who are reputable, occasionally do, before Tammany bosses.

"You're a taxpayer, eh? All right, I'm a ward leader of Tammany Hall," says Big John. "You're a taxpayer—good! I'm the man that settles how much you must pay, dy'e see? Old man, you go home and take a hard look at the map and locate yourself. You don't know it, but, all the same, you're in New York——"

The discomfited citizen "recoils," and so has ever recoiled from the tyrannical power of Tammany bosses. The captain of police, the magistrate, even Sheeny Joe (also of Tammany) quailed before Big Kennedy who was the Machine itself. Our future boss says, "Here was the proven fact of a power that was above law, above justice, and which must be consulted and agreed with, even in its caprice, before existence could be profitable or even safe."

The boy, brought up in idleness, street life, and thieving, is deeply and favourably impressed. He becomes a protégé of Big Kennedy, who liked his pluck and encouraged him to be a curious thing—a taciturn prize-fighter! He organises the Tin Whistles, a gang of freebooters and fighters, to aid and abet Kennedy by driving the opposition from the polls. The description of the fight on Election Day, striving to be literary, and not newspapery, grows in sesquipedalian metre to a vociferous height when the reputable old gentleman appears and interferes, defying "You and your plug-uglies!" and a "hulking creature of a rough struck him (R. O. G.) from behind with a sandbag. . . . I (the boss, as yet a boy without a name) sprang forward. . . . I struck the rough on the jaw with such vengeful force that, not only did he drop like some pole-axed ox, but my right hand was fairly wrecked thereby. . . . I picked up the R. O. G. and bore him out of the crowd, and oddly enough, he was not killed. . . . Another moment the hurly-burly had ceased, all was as calm and equal as a goose pond." But in the hurly-burly, the object of the riot had been accomplished, the ballot box had been stolen and stuffed. What became of the "pole-axed ox" rough is soon told. He was "Jimmy, the Blacksmith," and eventually is ambushed and killed in a brawl, but not by the hand of the future Boss, and the verdict is "Sarve him right."

The fights, brawls, sandbaggings, he engages in, are the young Boss's education in politics. They make him "practical." "Politics," said old Mike, the wise old father of Kennedy, who croons and utters pearls of Satanic wisdom through the narrative, "Politics is a game where losers lose all; it's like war, shure, only no one's kilt—at any rate not so many."

The young man learns to hit hard, keep his mouth closed, and to destroy his enemies. He is advised by his patron, Big Kennedy, to organise a club, and we are given doubtless the true inwardness of the origins of some of the social clubs of the East Side. "You get the room over my saloon free," says Big Kennedy. "Then once a year, your club gives an excursion on the river; it ought to sell hundreds of tickets, because there'll be hundreds of office holders an' breweries, an' saloon keepers, who'll be crazy to buy 'em. . . . Then you can give balls in the winter and sell tickets, then there's subscriptions and hon'ry memberships. You'll ketch on; there's lots o' ways to skin the cat . . . you be president and treasurer, see to that . . . a good cook always licks his fingers"—here he winked deeply. Thus the Red Jacket Association was formed, with the young, nameless Boss dipping his fingers into its treasury for a decent livelihood. He got his members to drink Jawn's cheap whiskey and beer, "while abstinence from drink was my

guiding phrase (Sic). I made no point of that kind in the conduct of others." He grew to be a power.

Machiavelli's *Del Principe* never propounded more cold-blooded reasons for selfish acquisition, or for destroying obstacles in the political path. "Youth," he says, "is generous wherefore Youth is weak. It is not until age has stopped these leaks in one's nature, and one has ceased to give and only lives to take and keep, that one's estate begins to take on fat . . . one will be wise, who regards generosity as a malady, a mere disease, and sets to cure it with every sullen, cruel drug the case demands." Robert Macaire, or Captain Kidd—or any historic gibbeted malefactor, murdered and stole without half the painful regret combined with cynic philosophy of the Boss. Surely "Honest" John Kelly, "Dick" Croker, or "Charley" Murphy never stood for this unconscionable portrait. He tricked Jimmy, the Blacksmith, of his local leadership. "Perhaps you will agree that it smacked of the underhand," he says, "to thus steal upon Jimmy and take his place from him without due warning given. . . . But the great thing is to win, and to win cheaply." He felt his ambition take a "hearty start and vine-like, creep and clamber." "I meant, before all was over, to mount the last summit of Tammany Hall," he says. He becomes a sort of underhenchman of Big Kennedy's, and wins an office in the Dock Department at a salary of $1,200 a year, which he is obliged to lend to his friends, but this, it appears, is good policy. "Better," said old Mike, that "deep one," "to lind people money than to give it to 'em. You kape thim bechune your fingers longer by lindin'." Treachery and theft he mournfully acknowledges to be a proper part of the game. "For the Red Jackets I was the wiskinskie, that is, the treasurer who keeps no books. . . . No Tammany organisation, great or small, keeps books. No man may say what is received, or what is disbursed, or name him who gave or got, and that is as it should be." Blackmailing poor merchants is the Boss's next step onward—compelling contributions and starting police persecutions, the next. "Bless me, gentlemen, but these be crimes!" cries out the R. O. G.—the butt of the satire, and is laughed at for his pains.

The method of using the police for "graft," blackmail, persecution, false imprisonment, by Tammany is plausibly explained at length, as crafty politics. "Kape the p'lice, an' you kape yourself on top. They're the foot stones of politics," said old Mike, the oracle of this degraded "system." Is it a true picture of New York politics? Is it not a libel even on Tammany? We fear not.

The young Boss grows in power, makes deals, sells votes, uses negro women, dressed as men, for voters,* and buys and sells the Huckleberry or Mulberry Railroad, and deals in gas franchises, etc. Every known means of making millions by corruption are sadly made use of by him. He thrives in sorrow and grows rich and great with the deepest regret. He marries Apple Cheek, and while being acquitted of the murder of Jim, the Blacksmith, little Blossom is born, with the mark of the gallows rope around her neck. This mark of the gallows (why not, pray, Mr. Lewis, the electric chair?) eventually in some mysterious way, strangles her. But as the Boss is really innocent of all murder, the point of Blossom's hereditary stain, it would seem, is lost. Apple Cheek, Anne, and Blossom, are, however, very faded images in the book, scarcely affecting the narrative. They are the one kind of person whom the Boss does fairly by. He is, in fact, very tender and sentimental with his women. He does not turn to them his savage nature, on the contrary, he is as mild as mother's milk, and gentle as a cooing dove whenever Apple Cheek or Blossom appear on the scene; at times he seems ready to dissolve in turgid tears.

Says the old oracle Mike, of a Chief who is deposed in Tammany, "The mishtake he made was in robbin' *honest* people. Jawn, he should have robbed the criminals an' the law breakers; the rogues can't fight back, an' the honest people can, an' remimber this; the public don't care for what it hears, only for what it sees. Never interfere with the people's beer; give 'em clean streets, double the number of lamp-posts. The

*Perhaps such a thing may have occurred in Wolfville!

public's like a fly, it's crazy over lamps—an' have bands playin' in every park. Thin kape the streets free of ba-ad people, tin horn him an' such. You don't have to drive them out of town, only off the streets. The public don't object to dirt, but it wants it kept in the back alleys."

Savagery, the frank history of a savage whom we permit to rule us. Such is the nature of Mr. Lewis's satire. Tammany Hall is a tribe of Indians preserving the Indian traditions of theft and stoicism, and warfare. The Boss comes to have a "look in his eye such as might burn in the eye of an old wolf." "Civilised" New York is no better off than prehistoric Savage Manhattan. "It may be said that he (the real red savage) saw more of freedom, and was more his own man, than any you are to meet in Broadway."

The reformers are "foolish folk." The Fusion Party are weak and watery and half of them hypocrites—all are really "out for the dough." So Tammany really believes, and so half of New York believes, because it believes in "successful accumulation of wealth" and in organisation; it cares not for morality because it is practical and doesn't believe it pays. Truth and honesty is "preacher's talk, fit for the wimmen," as Big Kennedy would say.

But the Boss, after all, being a tender-hearted Boss to his women, is to rob the city merely for Blossom's sake: "I would work day and night sparing neither conscience nor sleep; I would have from it what utmost bulk of treasure I might during the coming administration of the town's affairs. . . . I would think on myself and nothing but myself; justice and regret were to be cast aside; the sufferings of others were to be to me no more than mine had been to them. I would squeeze the situation like a sponge and for the last drop, then laying down my guiding staff as chief, I would carry Blossom and those riches I had heaped together, to regions far away, and new," beyond the sea—possibly to England. The sentimentality of the Boss is the same cheap sort that requires the introduction of "mother" into a people's melodrama. It is traditional to the stage—and to cheap literature. Why does Mr. Lewis go so much farther into the dismals than he dreamed of doing in Wolfville? The poor Blossom creature has not only a mark of the halter about her neck, but moves "with leaden step" and is "weak and wanting sparkle," with broken and short breath, exhausted by little trips up and downstairs—when questioned she would declare herself quite well, and so "I (the Boss) again bent myself wholly to that task of gold." He is quite successful—the reputable citizens being asleep. "If my money had been put into gold it would have asked the strength of eighty teams, with a full ton of gold to a team, to have hauled it out of town. . . . I was master of every saffron inch of forty millions!" And then, as matter of course, poor Blossom dies strangled, suffocated by the imaginary rope around her neck. "It is precisely as though she were hanged." The Boss goes through a terrible cataclysm, and finally wakes up and "rolls and rocks for hours on the dead swells of old days." His remorse is at last, fortunately, turned into a serenity with "no exaltations, no depressions." It is the serenity of an old worn-out savage of the plains happy in a government blanket and a pipe of tobacco. The final picture of *The Boss* is not impressive, it is stagey, and we can hear the gloomy music of the East Side *Götterdämmerung* while the old he wolf passes; but, after all we cannot feel any great sympathy, and the mournful savage does not convince us. His Apple Cheeks and Blossoms are dead—"all gone, and I to be left alone! Alone! The word echoed in the hollows of my empty heart as in a cavern!"—the slow music shimmers on the violins—but we feel that as the curtain drops, they take this conglomerate apart, and put aside the "empty caverns of his heart" in pieces for next performance. Poor old savage mannikin! Mr. Lewis has not chosen to endow you with the celestial spark. A close examination shows pumps, valves, wheels—the sentimental tears are contained in small tin cups behind the conglomerate brows, the hair and face is from parts of three or four real bosses, but the body is made of horsehide! The forty millions of gold is stage gold. . . . The mannikins, Apple Cheek and Blossom lying in a box, are made, it seems with special patents, and special large and weepy tear

ips—but, children they, too, are but wdust.

We know the vital Wolfville public as ell as we know any characters in merican fiction. Doc Peets, Boggs, utt, Cherokee Hall, Faro Nell, Col. terett, the old cattleman—the merest nention of their names puts before us the eroes of that picturesque cowboy epoch n our Western life, fast dying out. Mr. ewis knew his West—but it is a ques- ion whether even the other characters n his *Boss*—such as Big Kennedy, Old Mike, Morton, Judge Mole, Goldnose, Gothecore, the Rev. Bronson, or Melting Moses, are vital enough to live till spring. Mr. Lewis has the genius to make his characters live, if he wishes, and they do (excepting the Boss and his wimmen) live—but after all, feebly. The satire as a whole is ineffective and unconvincing because of the very things that make Wolfville famous. Mr. Lewis has made a tremendous effort to be literary—and the result is that he has become ponderous.

And of this oft-discussed civic patriotism which the best authorities agree must begin at home, and be not a "vague interest spread out over the whole affairs of a whole nation but a direct and definite identification of feeling and purpose with the interests of one's home and neighbours"*—what have we reputable citizens to do with that? Let us be honest—who knows or cares for his neighbour? The charm of New York is in its opportunities to be let alone and to let alone. We admit we don't love our neighbours (no, not even our neighbour's wife), unless they are of a higher social degree than ourselves, and then only our women love them. We have no civic or neighbourhood pride, we endure all things rather than try to right them, not from lotus-eating drowsiness but purpose, for we love ourselves and our being let alone best of all. We may be conquered by the Irish "savages" from the bogs of Clonmel, but we delight in our captivity, for they relieve us of all political duties, and if they get to be too annoying we can buy them off, as we can't buy the reformers—"More's the pity"—as Big Kennedy would say. A blessed and contented spirit of *laissez faire* prevails. We are not only contented—we are even gay in the beauty of our women, the brilliancy of our upturned streets, the handsome shops and stores, and in (reading, most of us) of the movements and social functions of our "quality." *Panem et Circenses—!* give us our theatres, our opera, our splendid restaurants, our bands of music, our rich display of equipage—and let us alone. Let boss succeed boss from Tipperary or from Dublin. What really do we care? Mayor Low is a good man—but, after all, "he wasn't so much of a muchness"—did we see any great difference in his time? Were our taxes any less? What did the reformers reform? We are willing to be told—unless the story prove too long and tedious and boresome. The "red light" tales were lurid—we tried to keep the papers out of our homes—but we believed them exaggerated—yes, we recall we had a sensation over them once, but we cannot even "a second time return to the same state of mind," and a wonder with us ends in seven not nine days. So, because of our disregard of such trifles as morals and patriotism Tammany flourishes among us, and will continue to flourish. Civic patriotism it has, in a way. Neighbourhood interests—real friendship for neighbours, it has. "There are a great many good things about Tammany," and if, perchance, in the course of evolution, it grows better and more honest from within—it is the best we can hope, for while we may rise up at times and overthrow it, and in an ebullition of sentiment upheave it, yet it will probably be and remain the proverbial millstone about our neck most of the time. Perhaps the best thing our ministers, our reformers can do is to join it—purify it. Surely the days of Tweed and Big Kennedy and their open jobberies and robberies are over (such as Mr. Lewis describes), and Tammany will listen to men in its ranks who are opposed to "graft." Reform Tammany! —and see it disintegrate and become as melted wax! Unfortunately, in renovating Tammany, the satire of Mr. Lewis may do as much harm as good, as it will doubtless be taken seriously by the "heelers." Maxims of Mike and Big Jawn, if they ponder over them at all, will be deemed pearls of wisdom to be scrupulously followed, and the shocking acts of the Boss will be deemed good

*Dr. Woodrow Wilson.

"business." But if Mr. Lewis has succeeded in clearly showing the decent citizen, what the degraded principles really are on which these men fatten and batten, and rule our magnificent city, almost to its destruction—he will have done a work worth while. Tammany wears at present the sanctimonious air of an abused and misunderstood philanthropist. Had he spent more time and laboured more over the style and form of his "narrative," and really made it humorous satiric literature—had he made us laugh at Tammany—he might have been acclaimed a second Butler. Lowell made us laugh at the politicians of 1840, "Cervantes," we believe, "laughed Chivalry out of Spain"—Mr. Lewis makes us rise from his book with a sense of weariness and disgust—not only with Tammany methods, but *with ourselves*, which, after all, is very painful for New Yorkers.

John Seymour Wood.

THE MUSIC SEASON IN NEW YORK

I.

ORCHESTRAL CONDUCTORS AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

AS one surveys the musical field now bursting into flower, with its fair, rich prospect and its promise of unusual harvest yields, his attention is at once directed to its central feature—the large and unusual gathering of orchestral conductors. Never before in local musical history has there been such a list of men, famous as wielders of the baton, to present to concert-goers of the season. The Philharmonic Society, our most venerable musical organisation and keeper of the seals of conservatism, is in the main responsible for this departure from the norm. At a loss for a conductor of commanding reputation and unable to secure one for the entire season, the society resolved to "feature" the concerts by arranging that a different conductor should preside over each one. The plan met with the approval of several generous patrons, who advanced the necessary funds with which to carry it out. In this way, the society's difficulties were turned to good account. Its concerts this season are to be conducted by prominent orchestral leaders, whose programmes will be chosen with a view to exhibiting their especial talents in the most favourable light. In effect, they are given the place of chief soloists.



EDOUARD COLONNE.

The names of those who have been selected are Edouard Colonne of Paris, Gustav Kogel of Frankfurt, Felix Weingartner of Munich, Henry J. Wood of London, W. von Safonoff of Moscow, our own Victor Herbert, who has just resigned from the Pittsburg Orchestra, and finally, Richard Strauss of Berlin, the most prominent figure in the world of music to-day. Naturally, each of these conductors is partial to a particular school of music and has arranged his programme accordingly. It will be extremely interesting to students of music to make a comparative study of the results. To Mr. Conried, the new impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House, is due the credit of bringing over from Europe the famous Wagnerian conductor Felix Mottl,

who, with the tried and capable Alfred Hertz, is to divide the labours of the German opera performances. Arturo Vigna, likewise a newcomer, will have charge of the Italian operas. The familiar figures of Walter and Frank Damrosch and Wilhelm Gericke are, of course, also in evidence, and H. H. Wetzler has planned a series of orchestral concerts under his own leadership. Such is the list of conductors who will contribute to local musical activities this year. Is it to be an *annus mirabilis?*

In one aspect of the case, at least, an affirmative answer can be given even before the season has far advanced. The effect of this movement is to emphasise the importance of the conductor of an orchestra. Generally the soloist, the programme, the hall—anything seems of more consequence than the leader. Even in the palmy days of Anton Siedl's régime, the conductor played a comparatively insignificant part in the proceedings. To the public at large he was merely a time-beater; and although some enthusiasts would speak of Seidl's wonderful Wagnerian interpretations, the great majority of the audience had very little conception of his real performance. This is not the place to discuss the functions of the conductor; but it may be pointed out that in the last fifty years they have greatly expanded, until to-day he is a soloist just as truly as the pianist and his instrument—the orchestra—can be made to respond to his touch just as readily. This fact will be brought home to the general



FELIX MOTTL.

musical public by the unusual exploitation of conductors this season. The conductor's real position once realised by them, desert spots such as there have been in New York since Seidl's death will not be permitted. Backed by their demands it will go hard with us if we cannot persuade one of the visitors to take up his permanent abode in New York.

At this writing, two of the Philharmonic concerts have taken place. Edouard Colonne, for thirty years leader of the Paris band that bears his name, was the first of the conductors to arrive. He selected a programme consisting of Bizet's "Patrie" overture, two movements of Bach's D Major Suite and Berlioz's "Fantastic" symphony. Colonne is a Berlioz propagandist. The concert was noteworthy in more than one respect. It showed how much a man with ideas can do when his band is receptive. The Philharmonic Orchestra played with a spirit and a power such as they have not exhibited in years. That Colonne was able to obtain such positive results in so short a time (he was here but a week) is no less a tribute to their energy and willingness to respond than to his extraordinary ability as a leader.



ENRICO CARUSO.

Berlioz's symphony is hardly interesting music save from the historical standpoint, but Colonne made it sound impressive and even stirring.

The second concert took place on December 4, under Gustav Kogel. The programme was well chosen, consisting of Beethoven's Fifth symphony, the prelude and finale to *Tristan* and "Till Eulenspiegel," one of Richard Strauss's dazzling orchestral fantasies. There was nothing startling or revelational in the performance of these numbers, nor was it to be expected. The symphony was played in a straightforward way, with a careful observance of the composer's expressed intentions. There were a few points in dynamics and tempi that were somewhat different from the usual reading; but they were matters of personal interpretation and clearly not made for mere effect. In the *Tristan* finale, the climaxes were hurled out suddenly instead of being gradually led up to. But this also cannot be questioned; for it was justified by the result. The music was not strained to bring it about. In fine, Herr Kogel showed himself a solid, well-trained musician, whose work it is a pleasure to hear. He is also to conduct the third concert of the society.

THE OPENING OF THE OPERA SEASON.

The opera season, which commenced November 23, promises to be one of the most eventful in the annals of New York. Heinrich Conried, who has succeeded Mr. Grau as purveyor of grand opera, entered upon his task with characteristic energy; and before the curtain rose on the opening night it was apparent to all who had followed the preparations, that he had swept aside many of the deep-rooted but antiquated traditions, of which his predecessor had seemingly been unable to rid himself. The opera house itself has been renovated. A stage, practically new and fitted with the most modern mechanical appliances and devices for obtaining the elaborate "stage effects" demanded by the operas, has replaced the old-fashioned and entirely inadequate stage of the Grau days. The orchestra and the chorus have been augmented and improved by the casting away of dead wood. New scenery has been provided. In short, the effect of a new broom is seen everywhere. Mr. Conried's troupe includes many of the best singers of the old company and several important additions.

First mention properly belongs to Enrico Caruso, the Italian tenor, who made his début the opening night in *Rigoletto*. As he bears the weight of the principal rôles in the Italian and French operas, his appearance aroused great interest. It may be said at once that he is by no means a substitute for the incomparable Jean de Reszke. He is stout and has not a good stage presence, albeit he carries himself with dignity. His voice is a pure Italian tenor of the Campanini rather than the Tamagno type. He uses it with intelligence and great artistic skill. His high notes are generally clear and true and he manages his mezzo forte tones excellently. He phrases broadly and in songs such as "Celeste Aida," from Verdi's opera *Aïda*, the results are very beautiful. In fact, his Rhadames in that opera is a noteworthy achievement. In the duet with Gadski in the Nile scene, he threw himself into the music with real dramatic fervour and carried his entire audience with him.

Olive Fremstad, an American, but not familiar to opera goers on this side of the Atlantic, made her first appearance as Sieglinde in *Die Walküre*, displaying a rich, vibrant voice and a good understanding of the music. Edyth Walker, also an American, appeared for the first time as Amneris in *Aïda*. Her voice is a deep mezzo soprano, well equalised in all its registers and especially pure in the upper tones, though without great warmth. She made an excellent impression. Of old acquaintances Sembrich, Gadski, Ternina, Van Rooy, Plançon, Dippel Scotti, and Blass are all in fine fettle this season. Ernest Kraus, who since his unsuccessful appearance here some few years ago has steadily grown in musical stature and reputation, appeared under favourable conditions as Siegmund in *Die Walküre*, giving a fine performance of the part and showing his voice and method at their best, which is very good indeed.

Felix Mottl's work as general musical director of the company is of course of first importance. His reputation as a Wagnerian conductor had led the public to expect a great deal. Nor were they disappointed in his reading of *Die Walk-*

üre, which was vivid, warm and compelling. His tendency to use languid tempi is common to all Wagnerians in Germany to-day; and while one may quarrel with it on the ground that it emphasises Wagner's prolixity, it results in a clearness of exposition and fineness of nuance not otherwise attainable. At the first Sunday night concert, Mottl showed what he could do with concert music. Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* overture received a brilliant and inspiring interpretation and the *Eroica* symphony of Beethoven was given as good a performance as the memory of present day concert goers can recall. When it is remembered that Herr Mottl is very much restricted in the matter of rehearsals, his work is the more surprising and convincing. A word of high praise is due Arturo Vigna, who conducts the Italian opera performances. He sent the blood coursing through the veins of *Aïda* in a manner quite unlooked for. The pomp, glitter and verve of the close of the second act were stirringly and forcefully brought out.

The chorus, ballet and general ensemble of the opera are improvements over previous seasons. The stage management, however, has little to boast of thus far. Wagner's stage directions in *Die Walküre* were not well executed, and at nearly every performance there have been some hitches. But these should disappear as the season wears on, and all things considered the opening may be pronounced auspicious.

FRITZI SCHEFF IN COMIC OPERA.

Generally, and, unfortunately, with reason, musical reviewers do not include in their purview comic opera performances. But the entrance into the domain of operetta of Fritzi Scheff, formerly of Mr. Grau's company, invites a few words of comment. Miss Scheff, who evidently believes it better to be prima donna of a village than second choice in Rome, heads a company of unusual strength in an operetta by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, entitled *Babette.* Mr. Smith, since his *Robin Hood* days, has steadily deteriorated in this line of work, and *Babette* is one of his poorest efforts. The music is well written, as a matter of course, but it must be admitted Herbert has done more spontaneous writing. Still the "Pierrot" song, the two bass solos (ponderously and sonorously sung by the Edouard de Reszke of light opera, Eugene Cowles), and the quartet in the second act, are Herbert at his best. In the choruses he shows a tendency to reach out towards grand opera. In fact, musically considered, *Babette* is rather an opera comique than a comic opera. Miss Scheff is easily the best singer on the comic opera stage. Her voice, slightly weak in the immense spaces of the Metropolitan Opera House, is well suited to the smaller auditorium of the Broadway Theatre, and her vivacity and pertness are also more in tune with the surroundings. She has made an undoubted hit in her new venture. Besides that tower of strength, Eugene Cowles, the company includes Richie Ling, Ida Hawley and Louis Harrison, all tried hands at operetta. The piece is lavishly mounted and chorus and orchestra are unusually efficient.

THE RETURN OF PATTI.

Despite the persistent blare of trumpets heralding her approach, Patti's advent can hardly, with truth, be called one of the chief features of the musical season. As the *tour de force* of a woman of sixty her series of concerts is worthy of remark. But Patti has gone into history. Her rare vocal powers which charmed as much as they astonished two generations of music lovers are of the past. Curiosity can still draw an audience to her, but time's ravages are too plain to allow the hearers any deep pleasure from her singing. But that is far from saying that Patti no longer has a voice. She sings with exquisite though apparent art and her phrasing is beautiful. The middle tones are still clear and smooth, bearing testimony to the purity of her vocal style and the care she has kept of her voice.

MISCELLANEOUS CONCERTS.

There have been several violinists making their first bow to an American audience. Jacques Thibaud, who played at the first Philharmonic concert, showed himself a master of his instrument and of the music he plays. He has a good if not a brilliant technique, a clear tone and an appreciation of musical compositions of many styles and schools and his performance is invariably tasteful and interest-

g. He lacks the breadth of style that at the command of only the greatest tists, but is on the whole a satisfying ayer. Edwin Grasse, a blind violinist, ho has accomplished remarkable results espite his infirmity, and Maurice Kaufmann, a young man of fair talent and romise, but not very good achievement, omplete the list. Of pianists thus ar, Harold Bauer, Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler and Miss Aus der Ohe, all old acquaintances, have been heard, but no newcomers. Mme. Sembrich has given one of her always interesting song recitals, showing her artistic taste and judgment as much in the selection as in the rendition of her numbers.

There have been two Kneisel Quartet concerts. This organisation which is no longer associated with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, is planning an European tour, and will in consequence give its local concerts in more rapid succession than usual. It is gratifying to note that there is no falling off in enthusiasm or numbers of the Kneisel audience. As always, the quartet's performances are an unmitigated joy to the listeners. Before leaving the subject mention must be made of the very good performance by the Oratorio Society of Edward Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius,* sung last spring for the first time in America. The composition is unquestionably meritorious, but it lacks melodic ideas and hence cannot be placed very high among creative works. It is, however, significant as evidence of a casting off of the Mendelssohnian shackles which have for so long fettered English composers. Elgar is master of the most modern orchestral and harmonic resources, and to that extent at least a power to be reckoned with.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has given two concerts thus far, in which it has again demonstrated its claim to be considered one of the very best bands in the world and certainly first in America. Such beautiful results as it attained in Brahms's Second symphony cannot be improved upon. There have been numerous other musical affairs, orchestral concerts by Mr. Wetzler and Messrs. Frank and Walter Damrosch, and a host of minor concerts with which it is thought unnecessary to deal in this place.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

WAGNER AND THE GRAIL LEGEND.

IN his very interesting *A Study of Wagner,* Ernest Newman, speaking of *Parsifal* says: "Looking at the strange group of beings the like of which have scarcely been seen on the stage before or since, one becomes vividly conscious of the genius of the man who could breathe musical life into them, and of the immense superiority of his dramatic gift to that of any other musician." This, perhaps, is the first feature to be impressed upon one who has studied this curious music-drama with a mind moderately free from prejudices, for or against. And the more deeply one goes into it, the better acquainted one becomes with the sources from which Wagner derived his theme, the greater becomes the wonder at his achievement. *Der Ring des Nibelungen* is a mighty work, a tremendous monument to the memory of the genius who created it. *Tristan und Isolde* is one of the most beautiful and majestic structures ever reared by musician or dramatist. By almost common consent *Parsifal* is the equal, musically and dramatically, of neither of them. Yet it is quite the most wonderful when one considers the theme and the problems it presents, both to the musician and to the dramatist. The story of Siegfried whether in the Norse version or the more sophisticated *Nibelungenlied* lay waiting for dramatic treatment. It is a rude, primitive tragedy, big in theme and telling in its naïve sincerity. By the same token it lay waiting for musical treatment. It deals with the fundamental passions of mankind—love, hatred, lust, and revenge—while over all hangs a dour, grim, brooding atmosphere of fatality which fairly cried for music to give it expression. The only wonder is that in the romantic revival of the first half of

the last century, others did not think of it. Even truer is this of the Tristan story. It contains all the primitive merits of the Siegfried legend with the additional and very important one of singleness and simplicity of theme and action. Its theme is love, which has the most universal appeal of all. Its action, so simple in its progress, involves few problems for the dramatist to deal with. No warring gods and knavish gnomes, no mixture of the divine and the human are there to raise almost insoluble complications. There are a man and a woman who love when they should not and pay the penalty of their mutual sin. All else is subordinate.

But when one turns to *Parsifal,* how different are the conditions! Is there anything seemingly more undramatic in its form, substance, or essence than the Legend of the Holy Grail as it has come to us from the past? Did ever man set at a more hopeless task than Wagner when he began to make a drama out of the inchoate mass of incident which Wolfram von Eschenbach could not relate in less than twenty-five thousand lines? The very idea seems preposterous. Yet Wagner did it, and so successfully that he can hold one in breathless interest for four hours. The spell he casts about one dissipates quickly, but in the presence of the work there is no denying its potency. In writing *Parsifal,* Wagner has done the impossible, he has wrought a miracle and placed a final crown of glory on his fame.

Much has been written of this curious work, and its promised performances at the Metropolitan Opera House will bring a new flood of controversial and didactic literature. Its very character makes it a welcome subject to handle with a pen. Its aims, even as described by Wagner himself, are so beautifully vague and uncertain that there is a free field for any one who will venture into it. Discussion of the music has been nearly exhausted; but in the subject matter and its treatment there is ammunition left for many a sturdy battle.

It has often been said that if the Legend of the Holy Grail was to have been prepared for stage use, either with or without music, the work needed a man with Wagner's curious combination of mental traits. In other words, Wagner is the only man that has lived who could see the possibilities in such a theme, and he was able to do so because he read into the story, perhaps unconsciously, certain ideas concerning life which he wished to give to the world. And he was able in a measure to realise these possibilities in his drama first, because he was a musician of very individual genius, and second, because he was born with an instinct for the stage almost as strong as his musical impulse. He was instinctively a playwright and master of theatrical effect, and it is this side of his genius that seems not yet to have received its due share of credit. We are told on the one hand that Wagner saw and thought in the terms of music; in other words, while he believed that in selecting a theme he worked only for his symmetrical and well-balanced combination of the musical, dramatic, and plastic arts, reduced to its essence, he chose and arranged everything subordinate to the musical impulse which was striving within him. He was first and foremost a musician with his other qualities secondary to that. We are told also that he was first and foremost a philosopher who had certain messages he would give to the world and that music and drama were merely the humble servants of this purpose. This in substance is the creed of that school of extreme Wagnerists who look on him as one of the great philosophic minds of the world, by some strange trick of fortune, enabled to supplement his ponderous treatises and essays with musico-dramatic illustrations.

It is dangerous to attempt the analysis of the artistic impulses of any genius, and Wagner's whole nature was of such complexity, and contained so many contradictions that with him the task is more than usually difficult. Yet it is impossible to admit the merit of the theory that he was above all else a philosopher—even setting aside the question whether he was a good or a bad one.

Undoubtedly when he finally began to write the poem of *Parsifal* he was wrapped up in certain ideas of renunciation, of redemption by pity, of vegetarianism and the like. He was at last completely under the influence of Schopenhauer, with the tinge of mysticism which had always been in him of deeper hue than ever. Yet it is a fair question to ask if it is not possible he would

still have used this theme had he had quite another lot of ideas to give to a waiting world.

Wagner was one of those happy individuals whose ideas however changeable they may be, are always the only correct ones. He had complete and absolute confidence in himself, and he always saw the world and all within it through the windows of the opinion or creed he happened to be holding. He moulded everything into the form which at the moment coincided with his views. If he changed his views, he had ample dexterity with which to change the form, altogether unconscious of this mental process. But if this was true of his philosophy and of his life in general, it was not true of his music nor his stagecraft. From the time he abandoned the operatic formalities of *Rienzi,* his musical progress was steady and unbroken until it reached, in his last work, its point of perfection as a system. And so, too, during all the years he wabbled about in a philosophic swamp, seeking a panacea for human woes and miseries, his surety in dramatic construction, developed along a single line, gained continually until it reached a point of mastery that enabled him successfully to dramatise the Grail Legend.

It is a beautiful theory that Wagner hit upon the Grail Legend and used it solely because it was best fitted to be a vehicle for his philosophical disclosures. It is particularly beautiful because on it rests the assertion that *Parsifal* is a "sacred" drama. But a study of the drama in connection with its music, together with a study of the sources from which he took his material and of the manner in which he handled other mediæval legends compels one to doubt very seriously the merit of that idea. The belief gradually but surely will come to one that it was not Wagner, the philosopher, the sociologist, that chose these subjects, but Wagner, the musician and playwright. It is a fair presumption that sooner or later he would have reached the Grail Legend, whatever his opinions as to the redemption of mankind might have been. He touched its border when he wrote *Lohengrin,* and he thought very differently in 1845 from what he did in 1877. From that time on the subject was never quite out of his mind. He wrote the whole *Ring,* the *Tristan,* and the *Meistersinger.* He sketched out his Biblical play of *Jesus of Nazareth* and planned his Buddhistic *The Victors.* But the Holy Grail still had its corner in his mind. In 1857, twenty years before he finished the poem of *Parsifal,* he sketched out what has now become one of the loveliest incidents in the whole work, the "Good Friday Spell."

Parsifal or some treatment of the Legend was all but inevitable from the time he first turned his attention to mediæval literature. It has in a superior degree all those qualities which appealed to him as a musician. Richly romantic, strongly tinged even in its least ascetic form with old world mysticism and magic, exhibiting on the one hand the highest ideals of chivalry, and on the other the highest ideals of mediæval religious belief, how could it help appeal to a man so richly endowed with romance and mysticism, whose music reached its highest levels in the expression of these qualities?

Moreover, we see now, since Wagner realised them, the dramatic possibilities of the theme. Putting aside the philosophy, the theology, and all the other didactic elements which he and his commentators have injected into the work, and considering it merely as an art-work, we have left a great drama in which the mediæval atmosphere is preserved to emphasise an eternally young theme—the yielding to temptation by a man of high estate, the penalties he suffers, and his final redemption through the sacrifice of another. It is but a new way of stating a proposition found in all of Wagner's music-dramas, from *Tannhäuser* on. To be sure, such a view makes Amfortas the real hero, but it is a question whether he is not the hero if the extremest religious interpretation be placed on the drama.

In what way does the mystic—or magic—element in *Parsifal* differ essentially from the potion in *Tristan und Isolde?* The latter is a purely theatrical device made possible by the mediæval atmosphere which encompasses the theme. The potion is a symbol conveniently at hand by means of which the dramatist retains the sympathy of his audience for his hero and heroine in their guilty love. It is a trick, but legitimate because it is in harmony with the at-

mosphere of the drama. It does not violate the verities because the audience has before it an ancient and familiar theme in which the potion is present, though really serving a different purpose.

His whole treatment of the Grail Legend betrays the feeling and instinct of the dramatist and skilled playwright in far greater degree than it does that of the philosopher. The philosophical impulse was undoubtedly there. Wagner undoubtedly believed that it was the only one which moved him, but it was decidedly subordinate, first to the musical impulse and then to the dramatic. The process could not have been other, since he was first a musician, then a dramatist, and then—at least as he considered himself—a philosopher.

It was this feeling for the stage which enabled him to make so free with the legend. He twisted it, and turned it, and distorted it in whatever way suited his purpose, just as he treated the Siegfried legend for his *Ring*. If the Legend of the Holy Grail is a sacred theme as many declare, what excuse can they find for a man who laid such violent hands on it, who built his whole second act out of an episode which is entirely foreign to the Quest proper? Was it Wagner the philosopher, Wagner the preacher, who brought Klingsor, the Chateau Merveil and the Lady Orgeluse into his drama, or was it Wagner the dramatist, who was making a libretto? And how came it, if Wagner was concerned only with proclaiming anew the beauties of an ancient, sacred theme, that he shoved aside the versions which were really religious in motive and intent and took one which was purely a romance of chivalry, of an uncommonly high moral tone to be sure, but none-the-less purely a romance, in the modern sense, a novel of adventure. It cannot be that he did not know the *Joseph of Arimathea* and the *Perceval* of Robert de Boron, or the *Grand Saint Graal* and the *Quceste del Saint Graal*. They were easily procurable, at least in very full synopses, and *Parsifal* contains much evidence that he was familiar with their substance. The chances are that the dramatic instinct within him compelled him to see the greater possibilities in Wolfram's version, all the more so, since that instinct had taught him that nothing is holy to the hand of the playwright when it comes to the question of devising a situation.

The final and convincing proof of this seems to be the wonderful second act, the scene of Parsifal's temptation. It is a commonplace that music without contrast loses the greater portion of its effectiveness, however inspired its themes may be. It is equally a commonplace that the vital spark of drama is the clash of interests, in its higher forms, of good and evil. Even in Wolfram's version of the Grail Legend contrast, so far as his Parzifal is concerned, is all but completely absent. The hero is an admirable character and had his days not been broken into by sundry tiltings with wicked knights, he would have led a very peaceful existence, sipping the pleasures of life as he went along, playing curious games of chess, being sought by many lovely and lorn ladies, and enjoying himself as a man of leisure should. Gawain, however, had a very different career. He was not so good as Parzifal. A hundred years or so ago he would certainly have been dubbed a rakehelly and he had all the thrilling adventures that come to his kind.

Wagner must have realised at once that there was no drama in this Parzifal's career, nor opportunity for music. Something had to be done and his first work was to transpose the atmosphere of the monkish legend to Wolfram's poem. That alone gave him the material for his first and third acts. Then he had to provide musical contrast and dramatic interest. The musician and dramatist in him saw that the sombre beauty of the first and third acts without some relief would be unendurable. He needed a scherzo, something brisk, lively, and if wicked, all the better. He also needed a clash of interests to make his drama a vital work. Before such needs what strength have legendary traditions, however sacred and holy? With the keen scent of the playwright he finds exactly what he wants in Gawain's most celebrated adventure, the Chateau Merveil, where Klingsor, a magician through necessity, has imprisoned a large number of unfortunate ladies. Wagner lifts this bodily into his work. He eliminates the gallant Gawain; transforms such very respectable women as King Arthur's mother and her hand-maidens into sirens

who will lure Knights of the Grail to sin and to destruction; makes Klingsor who probably never heard of the Grail, a candidate for the brotherhood who, after paying a fearful price for admittance, failed of election, and is therefore eternally at war with it, with the sirens as his weapons; and then Wagner combines the lovely Lady Orgeluse with Kondrie, the Sorceress, the Loathly Damsel who rides on a mule and gives Parsifal several unpleasant moments. This is masterly, it is a stroke of genius, but if makes it difficult to see where Wagner has preserved his reverence for a sacred legend. Like any other artist he hesitates at nothing to make his work as nearly perfect as possible, and thus he gets a scherzo for his music and a clash of interests for his drama. It is the artist, the musician, the dramatist that has done this, not the philosopher and sociologist. To be sure he is enunciating through his work his own individual views of sin, its punishment and the redemption of the sinner; but it seems impossible to take them seriously as a part of the drama. They are not essential, whether one agrees with them or not. They merely confuse and distract, taking away from the interest of the drama itself. This bare fact, that they are unessential, tends to compel one to believe that even in Wagner's brain they were of secondary importance, although he himself might not have been and probably was not conscious of it.

If, then, *Parsifal* is deprived of its "sacred" quality, what is left? What should be the attitude of the spectator toward it? Such questions can be answered by another. What do the various sociological theories contained in it add to *Der Ring des Nibelungen?* What does Schopenhauerism add to *Tristan und Isolde?* In the end, reduced to their essence, they are operas, all of them, the most artificial and exotic of all forms of art, the furthest removed from nature and the realities of life. Being operas, they must stand or fall primarily through their music, secondarily through their librettos. Liszt once defined piano playing as first, technique; second, *technique;* and third, TECHNIQUE. To paraphrase him with a paraphrase truer than the original, opera, not even excepting Wagner, is first music; second, *music;* and third, MUSIC. The effect of the music is heightened if the drama around which it is written is good, but a poor book does not necessarily mean an unsuccessful opera.

Moreover, it is a very debatable question whether the infusion of the didactic element does not always harm an opera. It is a question whether those who patiently seek after the meanings of the *Ring, Tristan,* and *Parsifal,* get as much delight out of them as those who regard them simply as works of art. As such they are able to stand alone, needing no flying buttresses of philosophy to support them. If one listens to *Parsifal,* regarding it simply as a work of art, as an extraordinarily beautiful and poignant version of the most beautiful legend the past has bequeathed to us, he is likely to be more greatly the gainer, than he who goes with his head full of the queer, distorted notions which came from the none-too-well balanced brain of a man who in his field was the greatest musical genius the world ever had. *Parsifal* is a lasting example of how a man may be great in spite of himself. Wagner put enough extraneous and foreign matter into it to ruin a half dozen operas or dramas; but such was the might of his musical and dramatic genius that it rose triumphantly over all obstacles placed in its way and conquered in spite of them. Those who want to delve into *Parsifal* for esoteric meanings and get pleasure in doing so can find endless opportunity for the exercise of their ingenuity. But in the end, it will be with them as it has always been with others where music and drama are concerned. The final appeal will be purely æsthetic, and in the strength of that *Parsifal* must stand or fall.

W. E. Walter.

ALCIPHRON.

IN just what way do men and women look on life? Year succeeds year, and decade follows after decade; and in this swiftly silent gliding on of time there is wrought out for us the curious succession of events which, when taken all together, make up our lives. For it is by events and by experiences, and not by years, that we measure our existence and decide in retrospection whether we have been happy or unhappy. The successes and the failures, the opportunities and the limitations, the friendships and the enmities, the periods of intellectual growth and those of intellectual deterioration, the hours of contentment and the moments of passionate revolt or exaltation—these times, these episodes, are woven together into that multicoloured, blurred, uneven fabric of personal experience which each of us calls life. Every human being, indeed, is living a realistic novel whereof he is himself in his own belief the central figure, the person of supreme importance; and so he interprets every incident according to its relation to his personal concerns.

Naturally then, he looks upon these incidents at a special angle—the angle of self—and he seldom pauses to reflect that every other character in the story is looking upon the same episodes at quite a different angle, and that each one is equally convinced that he or she is the true hero, or the heroine. And as each views the whole with a vision and a knowledge that are necessarily restricted, it follows that the entire plot, the completed scheme, is actually and fully known to none, but that each sees something which the rest do not, and that each must also be quite ignorant of that which many of the others know.

Such are the inevitable conditions of human life; and therefore life is something to which no person holds the key, not even the key to his own small *tour d'ivoire*. In summing up the story of a life, the only things of which we can be approximately sure are the results, the concrete and plainly seen effects. Of the causes which have brought all these results to pass, we are infinitely and pitifully ignorant. We only sometimes think we know. When we analyse our basis of belief we find it always crumbling into dust. Could we but read the minds and search the hearts of others, then we might perhaps approach the truth; yet even then we should often have to hesitate. For who can be so absolutely sure concerning his own secret soul as to single out in it the dominating influence which determines any action, amid the clash and interplay of conflicting motives, each striving for the mastery of will? An act, which to the world at large seems noble, may have its hidden source in baseness. An apparent sacrifice of *self* may have been prompted by an egoism of which the world knows nothing and of which perhaps we are ourselves not fully conscious. So, when it comes to judging others, how utterly incapable is the very wisest, the most experienced and the most intuitive for such a task as that! Only the limping devil of Le Sage could give the needed clue, or else some revelation such as that which Maupassant's profoundly morbid mind conceived in his strange fantasy, "La Morte." Each of us, in fact, lives out his life in a curious and almost dreadful isolation, a supreme and quite impenetrable ignorance of every other human soul; since every soul is shut in by a prison-wall which nothing can remove. Wisdom cannot shatter it. Faith cannot surmount it. Immortal love itself, so radiant and all-compelling, finds here the limit of its power, and beats against the bars in vain.

In what way then do we see life? Only in unrelated fragments; never clearly and as a whole. Life is a volume from which many leaves are lost and of which many chapters are undecipherable. He who attempts to read it, is like one who tries to read a score of pages torn at random from a novel and seeks to reconstruct the missing parts. He can obtain a partial knowledge of the characters. He can get an inkling of the plot. He can with patient ingenuity make guesses at what happened in the part which he has lost, and can fancy why it happened.

Yet these are only guesses after all; and amid them, how is he to know which one is right and which are absolutely wrong? And it is so in life—in the life of every day, the decorous and apparently uneventful life which we share with those about us. You sit beside some woman at a dinner, and in her casual talk she perhaps lets fall some phrase, some sentence, or some opinion which seems to you a bit of quite unconscious self-revelation. It interests you, and it makes you curious to know her history. You form conjectures and construct a plausible hypothesis. In time, perhaps, you hear from some one else a scrap or two of gossip which in part confirms your theory and in part destroys it. You then construct another theory that will harmonise with all that you have heard and fancied. And then, most likely, you can learn no more. You never see or hear of her again. You have had a tantalising half glimpse of something hidden, as it seems to you—and that is all. In fact, it may be that there was no story and that you were altogether wrong in your belief; or it may be that the story was a very different one from that which you imagined, and even more remarkable. Yet, whatever the truth may be, you will never know it.

And so it is with the whole complex structure of the life we see about us. Often before your eyes there are enacted comedies, the wit and fun of which escape you. You are yourself an unconscious actor in tragedies whose poignant agony you never feel or dream of. That thing which in your belief seems full of meaning is in reality quite meaningless; that which you view as wholly unimportant may hold the key to all your future. For we all wear masks and we all speak with the smooth mendacity which convention teaches us; and as we move among our fellows, urbane and smiling, and apparently at ease, we fail to perceive in one another the surging tide of quivering hope and baffled failure, of love and hate, of desire and despair, nor do we note the scars which each of us conceals. Therefore, to every one who lives it, life is replete with trivialities, with coincidences which have no significance, and with episodes which may, indeed, be vital in their true relation to the whole, but which to us are only casual occurrences, half-noticed at the time and almost instantly forgotten.

It is odd that the writers of modern fiction have never fully understood the truth of what has just been said, in its relation to the theory of literary realism. Our so-called realists profess to give in what they write an accurate transcript, a perfect reproduction, an untouched photograph of life, precisely as it is. To attain this end they strive with eagerness. They observe minutely, they study each detail, they spare you nothing in their desire that not even the most minute particular shall escape your notice. They insist that in their pages you shall see everything, feel everything, know everything. And this they say is realism—a truthful and convincing replica of life. But as a matter of fact, it is wholly false to life, and it is false precisely in proportion as it shows us all and tells us all and leaves absolutely nothing to be guessed or to be given up as quite insoluble. Everything they show us has a meaning, a definite relation to the whole; and when we read the book we learn just what this meaning is and just what is this relation. In life, however, we often miss the meaning and do not even dream of correlating half the facts which we have superficially observed.

You can see the falsity of the pseudo-realistic method even in its minor phases. Zola, for instance, will take us up some greasy staircase, and as he leads us on, he will catalogue the odours that we encounter, enumerating the source of each, the quality of each, the effect of each upon the sense, until we have a perfect symphony of stenches. When we reach the room above, he will again set forth each article of furniture and every stain upon the wall. He will call attention to the broken window-pane with a soiled night-cap thrust into the jagged hole; he will nudge us, as it were, to make us see just how the battered washstand is propped against the wall; he will insist upon the condition of the towels, the appearance of the soapy water in the wash-bowl, and he will not pause until each square inch of squalor has been put beneath his microscope for us to gaze at. Yet in life one does not see things in this way. If we go up the staircase by ourselves, an unpleasant odour may make us instinctively recoil, and then hurry on;

but we never stop to analyse it or to consider the source of every separate and component stench. We simply get a swift impression of something that is repellent and that is all. And when we enter a room, we get in like manner an impression of the room and of its most conspicuous features, but we do not notice every sordid, nauseous detail.

And in more important things, the pseudo-realism makes the same mistake in telling us too much and in insisting that we shall see everything. Zola and his school give us every external material detail reiterated over and over again. Bourget and his imitators let us into the innermost secrets of the brain so that we know their personages psychologically down to the last quiver of emotion or the last elusive turn of thought. And in the books which these writers have produced, every incident fits into every other incident just as the wheels of a machine fit into the cogs on which they turn. Every episode has a direct and definite relation to every other episode, and we are allowed to know just what the relation is. Nothing happens casually, or without a definite meaning. It is all wrought out so cunningly and with so perfect a balance, so logical a sequence, so inevitable an issue! The whole is marvellous as a work of art, yet it is preposterous as a bit of life; for from it the element of the fortuitous, the insignificant, and the irrelevant is utterly excluded. We admire the dexterity of the artist who has done so neat a piece of literary joiner's work; but the very perfection of his art removes it wholly from the sphere of truth and nature. It lacks the largeness and the looseness of the life we live.

This fact has not escaped at least one modern novelist; or, at any rate, there is one modern novelist who has come far closer to reality. This is Count Tolstoi, of whom Matthew Arnold observed with great acuteness that he has not thought it necessary to make the action in his novels represent a unity towards which each episode and incident shall lead the reader, and upon which they shall all inevitably converge. Thus in *Anna Karénina* there are two distinct and separate "actions" (the word is Mr. Arnold's) or rather plots, the one relating to the connection of Anna and Wronsky and the other to the affair of Kittie and Levine. As the tale develops, we pass from one set of interests to another with that freedom and actual inconsequence which belongs to the haphazard history of human lives. But there is something more to be observed, and Mr. Arnold has very clearly noted its significance.

"People appear in connection with these two main actions whose appearance and proceedings do not in the least contribute to develop them; incidents are multiplied which we expect are to lead to something important, but which do not. What, for instance, does the episode of Kitty's friend, Warinka, and Levine's brother, Serge Ivanitch, their inclination for one another and its failure to come to anything, contribute to the development of either the character or the fortunes of Kitty and Levine? What does the incident of Levine's long delay in getting to church to be married, a delay which as we read of it seems to have significance, really import? It turns out to import absolutely nothing, and to be introduced solely to give the author the pleasure of telling us that all Levine's shirts had been packed up."

Objection has been made to this irrelevance as being an essential blemish on a work of art; and such, in truth, it would be were this remarkable book of Tolstoi's to be viewed as being just a work of art. But, as Mr. Arnold afterwards observes, it is a mistake to speak of *Anna Karénina* as the creation of an artist. We are rather to take it as a piece of life.

"A piece of life it is. The author has not invented and combined it, he has seen it; it has all happened before his inward eye, and it was in this wise that it happened. Levine's shirts were packed up, and he was late for his wedding in consequence; Warinka and Serge Ivanitch met at Levine's country-house and went out walking together; Serge was very near proposing, but did not. The author saw it all happening so—saw it, and therefore relates it; and what his novel in this way loses in art it gains in reality."

Just one other modern novelist seems to have had an inkling of what this method means and of its value in giving an accurate impression of life. Anatole France, with all his grotesque jumbling of mysticism and materialism, has in two of his later novels—*L'Orme du Mail* and *Le Mannequin d'Osier*—exhibited the same appreciation of the inconsequent and the irrelevant as factors of true

realism. But, historically, neither Tolstoi nor Anatole France is the first to show us an effective example of this realism. To find the prototype we must go back some seventeen hundred years and open the pages of a Greek writer who lived in Athens two centuries after Christ. This person is Alciphron, a clever and amusing littérateur, who may be best described as a sort of Hellenic Hugues Le Roux. Practically nothing is known about his life or about his personality; but from the fiction which he has left us, we may infer that he was an easy-going man of the world, a keen observer, a student of human nature in all its phases, and a very graceful, entertaining writer. The task which he set before himself was that of delineating in fiction the every-day life of his own time, and in doing so to sketch character with an accurate understanding of its psychology.

Very few persons, very few classical scholars even, concern themselves with the history of Athens after it ceased to be a centre of political power. The Athens which one most readily calls to mind is the Athens of the Golden Age of Greece—the Athens which both in arts and in arms was the supreme glory of the Hellenic world. This was the Athens of Pericles and of Plato, of the great dramatists and philosophers and historians and poets, the Athens which beat back the Persian hordes, and which, even in the death-throes of its independence, gave to the world Demosthenes. But the Athens of Alciphron was a very different Athens. Its people under Roman rule had half forgotten the grandeur of their past and were content to lead a pleasure-loving life, embellished by all the refined luxury of the Later Empire. The city was still a marvel of architectural beauty, and its inhabitants were still, as always, mercurial, clever, and intellectually brilliant. But their genius had ceased to be creative, so that culture and a certain polite erudition took the place of boldly original effort. Athens was the seat of a great university to which young Romans and Gauls and Spaniards, and even Asiatics, repaired in throngs to receive a modicum of that learning with which the name of Greece is forever associated. The town was very largely given up to a sort of genial bohemianism, so that it may be styled *le petit Paris* of ancient times. The society of this Bohemia was a light-hearted, merry, witty one, loose but not gross in morals, and distinguished chiefly by its perfect *savoir faire*, its easy tolerance, and its general appreciation of every one who showed himself to be a *bon enfant*.

This was the society which Alciphron has drawn for us in a series of fictitious letters supposed to be written by all sorts of persons representing pretty nearly every class—men-about-town, adventurers, professional diners-out, gamblers, peasants, fishermen, ingenuous youths, philosophers, anxious parents, and ladies of easy virtue. Taken together, these letters afford a curious kaleidoscopic view of Athenian life as it was known to the general run of men and women who were not distinguished, who were not "historical," but whom we see through the eyes of Alciphron as going about their usual occupations and amusements quite unconscious that any one is studying them. In short, Alciphron has done for the every-day world of Athens precisely what Petronius did for the every-day world of Italy a century before. Alciphron, however, unlike Petronius, is not a cynic, and he sinks his own personality in that of the individuals who are supposed to write these letters. There are many glimpses in them of the seamy side of life. The amusements of his Athenians are not always harmless, and there is much that decidedly does not tend to edification. Yet, on the other hand, there is much that is humorous and kindly, with here and there a very charming touch of grace and innocence.

The peculiar feature of the letters is found in the fact that they do not tell a story, but that they give you hints at many stories. It is precisely as though you had rifled the contents of a mail-bag and had before you the stolen letters. From them you would learn innumerable secrets; you would find clews to many a romance, to many a complication, to many a scandal; but the whole story in each case you would not know and could only guess at it. There is something peculiarly piquant in all this half-revelation, and it shows that Alciphron, almost two thousand years ago, anticipated the truly realistic theory of fiction which in modern times is exemplified alone in Tolstoi

and in some of the writings of Anatole France.

The letters of Alciphron have never been fully translated into English. About a hundred years ago a version of some of them was published anonymously in London, the translators being two old-fashioned scholars named William Beloe and Thomas Monro. But their version is a perfectly impossible one. The easy, sinuous, rippling Greek of Alciphron, light as the petal of a flower or the wing of a humming-bird, is turned into stilted, pompous, eighteenth century British prose that moves along with the lumbering gait of an elephant. It is as though the sprightly *Lettres de Femmes* of Marcel Prévost were to be rendered into the polysyllabic ponderosities of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Such being the case, I may venture to translate a few of these letters in a somewhat freer manner, endeavouring above all to preserve the spirit of the original. Some day the entire collection should be so translated both for its own intrinsic interest and also because of its importance in the history of fiction. Here, for example, is the letter of a young girl who lives in the suburbs of Athens, probably at the Piræus, which was the harbour town, in character a sort of Sanct Pauli to an ancient Hamburg. The girl's name is Glaucippe, the daughter of a fisherman. She is evidently a prototype of Little Em'ly and has been betrothed in her innocence to a Piræan Ham Peggotty. So long as she had seen no other men, or at any rate, none but men of her own class, she had been happy and contented in the thought of her coming marriage. But unfortunately for her, she has gone to Athens for a holiday, and has there made the casual acquaintance of a Grecian Steerforth—a man whose elegance and knowledge of good form have dazzled the poor girl and played havoc with her inexperienced young heart. Instantly the thought of the uncouth bridegroom whom her parents have provided for her becomes horrible. She shudders at him and she adores wildly and passionately the idle young Athenian who has made careless love to her. So she sits down and writes this letter to her mother:

"Dearest Mamma: I am quite distracted. I can't bear the idea of marrying that pilot's son as papa wants me to. I have met Ephebus in the city where you let me go for the holidays at the time of the festival in which he took part. He is, oh, so handsome, mamma, and more than that, he is perfectly fascinating! He has the most beautiful curly hair and such a smile! His eyes are as blue as the ocean when the sun first rises; and altogether his face makes you sure that he is a favorite of the Graces. You ought to see his lips. They are as red as roses. I have simply got to marry him. If you don't let me, I'll throw myself into the sea like Sappho."

Naturally Glaucippe's mother takes a different view of it. Her answer is brief and very much to the point.

"Child, you certainly *are* distracted. You must have gone crazy. You seem to have lost all your modesty and need good sharp treatment. Stop your nonsense right away and hold yourself in, until you get this crazy notion out of your head. If your father finds it out he'll make fish-bait of you in half a jiffy."

This is all we know about the love affair of young Glaucippe. Perhaps it turned out as Little Em'ly did; or perhaps Glaucippe, being duly taken in hand, became tractable and married her young pilot. But if so, it is pretty certain that she kept scornfully comparing him with the fascinating Ephebus, until middle age and many children stilled in her heart the voice of sentiment.

Here is a letter from a mercenary young lady with more wants than scruples. A sentimental youth named Simalion is hopelessly in love with her. He is evidently very young and wholly under the control of his parents who allow him very little pocket-money. Hence, the following letter to him from his Petala. She certainly makes her meaning very clear. She knows with the unfailing instinct of her kind that he is so infatuated that even her contempt will only stimulate his unreasoning love, and that sooner than lose her he will stick at nothing.

"Well, if a girl could live on tears, what a wealthy girl I should be! You're generous enough with *them* at any rate. Tears are not quite enough for me, worse luck! Money is what I want. I've got to have jewelry, clothes, servants, and all that sort of thing. Nobody ever left me a fortune or a block of stock, and that's why I have to depend on little presents which gentlemen make me. I've known you a whole year, and how much better off am I, I should like to know? My hair is a perfect

fright just because all that time I haven't had anything to dress it with; and as for clothes—why, the only dress I've got in the world is so ragged that I'm ashamed to be seen with my friends. And yet you imagine, I suppose, that I can keep on this way forever without any other means of support. Yes, of course, you cry, but you won't cry forever. I'm really surprised to see how many tears you can shed; but if somebody doesn't give me something pretty soon, I shall starve to death. I know you pretend that you're just crazy for me, and that you can't live without me. Very well, then, isn't there any silver in your house? Can't you get hold of some of your mother's jewelry? Hasn't your father got anything that you can get some money on? Other girls are luckier than I am. They have lovers, but all that I seem to have is a sort of mourner, who keeps sending me roses and wreaths and garlands of flowers as if I were dead and going to be buried; and he says he cries for me all night. Now, if you can manage to rake up something for me, then you can come here without having to cry and cry; but if not, just keep your tears to yourself and let me alone."

Here is still another letter. It is written by an unsophiscated person, who was unfortunate enough to try his luck in a gambling house in one of the disreputable quarters of the city.

"Maybe you would like to know what's the matter with me and how I got my head broken and my clothes all torn to pieces. Well, the fact is, I broke the bank at a little game; but I wish I hadn't. For what's the use of a man like me running up against a lot of heelers? You see, after I had raked in all the money in the place and they hadn't a red cent left, they all jumped on my neck and punched me and stoned me and ripped the clothes up my back. All the same, I hung on to the money as tight as I could, because it nearly killed me to give it up; and I *did* hold out quite a while. I didn't give in when they hit me or even when they twisted my fingers. I felt like a Spartan who lets himself be whipped just to see how much he can stand without giving in. Unfortunately this isn't Sparta but Athens, and I was up against the toughest kind of a gang; and so when I was pretty near fainting I had to let them rob me. They went through my pockets and then after they had cleaned me out, they skipped. Anyhow, it's better to live without any money than to die with your pockets full of it."

Finally let me cite part of a beautiful love letter, supposed to be written to Demetrius, the soldier and statesman, by a girl named Lamia. It is touching in its humility—the humility which genuine love teaches, in making the reality seem too wonderful to be true.

"You will think it bold of me to write to you, my prince, and you will care little for my letters now that you have won my love. Indeed, when I see you among your guards and surrounded by soldiers and ambassadors, and crowned with your diadem, I am wholly overcome and turn away from you as I would turn my eyes away from the blinding sun; for then I know that you are really Demetrius the great soldier. How imposing, how like a conqueror you look! And then I feel quite hopeless and say over to myself: 'Oh, Lamia, is this really the man who spends his evenings with you, who likes to hear you sing, who writes you letters, and who prefers you to any other?' I can only keep silence and pray that you will come to me again. But when you do come to me and I kneel at your feet and you take me up into your arms—then I wonder whether this is really the stormer of cities, the man at whose name all Greece trembles. And with my lute I lay siege to this besieger and try whether he who has conquered others will himself be conquered.

"I shall never attempt to win you by any arts. I shall never lie to you as others do or be unfaithful. Since you first loved me, no other men have even looked at me, much less made love to me. Love comes quickly and it goes without a warning. The man who still has something to receive, comes as it were on wings, while he to whom everything has been given, grows tired and goes away. I know this, and I know that many women seek to hold their lovers by always keeping something back; and yet with you I cannot do this thing; for I trust you and I do not fear that you will ever tire of me. It might be different with others, but upon you who are so bound to me and who are so proud to have others see you with me, I could not practice these small arts, or use even the most insignificant deceit. I should be a fool to do so, for I should think it a small sacrifice to give up everything to please you, even life itself."

Only by quoting very many of these letters could an accurate idea be given of the extremely vivid way in which they reproduce for us the throbbing life of a great and luxurious city. In the pages of Alciphron we find ourselves actually in Athens, elbowing in its crowded streets a hundred various types—the gilded youth, the staid and cautious merchants, the barbers standing at their shop doors and begging customers to enter, the

bunco men, the jugglers, the drunken soldiers, the market women—all, in fact, who make up a city's throng. We go with Alciphron into the houses of the Bohemian set and take part in their jolly dinners at which poets and artists eat and drink and talk and sing; and as we watch them, all the centuries that lie between us melt away, and we see once more that human life and human nature are essentially the same in every age and every land, and that the fascination of them is unalterable and eternal.

Harry Thurston Peck.

"A POOR THING BUT MINE OWN."

A LITTLE over a half a century ago, a purchaser of a landscape by Constable thus wrote the artist:

"Some time ago, as I did not quite like the effect of the sky, I was foolish enough to have that obliterated, and a new one put in by another artist." He then coolly continues with the admission that "the new sky, although extremely beautiful, did not harmonise with the other parts of the picture," and begs Mr. Constable to remedy the trouble by painting once more his own sky to the painting. Whatever may have been the language indulged in within the privacy of his studio, publicly at least the artist assented to this odd request with a rare graciousness, even going so far as to refuse any compensation for the additional labour. That the writer of the letter had been the first stranger to purchase one of Constable's canvases may have accounted in some measure for the artist's amiability, still as another of his landscapes was cut into two and sold as two separate pictures, *and so far as we can learn the dealer escaped either hanging or tarring,* it seems probable that the sanctity of a work of art fifty years ago was not what it is to-day.

Let the owner of a painting to-day try to change it to suit his own fancy and he will be restrained by the decree of the Supreme Court. The victory obtained by William de Leftwich Dodge in restraining others from altering his mural decoration in the new Montreal hotel must meet with well-nigh universal approval. Solomon himself never rendered a wiser decision, and, speaking of Solomon, we are reminded of one of his most popular decisions in recognising the claims of the true parent, for the creations that are born of the throes of artistic labour tug at one's heartstrings with an appeal that is all but human.

But I have lately been considering what might have been some of the consequences of a defeat for Mr. Dodge. Let us suppose it had been decided that the purchaser of a picture had the right, while retaining the signature of the artist, to have it changed in any way to suit his ideas of fitness or beauty, how interesting, not to say fascinating, would it be to visit the art gallery of a Chicago pork-packer, how positively exciting to follow the career of—let us say a Symphony of Whistler, from the time it first hangs before the adoring eyes of a Boston spinster until such time as it adorns the mansion of a Seattle magnate.

Then what an opportunity has been lost to the publisher of books! Here it almost seems as if the Public has a clear grievance. How delightful, how inexpressibly delightful, could all the weaknesses of our favourite authors be overcome, all their shortcomings be obliterated, by just the right antidotal pen!

Let us see how it might work: A good deal of disappointment was expressed over Mrs. Ward's parsimony in giving her readers the brilliant conversations of Julie Le Breton. It was the universal opinion that a little more revelation of her wonderful conversational powers other than mere "hearsay evidence" would have been relished. How delightful had the publishers of *Lady Rose's Daughter* been permitted to supply this deficiency by engaging the services, say, of the author of *The Dolly Dialogues,* or of *Concerning Isabel Carnaby!* Think of the selling qualities of a novel by William Dean Howells with one or two really attractive women put in by the skillful hand of Henry Harland or Elinor Glynn? How would the mild detective

stories of Mary Wilkins "look up" if retouched by the master hand of "the one and only!" How attractive would be an edition of George Meredith "Englished" by Brander Matthews or Professor Woodberry! Or one of Thompson-Seton worked over in certain particulars by John Burroughs. And might we not hope to have a set of Fenimore Cooper with the Indians rewritten by Hamlin Garland, or the *Leaves of Grass* done into rhyme by Austin Dobson? These are only a few of the choice attractions that might have been offered us. But why limit the delightful idea to the realm of books? Extend it to the region of sculpture and might we not have a "Bourgeois of Calais" transformed at the touch of a strict academician to a group of Dancing Fauns? Or the painful "Two Natures" of Barnard softened into "Two Greek Youths Wrestling?" Or in music think of the possibilities of a score of Richard Strauss with insertions by the melodious Victor Herbert!

But all this is denied us. The strong arm of the Law interposes. In Art, only the hand of Time and the touch of sun and air may be suffered to do their transforming work. Our pleasant little dream is but a dream.

Annie Nathan Meyer.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.

MR. GEORGE C. HAZELTON, Jr., the lawyer-dramatist, probably best known as the author of *Mistress Nell,* has put the finishing touches to a drama on the life of Edgar Allan Poe, entitled *The Raven,* which is to appear in New York early in January. It was on the evening of the ninth of October, 1900, that Miss Henrietta Crosman, favoured by the failure of a play booked for a long run at the Bijou Theatre, introduced herself and Mr. Hazelton, the playwright, to a New York audience. The first night's receipts were but $69.00. Defied by a theatrical syndicate which fought her with Miss Ada Rehan in a play with the same historical heroine and which declared it would drive her out of town in a week, Miss Crosman established a metropolitan reputation for herself, *Mistress Nell* and its author, by playing in *Mistress Nell* for over two hundred nights in four of New York's leading theatres, while *Sweet Nell of Old Drury,* Miss Rehan's play, was withdrawn after a three weeks' run.

On the opening night when the handful of people went "wild," after the first act, and the dramatic critics awakened to the fact that a fine piece of dramatic writing was being interpreted by a finished actress, Mr. Hazelton stood passively in the back of the house, leaning on the railing, "watching the jury come in," as he expressed it. For about seven years he had tried in vain to have his play accepted by New York and London managers.

It was in *Gloriana,* in Chicago, that Mr. Hazelton first saw Miss Crosman act. He became enthusiastic about her, and when she came to Washington he submitted his play to her. In it Miss Crosman believed she saw a vehicle that would carry her into New York on the top wave of popularity. Mr. Campbell, Miss Crosman's husband and manager, who was then on the New York *Herald,* was determined that she should have the play. His belief in *Mistress Nell* is shown by the following incident. One night Mr. Paul Kester called at the *Herald* office and asked him to read *his* play woven about the life of Nell Gwyn. (This play, then called by that name, and afterwards *Sweet Nell of Old Drury,* was eventually produced in London by Madame Rehan and later by Julia Nielson and Fred Terry, subsequent to *Mistress Nell* in this country.) But Mr. Campbell refused to read it, saying it would not be fair to Mr. Kester, as he had been trying to arrange to secure Mr. Hazelton's play on the life of the mistress of Charles II. "I have never ceased to congratulate myself on my refusal," said Mr. Campbell; "it would have been a serious charge to have been accused of having stolen in the least from Mr. Kester." *Mistress Nell* made her bow before the footlights of the Tabor Opera House in Denver, Colo., on June 3, 1900. That night Mr.

Hazelton received a telegram reading simply, "Nell made a great hit."

Mr. Hazelton did not come by his knowledge of the stage second hand. For three years he was with Booth and Barrett, with Barrett and with Madame Modjeska, playing in all some forty parts, and so studying stagecraft practically. It was during that period he wrote *Mistress Nell,* the scenes and haunts of whose escapades in England he visited after graduating from Columbian University at Washington. His father had been called to Washington in 1876 as a Congressman from Wisconsin (where Mr. Hazelton was born), and after representing his State in the House many years, made Washington his permanent residence, becoming Attorney for the District of Columbia.

In this way the scene of young Hazelton's life was changed from that of a Western boy—with horse, gun and rod for companions—to that of the brilliant political and social life at the Capital.

It was here that the author first began the practise of the law. He later moved to New York, and is an active member of the law firm composed of himself and his brother.

"I went on the stage," said Mr. Hazelton, "for the sole purpose of studying it with the object in view of becoming a dramatist. That seemed to me the only way. Then I returned to Washington and took a course in law at Columbian University." Always interested in the history of the seat of our government, he spent a year in writing *The National Capitol, its Architecture, Art and History,* a work which has attracted the praise of press and public.

"I may work hard for days, or not write a word in six weeks," explained the author in answer to a query, "simply because I have no ideas. The actual writing is comparatively easy. It is far more difficult to get ideas into one's head than to get them out, I find. *The Raven* is the result of years of hard work, but who knows if it will be a success? The idea of telling the dramatic life of Poe in a four-act drama and tableau came to me many years ago.

"Poe was a great lover and a great lover is necessary to a play. The more essential qualities of a play are quick action, conflict of interest, mental and physical, love (the backbone of every play) and self-sacrifice. All of these are found in Poe's life. My play adheres closely to his career, following his vicissitudes from early manhood to the end. The three leading characters are, of course, Poe, Virginia, his child wife, and Mrs. Clemm. There are two schools in Poe criticism. One is blinded by enthusiasm for his genius; the other blasts his character without reading his heart or words. No man could be wholly bad who loved Virginia as he loved, and was loved as Virginia loved him, and adored as Mrs. Clemm, his 'Muddy,' adored him. There are few things more pathetically beautiful than the stories of Mrs. Clemm trudging from publisher to publisher to sell the verses of her beloved 'Eddie.' Outside of the leading parts, as in every play which pretends to be historical, the others are purely fanciful. It was his poem 'The Raven' which gave me my idea and method of treatment. I saw in it the lights and shadows of a great soul, and the key to a mind that delighted in weird harmonies, as Wagner did in strange notes. To me 'The Raven' faithfully mirrored Poe's inner life. I saw in it what fancifully seemed to me the confession of a dramatic life. Lenore was for me the love for Virginia; the raven the overhanging gloom and helplessness of the lover and his lost love. There seem to be as many ideas as to the meaning of *The Raven* as there were a few years past as to the sanity of Hamlet. Poe wrote 'The Raven' as he would work out a problem in algebra, not, as many suppose, wildly and spasmodically and in a frenzy. And why not? Great poetry deals with the infinite and what can approximate the infinite even of fancy but exact science? Lowell says: 'No man of mere talent ever flung his inkstand at the devil.' Poe did when he wrote 'The Raven,' and measured his distance too."

There is a gruesome little story about Mr. Hazelton's play. When the poet was first buried, he was placed in a plain poplar coffin, after the fashion of the time. Eight persons only said "farewell" at the grave. Years after, the lovers of poetry lamented this and a more interesting spot was selected for his last resting place. When the grave was opened, the

coffin fell apart, and a new one was used as a receptacle. The board upon which the poet's head had crumbled to dust fell away, and a prominent Baltimore journalist who was present treasured it at his home for years. Then, he too died. His widow had the bit of wood made into pen-holders and presented Mr. Hazelton with one, not knowing of his play. "I wrote part of the play with this holder," said the author, "but not much; for I do not relish the grewsome. I believe in the comedy even of tears, and try to find it wherever I can even in the life of the most fatefully sad."

To make Poe live before a knowing and critical public it was necessary to find an actor who could impersonate him strikingly in appearance and temperament. Mr. Frederick Lewis's success in Ibsen's *Ghosts* led to his engagement. Miss Crosman will not appear in the play, as unfortunately there is no part for her.



GEORGE C. HAZELTON, JR.

DRAMA OF THE MONTH.

IT seems incredible that any one who has seen Mr. Barrie's delightful play should have the heart to draw a lesson from it. *The Admirable Crichton* is a free gift to a starved public without any conditions attached, and those who find it an essay on socialism or a refutation of Jean Jacques Rousseau, or a sequel to Hobbes's *Leviathan,* have merely lost their appetite. Mr. Barrie has happened to notice that people have an amusing way of mistaking their luck for their merits, confounding circumstances with native gifts, and caste with personal differences. So he wrecked a half-dozen of them on an island and made new circumstances to make new men not to prove anything that we did



MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE.

not know before, but just for the pleasure of seeing an old truth freshly. It is a series of elementary propositions. Deduct from a pompous old earl what society gives him and there may be only enough of him left to play on an accordeon. Banish the second son of a peer from his environment and he may just barely make of himself an indifferent carpenter. Lady Agatha may be by natural gifts a fishwoman and Lady Mary just clever enough to wait at table, and it may be that the only person whom nature has well endowed is the butler. And should that distinguished household be stranded on a lonely island its members would soon shake down into their natural places leaving the butler at the top. On this simple and sure foundation there would inevitably rise in that lonely isle a butler-monarchy, wherein the subject class would consist of worn-out lords and useless mistresses, who would be as servile under the new conditions as they were pretentious under the old. Then if suddenly restored to their own community, they would fall at once into their old grooves and despise the butler and try to forget; and the butler being a man of sense would ex-



MARIE TEMPEST AND LEONARD BOYNE IN "THE MARRIAGE OF KITTY."

MARTIN STUDIO OF THE MARTIN HOUSE AT BUFFALO



EMPIRE STOCK COMPANY IN "THE WHITEWASHING OF JULIA."

pect to be despised, for he knows them by this time for ordinary people, that is to say, inert, custom-made creatures, who move only as they are pushed. The idea is as common as air, and many social philosophers have made books of it, weighing as much as ten pounds each. If it seems new, that is where the art comes in. The fancy takes its fun with just these familiar things which it carries out into little concrete surprises, proving that human nature has no end, and the world no common place. Art has no horror of an old fact, but of an old mind to see it with.

The play is a fantasy that keeps common sense always within hailing distance. Some feared we Americans might miss the point because caste with us is so much less crystallised. The American servant would not, like Crichton, find his highest ideal in "a haughty household where every one knew his place." But rank is after all only public opinion petrified, and we should be a very dull people if we did not know that a Crusoe experiment would jolt us up considerably. The tenth transmitter of a foolish face (as Savage called a British nobleman) may be rarer here, but the third or



ELEANOR ROBSON AND EDWIN ARDEN IN ZANGWILL'S "MERELY MARY ANN."

fourth transmitter is common enough. The accidents of success are plentiful, and in a democracy they seem particularly ironical. It would not be surprising if our New York audiences found a shrewder pleasure in the play than they did in London. As presented here by Mr. Gillette and his excellent company it was the best comedy seen on our stage in several seasons.

We saw *Lady Rose's Daughter* with a sense of gratified malice. It is just such a dramatisation as Mrs. Ward's novel deserves. It has been criticised for its deviations, but it was no worse when it wandered off than when it staid with the author. In the book Mrs. Ward had plenty of time to expound the heroine's character, while in the play Julie's doings seemed a little sudden and unexplained. She was tempted and rescued twice over but there was scarcely time for any one who had not read the book to make her acquaintance. On the other hand, the Julie of the book was often tiresome, for Mrs. Ward is a serious and academic writer, to whom every character is a theorem. She posits things of her characters and then goes solidly ahead. By the terms of the hypothesis Julie could be gay and gracious, but somehow you never caught her at it in the book. Given vivacity and wit, given the two sides of a right-angled triangle —nothing makes a reader so peevish as this cold method and the corroborating chorus of all the other characters does no good. The play was a legitimate criticism of the book, proving that if we actually heard people talking as they do in the novel, we should not be particularly interested. In both the play and the book there was the same lack of humour and heartiness, and it seemed the less excusable because Julie had the outlines of an amusing and delightful character. The unredeemed promise of the book made us spiteful, and we were glad to see it neatly telescoped. It was well played and had a good chance. In fact,



MADAME WIEHE IN "LA POUPEE."



MADAME WIEHE.

Julie had the chance of her life in the competent hands of Miss Fay Davis, who came so near to making good Mrs. Ward's deficit that she won for herself a personal triumph. She found all there was in poor Julie—extracted her cube root—and still no one was satisfied.

As a rule the dramatisation of a good novel simply damages a pleasant memory. The humane principle would seem to be that if the stage must really take things second-hand it should get them from the books that do not matter. Why the stage need take things second-hand, animal life being so abundant, is hard to see. But the less the book, the less the injury. Hands off *Vanity Fair* but cut up *Soldiers of Fortune* into chewing-gum if you like. Kipling is one of the authors to be spared. Nevertheless the stage version of *The Light That Failed* did no harm to any one who had not recently read the book. Recalling it from the time of its first appearance we should say that Dick Heldar was younger and more vivid and less abjectly pitiful and many times more attractive than the hero of the play, that his newspaper friends were less affected, that Maisie was a few shades brigher, and the red-haired girl less like a sorrowing sister Anna. But clipped and dog-eared it was still Kipling in a way, and Mr. Forbes Robertson helped to a recognition. He was not Dick Heldar, but he sometimes suggested him and he played throughout with sympathy and intelligence. One character in the book, however, appeared in flesh and blood. Bessie, the street waif whom Dick rescued and who destroyed his painting, was reproduced by Miss Lee with absolute exactness.

Readers of Mr. Hornung and Mrs. Burnett are not likely to have long memories and neither author has a style that suffers much in a dramatisation. *Raffles* is as probable on the stage as he is in Mr. Hornung's stories, and *The Pretty Sister of José* is as sweet as Mrs. Burnett made her. Of course the audience knew Raffles from the first, but the detective did not, and the greatest of detectives and the greatest of cracksmen actually stood nose to nose, and Raffles gave the broadest kind of hints and looked straight into the detective's eyes in such a meaning way that an intelligent pair of handcuffs almost leaped of their own accord from the detective's pockets, but the detective could not guess because if he had guessed so soon there would have been no play. Mr. Kyrle Bellew was graceful and impressive, and the play was exciting unless you were old and fussy; and there was a delightful surprise at the end which we must not disclose beyond saying that it was due to a door that swung in the middle. That door was really creative, one of the high points in current drama, and if properly used henceforth will put an end to much needless hiding behind curtains. In historical and society plays there is usually somebody to hide and as a rule he peeks or lets his feet show. The door that swings in the middle lets a husband in on one side and a suspected wife out on the other, emancipates the hero from the cupboard, oils the wheels of intrigue, baffles pursuit, saves the innocent, and all without those painful and ostrich-like protrusions from behind tables and chairs.

The scene of *The Pretty Sister of José* was laid in Spanish stage-land with a toreador from *Carmen* and a peasantry from a Christmas card, and was mainly interesting for the struggle between Miss Maude Adams and her physique. She wished you to forget that she was wan and fragile and spiritual, as far away from a petulant Spanish beauty as from the mother of the Gracchi. And because she was Maude Adams the audience did forget. It would applaud her as a giant in jack-boots. She put spirit and real feeling into the part and some pathos that was not intended.

And forth two chiefs came spurring. To earth they sprang, their swords they drew, and lifting high their shields they flew; and it seems likely they will have a good run for they are both revolutionary heroes, young, good-looking, and of a valour tried at many matinees. Critics generally preferred Mr. Richman as *Captain Barrington* to Mr. Faversham in *Miss Elizabeth's Prisoner,* but we hold with great tenacity to the opinion that Mr. Richman's voice has too homespun a quality, is too comforting and fit for fatherly purposes to serve in romance, and that Mr. Faversham's more ironic note makes him a better Lochinvar. From the couch of pain we should prefer Richman, but were we to be wooed and won it should be by Faversham. This

may not sound important but it is as vital a matter as anything in the plays themselves, which for the lack of originality in the writing depend solely on the skill and personalities of the actors. *Captain Barrington,* however, is remarkable for its thoroughgoing use of ideas and situations tested by experience. It is a skillful compilation of things sure to please because they have pleased many times already, well-stocked with fighting, villainy, disguises, and patriotism, and far the better of the two plays in workmanship. *Frank Moore Colby.*

THE GYPSIES.

I found her in a gypsy camp
 Between the night and morning.
I was a roving, loving scamp,
 She was a child of morning.

She had the wood-dew in her hair,
 The road-dust on her feet,
The sting and thrill of mountain air
 Made all her motion sweet.

She moved with something like the grace
 Of migratory birds.
The wander-longing in her face
 Was like forgotten words.

Richard Hovey.

FINIS.

The goal is reached: the last few steps are run
 And backward on the course our eyes are cast,
Just as the toiler when the work is done
 Thinks upon all the milestones that are past.
Yet not as stones whose very whiteness mars
 The beauty of that common road of Life:
But fingers pointing upward to the stars,
 To clouds that kiss and float in joyful strife.

Around each rhythmed mark the ivy strays
 And trembles 'neath the rose's virgin blush:
From out some hidden nest one hears the lays
 And echoed warbles of the soulful thrush—
So when the labour's done the toil seems less;
For Memory is rich in Happiness.

George Middleton.



A Story for Young Children.

By Harry Thurston Peck.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

THE room was darkened, so that Hilda could scarcely see anything as she went in. But very soon she could make out her mother's face lying upon the pillow. In a chair beside her was a nurse who had just come. She had a white cap on her head and a sort of white uniform with cuffs and a trim collar. Hilda thought that she looked very nice. When she saw Hilda, she got up from her chair so that Hilda could sit there. But Hilda stood by the bed and put her face down on the pillow beside her mother's.

"Mamma, mamma," she asked pitifully; "are you very sick?"

"Yes, dear, I'm afraid I am," said her mother almost in a whisper. "Dr. Sniffen says it is very serious. He thought it better to tell me."

Hilda somehow felt as though the doctor were to blame.

"I don't believe *he* knows," she said after a minute.

"Sh—h! You shouldn't speak like that. Why do you say that he doesn't know?"

"Oh, why—I don't like him. He was cross to me, just now."

"Was he? Then you must have provoked him in some way. He has done everything he can at present, and he is going to telegraph for papa—only I am afraid the telegram won't reach him, for he must already be on the way home. It will be a dull Christmas for you, dear, I'm afraid. I shall not be able to see about your tree."

"Oh, I don't care anything about my tree," cried Hilda. "If you will only get better, that is all I want."

But the nurse came up just then and said that the doctor had left orders that there was to be very little talking. So Hilda sat in one corner of the room for a long time, very sorrowful; and then the nurse sent her downstairs. She got her dolls and tried to play with them, but somehow she could not amuse herself

in that way; for she felt all the time as though something dreadful was going to happen. The house was very still and she was very lonely and afraid. If only her papa would come home! It would make her feel more courageous just to hear his voice and have him take her up in his strong arms.

"He's better than that old doctor!" said Hilda to herself as she sat by the open fire in the hall and saw pictures in the flames.

Later in the afternoon she crept up to the sick room and looked in; but the nurse motioned her to go away, for her mother was half asleep. So she went back once more and sat very quietly until it began to grow dark. Just then the bell rang and one of the maids opened the door. The doctor came in.

"Ugh!" he said to himself. "It's positively hyperborean this evening. Ha! A fire!"

He saw the glow of the wood-embers as they shone in the twilight. But he didn't see Hilda who was crouching on a footstool very still beside the hearth; so that when he went up to the fireplace to warm his hands, he stumbled over her and nearly fell.

"What's that!" he snapped. "What d'you mean by tripping me up? Oh, it's you, is it? I believe it was premeditated!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Hilda. "Only I didn't do anything. I was just sitting still. But you walked on my foot."

"No impudence!" said the doctor. "Go at once and tell the maid to turn on the incandescents!"

"I don't think she's got any," returned Hilda doubtfully.

"Any what?"

"Any of those—those incan—those things you said."

"You surely are the most stupid child I ever saw," said the doctor with a snarl. "What do you do here when it's dark?"

"We turn on the lights," answered Hilda. And just then the maid came in and did it.

The doctor looked at Hilda for a minute as though he could eat her up.

"So you think to ridicule me, do you?" said he. "I wish you were *my* child for about an hour!"

"*I* don't," said Hilda; for she was beginning to be angry.

But the doctor had gone upstairs.

He stayed there a long, long time, more than an hour; and while he was away, Hilda had her dinner. After she had finished, she sat by the fire in the hall again. At last she heard a door open overhead. The doctor was saying something. When he had finished, there was a sound like a sob, and then the door was shut and the doctor came downstairs.

Now the doctor was not a bad man, but he thought so much about himself that he did not have any time to consider anybody else. He really believed that Hilda was always trying to make fun of him and he had an uneasy feeling that perhaps he was not so great as he hoped he was. So when he saw the child waiting for him, his anger toward her came back to him, and he said a cruel thing, though perhaps he did not mean to be cruel.

"Well, little girl," he said very solemnly, "I hope that you will leave off your impertinent ways now, for your mother is probably not going to recover. She is very ill, very ill indeed; and you ought to be thinking of your great misfortune, rather than planning new manifestations of your most unhappy disposition. At such a time as this——"

"Isn't mamma going to get well?" cried Hilda.

"I fear not. She——"

"Oh! Oh!" Hilda burst into tears. Her sobs shook her little body like a leaf. The doctor was very much disturbed, but he didn't know what to do; so, instead of feeling sorry, he was only the more vexed.

Just then the clock in the hall struck eight. Each stroke was like a clear, sweet bell. The sound made Hilda start. It reminded her of the silvery little *ting* which she had heard when her wish was granted. A great joy came into her heart. She remembered the elf and the four wishes that she still had left. She stopped crying and put her little hands behind her back and looked up at the doctor with a look of defiance.

"My mamma *is* going to get well!" she said. "She will be well to-morrow morning!"

"What do you mean?" cried the doctor. "Are you crazy?"

"She *is* going to get well. You don't now!"

"You wretched child, how dare you peak to me in such a way! And at ich a time as this! You are far worse ian I ever imagined. Are you aware iat I am a doctor and that you are noth-ig but a child?"

"I don't care if you are!" said Hilda. You don't know anything about it. I'm oing up to mamma now!"

And before the doctor could stop her, he had darted up the stairs out of iis sight. He looked after her in stonishment, and then shrugged his shoulders and let himself out at the front door.

Hilda was so excited that she scarcely knew what she was doing. She rushed into her mother's room like a little whirlwind. The nurse had gone downstairs for a few moments.

"Hilda," said her mother very gently, "come here; I have something sad to tell you, but try to be brave and bear it. If only your father were here to make it easier for us! The doctor has just told me——"

Hilda could hear no more.

"Mamma! Mamma!" she cried, "I know what he's told you, and it isn't so! It isn't! It isn't! You are going to get all well—quick! You will be well tomorrow morning! You will!"

"Why, Hilda!" said her mother, astonished by the child's strange words and manner. "I wish it could be so, dear, but the doctor said——"

"He doesn't know! He doesn't know!"

Hilda fairly screamed as she said this, and she stamped her little foot and made such a noise that the nurse came running up the stairs to see what was the matter.

"Please call the maid," said Hilda's mother. "The child is very much excited and ought to go to bed, poor darling."

So the maid came and carried Hilda off to her room. There she undressed her and tucked her up carefully and sat by her awhile until she seemed more quiet. But as soon as the maid had gone, Hilda sat up straight in bed and said out loud:

"I wish for my mamma to be all well in the morning."

Then she added:

"Little elf, little elf,
Come to me your ownty self,
Make my spoken wish come true
As you said that you would do."

Ting! A sound like a silver bell chimed out in the darkness, and Hilda knew that her wish was heard. So she nestled down in the warm bed and let her head sink deep into the pillows, and she was so tired after all her excitement that in two minutes she was fast asleep.

When she awoke, it was early morning. There was snow all over the window-sill. The winter sun was just beginning to send a bright shaft into the room. Hilda rubbed her eyes and stretched, and then suddenly remembered what had happened the night before. In a minute she had jumped out of bed and had put on her soft, woolly slippers. Down the hall she pattered and into her mother's room. The nurse made a sign that she was not to speak loud.

"How is mamma?" whispered Hilda.

"Asleep," said the nurse. "And she is much better. I don't understand it," she continued, half speaking to herself. "Her pulse is quite normal and so is her temperature."

Hilda didn't quite understand this, but she knew it was something good.

"Is she well?" she asked.

"She seems so," said the nurse, still looking puzzled. "But we must wait till she wakes up and sees the doctor."

Hilda laughed to herself as she scudded back to her room to be dressed. While she was dressing she heard steps on the stairs and then a loud exclamation from the doctor. Hilda laughed some more. Presently she heard her mother say:

"But, doctor, if everything is quite normal and there are no symptoms whatever, why should I not get up as usual?"

"Madame," said the doctor, "it would be quite unprecedented. To be sure, this change is most extraordinary, but it is all most irregular. Last night you were at the point of death, and so it is obvious that you cannot yet leave your room in spite of a favourable prognosis."

"But I'm going to," said Hilda's mother rather sharply. "I feel perfectly well and you say you can find no trace of illness. I shall get up at once."

"Very well, madam; very well, madam," replied the doctor in his most pompous voice. "Then I tell you very plainly, madam, that I give up the case. Yes, madam, I give up the case."

"As you like," said Hilda's mother. "But so far as I can see there *is* no case."

The doctor snorted, and went down the stairs. As he did so, Hilda came out of her room and walked behind him. He looked around and saw her. His face grew black and he frowned.

"You!" shouted he.

"Good morning, doctor," said Hilda. "I told you that you didn't know."

The doctor rushed out of the door so fast that he bumped against a tall gentleman in a long overcoat who was coming in.

As soon as Hilda caught sight of this gentleman she gave a scream of joy, and the next minute she was in his arms.

"Papa! Papa!" she cried, nestling her head down in his big loose coat. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. Mamma's been sick, and I've had such a bad time, but she's all well now."

"Are you sure?" said Hilda's father. "The telegram said——"

"Oh, *yes!* Quite sure."

And just at that moment her mother came down the stairs in a pretty morning-gown and looking as well as she ever had in her life.

There was a great bumping on the verandah, and soon the door opened and a man with a big box came in.

"What's that?" asked Hilda.

"I can't tell you," said her father. "But you'll find out to-morrow night when you have your Christmas tree."

An hour later, breakfast was all over and Hilda was in the hall looking at the big box and trying to guess what things were in it. Presently she heard her mother who was still in the breakfast room, say something that made her stop and listen.

"But don't you think it was very wonderful?" asked her mother. "The child seemed to be so sure that I should be well in the morning. Dr. Sniffen said that I was growing worse, but Hilda kept insisting that he didn't know. It was positively uncanny."

"Well," said Hilda's father with a laugh, "I fancy that we needn't make a miracle of it. Probably you had a chill or something, and Sniffen took it for pneumonia. I haven't much opinion of these cub doctors myself. Hilda happened to hit it off about right when she said that he didn't know."

And so they let it go at that.

The Christmas holidays passed quickly, and Hilda went back to school. She had come to like her school very much, for it was all very much the same as play. She learned to sort out coloured strings and to put pegs in holes and to count blue buttons and to play rat; and they taught her ever so many songs. And she liked the children, too, all except Frieda. She kept out of Frieda's way as much as she could; but in spite of that, Frieda would tease her or play tricks on her whenever she got the chance. Sometimes she would smear Hilda's dress with yellow chalk, and sometimes she would pinch her when nobody was looking; and she made fun of her to the other children. But most of them were fond of Hilda, and would not take any part in making her unhappy. So she got along very well and had very good times.

At last the winter ended and then came spring; and pretty soon the beautiful June days made everybody glad that vacation time was near. Hilda had planned to have a little party on the day after school ended. She thought it would be nice to ask the children whom she knew to come and spend the afternoon with her on the lawn behind the house where there was a swing and also a pole for playing tether-ball. She spoke to her mother about it and her mother said that she would have a big cake made, and that Hilda could cut it for the children. So it was all planned; and Hilda went to her friends in the school and asked them if they would come. They promised very gladly. Then Hilda thought that she would ask Frieda, for she was a friendly little soul herself and didn't like to be on bad terms with anybody. She wanted to make up with Frieda and have the school year end pleasantly.

"Will you come to my party on Saturday afternoon, Frieda?" asked Hilda at noontime.

"Oh, shoo!" said Frieda. "The idea of *your* having a party! A fine sort of party! Where's it going to be?"

"On our rear lawn."

"What are you going to do?"

"Oh, we're going to play games, and swing, and have a good time. Won't you please come, Frieda?"

"What are you going to have to eat?"

"A great big cake made on purpose."

"What kind of a cake?"

"A nice white cake—I don't know the name."

"Naw!" grunted Frieda, "I don't want to go to such a party as that."

"Well, all the other children are coming."

"Huh!" said Frieda, with a grin. "You think they are, but you don't know much."

"Yes, I do," replied Hilda indignantly. "They've all promised."

"They have, have they? Well, you just wait and see."

And she went off, laughing to herself in a mocking sort of way. Somehow or other, Hilda felt uncomfortable. She didn't see what Frieda meant, but she knew that it was something unkind. And it hurt her to think that Frieda would not make up and be friendly with her, after she had asked her to the party.

The next day was the last day of school. After the usual morning session was over, the children all said good-bye to Miss McFadd, and went out merrily, very glad that they were going to have a long vacation in the beautiful summer days. As they went downstairs and out into the porch, two of the girls came up to Hilda, looking rather uneasy.

"Oh, Hilda," said one of them. "We're sorry, but we can't come to your party to-morrow."

"Oh, dear! Why not?" asked Hilda.

"Well—because, because—we have got to go somewhere else."

Just then several other children came up.

"We can't come either, Hilda," said they.

Hilda was greatly surprised and very much hurt. All of a sudden she saw Frieda looking at her with a grin on her face. It was plain that she knew why the children would not come.

"Won't you tell me why you aren't coming?" asked Hilda. "You know you promised me you would."

"*I'll* tell you," cried Frieda, coming forward. "They won't come to your party because they're all coming to mine! *I'm* going to have a big chocolate cake and not some plain old white cake like yours. And I'm going to have lemonade, too. You don't know anything about giving a party."

Hilda was terribly grieved. The tears came into her eyes, as she looked at all the children about her. Some of them hung their heads and seemed ashamed; but they did not say anything.

"I thought you were going to come to my party because you liked *me*," said Hilda slowly. "You promised to come and I asked you first. Are you all going to stay away?"

There was a moment of silence, and then a little boy said:

"Well, I'll come anyhow, Hilda. I think it was mean of Frieda to have her party at the same time as yours."

"And so do I," said one of the girls.

"And I!"—"And I!" said two more of them. But the rest said nothing.

"Well," said Hilda, "there'll be five of us anyway, and we'll have fun by ourselves."

"Huh!" grinned Frieda. "We'll have a look at you. My garden is right next to your lawn, you know. What a fine party, with only four to come to it!"

And she went off whistling like a boy.

Hilda was quite unhappy about it all. She thought at first that she would ask her mother to let her have more things to eat at her party; but somehow that didn't seem very nice, for she didn't want the children to come to her just because of what they were going to have to eat. So she said nothing; and the next day at three o'clock, she was dressed prettily and went out on the rear lawn to receive her guests.

There was a big elm tree on the lawn and under it was a little table with the big cake all covered up in white tissue paper and with a silver knife beside it. The lawn was as green as an emerald, and the sunlight streamed over it like a shower of gold. Pretty soon the four children arrived, all very spick and span.

In a few minutes they had begun to play tether-ball and were shouting and laughing merrily together. When they were tired of that, they took turns on the swing, and then they had games. When five o'clock came they began to be hungry.



"Now," said Hilda, "let's cut the cake."

She took the silver knife in her hand, but just at that moment a great noise was heard on the other side of the fence, and Frieda with about a dozen children came down through her garden, singing and laughing. Behind them came a maid with a great tray, partly covered. Frieda climbed up on the fence and began jeering.

"Now you're going to see what *we've* got!" she called out. "Look here!"

And she uncovered the tray and showed two large chocolate cakes and a big glass pitcher of lemonade. The chocolate cake looked ever so good. The chocolate was rich and brown and oozed out from the layers in the most delicious way. And the lemonade had lumps of ice, and slices of orange, and whole strawberries in it. It would make anybody thirsty to look at it, even if one hadn't been playing in the hot sun as these children had.

Frieda cut the cake into big pieces and poured the lemonade into the glasses. Even the children in Hilda's party could not help wishing that they were going to have some. Their mouths fairly watered; while the children on Frieda's side of the fence all shouted.

"Now go ahead and cut your old white cake!" cried Frieda. "Let's all see what you asked us to come and get at your party. Ha, ha!"

Hilda was so mortified that she didn't know what to do.

"Stingy! Stingy!" cried Frieda. "Nothing but old white cake! Go ahead and cut it. We want to see it."

And she climbed up on her side of the fence and jeered and stuck her tongue out at Hilda.

"Won't you please go away, Frieda?" said Hilda piteously. "We weren't bothering you. Why do you want to torment us?"

"Go on and cut your old cake. I want to see what mean things you give at your party. I suppose your mother can't afford to give you anything better. I don't believe you've even got any cake at all. Look at our lovely chocolate cake, you children!"

And she tilted back and forth on the fence, jeering and making faces. All the other children laughed.

Hilda felt very angry. Her face

flushed and she decided that she would not let Frieda go on shaming her. She stepped quickly behind the big elm tree, and began to speak quickly and in a low voice.

"I wish for the splendidest things to eat right away—lots of them—behind the hedge!"

Then she repeated very fast the rhyme which the elf had taught her. *Ting!* came the little bell-like sound—and then she heard Frieda calling:

"Coward! Coward! Had to run away!"

Hilda came out from behind the elm. She walked up to where Frieda was standing.

"We are going to have *our* things to eat now;" she said. "Down behind the hedge. Come, children!"

She walked to the end of the lawn where there was a thick hedge. Her four guests followed her, and Frieda and the dozen other children went along on the opposite side of the fence.

"I don't believe she's got anything at all," said Frieda. "She's going to hide so we can't shame her—oh! oh!"

And then every child there just stopped and gasped and stared with their eyes as big as saucers and their mouths wide open.

Behind the hedge was set a long square table covered with a snowy linen cloth and glittering with silver and crystal dishes. At one end was a platter with several broiled chickens, nicely carved, and with the marks of the grill all golden brown upon them. At the other end was a wonderful salad nestling in green lettuce leaves and decorated in a way to make you want to keep it as an ornament. There was a chocolate cake as big around as a small hoople, and a wedding cake all iced over with sugar and made to look like a great white temple; and then there was another cake almost as big, with raisins sticking out of it all over the top and sides. In little filigree baskets were cream puffs and chocolate éclairs; and there were pretty glass dishes heaped with marshmallows and caramels and nougats. Others held grapes and oranges and plums; and there were strawberries all smashed up in sugar and cream ready to be eaten. But grandest of all was the centre of the table where stood Foxy Grandpa himself made all of ice cream, and around him the two boys, and birds and animals, also of ice cream. There was white ice cream, and green ice cream and brown ice cream and yellow ice cream—in fact, every kind you could think of; and last of all, two crystal pitchers, one full of plain lemonade and one of pink lemonade.

When the hungry children saw all this, they nearly went out of their minds. Even Hilda, who had expected something very wonderful, could scarcely believe her eyes. However, she tried to look as though it was nothing unusual.

"Come," said she to the four children who were with her; "let's see how they taste."

Frieda turned white and then red as she looked on. Her two chocolate cakes and her lemonade seemed so silly beside all these splendid things. She could not say a word. And the children who were with her, when they saw what they had lost, looked at her angrily.

But Hilda turned around and said to them:

"Won't you come over and let's make one party instead of two? Bring your things and we will have them all together."

The children shouted and scrambled over the fence like wildcats. Only Frieda hung back and remained silent.

"Please come, Frieda," said Hilda. "I want you, too. Won't you be friends?"

And then Frieda for the first time that any one knew of, burst into tears.

"I can't," she said. "I've been so bad to you."

"But you won't be any more, will you?" said Hilda. "Come. I want you most of all."

And Frieda came. In five minutes they had eaten all the broilers and the salad, and were chopping Foxy Grandpa to pieces with gold spoons. It was the biggest feast that any children ever had in the world.

That night as Hilda was going to bed, her mother came into the room and sent the maid away.

"Hilda," she said, "come and sit in my lap. I want to say something to you. There have been some very strange happenings this year, and I know that you have a secret which you have kept from me."

Hilda buried her head in her mother's

neck. She felt ashamed and a little frightened.

"I heard the other day," continued her mother, "of how you made the most beautiful basket that any one had ever made at the school. But I know very well that you had not learned to make baskets. And the night when I was so very ill, you told me that I should be well in the morning, and it turned out to be true, although the doctor had said that I could not hope to recover in a long, long time, if I did at all. And now I find that in some way you have had a whole table of all kinds of dainties down on the lawn; for John has just brought in a basketful of very exquisite dishes and silverware. What does it all mean?"

Hilda was very silent and only buried her head down deeper.

"Don't you know, dear, that it is very wrong of you to keep anything secret from me? I want you to be always frank and honest, and to feel that you can come to me without ever being afraid. So tell me now what your secret is."

Then Hilda began and told the whole story from the beginning—about the spider and the elf, and how the grass came to turn blue, and the basket, and everything until she had reached the end.

Her mother sat for a long, long time without saying a single word, but just rocking Hilda softly in her arms. At last she said:

"Hilda, it is all very wonderful and hard to believe; yet I can not help believing it. Only, you ought to do as the elf said and not waste your wishes on little things. One of your wishes probably saved my life; but the other two were just childish wishes. Now as you think you have two more wishes, I want you to promise me truly that you will not use them until you are quite grown up—at least without telling me and getting my permission. Will you promise?"

"Yes, mamma," said Hilda, "I promise."

And as she has not yet grown up, she still has two wishes left.

(*The End.*)

THE NOVELIST'S OMNISCIENCE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

IN one of his new series of *Avowals*, Mr. George Moore recently commented upon Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* in a way that was not only thoroughly characteristic but full of suggestive interest. The comment was based upon the scene of Rawdon Crawley's inopportune return from the debtor's prison—the scene in which Becky desperately affirms her innocence and the Marquis of Steyne receives the scar which he is destined to carry to his dying day. But whether Becky is really innocent or not is never told; and the purport of Mr. Moore's criticism is that a writer who is so ignorant of his heroine's nature that he does not know whether her temperament is warm or cold hardly deserves the high rank accorded to the author of *Vanity Fair*. Whether the case in question was well chosen is open to debate—for even if Thackeray chose to feign ignorance regarding Becky's conduct, he at least represents Rawdon as having no doubt whatever about the matter—yet the underlying principle is perfectly sound, that in every novel there are certain crucial questions about which the writer has no business to be ignorant. Omniscience, indeed, is a prerogative of the novelist. The joys and the responsibilities of creation are his. The lives and antecedents of his characters, the thoughts they think, the little world in which they play their part, are all the outcome of his personal whim, with the single restriction, that he may not transgress the established laws of nature. He is equally arbiter of life and death over his hero, whether he write lurid melodrama or the most humdrum realism of uneventful lives. He may kill off the hero at a moment's notice, or he may save him at the eleventh hour, provided only that he kills him by some natural mode of death, or saves him by a method recognised by the medical profession. He and he alone is responsible for the

shape of the heroine's nose, the colour of her eyes and hair, whether he accepts the responsibility or seeks to shift it, by the laws of heredity, to the long line of ancestors that he himself has invented for her. And after the author has endowed his personages with their bodily form, chosen the clothes they shall wear and the emotions they shall feel, it is not too much to ask that he shall take the trouble to study his own creations sufficiently to know what they are going to do in any of the situations that he chooses to thrust upon them.

As a matter of fact, a good many authors do not take this trouble; and that is the secret of much of the slipshod fiction that finds its way into print. Of all the advice which might be given to the young novelist, none would be more useful than the cardinal rule, not to put pen on paper until he knows his characters, one and all, not merely for the brief period of the story's duration, but for the whole extent of their lives—until he feels quite sure what they would do under any assignable combination of circumstances, in a fire, a flood, a shipwreck, a railroad collision; until he can tell you whether his hero is a Presbyterian or a Buddhist, even if the novel in question is not a religious novel; or whether he is Republican or Democrat, even though politics will not be mentioned from the first page to the last. On the other hand, it is by no means the novelist's duty to tell all he knows, or even the major part of it. The universe lies before him, as before the landscape painter, but he may choose his own field and limit himself to it, just as the artist limits himself by the four margins of his canvas. An author, for instance, may choose to circumscribe his tale within the limits of a certain street, or a certain building, or a certain room. Within those limits, he will tell you everything his men and women say and think and do; but when they turn the corner, or leave the house, or close the door of the particular room behind them, they pass absolutely beyond the reader's sight and ken. Or again, the author may limit his knowledge to that of a particular character of the story. Wherever that character is free to go, the reader is free to follow; whatever that character is in a position to know, the reader may share with him. But we cannot justly complain of his silence about matters which take place beyond these definitely assigned bounds than we may quarrel with the landscape painter for his failure to show us the trees growing behind a barn, the sun that has sunk below the horizon.

Among all the questions which arise to perplex the novelist there is probably none which involves a more delicate art than this very one of the limits which he should set to his own knowledge. And the manner in which he answers this question goes a long way towards helping to class him under one or the other of the two great subdivisions into which modern fiction naturally falls—the realistic and the psychological. The student of modern life, to whichever school he belongs, has come to look upon it as a game of skill, rather than a game of chance. The realist sees life as a chessboard, and he shows it to the reader as such. He sets forth the situation with endless minuteness and fidelity, the position of every pawn, the history of every move that has gone before. He shows us each successive step as the game goes on, but what is yet to come, what lies concealed in the mind of the player, we must wait to know until his next move reveals it. To the analytical writer, on the contrary, life is not purely a game of skill; it resembles, rather, a hand at cards, in which the cards themselves stand for that particular allotment of talents inherited or acquired, which go to make up each man's individuality. The psychological novelist takes his stand beside life's card table, at such an angle that he may overlook the hand of one or more of the players, and watch the game from the standpoint of their secret knowledge. He may even walk around the table, so to speak, and overlook the cards of each player in turn, and thus be in a position to anticipate far in advance the outcome of the game. Just how many hands he will take the liberty to overlook, how many human hearts he will submit to a remorseless psychological vivisection, is a question which each author must answer for himself.

It is an interesting fact, however, that the stories which held their own in popular favour are usually those that do not shift their point of view too often. If you turn to Jane Austen, as the type of placid, old-fashioned English realism,

you will that in *Emma,* for instance, she seldom moves far from her heroine's side. Emma's thoughts and hopes and desires are all recorded minutely; those of her father, or Mr. Knightley, or "poor" Miss Taylor are disclosed mainly through their individual utterances—and if they so much as cross the room from where Emma is seated, we usually cease to overhear them. Or take, at the opposite extreme, that prototype of all Soldier-of-Fortune fiction, *Les Trois Mousquetaires.* Dumas was not a man to hamper himself with theories or methods, and the principle must not be applied too rigidly in his case. But the fact remains that, so far as the vital part of the story goes—the expedition to London to recover the Queen's diamonds—whatever we see and hear is seen and heard through D'Artagnan's eyes and ears. When Athos and Porthos and Aramis successively fall by the wayside, they drop as completely out of the game as the pawn that is taken from the chessboard—what happens to them we do not know until later they tell it with their own lips. We cannot stop to help them; we are too busy, following close upon D'Artagnan's heels.

Nevertheless, the average reader demands, sooner or later, the truth, and the whole of it. He is impatient of deceptions and reservations; and for that reason many a writer sees nothing better to do than to lay bare the hearts of his characters one after another—to examine, as it were, all his available witnesses. There are just a very few writers who have realised that this method, while it may give facts and solve problems, can never mirror back life, in its subtler manifestations—the life that we each of us watch from day to day, in the homes of our friends and neighbours. The absolute truth regarding any human transaction, a bargain and sale, a street fight, a battle lost and won, is perhaps the rarest commodity in the world—the bare, tangible facts are in themselves hard enough to get at; the motives behind the acts lie concealed in each individual human heart. What we know of the lives outside of our own is not and never can be the absolute truth, but merely a creation of our own, built up from countless vague impressions, gathered we know not when or how, and gradually welded into shape in the laboratory of our brain. Often we touch elbows with casual strangers, almost unconscious of their presence. They do not come into our lives with a flourish of trumpets, like the hero of a popular melodrama. Weeks may pass, and we may meet them again and again, and they still remain for us little more than a symbol, a bare name, people that we may think of vaguely, as the Girl in Blue, the Man with the Queer Nose. And then suddenly a strange twist of destiny will lift a corner of the veil of mystery which surrounds each one of us, and we realise that they have become vital factors in our lives. Or again, there may be a man and a woman whose life-circles apparently touch only in the most casual manner—whom we have seen meet a hundred times and exchange their formal handclasp, their conventional words of greeting. And suddenly, one day, an indefinable something, an unguarded stress of voice, the flicker of an eyelid, brings us a luminous flash of intuition; and we know that unwittingly we have all the while been in the presence of a great, hidden tragedy—one that in all likelihood we shall never know in detail. A large part of life is made up of just such elusive, tantalising, unsatisfactory material, and to-day there is just one author writing in English who is sufficiently subtle and audacious to weave such material into the warp and woof of a novel.

A great deal has been written, and with justice, about the obscurity of Mr. James, his bewildering mannerisms, his maze of qualifying words and phrases, in which a reader wanders, as through a verbal mist, to end hopelessly in a blind alley of inexplicable syntax. But what has not been generally recognised is that the obscurity and the queerness lie, not so much in Mr. James's manner of telling a tale as in the tale itself that he has to tell. He is not stating a clear story in a hopelessly involved manner; he is giving as clear a statement as he can of a much befogged condition of facts—and that is a radically different matter. You may take an instantaneous photograph of the endless flood of human life in Piccadilly or Ludgate Hill, in the midst of a London fog; or you may make a time exposure of the same scene on a clear June morning—and in both cases the result will be a

blur; but in the one case the fault was the fault of nature; the blur was already there to be photographed; in the other case the fault was your own. It would be an interesting experiment to take a chapter from one of Mr. James's recent books, read it over and over until one were quite sure of having grasped all its subtle suggestions and semi-tones, its implications of things unknown and only vaguely guessed at, and then to sit down to rewrite it, within the same limits of space, on the condition of adding nothing and leaving nothing out. The chances are that the last state of that chapter would be decidedly worse than the first.

In many ways, *The Ambassadors* will prove to be easier reading than the last three or four volumes by Mr. James have been. To begin with, he has obviously had, aside from the particular set of characters that he undertakes to study, a very definite central thought, a thought which his careful labours upon the biography of the sculptor Storey has naturally kept uppermost in his mind,—namely, the influence of Europe, its older culture, its radically different standards, upon the American temperament. Perhaps the best brief definition of *The Ambassadors* which can be given is, A study of the New England conscience, subjected to the hot-house atmosphere of the Parisian *Vie de Bohême*. And secondly the characters are chiefly American characters, deliciously, refreshingly American—yet the sort of Americans that you usually have to go to Europe to discover. To give a straightforward analysis of *The Ambassadors* would be to do violence to Mr. James's literary creed. He himself never gives you straightforward facts, but merely a series of impressions. And these you have to take as he gives them and let them accumulate and sink in, until their ultimate significance gradually dawns upon you. You do not need to wait long for an impression of Mr. Strethers; you get him in the opening page—a tall, thin, overworked man of letters, something better, yet not much better than a hack-writer, who has suddenly had the unexpected boon of a vacation, a private embassy to Paris, which may lengthen out for weeks and months. Strethers is a product of Woolett, Mass., and he is unpleasantly conscious of the fact—he feels that "it sticks out all over him." He has the New England conscience, but for the time being it is in abeyance. He is as receptive of new impressions as a sensitised plate and he means to enjoy himself, in spite of the burden of his special mission. Gradually it is revealed that he is in Paris in the interest of Mrs. Newsome—imposing, portly, prosperous Mrs. Newsome, the mature widow who is a power not to be ignored in Woolett, Mass. The source of all the trouble is Mrs. Newsome's son "Chad," who for some years has made Paris his home and whose letters during the earlier months were a periodic anxiety, which finally merged in a still greater anxiety, due to the absence of any letters at all. Mr. Strethers is commissioned to go to Paris, to discover if possible all the "unspeakable things" that Chad has supposably been doing, and at all events bring him back, a prodigal but repentant son, to Woolett—after which, it is inferred, the mature charms and ample fortune of Mrs. Newsome will be at Mr. Strether's disposal. Now just what Chad Newsome's life in Paris has been through all these years, and just what there is for Mr. Strethers to investigate, matters very little. What does concern us is to know what Mr. Strethers thinks that he finds out, the series of impressions which he receives. Somehow the atmosphere and traditions of the Latin Quarter, the laughter and the light and the gaiety of Paris gradually filter into Strethers's blood; the men he meets, and more especially the women, are all so different from what he had pictured them from the vantage-ground of far-away provincial Woolett, that his standards of morality undergo a curious and interesting readjustment. And acting according to this new light, he gives Chad some surprising advice, calculated permanently to wreck his own chances of ever filling the offices of the defunct Mr. Newsome. And yet throughout more than five hundred pages, Mr. Strethers has been wandering in a mental haze. He has not really known the simple basic fact that has kept Chad Newsome all these years in Paris. He has seen Chad and Mme. Vionnet in each other's company day after day; he has talked with them, singly and together, until he thinks there is nothing left for him to know. And yet the sim-

ple, elemental truth about them does not dawn upon him until the morning that he wanders alone out to the rural districts beyond Rennes, and there in one of those idyllic spots dear to artists, sees a rowboat containing a man who held the paddles, and a lady in the stern, with a pink parasol—saw them, recognised them, and suddenly awakened to a knowledge of infinite and undreamed possibilities. A book with all the tantalising vagueness of real life, and one which surely no one other than Henry James could have written.

There is no subtle haze of doubt surrounding the crudities of life in *The Masterfolk,* by Haldane McFall. He gives us the Bohemia of the Latin Quarter, unvarnished and grim, wine and woman and song side by side with sickness and starvation and suicide. He does not seemingly go in search of what is repellant and unclean and unspeakable, but he does push open the doors with scant ceremony that stand before him; and what he finds hidden behind them he reveals in plain, blunt English. There is little art in Mr. McFall's book—it is too long by fully one-third; it is overcrowded, both with characters and with incidents; and the plot is exasperatingly rambling and formless. Nevertheless there is a rugged strength about the book that is unmistakable. There are a score of people in it who are not only genuine, but whom you feel that you could dearly love if you met them in real life. There are here and there little touches of human nature that go far towards softening the prevailing crudity of the book. And unquestionably it gives us the life of the artist circle, the life of the "Boul' Mich" with a sympathetic understanding unapproached since the days of Henri Murger—unless indeed we except Du Maurier. Its obvious faults are easily understood; *The Masterfolk* is the work of a man who has been far more intent upon embodying his whole philosophy of life in a single book than in giving to that book an artistic symmetry.

If there is scant art in Mr. McFall's book, there is art in abundance in Guy Wetmore Carryl's delicious little volume, *Zut and Other Parisians.* It belongs to the order of literary *pâtisserie,* the lightest, crispest, most inviting *bonne-bouche* of fiction that you well could ask, so typically French that it is hard to believe that a genuine Anglo-Saxon could have written it. The best thing yet said about *Zut* was the remark in a recent interview, that there were times when the volume fairly seemed to shrug its shoulders. From first to last it is pervaded with that spirit of indulgent irony which we are accustomed to associate with the writings of Anatole France. Certainly the initial story might have come straight from the pen of the creator of M. Bergeret. It is a story of jealous rivalry between the proprietress of an *épicerie* which has seen better days, and the young wife of a prosperous hairdresser who kept the adjoining shop. It is hard enough to see the tide of fortune setting against one, to watch day by day the increasing stream of custom flowing in at the doors of one's hated rival, while one's own custom steadily diminishes. But in this case the last straw is the ingratitude of Zut, Madame's big white Angora cat—capricious, pampered, typically feminine, who finds the dainty furnishings of a model barbershop more to her taste than the ill-smelling atmosphere of stale vegetables. So Zut accordingly enrolls herself in the ranks of the deserters, quite indifferent to the tragedies that may result. "Zut," the author explains in passing, is "a word which means at once everything and nothing." Accordingly it is well chosen as a title for a volume about the race that is preëminent in the art of passing over the serious catastrophes of life with gay laughter, and magnifying trifles into a national tragedy.

A volume which cannot be taken with any special seriousness, and yet which seems to fit in just here, is Albert Carman's story of *The Pensionnaires.* The life of the typical continental pension is admittedly unlike any other life on earth: the people you meet are unlike any other people; and the only wonder is that they have not been oftener utilised in fiction. Mr. Carman's volume is a rather clever picture of this life, bearing an occasional suggestion of cartoon art; and the background of the story, the atmosphere of Dresden from the enthusiastic tourist's point of view, is full of a suggestion of personal reminiscences that linger pleasantly in the author's thoughts. As for the story itself, there is no marked originality, but it is readable enough. A

young American girl, who has gone to Germany to cultivate her voice, is the despair of her teacher. Physically, she possesses a wonderful vocal instrument; but she sings without soul—her heart has never been awakened. Two men, however, come into her life, a dreamy, visionary Pole, and a stalwart, matter-of-fact Englishman, and under their combined influence she awakens and becomes the wonderful singer that nature intended her to be. But which of these men is to reap the reward for awakening her is a question that takes time to decide; and the ending of the book is disappointingly conventional.

There is too much originality rather than too little in Mrs. L. Silberrad's new story, *Petronilla Heroven*. From the very first Miss Silberrad has shown a promising degree of individuality. Her situations are unhackeneyed; her characters are refreshingly new; and there is a commendable smell of the soil, an atmosphere of hedgerow and thatched roof, about her pictures of English rural life. And yet a book like this latest one leaves a disheartening impression of tawdry melodrama. To be sure, you do not feel this while you read—to that extent the plot is redeemed by the style. But a brief epitome of the story inevitably reads like a burlesque. Petronilla is the natural child of a farmer's daughter, the first blot upon a good old yeoman family. An orphan, hated by her grandfather, she leads a lonely childhood, ostracised, roaming the fields and woods, and imbibing from other wild and lonely things something of their woodland habits, their stealthy tread and vengeful nature. At seventeen she is a strange, wayward girl over whom the good village folk shake their heads and predict that she will soon follow in her mother's footsteps. And now begins the melodrama. In the forest Petronilla meets a strange man, a crippled, scarred, gnarled piece of humanity, whom she knows simply as the Woodsman, who talks Schopenhauer to her and imbues her with a taste for Carlyle and the French Revolution. There is another man in the story, an incarnation of malice and hatred and revenge; and because he once loved Petronilla's mother, and the latter had disdained him, he follows up the girl with persistent cruelty, hounding her relentlessly, and exercising fiendish ingenuity in inventing new methods of injuring her. Between this man and the Woodsman there is a mysterious connection; and every now and then, when Petronilla reaches the limit of endurance, she appeals to the Woodsman, and he promptly sends a blue diamond to the other man. These blue diamonds have mysterious power; they make the other man turn very pale—they reduce him to lamb-like submission. But just why he turns pale, and just what hold these blue diamonds have upon him, is one of the many things that you never find out. Then Petronilla has a pet wolf, a full-grown, full-blooded, white wolf, that follows her everywhere, with steps as stealthy as her own. You know from the first that the wolf is one of Miss Silberrad's most important stage properties; you are sure that he is going to play the rôle of *deux ex machina* when the final catastrophe comes. And so he does, but he does it in such a tame, innocuous fashion that his wolfhood is quite wasted. A good-sized mastiff would have answered quite as well, and at less sacrifice of probabilities. Unquestionably the story holds your interest to the end, but when you lay it down you realise how thoroughly artificial was the trick of the diamonds and the wolf; you feel as though you had been hypnotised by a few bits of coloured glass—as though you had been fooled once too often by the idle cry of "Wolf! Wolf!"

Miss Silberrad's chief fault is that she leaves too many ragged ends to her story, too many mysteries that she either will not or cannot explain. In melodrama an author has no possible excuse for pleading ignorance, because it is the essence of melodrama that anything may happen, any explanation will be better than none at all. The biggest and most palpable of lies will be acceptable, if only the writer lies with persistent cheerfulness and brazen confidence. A more incredible tale than John Oxenham's *Barbe of Grand Bayou* has seldom been given to an indulgent public; and yet one cannot help respecting the author for his colossal assurance. Picture a section of the stormy sea-girt Breton coast, a particularly dangerous section, with sunken rocks, and a treacherous whirlpool, through which a deadly tide races at every ebb and flow. Picture a lonely

lighthouse out in the midst of the waves, warning mariners from the cliffs that no boat could live to reach. And then imagine that within the rock of those cliffs there lies, unknown and unsuspected, a vast cavern lit by narrow fissures through which sea gulls can barely make their way; a cavern that a man might reach by falling through a hole, a mere rabbit burrow, in the pasture land above, slipping, clutching, falling along a dark, slanting passage, to be shot suddenly into a black void, and fall endlessly until consciousness leaves him. Imagine such a man awakening to find himself a prisoner in a vast, dim vault, bewildered, unable to account for his presence there. And days slip by, and he keeps life within him with the scant food of sea gull's eggs, the few fish he can catch in the dark pools of the cave. And all day long he can see through a narrow crevice in nature's twelve-foot wall of stone, the distant lighthouse, and at rare intervals can catch a glimpse of a flitting form, the form of the woman he loves, who helps her father tend the light. The story of the man's imprisonment, of how he came to fall into the cavern, and who fell with him, and how he finally came out again, but came alone, is distinctly a good story of its kind. And it does not follow that a reviewer admires its kind, just because he is willing to give it cordial recognition.

Tapestry Novel is the phrase which has been coined for a type of fiction best represented by the works of Maurice Hewlett. It is an apt phrase, and one that grows upon you, the more you think of it. For if the strange, dim figures in old tapestries, the knights and crusaders, the cowled monks and fair ladies that look down at us from fabrics wrought by mediæval weavers, could suddenly be kindled with life, if warm red blood could be infused into their veins, beneath the reds and greens and tinselled threads of their trappings, then might their outlook upon life be something after the manner of the Hewlett novel. That Mr. Hewlett would have disciples was a foregone conclusion; that he would have one of such marked talent as that revealed by Mr. Warwick Deeping, comes as a distinct surprise. *Uther and Igraine,* Mr. Deeping's first novel, is a book which may be conveniently classified as falling midway between *The Forest Lovers* and *Richard-Yea-and-Nay.* It has much of the idyllic charm of Mr. Hewlett's earlier story; but it blends with it a good deal of the virile strength and the impetuosity of his later manner. The basis of Mr. Deeping's story is the legend of Uther Pendragon, the fabled father of King Arthur, who, according to the Arthurian cycles, loved one Igraine, wife of Gorlois, and won her by fraud, through the wiles of Merlin, afterwards making her his wife when Gorlois had been slain. Mr. Deeping takes some bold liberties with the old tale; but this will hardly matter, since to those who once fall under the spell of *Uther and Igraine,* Mr. Deeping's version will henceforth be the only true version, his Uther and his Igraine the only ones who are real. The story opens upon a scene of carnage and destruction. Hordes of barbarian invaders are burning and pillaging Saxon vilages; a convent has been rifled, and the frightened nuns are escaping to the woods, fleeing from death and worse, like a covey of startled quail. Igraine, a novice, alone keeps her head, and sacrifices herself to cover their flight. But she is seized by the invaders, stripped, bound to a tree, and left to her fate. It is thus, in the woods, at night, that Uther of the Dragon comes upon her, looses her bonds, leaves her to resume her nun's grey gown, and then undertakes to see her safely bestowed with her kinsmen at Winchester. Misled by the grey gown, he thinks her, not the novice that she is, but a holy nun, placed by her vows forever beyond his reach. And she, not knowing what manner of man he is, welcomes the protection that his mistake affords, and does not enlighten him. "The Way to Winchester" is the sub-title of the earlier half of the story; one wishes it might have been chosen as the name of the book. For it is on the way to Winchester that the great events of the story have their origin, in the love that is kindled in the hearts of the novice and the knight. And because she knows that she loves him, Igraine decides, as they lie for the last night of their journey, almost within sight of Winchester, that on the morrow she will tell him the truth, that she is no nun. And because he loves her, and is jealous of his knightly honour, he decides as he guards her sleep

throughout that last night, that he must see her no more. And so before dawn of the day when she would have told him the truth he steals softly away and passes out of her life. The idyllic charm of the story is undeniable. There is at times a certain mannerism, a root of affectation approaching preciosity. Yet in the later part of the story, which is full of the din of battle, there is an impetuous on-rush of action that makes one quite forget any occasional artificiality of style. It is a book strong enough to carry with it a conviction that here is a new writer whose work will count for something definite among the novels of the present decade.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THREE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

THE WORK OF JOHN S. SARGENT.*

MUCH has been written of Mr. Sargent's work and much to the purpose, but it seems to have been reserved for a woman to communicate that which is almost incommunicable, in the notes that Mrs. Meynall has prepared as introductory to this fine volume of photogravures published in London and imported by Charles Scribner's Sons, of portraits by Mr. Sargent.

It is an attribute of genius to inspire consideration from many sides; and we think it most important that an artist who is so widely discussed should find a worthy commentator. It may seem rather an inversion of the order of things that this volume should be reviewed, giving precedence to the literary side of the book when the illustrations form really the book itself. But in a sense this again seems proper, for the writer calls her notes introductory, and doubtless, if they are first read, he who then examines the work will be in a frame of mind to better appreciate the riches here displayed. Mrs. Meynall has done nearly all that can be done, outside the esoteric circle of the practised painter to explain the sources of this artist's power—and, again, in that charmed circle of kindred craftsmen few can successfully give expression through the medium of words.

In the last few years, since the revival of interest in portraiture, and there has evidently been such a revival, volumes of importance dealing with one or the other of the great earlier portraitists have been brought here for our delectation. We doubt, however, if one of quite so great impressiveness from the point of view of book-making has yet been offered to the public.

But before speaking of the physical features, so to say, of the book, we must still go further in expressing our indebtedness to the writer of the introduction. For anything that is to-day conducive to a better understanding of the portrait painter, anything that will indicate the problems he has to face and the qualities of mind required to successfully portray a human being is most welcome. A volume of this kind is well calculated to further such a desirable end; and we regard Mr. Sargent as peculiarly fortunate in possessing so searching a verbal interpreter, and also in working at a period when a fair exposition of his achievements can be so satisfactorily disseminated. The writer in disclaiming partially the rôle of "psychologist" which some have seen fit to give this painter, goes on to say: "He proves himself rather to be observant and vigilant, nay, simple, as a great artist must be. How many and various qualities, mental and physical, meet to prepare that direct and simple contemplation of the world might give us matter of surmise; for contemplation there is—something more than observation; and something more than perception—insight." The closeness of Mr. Sargent's differentiation of national types is then mentioned: "When Mr. Sargent paints an American—the portrait of Mr. Roosevelt, for example—the eye has the look of America, the national habit is in the figure and head. In like manner, Mr. Sargent paints an English-

*Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. $30.00 net.

woman with all the accents, all the negatives, all the slight things partly elegant, partly dowdy—one can hardly tell which of these two—the characteristics that remove her, further than any other woman, from the peasant and the land, further than an artificial Parisian. Mr. Sargent perceives these keenly, never forcing the signs, for force would destroy anything so delicate." All this shows what a subtle instrument of sight, which might truly be named insight, this painter possesses, if, in addition the tale be veracious that Mrs. Meynell quotes as hearsay: "that of one portrait a physician made a diagnosis from it and named a malady until then uncertain—a disorder that has a characteristic effect upon bearing and expression." While showing the painter's grasp of the spiritual significance of physiognomy, bearing, traits, and habit of life in general, she, the writer, goes as far as a layman can be expected to go in indicating the marvellous technical proficiency of this wielder of the brush. Much of this virtuosity is conveyed to us through the medium of these admirable points; and had the authochromatic process been more perfect we would in this volume be placed still closer to the painted charm of these "human documents." As it is, what can be more vitally present than the picture of Coventry Patmore? The colour values in this reproduction seem well sustained, the head in relation to the white of collar and waistcoat, as well as of the strong darks in cravat and coat and lesser dark of background; while the composition, the placing of the figure in this limited area so as to leave the impression of gauntness and slenderness is most intelligently conceived. The portrait of the artist's friend, George Henscel, appears also very successfully reproduced in the colour values. It is a simple bust, but with an animation and a tilt of the head that is most characteristic and which gives it a pervading impression of life-likeness. Of other merely bust portraits there are few, and these apparently studies—that of "Lady with White Waistcoat" is in that interesting stage which appeals to the painter as revealing the security of this particular painter's method of attack when beginning a portrait; it is direct and "telling," as is also of the Joseph Jefferson, again in the initiative state. It is, indeed, one of the instructive features of this publication that in it, these various steps in the technical procedure of Mr. Sargent are not withheld. He has, in a certain sense, opened his portfolio to the publishers, and we are given a chance to see examples of charcoal, wash, and even pencil drawings simultaneously with his most perfected productions.

This opportunity in the case of one possessing Mr. Sargent's command of materials is to the amateur as well as to the professional worker, of truly intrinsic interest and value. These preparatory studies are, however, so few that they do not impair anything that the collection may possess of a popular nature. When one compares them with the important compositions of portrait group comprising two or three figures the intellectual interest is only enhanced by the opportunity thus given to study the preparatory brushwork that goes to realisation of these perfectly constructed examples of the painter's craft. For in most of these photogravures the touch is markedly revealed. As for the ingenuity of arrangement in the larger works, full-lengths, and group portraits, one's admiration and esthetic pleasure seem to grow in noting the happy disposition of masses and the beautiful balance of quantities in these spirited presentations of human beings in their habitual and natural environment. This is what Mr. Sargent does—he places them there, they exist in their own air, they possess their individuality, their own distinction or lack of it. His observation is alert and his scrutiny keen. Nothing escapes him and he presents what he sees by the shortest cut—by eliminating all that is likely to detract from the power of the impression. This is felt, I think, with much truth in the portrait of Lord Ribblesdale—he is there before you—English and handsome. The portrait, too, of Alfred Wertheimer shows a young man in the fullness of a rich and ripe vitality, so lighted as to offer the best relief to the plastic planes of this broadly modelled and virile head. One can see by examining these pictures how almost absolutely unerring is the painter's touch. A turn of the brush when accompanied by faultless drawing, provided the note thus placed is true in

"value," and we have a finished thing. We hear much of Mr. Sargent's lack of finish—When is a portrait finished? One might answer—"When it has thus received throughout, the significant touch." So peculiarly powerful is this painter in picturing the outward aspect of his subject that in reviewing a book reproducing his work one is tempted to be led off from remarks on the book to an estimation of the artist it illustrates. The method of the painter is well given by these plates, while the make-up of the work is in excellent style. It would, however, have facilitated the searcher for a particular plate had these been numbered in the index. It now remains, however, in spite of defective index, to speak of a few of the most important compositions—those of the Misses Hunter, the Ladies Acheson, and the group of Wertheimer children.

The Misses Hunter is one of those presentations in which Mr. Sargent utilises the resources of furniture to tie together, as it were, the figures of his canvas into a compact composition, but with such judgment that the personages appear to have happened quite naturally or quite by chance in their respective places in the scene; for scene it sometimes is when three sisters on this cushioned circular seat sit talking over the little nothings or somethings of the season. Again, more obviously perhaps is a scene produced for its possibilities of colour and line when the Ladies Acheson pluck oranges and sit or stand where foliage and sky may play a part in the admirably "arranged" environment in which the artist has chosen to picture them. The Wertheimer children in their schoolroom, where the freedom from study hours has permitted the admission of household pets. The naturalness of such a moment with its privileges, seems most truthful and unstudied, and in its domestic theme is of the tradition of Velasquez's "Las Meninas." There are so many large portraits here that even a brief mention of more is out of the limits of this review, but a word must be said of the graceful American girl, Miss Leiter, who figures in surroundings that it would have pleased Sir Joshua to paint her, and from the charm of this printed copy must have proved a subject no less grateful to the esthetic taste of Mr. Sargent. A pencil drawing at the end of the book of Mrs. Meynell, friend of Ruskin, and intelligent appreciator of the present painter, is of a fineness and interest that captivate. Certainly this handsome large folio of broad margins and fine painting, is a most timely and welcome contribution to the cult of portraiture which appears to have lately been established among us.

Frank Fowler.

II.

PROFESSOR WILSON'S SATIRES OF JUVENAL.*

FROM the days when Dr. Anthon smoothed the path of the student of the classics by his ample commentary and extended translations, the production of annotated editions has been continually increasing, until not only is every author read in the college curriculum published in annotated form, but some e.g., Horace, have appeared in such numerous editions as to awaken astonishment at the productivity of classical scholarship and at the endurance of the author. The Satires of Juvenal have not suffered from over-annotation. It is true that from England we have the editions of Mayor, Lewis, Pearson and Strong, Hardy, and Duff, but only the last two are serviceable for students in our colleges. In America, however, Juvenal has been neglected; for with the exception of two editions with brief notes and little attempt at scholarly treatment, nothing has been published. It is to fill this gap that Professor Wilson has prepared the book which we are considering, and before any further comment is made, it should be said that his work is a decided addition to text-books of this character and is highly creditable to American scholarship.

The Satires of Juvenal offer certain difficulties to an editor. First, there is the question of the desirability of printing the entire text. The result of Dr. Anthon's attempt to make a satisfactory edition by omitting the objectionable word or phrase would have been amusing, if it had not been

*The Satires of Juvenal. Edited by Harry Langford Wilson: The University Publishing Company.

serious. Hardy and Duff followed his example with like unsatisfactory results, and served only to illustrate the diversity of opinions as to what should be eliminated and what retained. Professor Wilson has boldly printed the text entire and should be commended for doing so; for by unnatural alterations the attention of the student is directly called to the very subject of which the solicitous editor desires him to be ignorant. Again, the editor must solve the problem as to what form the notes should take so as both to be scholarly and to serve the purpose of elucidating for the student the meaning of the author. In this respect, also, Professor Wilson has been successful, for the book at once conveys the impression of his entire grasp of his subject and there is abundant explanatory matter without that overloading in the way of commentary which finds its extreme in Mayor's monumental edition. The judicious use of foot-notes has aided materially in the accomplishment of his purpose. The editor declares that he intends "to furnish the student who takes up Juvenal for the first time with everything necessary to the understanding of the author and his place in literature, and to offer to teachers and advanced students guidance and suggestion for a more detailed study of the satires."

The book opens with an introduction which discusses the origin of Roman Satires, the life of Juvenal, Juvenal as a satirist, the style of Juvenal, and the history of the text. Under the treatment of the style of the author there is given a grammar of Juvenal which adds greatly to the value of the book, as it can be found in no other edition. The chapter on metre by Prof. Kirby Smith is likewise a great addition. A bibliography prepared with excellent judgment, with foot-notes giving very full references to numerous reviews and articles adds another evidence of the thoroughness with which the editor has done his task and of his most careful and painstaking scholarship.

As to the commentary, however, Dr. Wilson's work is to some extent open to criticism. Here he indulges in a custom which trains students to neglect this most important aid to the interpretation of an author. Many references are given other parts of the book, notably to the introduction, where the information given merely duplicates that already found in the commentary or is of comparatively little importance. Thus the note on V. 59 is "Juvenal is fond of such contrasts, see § 131." The section referred to has "Juvenal is fond of abrupt contrasts;" again, on I. 52 *magis*, i.e., *potius*, see § 68, where the comment is "*magis* is used for *potius*"; then on I. 169, after a good note on *duelli*, the reference is "on archaisms in Juvenal, see § 42," where the comment is "archaisms are rare in Juvenal." It is true that the introduction gives, in many instances, the parallel references; but the student should not be misled into thinking that he will obtain aid in interpretation where he merely finds an enumeration of similar usages, for he feels that he is receiving stones for bread. There are various ways of avoiding this difficulty which need not be stated here, but we may add that everything should be done to prevent the student from feeling that he is wasting his time in useless turning from one part of the book to another. Again, the commentary conveys the impression that notwithstanding his knowledge of the satires and of the literary history of the same, the editor does not really enter into the spirit of the poet or feel the enthusiasm which a full appreciation of his power must convey. Why interpret *æstivum* "in the summer time," when Juvenal might assume for his picture that Crispinus had rings suitable for the various seasons? Again *conductas* (I. 108) implies that he not only gave pasturage for hire but was employed as a shepherd; *nobiscum* (I. 101) means "with us clients," not necessarily "the lower order of society." The interpretation of *in præcipiti* (I. 149) "vice alway stands on a steep incline and hence soon reaches the bottom," is wrong; for the emphasis is not on the steepness of incline or the downward tendency of vice, but the idea is that vice has reached the utmost limit and that only a general downfall of society must follow if it is exaggerated. Juvenal means "grassy theatre" in III. 173, for he is thinking of rural simplicity, and it is unnecessary to refer to the grass growing between the seats, when we can so readily picture the people seated on the hillside. The *metit barbam* (III. 186) is not "an excuse of-

fered by the slave of whom the client seeks admittance at one house," for this, like the following phrase, states the occasion of the festival, and the editor seems to feel this in the remainder of the note. For *fermentum* in the sense of anger, Professor Wilson, who denies the existence of a parallel, might have quoted Plautus, *Cas.* II. 5, 17, or *Mercator* V. 33. That Juvenal speaks of Claudius three times by his *nomen* is no proof that when he uses the cognomen "Drusus" he does not have the emperor in mind as the typical example of a sleepy head. This is an instance of mathematical precision in the study of an author, which often leads to the cutting out of an unusual phrase because it occurs only once, a fact which might be regarded as proving its validity. *Vigiles fenestræ* (III. 275) are not "the windows of those who are awake," for Juvenal intended it to say, "the wide-awake windows," or, as one has given it, "the windows that are up." Such illustrations as these will serve to indicate where Professor Wilson's work is open to criticism, and we hesitate to suggest even these in view of the splendid work which the editor has accomplished. There is no doubt that the book will be welcomed, for it will do for the student what the edition of Friedländer has done for the teacher. The book closes with a complete and satisfactory index.

James C. Egbert, Jr.

III.

THE REMINISCENCES OF AN ASTRONOMER.*

THERE is no question as to the great popular interest in astronomical research and speculation. From the dreary and difficult details of practical astronomy the mind may move into fields in which the imagination has absolutely no restraint. The hope that the telescope will yet reveal some of the vital secrets of the universe, the fascinating possibility that life may be discovered in other worlds, have led men entirely untutored in the science to become the astronomers' greatest patrons and benefactors. Thus, that eccentric and wealthy Californian, James Lick, who, Professor Newcomb is sure, never looked through a telescope in his life and was totally ignorant of the difficulties in using a great instrument, gave a large share of his fortune to the foundation of a great observatory. Scarcely had this institution been established when the University of Chicago, by gift of Mr. Charles T. Yerkes, a man of thoroughly economic and practical mind, came into possession of an instrument which is likely to represent the limit of refracting telescope construction for some time to come. No one knows better than the observing astronomer how far the hopes of these men will come from being realized.

Those who shudder at the terrible formulas of practical astronomy—in which branch of the science Professor Newcomb occupies a most eminent position—need not hesitate to take up this volume. It has not been written for the scientist. The chapter on the eighteenth and nineteenth century transits of Venus, and that on the origin of the Lick Observatory and its admirable organisation by Dr. Holden are thoroughly interesting to the untechnical reader. If the author errs at all, it is on the side of giving too little detail of his own work. This is mostly confined to one modest chapter entitled "The Author's Scientific Work." Yet, if only to form a juster estimate of Professor Newcomb's labours and to help other strugglers, we might wish, from his own pen, a more definite account of how, practically self-taught, he was able to progress step by step in mathematics until he mastered Laplace's *Mécanique Celeste* and fitted himself to enter the National Observatory, of his work in determining the independent origin of the asteroids, of his research in Paris to correct Hansen's tables of the moon's motion, and finally of his great efforts—now resumed through the generosity of the Carnegie Institution—in establishing a system of permanent astronomical standards for the use of observatories all over the world.

The author reveals himself as a man of versatile tastes and abilities; he has never been able to confine himself to astronomy alone. Psychical research, educational matters both at home and abroad, and especially political economy, have received a considerable share of his atten-

*The Reminiscences of an Astronomer. By Simon Newcomb. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $2.50.

tion. We are led, therefore, to wonder why he never turned to the science of human nature. In the story of his early years there is an attractice picture of life in his native Nova Scotia fifty years ago. Here is the field for a novelist and here is material for a novel. We see at once what might be made out of the character of the humbugging Doctor Forshay, who practised the "botanic system of medicine," and to whom the youthful Newcomb went to learn the healing art. And take the account of his own father's courtship:

"From careful study he had learned that the age at which a man should marry was twenty-five. A healthy and well-endowed offspring should be one of the main results in view in entering the marriage state, and this required a mentally gifted wife. She must be of different temperament from his own and an economical housekeeper. So when he found the age of twenty-five approaching he began to look about."

The results were, of course, most amusing. The seeker got his wife, but the system totally collapsed in getting her.

Professor Newcomb writes pleasantly of the scientific men he has known, both in Europe and America, and gives a wealth of entertaining anecdote. In one respect the book differs from most of its class. We learn much of little great men whose abilities lie so far from the demand of the business world that their work can command only clerical wages. There is something pathetic—almost tragic indeed, did we not see that the happiness of the individual was not involved—in the author's account of his struggle with the Secretary of the Navy to have the salary of a most valuable member of the *Nautical Almanac* staff, George W. Hill, "greatest master of mathematical astronomy during the last quarter of the nineteenth century," raised from $1200 to $1400.

Usually these men ask even for no credit, but the story of the great "Star-Catalogue Case" tells of a curious legal struggle between a distinguished but underpaid astronomer and an assistant who fought for a small measure of recognition. Professor Newcomb's frank plea for a little more generosity on the part of Congress towards scientific enterprise is well established and ought to act in favour of his successors in the *Nautical Almanac* office.

George H. Casamajor.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER-BOX

WE rather hoped that in this number we should be able to publish the letters sent us with regard to the Beauty Contest between the Junior Editor and the Senior Editor. But in this we are disappointed. A very large number of letters has been received; but as they unanimously favour the choice of the Senior Editor, to print them would make the Junior Editor unhappy, especially as many of them fleer at his taste and say uncomplimentary things about the imaginary lady whom he selected as a concrete type of his ideals of beauty. One correspondent remarks with a certain amount of subtlety that the Junior Editor's choice has lately recovered from tonsilitis and that her lips are still feverish. Other correspondents say other things, but we shall not print them during this season of peace and good will. The Junior Editor tries to put a good face on the matter, and whenever we read out to him a fresh batch of letters he laughs; but his laughter has a hollow sound and it isn't a bit like the good old golfing laugh of several weeks ago. Indeed the thing is getting on his nerves, so that whenever he hears the postman coming, he fidgets in his chair.

One remark he has made at least nineteen times. He says that the picture which he originally selected was done in colours, and therefore was much more attractive than its reproduction in black-and-white. That is what *he* says. But it seems to us that if a lady, in order to appear at her best, has to have her face painted, this very fact lets her out altogether. The only scrap of comfort that we can find for the Junior Editor is contained in a letter from a distinguished scholar and author of this city, who writes as follows:

I have examined those beautiful faces with great care and am of the opinion that the Senior Editor's choice is the most beautiful, but that the Junior Editor's is the girl to marry.

A physician in Cincinnati, writing on the same subject, propounds the following very curious theory:

I am a self-constituted authority on noses. The first glance at that feature shows a striking similarity in taste on the part of both contestants. The noses are identical. That gave me a clue. A close inspection of both faces reveals a very remarkable similarity of all the features—nose, mouth, eyes. brow, chin—a sweet, pensive expression is shown in both faces. The same face presented at two different angles. If it were not for a decided difference in the contour of the neck and shoulders, I should think that the genial editors were perpetrating a hoax upon the readers of THE BOOKMAN.

This theory is ingenious from the point of view of physiognomy, but it presupposes a definite collusion on the part of the two artists who drew the faces for the two books from which the editors made their selection quite casually, and without either of them knowing what the other one's choice would be.

I.

The distinguished scholar from whose letter we quoted above has something to say concerning the sentence "He had better send his soul to the laundry." He remarks:

I think you will better your answer to the question in the December BOOKMAN, concerning the sentence "He had better send his soul to the laundry," if you admit that "better" in the quoted sentence (as also in the main clause of this sentence), is not adverbial in its nature, but is used as a verb,

infinitive in its nature. Your opinion will then be bettered with your own learning, which Bellario thought to be the case with the counsel of Portia.

We publish this as a contribution to the literature of the subject, but we are not convinced that we were wrong.

II.

A reader in Hamilton, Canada, writes to ask that hereafter THE BOOKMAN should be issued with its leaves cut. We think well of this suggestion and shall probably carry it out.

III.

The following curious little note comes to us in a lady's handwriting:

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

To settle an agreement about the purity of Rosalie Evanturel in *The Right of Way* by Gilbert Parker, I should be much obliged to you if you would be kind enough to publish a few lines on the subject. I shall look for the article in your next issue of THE BOOKMAN. There has been doubt about her pure character and I shall be glad to rely on your opinion. AN INQUIRER.

This reminds us of the Yale students who made bets about the character of Lady Bassett in Charles Reade's novel, *A Terrible Temptation,* and who finally wrote to Charles Reade himself and asked him to decide the question for them. He replied that he knew no more about the matter than he had written down in his book. For our part we are altogether averse to discussing the reputation even of a wholly fictitious lady; but our correspondent is of course at liberty to address her inquiry to Sir Gilbert Parker.

IV.

The following letter has come to us with regard to the novel which we have just mentioned:

In your last issue you said that Charles Reade appears as one of the characters in his own book, *A Terrible Temptation.* I do not seem to remember the character in question. Surely it was neither Sir Charles Bassett nor Richard Bassett.

Not at all. It was C. Rolfe (notice the identical initials) who is commonly spoken of in the book as "Rolfe the writer." It is to him that Lady Bassett goes for assistance in her troubles, and naturally she finds him immensely clever and resourceful. Reade has really given a very good picture of himself, of his den, and of his collection of scrapbooks, in this amusing sketch which is drawn with the naïve egotism so characteristic of the man.

V.

We have received two letters, both of which require personal answers through the mail, and which we mention here merely because of the honorific manner in which the writers address us. One is from an Italian gentleman who begins his note, "Egregio Signore Redattore del Bookman." That gave us a fine Roman feeling. The other one was inscribed "To the Honourable The Letter Box." This sort of thing makes us sit up very straight in our chair.

VI.

A lady in New Orleans fishes delicately for an invitation to the Letter Box Banquet.

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

Isn't it rather careless of THE BOOKMAN to publish a review worded "*Miss* Thurston's *The Circle*," when the author dedicates that volume to her husband? I don't know what bearing this may have upon the affairs of the nation; I don't think *I* really care. But as catching THE BOOKMAN in a mistake seems to insure me a seat at that banquet in 1905, I have been on the lookout for one for some time. Am I in?

YOUNG HOPEFUL.

P. S.—I am using Hand Sapolio on my soul.

The lady can hardly get in on the particular basis which she suggests; but we are inclined to think that she ought to have an invitation for the sake of her personality. She is evidently the right sort.

VII.

A gentleman whose letter-head describes him as "Manejer of The Fonic Publishin Hous," at Ringos, N. J., sends us the following letter which we reproduce precisely as it is written.



A NEW LEAF AND GOOD RESOLUTIONS FOR 1904.

Estemd sir,

Bi the mal hwich tacs this letter, I send you a volum entitold, *Hwot Is the Sol?—Haz the Dog a Sol?*—publisht bi the Fonic Publishin Hous, Ringos, N. J. Plez notis it in the periodical hwich yu edit and send me a copi ov the number contanin the notis.

The pris ov the buc iz a dollar and fifti sents. It wil be sent tu eni addres bi mal, on reset ov the pris.

Hopin yu ma find the volum worthi ov yur attenshon, I reman,

Veri respectfulli,

—— ——.

We think that the publication of this letter is sufficient notice of the book; for every one will want to read a volume with such a fetching title as *Haz the Dog a Sol?* We shall gladly send the gentleman a copy of this number containing the "notis."

VIII.

A question about Raffles:

Knowing you to be an authority on Sherlock Holmes, I venture to think that you may also have mastered the collateral subject of Raffles. In the two books relating to this gentleman I find him always spoken of as "A. J. Raffles." Does anybody know what his first name was?

If you will turn to the story called "The Fate of Faustina," you will find that Faustina, the Italian girl with whom Raffles was in love, addresses him as "Arturo." Raffles tells Bunny that he had revealed his name to Faustina; from which it may be inferred that "Arthur J. Raffles" was his proper style. The "J" however, still remains to be explained.

IX.

The following letter has a tart little tang which recalls some of the epistles which we used to receive years ago.

I should like to ask you three straight questions and to have you give me three straight answers to them. (1) You have a good deal to say about true Sherlockians. Now don't you really think in your heart that *you* are the only true Sherlockian? (2) Haven't you a pretty good opinion of yourself anyway? (3) Why does everything that you write irritate me beyond endurance?

It gives us great pleasure to answer.

(1) On the whole we must frankly admit that we are probably the only true Sherlockian. It may be that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Mr. Gillette are in the same class, but we are not prepared to admit it until we shall have conferred with them and tested them with regard to some of the more esoteric points. By the way, though, we don't do our thinking in our heart.

(2) How could we fail to have a pretty good opinion of one who is the only true Sherlockian?

(3) We are sure that we don't know why we irritate this gentleman. He doesn't irritate us in the least. Indeed, we trust that he, and for that matter, all our readers, are going to have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

PART III.

It is very lovable in you to praise me for qualities I do not possess. I fear I am not inclined to take much trouble for people, as a rule. It was a very simple matter for me to sit comfortably in a low rocking-chair and mend Miss Burden's stockings. If you could have seen the darns she had managed to effect! She was brought up in ease and idleness, and knows nothing of work outside the profession she has learned. I admire her spirit in refusing to live under the roof with a vulgar stepmother, and I am more than ever impressed with the desirability of her marrying Myles. She is a very tactful young lady, a person of few words, but she is one of those people who attract you without your knowing why, and I somehow feel convinced that she would be able to *manage* him—it would be a sight to see. Myles with a yoke round his neck, trotting meekly along and never knowing it! Miss Burden is far too subtle to let him become aware of it. It will yet come to pass, and it is one of the solutions—a happy one—of our present problem. I have it partly planned. In another week Miss B. will take the night duty, and Myles is always here between eight and eleven. Miss Mackillay is as strong as any man; she can lift my grandmother as I would lift a child, but Agnes Burden is slight, and Myles would have to take a hand in the lifting. You see the possibilities of the situation. Really, it would be the best thing I can imagine for both of them, and do you know I should not be at all surprised if my young lady had some such idea in her pretty head with its rolls of smooth silky, pale-brown hair—such a pleasing contrast to my insubordinate locks! At any rate, I think I will regard it as a mission, and do what I am able to do to further it.

All these interests must seem very petty to you who are in the current of concerns so much greater in import. I do not enjoy this day of small things, yet I am placed here, and in sheer self-defense must get through with as little friction as possible. There are amusing features, after all. Larry, for instance. It seems he has never been in love, think of it!—at the age of nineteen! He disclaims being a misogynist, however, he is simply a philosopher. He has found young girls, i.e. girls of his own age and younger, to be crude and superficial. A couple of weeks ago, he was strongly platonic, now he says I must have understood him. He is as a matter of fact—according to his understanding of himself—one of those shrewd persons who are skeptical of simple friendship between a man and a woman, unless, of course where there are certain disparities not to be overcome by sentiment. Oh, I am learning so much from Larry! Yes, he is certainly amusing.

Mr. Norrice, on the other hand, is interesting and improving. I like him, though I think he does not return the favour—that is not without reservations. I feel, instinctively, that he does not approve of me. Perhaps he thinks me flippant; of course when I get out of this house, I let myself run riot. But then, he cannot know how much excuse I have for that. I take him to be a very conscientious person who wishes to give Mrs. Carlew the full value of the salary she pays him. In that he is certainly right, and I do not encourage Larry to neglect his work. Quite the contrary. I avoid him as much as I can, especially as I have no desire for his company to South Pullen in the morning.

I should really like to know just what Mr. Norrice does think of me. He is one of the people whom I feel a bit curious to see myself reflected in. I like to get reflections of myself in various other minds, it is so interesting to find how certain qualities will come out according as the mirror itself is clear or distorted. I have always had the reputation of taking disagreeable criticisms with the greatest good nature; it simply amuses me to be pulled apart and dissected—as if any

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one person could possibly understand another! Perhaps one reason that the comment leaves me unmoved is that I never in any case follow other people's suggestions. How can any person decide for me?

On the whole, Tony dear, always excepting You, I find women more satisfactory than men. I like the masculine mind, but I prefer the feminine temperament. Men seldom understand anything but pure reason, and not that if sentiment is in the least concerned. I know girls who like that very thing, but I think I am wanting in the element of coquetry. I feel a distaste for any emotion that I am unable to share, and I seem not to have the sort of vanity that makes conquest a delight. I don't *say* this; no woman would believe me, and probably no man except you—one is always thought to be posing when one utters any high-minded sentiment—but it is the simple truth, no virtue in me either, for I was made that way from the beginning. My mother never loved but one man, and my father loved her from the moment he saw her to the very end of his life. So you see, Tony, I inherit this single-mindedness from both my parents, and small credit to myself. I simply waited for you to come, and now I love you with all the freshness of nineteen, and the maturity of twenty-four.

Ah, these long, long summer days! One must be very happy not to find them at the close a little sad. The shadows lengthen, the air grows cooler. One knows the twilight is coming, the beautiful scented, dewy dusk, and there creeps in the desire for some one to share its beauty. The desire grows into longing, and the longing gets to be desperate. One is so helpless! A little heart beating and fluttering, struggling to have its way—that is all it can do. No one knows. Other interests are being consulted, no matter about the little heart; it will quiet down by and by, as a baby stops crying from sheer exhaustion, and goes to sleep. But what a pity! A beautiful night wasted for that little heart, and *that* night can never come again. And the sun sets inexorably, calling to the stars to come out and mock at you. The day lilies open their throats, and the perfume sets the poor little heart beating faster. You reach out your hand for that other hand, and strain your eyes into the shadows. Something must come—but there is nothing, nothing, only the intangible darkness. Oh, Tony, Tony, I want you, I *want* you!

* * * * *

I have been foolish. I ought not to send this sheet, but I will because you asked me to give you the record of each day as nearly as I could. After all, dear, it is a great thing to know what love is, even though there is no such pain as love can bring. And a woman, you know, can have the relief of crying as I did just now—but don't take that to heart. I really feel better for it; smile now, when you read this. As a matter of fact I am practical enough to appreciate the very excellent and sufficient reasons why I should stay here for a little longer. I cannot respect them as perhaps I shall in the days to come when I have forgotten the loneliness. But when you get this letter it will be morning, and I am seldom sad in the morning. So please praise me for being your own brave Madge.

Thursday, August 5th.

It is cooler to-day and Bonnie, in an exquisite pink wrapper trimmed with delicate lace, is importuning me to go to Boston. She loves to do the shops and lunch at Parker's, where she is continually getting excited over the belief that she has recognised some old acquaintance in a lady or gentleman of, say, forty, oblivious of the fact that all her friends of bygone years have been growing old along with herself, and if not dead and gone, are almost certainly grey-haired and probably feeble. It is rather pathetic, but the exercise affords her a certain happiness, and provides her with a skeleton to hang reminiscences upon. I listen a little, and follow my own thoughts in undercurrent. Forty years hence I shall probably be prattling to some young girl whose mother is a baby now, about "Mr. Seymour, my dear, I always called him Tony," and she will be thinking of her own lover and not care whether your eyes were blue or hazel.

But as regards the case in point, I suppose I am going with Bonnie. Rules are somewhat relaxed, it is considered proper that we should go abroad for *necessary* purposes, and Bonnie says she *must* have a couple of muslin blouses, she has posi-

tively nothing fit to put on when we go driving of a hot day. Just now she is declaring that the shops are never so fascinating as they are in summer, all the doors wide open, and everything light and airy displayed, no horrid, heavy stuffs. I have assented rather absently to the truth of what she says, and she has darted off to get ready, charging me by no means to miss the 9:15 train, as the next does not leave until 10:40.

So you see, dear, this must be a short letter. I will take it with me and post it in Boston, just to mystify you. It will do both Bonnie and me good to get away from Pullen for a few hours. I wish we could take the child, but Myles could not make so sudden a decision. Two nights and a day would be necessary to consider such an important matter. The reviews you sent I will certainly read, especially the marked articles. I am going to forbid Larry's calling oftener than twice a week, he is too much of an interruption to serious thought. Breakfast. . . . I hate sending this miserable little letter.

Friday, August 5th.

I was glad to get home last night. My room breathes so of you and I could get out your letters and read them all over before I went to bed. I needed their comfort, as I could not go after the one I should have had yesterday morning.

Bonnie was tired and fretful; the heat had uncurled her hair, and she mourned all the way home in the train that she knew she looked a fright, and almost abused me because my own hair curls all the tighter for the humidity. Myles was coldly surprised to know of our outing, he had been away all day himself on business, and had not heard of it until he came in the evening, looking careful and immaculate in his blue serge suit and white waistcoat. He asked questions about my grandmother which of course I could not answer, and the air grew so frigid that one almost needed a wrap.

Miss Burden came out her room at eight o'clock, heavy-eyed and disconsolate, and admitted that she had slept less than three hours during the entire day; it takes her a week, she says, to get used to the reversal of conditions when she is on night duty. Bonnie and I undid our purchases in our rooms, and somehow they looked commonplace and unprofitable. At last I sent her to bed and sat down in a wrapper to read your letters—every one I have had from you since I came here. I grew happy in the reading and forgot all that was unpleasant and disappointing.

And oh, the rare prize this morning! Two letters! I am glad you are going up the river for a little breathing space. The city must be frightfully hot. Be careful of your health; there is no absolute safety for you when I am not there to take care of you. How have you managed without me all these twenty-eight years? Tony, how I worship you for the way you write to me! Exactly as if I were a man with a man's understanding. You show your own greatness; it is only the truly great among men who do full justice to a woman's mind. I have been reading to-day some of the marked articles. The one on Labour and Capital interested me particularly because it sounded so exactly like you. I got Bonnie in and read it aloud to her for the mere pleasure of hearing myself expound it to her in the phrases I thought you would use, and when Lawrence called in the middle of it I sent down word that I had a headache, which was likely enough to have been the fact, the air is so hot and close to-day.

One great difficulty seems to me to lie in the way of reform, and that is the surprising difference between theory and practice. Certain courses of reasoning may be logically sound, yet the class that some readjustment of conditions aims to benefit, may, when the time comes, meet the plan with an armed resistance. It is disappointingly true of the individuals one would like to help a little that one cannot make them look in the direction from which help ought to come; they persist in gazing the other way. If it were only to supplement their intelligence by ours, the solution would be simple. But I suppose it is true that any class of people can accept only such ameliorations as are worked out on its own lines of thinking and living, and are in direct approach to its own ideals. Am I right? At any rate I find the whole subject so interesting that I long for the time when I can talk it over with you. All of life has opened since I knew you. Every channel has broadened as a river widens when it nears the sea, and new vistas are

coming into view. Things that were mere names to me have all at once disclosed a meaning. Don't laugh, Tony, but I have actually acquired a respect for my own mind, it seems to me as if I might have some good thoughts of my own, lying dormant hitherto, but ready now to spring into life at a touch from you. Will you understand what I mean when I say that it is as if the wind had turned east after a very hot day, and I was sniffing the invigorating salt in the air that blew straight off the water?

Yesterday I picked up the Portuguese sonnets. I read them all years ago without getting very much out of them except the impression that they were "beautifully written," as Bonnie says. But, dear, I had to put the book down after a little while. There is one of the sonnets —but I won't try to write about it. It stirred me so that I have not got my thoughts into shape to give you, and my vocabulary is not equal to the sudden expansion of emotions that has been going on in me during the past three months. Besides, there are some things that no one except Mrs. Browning would ever dare try to say. It is in trying to express the inexpressible that so many people who have not her genius for loving have wandered into sentimentality. I think even the shallowest writers who disgust us with their silliness have probably started with a genuine emotion that was worthy of respect. But in attempting to hand on the impulse of our soul to others, we cannot always save it from becoming a little vulgarised. Yet here is a woman working that very marvel, unconscious that it is a marvel, thinking not at all of its effect upon other minds, simply projecting her woman's soul into the infinite spaces of a boundless love, and singing as she goes. She is like Ganymede on the eagle's back; one sees the rapt wonderment in her face that such a thing can be, and yet all the strength and aspiration of the eagle is in her song. The proof of its greatness is that it reaches us without loss, we feel its vibrations as if they were fresh from her throat, just as we still feel the inspiration of that marvellous chapter of Second Corinthians where Paul glories in the triumph of the soul over death. Some time I want to hear you read that sonnet. I don't know that I shall ever want to talk of it, even to you. When all has been said, there is a power in silence from which mere words only detract.

Think of me as you lie in your hammock under the trees next Sunday. What shall you take to read? I should like to know; if possible, I would be reading the same thing.

Wednesday, August 25th.

Dear Tony, I don't know just what to say about meeting you in Boston. It is still very difficult for me to get away from here. There is a general feeling that all of us ought to remain within call, or at least ought not to be absent for more than two or three hours at a time. I want to see you—heaven knows how much—but to meet in a hotel parlor, and talk over the situation, as you say, in the face and eyes of other people—I don't know, dear, that it wouldn't be worse than not seeing you at all. The nearest approach to privacy that we could hope for would be a bench in the Public Garden, and I am afraid I should break down if you cross-questioned me; I don't think I could bear it. I am doing the best for all who are concerned in the present situation. The circumstances are difficult, but it is possible that any day my release may come. Sometimes I wonder at my own endurance, especially when you make me feel that you either do not quite trust me, or at least do not fully approve. I must use all the tact I have until this dreadful time is over, and the result must prove me right.

You will not doubt for one minute, Tony, how much I want to see you? Only you do not yet understand how much you are to me, nor realise that your interests are my greatest consideration in all that I do and endure. Trust me, love, just a little longer.

Later.

I am tempted to say I will come. Will you make a compact with me? Not to talk at all of affairs here, which I am so anxious to forget as far as possible, and to devote the time just to ourselves and our future. If you will agree to this, I will try my best to see you, and if I try I can surely find some way to do it. What day would be best? Can you get away Monday night and meet me on Tuesday? With Bonnie I shall have to exercise much strategy, she is so sure to

question every movement of mine, but I shall have two or three days to make my plans. Some little harmless fiction, if it only sounds plausible, will be justifiable for such an end. Your letter of Friday will tell me if you are coming, and then—three days to dream of the joy of seeing you in solid substantial flesh and blood! Oh, is it really to be? It is "too good," I fear, to "come true." What an ugly expression! Yet it is the current phrase to throw doubt upon everything we want. Too good *not* to be true—why do we not say that instead? I am going to say that over and over to myself; too good not to be true—Tony is coming. Then perhaps I may bring you by moral force. You see, dear, how strangely unlike my normal self I have become, so full of fears and forebodings. It seems to me that these people are all in league to devise fresh difficulties for me at every turn. Now, that idea is, in itself, not normal.

For instance, Miss Mackillay, who is on day duty now, gets dreadfully on my nerves. I shall be so thankful when she spends her days in bed again. She is a big, stout, strong, uncompromising person, hopelessly, unforgivably plain, with an illbred habit of talking about my grandmother's symptoms and her own opinion of them at the table—so different from dear, diplomatic little Burden, whom I am getting quite to be fond of. Her nurse's cap, instead of framing her face and softening its heavy outlines, sets on top of her head, as if it were some object that had landed there by mistake. I do not mean to be ill-natured, and I mean to be just as far as her intentions go. I believe the doctors call her a very good nurse, but she takes liberties that I should not allow if it were not for Myles's encouragement of them. She knows, of course, that he is in authority here, and he feels that from her he is getting facts—there is nothing on earth that Myles loves as he loves facts. So when he takes luncheon or dinner with us, her conversational abilities have generous scope, and the details of the sickroom are served out from soup to coffee. Is it strange that I grow thin and nervous?

To-day he happened in at the luncheon hour and stayed to sit down with us, as a matter of course. Myles eats his salad with salt only, taking each leaf in his fingers, sprinkling the salt on it, rolling it up with precision, and then biting it exactly in halves. It is fascinating to watch him. There is some essential quality lacking in a man who is afraid of oil.

By and by Miss Mackillay said, in her precise, oracular way, "Mr. Havenden, since I've been doing day duty this last time, I've come very much under the conviction that Mrs. Pullen has something on her mind. It can't be there's anything we don't do for her. I've added several things to our list, and still she don't seem to be satisfied. Don't you suppose there is something she wants to communicate in regard to her affairs? What *do* you think? It seems to me she'd gain faster if she could just speak out once, and get that thing, whatever it is, settled, if it can be. Don't you suppose we can find out, someway, what it is that worries her? I should feel so glad if I could see her with her poor mind more at rest. Because she *is* gaining. Not on the side the shock was, we don't look for any improvement there, but in her general health. I have thought sometimes it would be a good thing, Mr. Havenden, if you were to talk with her and see if you could arrive at some understanding with her. Perhaps you could suggest something that we haven't,"—and so on.

Incomprehensibly enough, Myles did not appear at all desirous of continuing the discussion just then. I discovered the reason of his reserve when after luncheon he asked me into the drawing-room, where he talked in a very exasperating way for half an hour, taking a high authoritative tone, and finding me, I am afraid, very dense of perception.

But it seems he considers it *my* place and duty to ascertain if possible, the cause of my grandmother's disquietude, and in order to do that he suggests that I sit down beside her bed and discourse upon different matters that I know to have been of interest to her, watching for the change of expression in her face which he thinks will occur when the momentous subject is touched upon.

Well, Tony, do you agree with me that life is just now offering me some delicate problems to solve? Myles expressed himself as having no doubt whatever of my ability to elucidate this one, the uncertainty resting solely, as he implied without saying it, upon my willingness to try. I thanked him for his confidence in

me, but seeing that my grandmother and I have never had one thought, wish or opinion in common, and that her face is like a mask in its inflexibility, except for the one eye which it frightens the wits out of me to meet, I am sure I should only disappoint him and unnerve myself by making the attempt, which I do not in the very least intend to do. If they drive me to this terrible, one-sided interview with her, I shall shut and lock the door upon them, and read Cowper's poems to her for half an hour, at the end of which time I will tell them what I think—that is a cruel business to wring last requests from a helpless old woman, whose one greatest desire must be die in peace.

Do I seem to you unkind or unreasonable, Tony? Certainly, with a little more pushing, one might go mad in this place. I think you know that I would make any rightful sacrifice for my grandmother's peace of mind, but if we joined issue and she asked in her dumbness something I could not grant, it might kill her and what then? I should be her murderer, and besides, *cui bono?* She has her rights, undoubtedly, but so have I mine, even if I am alive and in health. The dying do not need to have their way as we do. Earthly things can matter very little to them, and to us they matter enormously.

Well, I must put the whole painful subject from me. I look forward to seeing you on Tuesday, and we will have the day together. We will make no mention of unpleasant things, and I shall come home with new strength, enough, I hope, to last me through the rest of this trying time. Shall you come by boat or train? Write me exact particulars about meeting you.

Friday, August 27th.

I felt, all the way to South Pullen that a cruel disappointment awaited me there, and when the *thick* letter was handed me, I knew it was full of reasons why you were not coming. I put it in my pocket, and did not open it along the way, as I usually do. At the gate that leads into the meadow I turned in and walked over toward the river, to a place near the bank where Maidie and I often sit and talk or read. There is a low, broad rock under some trees, and I sat down and leaned my head against a tree-trunk and closed my eyes. It is needless to tell you what happened next, because a woman can do only one thing in her fearful helplessness against fate. For a little while I did not feel that I could bear to read what you had written. It seemed cruel in you not to be coming. I had tried so desperately to get through the days of uncertainty that I was completely unnerved when the disappointment came. I will not tell you all my thoughts; they were born out of the coldness and trouble, and lack of understanding that is all about me here, and I never once blamed you, only, perhaps, for the first few minutes when you seemed a part of fate. You will forgive me, will you not, dearest, for that one little lapse in loyalty? Before I opened your letter I said, "Tony, I love you, and all you do is right."

It was your kindness and delicacy in saying what you had to say that added the last touch to break me down—for all you did say I love you only the more. It is all true; I will learn it by heart, dear, and make it my own.

After I had read the letter through, I slipped down on the grass and folded my arms on the rock and cried again. It is a thing I seldom do, Tony, believe me. You will not come into possession of a weeping woman when you take me for better or for worse. When I do cry, it is violent for a few minutes, then I get through all at once, and it seems as if there were not another tear to come. But I was tired this morning, and so when I had stopped sobbing, I kept my face down and lay still. Presently I heard a slight sound near by. I raised my head, and Mr. Norrice was standing a little way off. He came forward at once, with his face full of kindness and solicitude, and inquired if there was anything he could do for me.

I must have been an unpleasing sight, with my nose and eyelids all pink and swollen, but there was nothing to do but make the best of his presence, so I said, "Thank you, Mr. Norrice, nothing, unless you can get me some water to bathe my face."

In an instant he had a tin tobacco box in his hand, and was emptying the contents into his pocket. Then he disappeared down the river bank, and came back with a boxful of water. I dipped my handkerchief in it and sopped my eyes while

he held the box. He went back two or three times for fresh water, and was as nice and kind as he could be. I have always supposed him to be rather cold and reserved, made up on the purely intellectual plan—the cut-and-dried college professor plan, you know. We do form such mistaken judgments of the people we only know superficially! I shall never forget the delicacy he showed this morning. Your letter was on my lap, and two or three sheets of it fluttered to the ground. He did not offer to pick them up, and took no notice of them at all. When he came back with the water I had tucked them safe inside my blouse.

We talked, or rather, he did, and Tony, I had fancied he never read anything but reviews and essays, but he had a volume of Henley in one pocket—the *Book of Verses*—and the covers were fairly shabby with much wear. How we do sin in misjudging people! I have been thinking this afternoon while I was lying on the couch with a dull headache, that perhaps I do injustice even to Myles—to his capacity for feeling I mean, there could be no doubt of the integrity of his motives. Life is so full of misunderstandings and perplexities!

Mr. Norrice spoke a good deal of Larry, and of what he had hoped to do for him this summer. He said, "I should be glad if you would use your influence with him, Miss Pullen. It will be a great disappointment to his mother if he doesn't pass next month."

I said, "Influence! Do you think I have any?" I knew I had been rather successful in evading his visits, but the idea of influencing had never occurred to me.

He answered quite positively, "I am very sure you have. Larry is an impressionable fellow at an impressionable age. Any attractive woman who came into his life at this time would be apt to have an influence over him either for his benefit or his detriment."

I laughed at his unconscious simplicity in saying "any woman." "You are not giving me credit for any *special* attractiveness, are you, Mr. Norrice? But I will try not to be a detriment to Larry. Perhaps you know that I have given him orders not to call on me at all during the day, except twice a week in the afternoon."

"Yes, I know that," he said, and did not carry the subject any further. I shall talk very seriously to Larry when I see him again. If I can be of use to him, I ought to be for his mother's sake. And then he is a nice boy; besides if he doesn't pass, it means no football.

Mr. Norrice and I talked about Henley, and he read three or four of the poems aloud—he reads very well. Then he told me some things about himself, though only in answer to my questions. He is a New Yorker, twenty-nine years old, and has no near kindred in the world. I felt so sorry for him. One of his coat buttons was hanging loose; I did wish I might take a needle and thread and sew it on. He has had to work his way through college, and that is why he is not out of Law School yet. He is not in the least given to self pity, and seemed to think he had been very fortunate in having kept his health. He hinted at a tendency to consumption in his family.

It is so late, and my head still aches so heavily that I cannot reply to your seriousness to-night. Please understand that I accept all the good counsel you sweeten so kindly with your tenderness and love. I am glad it is *as* it is—you the stronger, finer, more noble in every way. I am content to be the pupil, and I am resolved to learn. I am going to be very straightforward with everybody, especially with Myles. As you say, it is the only safe course for *ourselves*, and the only way we can be sure of being right, even when the immediate results seem doubtful. Oh, dearest, do believe that I will in time be all you can ask or expect of Madge.

Tuesday, August 31st.

I am so angry, Tony, I can hardly write. If this sort of thing goes on much longer I shall act with an honesty that will surpass even your conception of the word, and tell everybody in this dreadful house just how matters stand between you and me.

Myles has actually seen fit to "speak to me," as he calls it—as if I were a child!—about the impropriety of my being so much with Lawrence. "Under the circumstances," he said, it was giving Pullen people the opportunity to think that I had very little respect for my

grandmother—it is always what "people will think" with Myles.

At first I did not feel angry, only helpless to deal with his hard conventionality. Personally, I know he does not at all object to my being in Larry's company; it is only that he is possessed to be regulating all the affairs of this family, just as he does his own at the mills—they say that although none of his employees like him, his discipline is perfect.

I answered him very quietly, "Why, Myles, you cannot mean that you think it my duty to sit about the house all day. There are two nurses to take care of my grandmother. I go in to see her every morning and night, and I am nearly all the time within call, or where I could be found at a few moments' notice."

He replied that he thought I understood perfectly what he meant, and I interrupted him to say, "I beg your pardon, but I do not understand at all. I have done nothing to reproach myself for. On the contrary I am sacrificing myself to a far greater extent than you can possibly imagine."

He became very cold, and his features looked neater and more regular than ever.

"I do not know how much you have sacrificed. I think I have seen you with Carlew nearly every day for the past week. Yesterday you were canoeing, Saturday I met you walking together half way between here and Bergenville, Friday—"

"Wait a minute, Myles," I said, "you are getting on too fast. I didn't see Larry at all on Friday. But on Sunday he did take me over to call upon his mother, and I spent nearly two hours with them." Then I felt a little ashamed of myself. "Honestly, I don't think you have any right to blame me for enjoying what little freedom I feel justified in taking. It is all hard and painful and depressing. I feel as if I must get away from the atmosphere of the house sometimes. Larry Carlew is five years younger than I am—only a boy. I don't believe anybody in Pullen thinks it inconsistent with my respect for my grandmother that I should walk with him along a country road or go quietly canoeing with him on the river. Our conduct is perfectly decorous on these occasions—I am far too dull and unhappy to behave otherwise. Most of my own conversation consists of sound, motherly advice. Mr. Norrice asked me to use my influence to get Lawrence to work harder for his exams, and I have talked with him about it as seriously as I knew how."

Myles raised his eyebrows. "Carlew's tutor came to you about it, did he? Why, I should think you might see for yourself, Madge, that he meant you had been interfering with the fellow's studies."

I drew a long breath and looked at him. Oh, I was so angry, Tony—not that it was nice of me. But don't you think yourself, dear—well, no matter, I'll tell you what I said. It was very mild—too mild, I think, but I wanted to keep my temper, you see, it is such a disadvantage being the angrier one.

"No, he didn't 'come to me,' as you say. It was nothing so officious. Mr. Norrice is a gentleman."

His expression changed; he took it personally, of course. He said, very frigidly, that I was to rely wholly upon my own discretion in future.

"Yes," I said, "one's own discretion is all one can safely follow as a guide."

"Nevertheless," he added quickly, "my own opinion remains exactly what it was."

You see what he is, Tony, arbitrary and unyielding, obstinate, and wholly devoid of charm or tact.

I turned round and looked at him. I was standing by the window which was closed and locked upon the most perfect August day I ever saw. The room smelled close and stuffy; the piano was shut and covered up; all the chairs in the room were in their places. Past the chimney with its high white mantel holding a prim row of ugly vases, I could see my grandfather sitting in the grim shadows of his portrait, holding a roll of papers in his hand—trust deeds, I suppose, or mortgages.

"Myles," I said, "sometimes it seems to me you are hardly human. If you were you would know that other people are human too, and must act in accordance with genuine motives, not those that are forced upon them out of somebody else's experience or judgment. We are hopelessly different, you and I; I don't suppose it is any use for us to try to come to a common understanding. I should be glad if you knew me better, but sometimes I believe that you simply can't.

We seem hardly to have a thought or a motive in common. I do respect my grandmother, I pity her and would make any reasonable sacrifice for her; but to you it seems that I am indifferent to her situation, and careless of how people will regard myself, just because I am young and love the freedom of the outer air and the companionship of some one who is living, instead of thinking how he ought to live."

I don't know that I meant to say quite so much. The words came out of me. I felt them, and he had put me on the defensive, so that I had to make myself as plain as possible. All the time, though, I knew I was not making the impression that I should have hoped to make upon a person whose mind was not so firmly made up beforehand. He may have been hurt. I don't know. I have never thought him sensitive, but I seem to be learning that one human being cannot form an exact estimate of any other. Still, if people never show their feelings, how are we to be sure that they have any? If he had said, "Madge, I see the truth in what you say. Be yourself, and do what seems to you kind and just to all concerned," would I have hurt him for the world, do you think, Tony?

What he did say was this, patiently and wearily he said it as if it were the last word he had the heart to say:

"Well, Madge, I see that my suggestions have not been taken in the spirit in which I intended them. I did wrong, of course, to make any appeal to you. In fact, I felt before I undertook to do so, that I should be met in exactly the way you have met me. I saw by the way you shut your lips when I began to speak, that you were prepared to be obstinate and unreasonable. You have no right to pervert what you must know was kindly meant on my part. I think when you come to think over what you have just said, you will see that you have been most unjust to me—"

"But I didn't mean it so," I interrupted. I hate to be accused of injustice, Tony, it puts one so wholly in the wrong.

He went on as if I had not spoken.

"You are not so much to blame as any one would consider you who did not know how carelessly you had been trained—if it could be called training at all. Perhaps it was natural that your father should spoil you—"

I had been looking at him in dumb amazement for at least four seconds which seemed to me like as many minutes. "Please, *please*," I said, not imploringly, Tony, but commandingly—if I ever spoke commandingly in my life, "do not finish that sentence. If you utter one word, however well meant, against my father I will never speak to you again, nor see you if I can help it. He was a *man*, and if you could know him without admiring him, at least you will have to pay respect to his memory in my presence." By this time my voice was getting beyond my control, and the words choked me. Myles was silent; I did not look at him but began picking up a loose pile of pink asters from Mrs. Carlew's garden that I had brought into the room with me and laid on the table.

But I did not want to cry in his presence; it was too much like a confession of weakness, so I got angry to save myself from breaking down in tears, and I gathered up the flowers as hurriedly as I could. Then I stood back and looked at him as coldly as he had looked at me.

"Now that we have been talking, Myles, I want to finish the subject, so that it may never have to be brought up again between us. I shall always have to use my own judgment in regard to my conduct. It is quite as much for my own sake as for yours or my grandmother's that I am not likely to do anything unladylike. But I suppose it is possible that you may see me a good many times in Lawrence Carlew's company. I like him, and he amuses me. I need some one, heaven knows, to do that, now and then. Our companionship is of the most harmless nature, and it helps to pass away the dull hours. You and I are utterly unlike, Myles. I cannot allow you to exercise any authority over my conduct. I must be myself, or I shall be neither Madge Pullen nor anybody else. I don't know what it is in you, but when you try to advise me, you only seem to bring out the very worst spirit that I am capable of manifesting. I hope you will never do it again. And please, when you see me doing the things you disapprove, do not think it is sheer obstinacy in me. I shall simply be acting myself, and you must

make the best of me as I am, or—drop my acquaintance."

I turned to go, and he walked quickly over to the door and opened it for me. I went straight upstairs to my own room, and cried, of course, for a few minutes, and then I felt better. I am sure it was right for me to say just what I did, and I believe Myles himself has come to a somewhat more impersonal view for he has met me since without any increased coldness, though not, indeed, with encouraging warmth. I certainly hope I said nothing really rude. I suppose from his own point of view he did not deserve it. He is so *good*—too good—and by good, I mean of course, correct. Has that unimpeachable demeanour which he carries constantly with him ever cost him anything, I wonder? Has he ever had a struggle with himself, ever risen out of some moral crisis with the sweat of the struggle on his brow, weak, but victorious, as one reads of strong men doing when they they meet the devil in themselves and have either to close with him or be themselves overcome? I think a man must have met one or two devils and cowed them before he can know what is in himself or how to dominate others. The dignity of self-mastery—that is what a woman loves a man for. Moral force, Tony—I would let myself be bent or broken by it. I should not think of resisting it, however much it hurt; the pain would have always a certain sweetness in it. You might send me from you—I should go. The reason would be yours, the obedience mine. Yes, I would even go—but do not try me. There couldn't be any reason, unless I gave you one, and I shall never do that.

I am not so angry as I was. Myles has no understanding of a woman's mind or heart—why hold him accountable? Poor Nellie had no mind, and her heart was entirely at her husband's disposal. You observe, dear, that I have ceased to apologise for giving you so much family history. It seems to be a necessity with me to unburden myself of everything that relates in any degree to my life here. If I ever lend myself to great concerns as I now am giving myself to little ones, you and I together will lift the world *en masse*, though Goethe said it couldn't be done.

As to your objections to meeting me in Boston under the conditions I impose, what I have just been saying about obedience would be all an empty boast, if I did not submit in this. You shall be right, now as always. I felt half sure that you would not be willing to bind yourself not to ask questions, and I can see that if we were together it would perhaps be as difficult for you not to ask as it would for me to answer. As for using my powers of invention to conceal my real object in going from the people here, I cannot see it as a wrong to myself, I am certainly not accountable to them, and in *such* a cause a few small fibs would be justifiable. But, oh, Tony, we musn't disagree! And you commend me for having "taken the disappointment so sweetly." Somehow, disappointments do not hurt from you. It is just as it used to be when my mother had to punish me: I used to get right up in her lap and have my cry out in her arms. Often, I think, we used to cry together; and *perhaps* you were a little bit sorry, dear, when you had to punish me for my good.

(*To be Continued.*)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

New York.

American Book Company:

A Practical Course in Spanish. By H. M. Monsanto, A. M., and Louis A. Languellier, LL.D. Revised by Freeman M. Josselyn, Jr.

In preparing the present work the authors have endeavoured to combine the best features of the most approved methods with the results of their own experience. The book is intended for use in the class room and for private instruction.

Kinder-Und Hausmärchen. By Brüder Grimm.

The present edition for use in schools, comprises twenty-one tales, and they have been selected and edited by B. J. Vos, Associate Professor of German in the Johns Hopkins University.

Appleton and Company:

Butternut Jones. By Tilden Tilford.

A novel of the ranch and prairie of the Texas of to-day. Mr. Tilford, who was born in Kentucky, has spent much of his life on a ranch of the Chickasaw Reservation, and is at present living in Houston, Texas. The publishers compare this book with the early writings of Bret Harte.

Spencer Kellogg Brown. His Life in Kansas and His Death as a Spy. As Disclosed in His Diary. Edited by George Gardner Smith.

This biography, covering a period from 1842 to 1863, was written many years ago at the request of the editor's friend, the father of Spencer Kellogg Brown. The letters and journals throw light upon the early history of Kansas.

Gossip from Paris During the Second Empire. Selected and Arranged by A. R. Waller.

The letters from which the selections in this volume have been made were sent every day from Paris during 1864 to 1870 by Mr. Anthony B. North Peat, Attaché au Cabinet du Ministre de l'Intérieur. Mr. Peat died from the effects of an accident during the early days of the siege of Paris. Most of these letters were addressed to the readers of the *Morning Star,* a London daily paper. Benjamin Disraeli. By Wilfrid Meynell.

Disraeli as son, brother, husband, and friend is the theme of this biography, which the author calls "an informal study of temperament." The book is a large one and is profusely illustrated.

Shipmates in Sunshine. By F. Frankfort Moore.

The story of a romance which occurs during a cruise on the Caribbean Sea.

The Baronet in Corduroy. By Albert Lee.

Addison, De Foe, Swift, and Steele flit across the pages of this novel, which is somewhat sensational in its tone.

Champlain. The Founder of New France. By Edwin Asa Dix.

A new volume in the Appletons' Series of Historic Lives. Mr. Dix, the author of several pretty good novels, makes the biography entertaining reading.

The Story of the Atlantic Cable. By Charles Bright.

The publication of this book is considered timely, in view of the fact that the jubilee of Submarine Telegraphy has lately been achieved, and that the jubilee connected with the Atlantic cable is close at hand.

Optimism. By Helen Keller.

An essay by the deaf-blind girl whose remarkable career is now quite well known. Her creed of life is optimism. "Most people measure their happiness in terms of physical pleasure and material possession. . . . If happiness is to be so measured, I who cannot hear or see have every reason to sit in a corner with folded hands and weep. If I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life,—if, in short, I am an opti-

mist, my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing."

Bismarck's Letters to His Wife. From the Seat of War. 1870-1871. Translated by Armin Harder.

These letters of the Iron Chancellor not only cover the most dramatic period of Bismarck's life—the months that he was by his imperial master's side during the invasion of France and the siege of Paris—but there is a genuineness and an informality about them which make them exceedingly entertaining. In these pages one sees the great statesman speaking out his likes and dislikes and prejudices quite frankly. Here he has laid aside the language of diplomacy.

Windsor Castle. An Historical Romance. By W. Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Illustrated by George Cruikshank and Tony Johannot, with Designs on Wood by W. Alfred Delamotte. A new edition.

The Fables of Æsop and Others, With Designs on Wood. By Thomas Bewick.

This issue is reproduced in facsimile from the editions printed at Newcastle by E. Walker for T. Bewick and Son in 1818 and 1823.

The Analysis of the Hunting Field. Being a Series of Sketches of the Principal Characters that Compose One. The Whole Forming a Slight Souvenir of the Season 1845-46. With Numerous Illustrations by H. Alken.

This issue is founded on the original edition, published by Rudolph Ackermann in the year 1846.

The Second Tour of Doctor Syntax. In Search of Consolation. A Poem. With twenty-four coloured illustrations by Thomas Rowlandson. A new edition.

This issue is founded on the first edition published by R. Ackermann in the year 1820.

The English Dance of Death. By the author of Doctor Syntax. Two volumes. From the Designs of Thomas Rowlandson.

The Tower of London. By W. Harrison Ainsworth. With plates and wood-cuts by George Cruikshank.

The Life of a Sportsman. By Nimrod. With coloured plates by H. Alken.

The above eight volumes belong to a charming library edition of some of the old classics which the Appletons are bringing out in bright red bindings.

Illustrations of the Book of Job Invented and Engraved by William Blake.

This edition is reproduced in reduced facsimile from the original edition published by William Blake in the year 1826.

The Book of the Short Story. Edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby.

Among the short stories which the editors of this volume have selected may be found: "The Shipwrecked Sailor" (about 2500 B.C.), "The Book of Ruth" (about 450 B.C.), "The Story of Cupid and Psyche" (second century), Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," Scott's "Wandering Willie's Tale," Mérimée's "The Taking of the Redoubt," Balzac's "La Grande Bretèche," Hawthorne's "The Birthmark," Poe's "The Cask of Amontillado," Stevenson's "Markheim," Maupassant's "A Coward," and Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy." A short introduction precedes most of the stories.

Animal Structures. By David Starr Jordan and George Clinton Price.

A laboratory guide in the teaching of elementary zoology which belongs to the Twentieth Century Text-Books.

Brentano's:

The Beggar's Garden. By Ruth Lawrence.

A small book of verse, illustrated from photographs. Miss Lawrence is also the author of Colonial Verses.

Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward. By Helen Beekman.

Mrs. J. Worthington Woodward is a young country girl who has married a wealthy New York man, and her experiences in the social whirl of life in town form the motive of the story. The book was recently published under the title of Dainty Devils.

The Lost King. By Henry Shackelford.

An historical novel in which Louis Charles Capet, son of Louis the XVI. of France, figures as the hero.

Crowell and Company:

Shakespeare's Complete Works.

The "Pembroke" edition of Shakespeare in twelve small volumes, edited with introductions and notes by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke. Each volume contains a portrait in photogravure of the poet, with an account of its origin and authenticity.

The Comedie of Errors. Edited, with notes, introduction, glossary, lists of variorum readings, and selected criticism. by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

A small volume in the "First Folio" Shakespeare, which reproduces the text of 1623.

Travels in Europe and America. By Charles E. Bolton, M.A.

The material in this book has been collected by the late Mr. Bolton's wife, who is herself an author. Before Mr. Bolton's death, in 1901, he delivered upwards of two thousand lectures in nearly every State in the Union. The book is fully illustrated from photographs.

Continental Publishing Company:

Poor? A New Political Standard for a New Democracy for a Millionaire Age. By A. N. Unknown.

"The purpose of this book," says Mr. "Unknown," "is to inaugurate a new era, an era in which the workingman stands first in honour in the nation, his rights as a producer justly recognised and granted, and the labour problem peaceably dissipated in a more equitable distribution of wealth."

De La Mare Printing and Publishing Company:

The Heather in Lore, Lyric and Lay. By Alexander Wallace.

A study of the heather in America, in Great Britain, in South Africa, and in India.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Red-Head. By John Uri Lloyd.

Readers of Stringtown on the Pike probably have not forgotten "Red-Head"—in fact, the present volume is the result of many letters which Mr. Lloyd has received asking about this homely boy of the Kentucky mountains. The publishers have brought out the story in a most attractive manner, and the illustrations and decorations by Reginald B. Birch, are not only good from the artistic point of view, but from the fact that they really illustrate the story.

The Bending of the Twig. By Walter Russell.

A beautifully illustrated book, especially appropriate as a holiday gift. "The purport of this book," says Mr. Russell, "is not to tell to 'grown-ups' how to mould the lives of little ones, but how the little ones mould the lives of 'grown-ups.'" The pictures, as well as the text, are by Mr. Russell.

Historic Buildings as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton.

A companion volume to Turrets, Towers and Temples, and Romantic Castles and Palaces. The book contains many illustrations, showing a great variety of buildings of all periods and many countries.

When Malindy Sings. By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

A holiday edition of Mr. Dunbar's dialect poems. It is illustrated with photographs taken by the Hampton Institute Camera Club. The decorations are by Margaret Armstrong.

Sixty Bridge Hands. By Charles Stuart Street.

A small handbook of interest to players of "bridge," by the author of "Bridge Up to Date," and "Whist Up to Date."

Elsie and Her Loved Ones. By Martha Finley.

Elsie's long life is one of the marvels of the day. This is the twenty-seventh book in which she has figured as a heroine. In this story she takes a trip to California and brings her long list of "loved ones" with her. To the grown-up there is unconscious humour in these stories, and to the young people Elsie is still the ideal of everything rich, good, lovely, and beautiful.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Just So Song Book. By Rudyard Kipling. With Music by Edward German.

Mr. German has taken the twelve verses which preceded the tales in Just So Stories, and has set them to music with Mr. Kipling's collaboration. We quite agree with the publishers when they say that the volume "should go on every piano and nursery table as a constant companion for daily use."

Memoirs of Madame Vigée Lebrun. Translated and Edited by Lionel Strachey.

These Memoirs were first brought out in 1835. Madame Lebrun was born in Paris in 1756, and during her extensive travels through Europe painted a number of portraits of royalties and other distinguished people. These paintings are reproduced in this volume, which is brought out in uniform binding with the Memoirs of Countess Potocka and the Memoirs of a Contemporary.

The Web. By Frederick Trevor Hill.

A story of law, love, and politics, which might also be classed as a detective story.

The Leopard's Spots. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

A new Christmas edition of Mr. Dixon's popular novel of "the white man's burden." The book is bound in white and gold, and the illustrations, which are unusually good, are by C. D. Williams.

Petronilla Heroven. By Una L. Silberrad.

A love story of rural life in England by

one of the younger English novelists who has already achieved considerable prominence in the art of novel-making. The book is reviewed elsewhere in this number.

American Masters of Sculpture. By Charles H. Caffin.

A book on some American sculptors and some phases of sculpture in America by the author of American Masters of Painting and Photography as a Fine Art. Among the sculptors considered worthy to be included in this volume are Saint-Gaudens, Macmonnies, Ward, Bartlett, French, Borglum, Adams, Brenner, Warner, Niehaus, and Barnard. A review will appear in a later issue.

The Moth Book. By W. J. Holland.

A companion volume to Dr. Holland's work on butterflies. The book is a large one containing 1500 figures in the coloured plates, and 300 text cuts illustrating a majority of the larger species of the moths of North America.

Funk and Wagnalls:

Builder of the Beautiful. By H. L. Piner.

A work of reflection and suggestion upon the subject of the correspondence of physical form and spiritual nature. The author is superintendent of the State Institution for the Blind, at Austin, Texas.

Grafton Press:

Richard Baxter. By Edward F. Jones.

A story of New England life of 1830. In an Introduction, the Rev. Edward Frederick Trefz, D.D., of the First Congregational Church, Binghamton, N. Y., says: "As a psychological exhibition, it has the strength of George Eliot or Hawthorne."

Harper:

America in Literature. By George E. Woodberry.

The papers in this volume appeared in Harper's Magazine and in Harper's Weekly. Professor Woodberry's Subjects are: "The Beginnings," "The Knickerbocker Era," "The Literary Age of Boston," "The South," "The West," "The Achievement," and "Results and Conditions."

Portraits of the Sixties. By Justin McCarthy.

In these pen-pictures of the "Sixties," the author has drawn entirely from his own impressions and experiences, and has not depended in any way upon the records of others. Dickens, Thackeray, Carlyle, Tennyson, Cardinal Newman, were all personal friends of Mr. McCarthy.

Games and Songs of American Children. By William Wells Newell.

A new and revised edition of a book which contains about all the games with which American children are familiar. Many of the games are accompanied by music.

Symbol-Psychology. By Adolph Roeder.

The Reverend Mr. Roeder gives a new interpretation of race-traditions, and he has gathered together a few of the symbols known to the race, "the symbols by which man has been enlightened and instructed through all ages."

Monologues. By May Isabel Fisk.

Many of these amusing monologues have appeared in the pages of Harper's Magazine. Mrs. Fisk, who, by the way, is the wife of the city editor of the New York *Evening Journal*, does not spare her sex in her satire.

Tennyson's Suppressed Poems. Collected and Edited by J. Thompson.

A collection of Tennyson's poems hitherto unpublished. Mr. Thompson has written an introduction and has added annotations of importance to bibliographers.

The Jumping Frog. By Mark Twain.

A holiday edition of the story which did much to make Mark Twain famous as a humourist. This story has never before been published in book form. Mr. Strotham has done the illustrations, and the author has made additions to the original story.

A Keystone of Empire. Anonymous.

A companion volume to "The Martyrdom of an Empress," which gives the story of the life of Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria. The volume is dedicated to the Emperor, and it contains an autographed portrait which the Emperor gave to the author, who, it is said, is one of his personal friends.

The Book of Months. By E. F. Benson.

The Harpers call this "a book of confessions of a literary man of the world." His adventures and experiences are divided into months, and running through his desultory talks there are "word pictures" of the seasons designated.

Mother and Father. By Roy Rolfe Gilson.

Essentially a holiday book, with decorated pages and illustrations by Alice Bar-

ber Stephens. The story is taken from Mr. Gilson's "In the Morning Glow."

Our Lady's Inn. By J. Storer Clouston.

Because of too little money and too many unsympathetic relatives Barbara Cheyne, the heroine of this tale, runs away to London, where she masquerades as a man. The theme is far from being a new one, but Mr. Clouston manages to make it an entertaining one.

The Making of a Journalist. By Julian Ralph.

The experiences of one newspaper man which should be of immense interest to other newspaper men. Mr. Ralph has for years been an active journalist, and his experiences as war correspondent and as a newsgatherer from all over the world form sufficient material for a book such as this.

The Ambassadors. By Henry James.

A new novel by Mr. James, which gives a study of American men and women abroad. The book is reviewed elsewhere in the present issue.

Six Giants and a Griffin and Other Stories. (Imprint of R. H. Russell.) By Birdsall Otis Edey.

Six stories for children, with appropriate illustrations by Beatrice Baxter Ruyl.

Holt and Company:

The Holladay Case. By Burton E. Stevenson.

The present story is quite unlike Mr. Stevenson's former books, "At Odds with the Regent" and "A Soldier of Virginia." It is a detective story of the present day, with the principal scenes laid in New York.

Lane:

Under the Hill and Other Essays in Prose and Verse. By Aubrey Beardsley.

In this artistic volume are gathered to-work as writer and artist. The publisher gether various fragments of Beardsley's hopes at some future time to issue a volume of Beardsley's Letters. The frontispiece in the volume shows Beardsley at Mentone in the room in which he died.

The Art Album of the International Studio.

A collection of one hundred representative plates from John Lane's Magazine of Arts and Crafts. These reproductions show the progress of the Arts during the last seven years. Lovers of art and of artistic books cannot fail to appreciate such a volume.

The Life of Saint Mary Magdalen. Translated from the Italian of an unknown fourteenth century writer, by Valentina Hawtrey, with an introduction by Vernon Lee.

In his preface, Mr. Lee says that the identity of the author seems doubtful, "though the familiar and popular style might suggest some small burgher turned Francescan late in life." The illustrations are reproductions from paintings.

The Nemesis of Froude. By Sir James Crichton Browne and Alexander Carlyle.

A rejoinder to James Anthony Froude's "My Relations with Carlyle." Everybody remembers the "Carlyle Controversy," and the part which Anthony Froude played in it. It is, therefore, of especial interest to learn what the authors of this volume, who are also editors of "New Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle," have to say on the subject.

After Worcester Fight. By Allan Fea.

A companion volume to "The Flight of the King," which contains the five important contemporary narratives of Charles II.'s escape after the Battle of Worcester, which were issued collectively in 1830. The volume also contains numerous sketches and photographs by the author, together with portraits.

Hortus Vitæ. By Vernon Lee.

Mr. Lee calls his book "Essays on the Gardening of Life," and some of his subjects are: "On Going to the Play," "Reading Books," "Hearing Music," "Receiving Letters," "New Friends and Old," "In Praise of Courtship," "Knowing One's Mind," and "In Praise of Silence."

The Defence of Guenevere and Other Poems. By William Morris.

A most artistic edition of Mr. Morris's poems, illustrated by Jessie M. King.

The Little People. By L. Allen Harker.

Stories of little people which grown people should enjoy.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Rolling Stones in Japan. By Gilbert Watson.

A large, illustrated book on Japan, which is published in England by Mr. Edward Arnold, and for which the above publishers are the agents in this country.

The Master of Gray. By H. C. Bailey.

An English novel by the author of "My Lady of Orange" and "Karl of Erbach."

Macmillan:

The Mother of Washington and Her Times. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor.

Mrs. Pryor gives a vivid picture of the social life of the eighteenth century in Virginia. She has drawn her information from unpublished letters, diaries, and documents, which tell the facts of social and domestic life in Virginia during that period.

The Religion of an Educated Man. By Francis G. Peabody.

The author of this book is Plummer Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University. The book contains three lectures entitled, "Religion as Education," "The Message of Christ to the Scholar," and "Knowledge and Service," which Professor Peabody delivered to the Students of Haverford College.

A Century of Expansion. By Willis Fletcher Johnson, A.M., L.H.D.

The present book aims to give the salient features of the history of expansion in the United States, and to condemn as well as to commend, for, says the author, "acts are not always necessarily right just because our own country performs them." The volume contains a number of maps.

Fanny Burney. By Austin Dobson.

A new volume in the "English Men of Letters" series, edited by John Morly. It is a memoir of Frances Burney, afterwards Madame D'Arblay.

The Foe of Compromise and Other Essays. By William Garrott Brown.

The essays in this book appeared in the Atlantic Monthly and the Fortnightly Review, and are, in addition to the one from which the title is taken, "A Defence of American Parties," "The Task of the American Historian," and "The Great Occasions of an American University."

Getting a Living. By George L. Bolen.

A large and carefully prepared work on the problem of wealth and poverty, of profits, wages, and trade unionism. Mr. Bolen is also the author of "Plain Facts as to the Trusts and the Tariff."

Shakespeare's Twelfth Night. Edited with Introductions and Notes. By Edward P. Morton, M.A.

A small volume belonging to the "Pocket American and English Classics" series, edited for use in secondary schools.

The Captain's Daughter. By Gwendolen Overton.

This story, by the author of "The Heritage of Unrest" and "Anne Carmel," appeared serially in *Youth's Companion*. It is a love story in which brass buttons are conspicuous.

Studies in German Literature in the Nineteenth Century. By John Firman Coar.

The author wishes it understood that the present volume is not a History of German Literature, but an attempt to trace the elements of democratic thought in some characteristic forms of this literature.

The Voice of April-Land. By Ella Higginson.

A book of poems by the author of "When the Birds Go North Again." Mrs. Higginson is a Western woman, and her poems are very much worth while. Her photograph appears under chronicle and comment of this issue.

The History of American Sculpture. By Lorado Taft.

Mr. Taft traces the history of American sculpture from its beginning early in the last century down to the present time. The book is handsomely bound and the text is accompanied by many reproductions and twelve full page photogravures. This is the initial volume in a series entitled "The History of American Art," edited by John C. Van Dyke. This book will be reviewed in a forthcoming number.

Two Centuries of Costumes in America. By Alice Morse Earle. Two volumes.

Two elaborately illustrated volumes by the author of "Sun-Dials and Roses of Yesterday." The main purpose of the work is to describe in detail the dress of each period, from Sir Walter Raleigh to Lafayette, who landed at Castle Garden in 1824.

Elements of Political Economy. By J. Shield Nicholson, M.A., D.Sc.

This work is intended primarily for the use of students. The leading principles are stated without the introduction of controversial matter. The book is divided into five parts: Scope and Methods, Consumption and Production, Distribution, Exchange, Economic Progress, and The Economic Functions of Government.

Poems. By George Edward Woodberry.

The author has here collected all of his published verse, with the exception of "The Roamer." The volume "represents

the passing of many years, and begins from days almost of boyhood."

McClure, Phillips:

The Reign of Queen Isyl. By Gelett Burgess and Will Irwin.

A romantic medley of California. The book is really a collection of tales, but they deal principally with one Isyl, who is crowned Queen of a Flower Festival in the place of Belle Norine, as this lady mysteriously disappears on the eve of the Festival. "In the form and material of the book," announce the publishers, "there is some resemblance to Chaucer's 'Canterbury Tales.'"

The Lyceum and Henry Irving. By Austin Brereton.

A large illustrated volume which gives a complete history of the famous English theatre. It is a fascinating book, and the reproductions of some of the play bills and "passes" to the theatre add to its interest. The last performance held in the theatre took place on Saturday, July 19, 1902.

Neely:

Romance and Tragedy of a Summer. By Mrs. D. H. Wall.

The less said of this novel the better.

New Harlem Publishing Company:

Arise, Take Thy Journey. By Henry Pennington Toler.

A small book, the object of its publication being threefold. "I. To announce that the present city of New York is the 'New Jerusalem' of prophecy. II. To outline the story of the 'Appointed Work,' in its relation to prophecy, and in particular to the revelation of the 'City of Truth.' III. To illustrate the application of Christian Science to spiritual laws and Bible sayings."

New Talmud Publishing Company:

The History of the Talmud. By Michael L. Rodkinson. Volumes I. and II.

This work covers the history of the Talmud from the time of its formation, about 200 B.C., up to the present day.

Outlook Company:

The Adventures of Dorothy. By Jocelyn Lewis.

A story for girls about the adventures of a little girl who leads a strenuous life on a big farm.

The Outlook Fairy Book for Little People. By Laura Winnington.

There are enough fairy stories in this volume to keep the little ones entertained for some time. Most of them are translations from the German, French, Spanish, and Italian.

The Story of a Labour Agitator. By Joseph R. Buchanan.

The late Henry George was among those who urged Mr. Buchanan to prepare the story of his life as a labour agitator. During the years of which he writes, "that crucial period between 1880 and 1890," Mr. Buchanan was the editor of a labour paper, and with the suspension of that paper he accepted a salaried position with the American Press Association, as the editor of its department of economics. In this capacity he continues to champion the cause to which he has devoted the greater part of his life.

Pott and Company:

Budapest, the City of the Magyars. By F. Berkeley Smith.

A book of travel which gives an interesting account of Kossuth's country. The numerous illustrations in the volume are painted, drawn, or photographed by the author.

Putnam's Sons:

Poems by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Edited by Elizabeth Luther Cary. Two volumes.

The especial interest attached to these volumes lies in the fact that the illustrations are reproduced from Rossetti's own drawings. The poems are, so far as possible, arranged in chronological order.

The Laws and Principles of Bridge, with Cases and Decisions Reviewed and Explained. By "Badsworth."

A handbook on the popular game, by one of England's best players. The Introduction should be a help to beginners.

Literary New York. Its Landmarks and Associations. By Charles Hemstreet.

Mr. Hemstreet is a well-known authority on New York, literary New York especially, and his descriptions in this volume cluster around the literary figures of old New York. It is handsomely bound and illustrated.

Infection and Immunity with Special Reference to the Prevention of Infectious Diseases. By George M. Sternberg, M.D., LL.D.

A book intended for non-medical readers, in which the author has avoided technical terms so far as practicable. Dr. Sternberg states the main facts of infec-

tion and immunity, and indicates the measures necessary for the prevention of infectious diseases.

A History of Mediæval Political History in the West. By R. W. Carlyle, C. L. E. and A. J. Carlyle, M.A. Volume I.

Volume I. of this series covers the period from the second century to the ninth, and it is written by A. J. Carlyle. It treats of the elements out of which the more developed theory of the Middle Ages arose. The work is to be carried on to the political theorists of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

A Message from the Past. By Charles H. Eaton.

A book of sermons by the late Dr. Eaton, who during his life was pastor of the Church of the Divine Paternity in this city. These sermons are from stenographic notes, and have been selected and edited by Mrs. Eaton.

Austro-Hungarian Life in Town and Country. By Francis H. E. Palmer.

An illustrated book belonging to a series entitled "Our European Neighbours," edited by William Harbutt Dawson. This is the ninth book in the series, the last, now in preparation, will be Turkish Life in Town and Country.

The Record of a Family.

A book which affords an opportunity to keep data in the lives of the children from birth to maturity. Space is provided for the record of five children, and an appendix is included which gives health notes and directions as to the course to be taken in case of accidents.

Abbas Effendi. His Life and Teachings. By Myron H. Phelps.

A study of the religion of the Babis, or Beha'is, founded by the Persian Bab and by his successors, Beha Ullah and Abbas Effendi. There is an introduction by Edward Granville Browne, Professor of Arabic and Lecturer in Persian in the University of Cambridge.

Japanese Physical Training. By H. Irving Hancock.

Mr. Hancock describes the system of exercise, diet, and general mode of living of the Japanese people. The book is illustrated from photographs taken by George J. Hare, Jr.

Revell and Company:

To-day in Syria and Palestine. By William Eleroy Curtis.

Mr. Curtis describes the Holy Land and the historical scenes of Syria as they appear to-day to a newspaper reporter. The volume is illustrated from kodak photographs. Mr. Curtis gathered his material while he was travelling; he would usually write on an average of twenty-five hundred words a day, much of it being dictated to his son, Elroy Curtis.

The New Era in the Philippines. By Arthur J. Brown.

Mr. Brown views the situation in the Philippines from the standpoint of the American citizen, and his statements are made from personal observation. Some of the chapter headings are: "The Labour Problem in the Philippines," "The Chinese in the Philippines," "The Catholic Church," "Progress of Protestantism," and "America's Prospect in the Islands."

The Fruit of the Spirit Poetically Interpreted. Selected by Alice Jennings.

In an introduction, Mr. Edwin Markham waxes enthusiastic and says: "Here are rich stores of the heart's wisdom gathered from all the realms of poesy. So far as I know, this book is unique; and I dare to say that it will appeal to a widening circle of readers alive to the serious interests of the spiritual life."

The Story of the Nazarene. By Noah K. Davis.

In this "popular presentation of the life of our Lord," Dr. Davis embodies the result of twenty-five years' study. Since 1873 Dr. Davis has held the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Virginia.

Scribner:

Shoes and Rations for a Long March. By H. Clay Trumbull.

The author of this book was Regimental Chaplain of the United States Volunteers in the Civil War. In a subtitle the volume is described as "Needs and Supplies in Every-Day Life." The chapters are really sermons, most of them having formed the subject for talks in camp and field.

The Book of the Courtier. By Count Baldesar Castoglione. (1528.) Translated from the Italian by Leonard Eckstein Opdycke.

The Book of the Courtier was written between the years 1508 and 1516, at Urbion and Rome, and it was first printed in Venice in April, 1528. Since that time there have appeared more than one hundred and forty editions. In a preface the translator says: "Reasons for presenting

this old book anew were found in the esteem that it long enjoyed, in the rank still held by it in Italian literature, and in the fact that, of three former English versions, the first (recently twice reprinted) is too antiquated to be readily intelligible to the general reader, while the other two (published more than one hundred and fifty years ago) are seldom met in any but large public libraries."

Autobiography of Seventy Years. By George F. Hoar. Two volumes.

Senator Hoar never kept a diary, so that what he writes in these two large volumes is from memory. "In my younger days," he says in his introductory chapter, "there were among my kindred and near friends persons who knew the great actors of the Revolutionary time and the time which followed till I came to manhood myself. But I did not know enough to ask questions. If I had, and had recorded the answers, I could write a very large part of the political and literary history of the United States." Portraits accompany the text, the frontispiece in Volume I. being the reproduction of a photograph of Senator Hoar taken in 1897.

The Story of King Arthur and His Knights. By Howard Pyle.

In a large volume, illustrated by the author, Mr. Pyle tells the story of King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, and in a foreword he promises to continue the story some other time in another book.

Odd Craft. By W. W. Jacobs.

A volume of short stories of the sailor when he is on shore. The book is humorously illustrated by Mr. Will Owens.

From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond. Edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour.

Herein may be found the letters written by Mrs. Stevenson during 1887-88 to her sister, Jane Whyte Balfour. George W. Balfour has written a short introduction to the volume.

Sentfner Publishing Company:

The Twentieth Century Latin-Book for Regents' Schools, High Schools, and Academies. By Alexis E. Sentfner, Robert E. C. Sentfner, and Herman F. Sentfner.

The aim of the authors has been to edit a work of practical utility, representative of the latest approved methods of teaching the first year in Latin.

Smart Set Publishing Company:

The Shutters of Silence. By G. B. Burgin.

A novel which pictures the life of a boy in a Trappist monastery in Canada, then shows him grown to manhood and suddenly thrust into the social whirl.

Smith and Wilkins:

Crowned at Elim. By Stella Eugénie Asling.

A novel which portrays life in the early days in Canada. Miss Asling is herself a Canadian, and this is her first venture as a novelist.

Stokes Company:

In Gnome Man's Land. By O. H. Von Gottschalk.

A book for the little ones in which the story is told in verse, accompanied by amusing illustrations.

The O'Ruddys. By Stephen Crane and Robert Barr.

At the time of Stephen Crane's death this manuscript was very nearly completed. Mr. Crane, feeling that he would never get well, talked over the completion of the novel with Robert Barr, who agreed to finish the story. This Mr. Barr has now done, and a romance full of humour and incident is the result.

The Humming Top, or Debit and Credit in the Next World. Translated by Blanche Willis Howard.

A charming new edition of Theobald Gross's German story for children, of which this is the authorised translation. The illustrations are by Albert D. Blashfield.

Children of the Arctic Period. By the Snow Baby and Her Mother.

Here is a story for children which is instructive as well as entertaining. The book is a large one and is profusely illustrated from photographs.

The Book of the Cat. With facsimiles of drawings in color by Elisabeth F. Bonsall, and with stories and verses written for the pictures by Mabel Humphrey.

The above gives a pretty good description of what this book is. We simply add that the illustrations are unusually attractive and that the book should be counted among the really good juveniles for the Holidays.

The Book of the Child. With facsimiles of drawings in colour by Jessie Willcox Smith and Elisabeth Shippen Green,

and with stories and verses written for the pictures by Mabel Humphrey.

A companion volume to the above, equally attractive in text and illustration.

Rips and Raps. By L. de V. Matthewman.

A small book which some persons may find amusing. "Crankisms" is from the same author. The pictures which accompany these "raps" are by T. Fleming.

Incomparable Bellairs. By Agnes and Agerton Castle.

All of Mr. and Mrs. Castle's novels have a daintiness and a delicacy which make very charming reading. Their new story is in very much the same vein as their predecessors. The heroine is Kitty Bellairs, of the Bath Comedy fame.

The Old Furniture Book with a Sketch of Past Days and Ways. By N. Hudson Moore.

There are over a hundred illustrations in this book, with chapters on Dutch Furniture, Chippendale, Old Leather, Turkey Work, Colonial and Later Periods, French Furniture, and Musical Instruments.

In Old Egypt. By H. Pereira Mendes.

A story for boys and girls "about the Bible but not in the Bible." The illustrations are by Mabel L. Humphrey.

Taylor and Company:

Hypatia, or New Foes with an Old Face. By Charles Kingsley. With an Introduction by Maurice Kingsley. Two volumes.

The latest volumes in the Library Edition of the "Novels, Poems, and Memories" of Kingsley, and which is to be supplemented by the "Letters and Memories," edited by his wife. The edition will be complete in fourteen volumes.

Mother Goose and Others in Wall Street. By "Bond Mann."

A small book of humorous verse, of which the following is a specimen:

Little Jack Horner
Got caught in a Corner,
Not knowing "and interest" from "flat."
His Pater made good,
As Pater sports should,
By buying some "dogs" and a "cat."

Treat and Company:

Famous Men of the Old Testament. By Morton Bryan Wharton, D.D.

The biblical characters which Dr. Wharton considers are: Abraham, Jacob, Joseph, Moses, Joshua, Gideon, Jephthah, Eli, Saul, David, Solomon, Elijah, Jonah, Daniel, Balaam, Absalom, and Nehemiah.

Wessels and Company:

Famous Battles of the Nineteenth Century. Described by Archibald Forbes, George A. Henty, Major Arthur Griffiths, and Other Well-Known Writers. 1801-1817. 1861-1871. Edited by Charles Welsh. Two volumes.

Each of the above volumes covers a definite period, and is quite complete in itself. These stories of great battles as they are told by well-known writers should be of particular interest to boy readers.

Reading a Poem. By William Makepeace Thackeray.

"Reading a Poem" first made its appearance in May, 1841, in the pages of *The Britannia*, a weekly paper which is no longer in existence. The poem was issued under the title of "Loose Sketches." It was first reprinted in "The Sette of Odd Volumes," in May, 1891, and it is from a copy of "The Odd Volumes" that the present reprint is taken.

Napoleon Bonaparte. By William C. Sprague.

A history of the "Man of Destiny," written for boys.

Akron, Ohio.

Saalfield Publishing Company:

Circus Day. By George Ade.

A small book for small children describing the events of a "circus day," with appropriate illustrations of the small boy, the tent, and the elephant, by John T. McCutcheon.

Roger and Rose and Other Stories. By Katharine Beebe.

A book of short stories for children, illustrated by Katharine H. Greenland.

Boston.

Badger:

The Master-Feeling. By N. Almirall.

A novel which tells the life story of one Agatha Peynton.

The Apex. By Thomas B. Gould.

A small volume, dealing with religion. "I have neither the strength nor the ability to write a large book," says Mr. Gould, "but I have for years had the desire to sow some seed of this kind."

The Musician. By Frank Waters.

A narrative poem founded upon a German legend of the Hartz Mountains.

Songs by the Wayside. By William J. Fischer, M.D.

A collection of more than a hundred poems by a young Canadian physician. His portrait serves as a frontispiece to the little volume.

Sonnets of the Head and Heart. By Joseph Warren Beach.

Another book of verse by a new poet. The entire volume is made up of "detached sonnets" and "sonnet sequences."

The Age of Ivory. By Henry Harmon Chamberlin.

A book of humorous verse in which Mr. Chamberlin aims to show how much better the world would be if the elephant had evolved instead of the ape.

A Pilgrim Jew. By the Reverend Charles Coke Woods.

A romantic poem, which the publisher seems to think "one of the most beautiful tributes to the Jew ever put in print."

The Conceits of a General Lover. By Edward W. Barnard.

Mr. Barnard's poems are familiar to many readers of magazines throughout the country, and in this book he has collected about two hundred *vers de société.*

Barefoot Time. By Adelbert Farrington Caldwell.

A collection of child's verse, many of which have appeared in *The Youth's Companion,* the *Outlook,* the *Independent,* and the *Sunday-School Times.*

The Song at Midnight. By Mary M. Adams.

A posthumous volume of poems by the wife of Charles Kendall Adams, late President of the University of Wisconsin. There are more than a hundred poems in the collections, odes, lyrics, and sonnets.

A Hill Prayer. By Marian Warner Wildman.

A book of poems, many of which have appeared in the *Century* and *Harper's.* In 1899 Miss Wildman received a prize of two hundred and fifty dollars for a poem, the prize being offered by the *Century Magazine* to college undergraduates.

Vita: A Drama. By Grace Denio Litchfield.

A dramatic poem in three acts, the personages in the drama bearing these names: Time, Vita, Truth, Happiness, Faith, Care, Malice, Hope, and History. Miss Litchfield is well known as the author of a number of books of poetry and prose.

Heartsease and Rue. By Héloise Soule.

As in the case with the majority of Mr. Badger's publications, this is a volume of verse.

Dana Estes and Company:

A Hermit's Wild Friends. By Mason A. Walton.

Mr. Walton is known as the hermit of Bond's Hill, Gloucester, Mass., and in this volume he gives an account of nearly twenty years of solitary life in the woods. The author has for years been a contributor to *Forest and Stream,* where he has signed himself "Hermit."

Some Famous American Schools. By Oscar Fay Adams.

An illustrated volume which gives a popular account of the foundation, history, and traditions of some of the well-known boys' schools in America, such as Phillips Andover Academy, St. Paul's, Groton, Lawrenceville, Narazeth Hall, and Belmont.

Mother Bunny. By Harriet A. Cheever.

A children's story. "Mother Bunny" tells of a rabbit's adventures, and addresses her tale to a little boy.

Daddy Joe's Fiddle. By Faith Bickford.

A story for the young reader. Opechee is a little half Indian child who learns to play the violin.

Forbes and Company:

Soul Sonnets of a Stenographer. By Samuel Ellsworth Kiser.

In twenty-nine sonnets Mr. Kiser tells the story of a stenographer's ambitions, and he tells it in his usual light vein.

Impertinent Poems. By Edmund Vance Cooke.

A collection of light "poems," some of them having been printed in the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Ainslee's Magazine.*

Ginn and Company:

A Little Brother to the Bear. By William J. Long.

A new animal book by the author of "School of the Woods." The sketches in this volume are reproduced from the author's own note-book, and the observations cover a period of some thirty years. Some of the chapters represent the characteristics of animals and birds of the

same species, while others show the intelligence of certain individual animals.

Poems of Tennyson. Edited by Henry Van Dyke and D. Laureance Chambers, A.M.

A volume belonging to the "Athenæum Press" series. This series includes choice works of English literature, edited for use in schools, colleges, and libraries, as well as for the general reader.

Educational Music Course. New First Music Reader. By James McLaughlin, George A. Veazie, and W. W. Gilchrist.

The material in this volume is made up of poems which illustrate the various moods of childlife, together with melodic settings which interpret the spirit of the poetry. The book is for use in the second and third or third and fourth grades in public schools.

Poems of Tennyson. Chosen and edited with an Introduction by Henry Van Dyke.

This book was begun about seven years ago. It is a full and representative selection of the best poems of Tennyson, arranged so as to show the variety of his work, and printed in one volume, not too large to hold in the hand or carry in the pocket.

The Modern Age. Part II. By Philip Van Ness Myers.

A companion volume to the Middle Ages. It is intended primarily as a school text book. The book was first copyrighted in 1885.

Stories of the Ancient Greeks. By Charles D. Shaw.

This collection of stories of the ancient Greeks is intended for supplementary reading, and may be used as early as the third year. It includes many of the tales of Greek mythology.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Touch of Sun and Other Stories. By Mary Hallock Foote.

There are four stories in this book, "A Touch of Sun," which shows how a girl won the favour of her lover's mother; "Pilgrims to Mecca," in which a San Francisco girl is sent to Boston to be educated; "The Maid's Progress," and "The Harshaw Bride."

The Little Chevalier. By M. E. M. Davis.

Mrs. "Mollie Moore" Davis, a New Orleans woman, has written a romantic tale of the French régime in New Orleans during the early part of the eighteenth century. It tells of the adventures of a young viscount who came from Paris to avenge the death of his father, who was killed in a duel the year before the story opens.

The Passing Show. By Harriet Monroe.

There are five modern plays in verse in this volume: "The Thunderstorm," "At the Goal," "After All," "A Modern Minuet," "It Passes By."

The Great Poets of Italy. By Oscar Kuhns.

The author, a professor in Wesleyan University, gives an account of the famous poets of Italy, with quotations in translation of passages from their works. The volume is illustrated with portraits and contains a brief sketch of Italian Literature.

Henry Ward Beecher. By Lyman Abbott.

A biography by Dr. Abbott, the editor of the *Outlook*, and, as every one knows, Mr. Beecher's successor in the pulpit of Plymouth Church. The volume also contains a bibliography of Mr. Beecher's sermons and writings prepared by the Reverend W. E. Davenport.

Comments of John Ruskin on the Divina Commedia. Compiled by George P. Huntington.

In this volume are brought together all of Ruskin's interpretations and criticisms of the Divine Comedy. There is an introduction by Charles Eliot Norton.

The Singing Leaves. By Josephine Preston Peabody.

Miss Peabody is one of the younger poets of to-day who has already attained considerable reputation. This is a small volume containing about seventy poems.

Lee and Shepard:

Joe the Survivor. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A book for boys which relates the trials and triumphs of a country boy who is obliged to go out into the world and help to support a twin sister and an invalid father. This story ran as a serial in 1894.

Laurel Leaves for Little Folk. Edited, Illustrated, and Decorated by Mary E. Phillips.

Miss Phillips has devoted three years to the preparation of this artistic book for children. In her collection may be found bits of verse and prose from the following writers: Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Mary Mapes Dodge, Edward Everett Hale, Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Joaquin Miller, Titus Munson Coan,

William Wetmore Story, M. E. W. Sherwood, and others.

The Girl Who Kept Up. By Mary McRae Cutler.

A story for boys and girls which tells of the friendship of a boy and girl. The boy goes to college while the girl is obliged to remain at home to help her family during their misfortune; but through pluck and strength of character she secures an education.

A Lassie of the Isles. By Adele E. Thompson.

An historical story for young readers. It belongs to the "Brave Heart" series and deals with the romantic story of Flora Macdonald, who aided in the escape of Charles Stuart, the "Young Pretender."

Famous Children Who Have Gained Renown in the Past. By H. Twitchell.

These are stories of boys and girls who for deeds and experiences during their childhood have become famous in history, song, and story. The subjects are grouped as "Royal Children," "Child Artists," "Learned Children," "Devoted Children," "Heroic Children," etc. Mozart, David, Joan of Arc, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and Louis XVII. are among the personages who appear in these stories.

Don'ts for Mothers. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

There are two hundred and fifty "don'ts" in this little handbook, which Mrs. Jackson dedicates to "the women of our dear land who share with me the priceless blessing of motherhood."

Dorothy's Playmates. By Amy Brooks.

A story for children which is the second in the "Dorothy Dainty" series. Miss Brooks, who is well known as a writer of juvenile books, has illustrated this story herself.

Rover's Story. By Helena Higginbotham.

A dog story written in the form of an autobiography. Rover is referred to as a "calico" dog, because of his colouring. He is a real and well-known collie in a Massachusetts town.

Two Young Lumbermen. By Edward Stratemeyer.

A story, complete in itself, which forms the first volume of the "Great American Industries" series. It is the story of two boys who have been brought up among the lumbermen of their own State, and who in seeking their fortunes travel from Maine to Oregon.

The Visit of Lafayette. By Lucia Gray Swett.

A book of verse which tells the story of an aged housekeeper who had charge of a colonial mansion in New Hampshire which Lafayette visited in 1825. The frontispiece is the reproduction of a portrait of General Lafayette which is in the Lee Memorial Chapel in Lexington. Va.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Life Radiant. By Lilian Whiting.

A book which aims to portray a practical ideal for daily living. It is, in a way, a sequel to Miss Whiting's "The World Beautiful."

Daniel Webster for Young Americans. With an Introduction and Notes by Charles F. Richardson.

A collection of the great speeches of Daniel Webster arranged for the youth of the United States. Edwin P. Whipple has added an essay on "Webster as a Master of English Style."

Famous Actors and Actresses and Their Homes. By Gustav Kobbé.

A most interesting book with unusually attractive illustrations. The actors, whom Mr. Kobbé interviews, are Maude Adams, Ethel Barrymore, John Drew, William Gillette, Richard Mansfield, Julia Marlow, Annie Russell, E. H. Sothern and his wife, and Francis Wilson. There are also chapters on the Lambs and the Players Clubs.

New England History in Ballads. By Edward E. Hale and His Children.

In his introduction Mr. Hale says that there are some forty or fifty poems, more or less narrative, which ought to be read in any thoughtful study of New England history. These poems he has collected together in this volume, which is illustrated by Ellen D. Hale, Philip L. Hale, and Lilian Hale.

Lothrop Publishing Company:

Five Little Peppers at School. By Margaret Sidney.

A new "Pepper" book for young people, in which the author tells of the merry school days of the five Peppers.

The Deathless Book. By David O. Mears, D.D.

A new edition of a religious book which first appeared in 1888. There are ten lectures in the volume.

scene laid in the west of England in the time of Charles II.

The Village Champion. By W. O. Stoddard.

A book for boys in which the young hero is as fond of fun and mischief as the proverbial boy.

A Little Tom-Boy. By Amy E. Blanchard.

The adventures of a little girl who lives with a precise, old-fashioned grandmother, and as this little girl is the tomboy in the case, her troubles are many.

Two Maryland Girls. By Amy E. Blanchard.

Young girls should enjoy this book. It is the story of two sisters entirely unlike in character, one being a girl of high ideals, while the other is weak and selfish, without high moral standards.

Letters from Pussycatville. By S. Louise Patteson.

Mrs. Patteson, the author of Pussy Meow, has brought out a new cat story which will please the children. These "letters" tell of the experiences and hopes and fears of "Buffie," "Madam Muff," "Snowball," "Snowdrop," "Topsy," and "Thomas."

What Two Children Did. By Charlotte E. Chittenden.

An entertaining little story of the doings of two mischievous children who inherit a large fortune. The author shows how these children use this money in helping other children.

Marie Corelli. The Writer and the Woman. By T. F. G. Coates and R. S. Warren Bell.

Admirers of Marie Corelli will probably wish to own this book. The authors have written a biography concerning Miss Corelli as woman and as writer. The book gives a general survey of the author's various books, and in each case has quoted such passages as may be read with interest. Illustrations accompany the text.

The Rambillicus Book. By Walt McDougall.

These wonder tales are intended for children "from seven to seventy." Many of them have appeared during the last year in the large Sunday journals of the United States. The illustrations, showing a collection of zoölogical subjects, are by Mr. McDougall, who is well known as a cartoonist.

Philadelphia.

Fisher and Company:

Our Annual Execution. Preceded by A Word on the Annuals. By William Makepiece Thackeray.

"A Word on the Annuals" appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for December, 1837, and "Our Annual Execution" in the same magazine for January, 1839. These papers are reprinted here exactly as they originally appeared, with no changes in spelling or punctuation.

Lippincott:

Through the Gates of Old Romance. By W. Jay Mills.

A charmingly illustrated book, appropriate as a holiday gift. Some of the chapters are: "A True Picture of the Last Days of Aaron Burr," "Major André's Last Love," "The Love-Story of the Noted Nathaniel Moore and 'The Heavenly Ellen,' a Belle of Chambers Street, New York," and "Susanna Rowson, of 'Charlotte Tower' Fame, and Her British Grenadier." Mr. Mills is also the author of "Historic Houses of New Jersey."

With the Treasure Hunters. By James Otis.

An exciting tale of the Florida Gays, especially suited to boy readers.

American Myths and Legends. By Charles M. Skinner. Two volumes.

To the superstitious these two volumes should be of especial interest. The author has collected various myths and legends of our own land, and the telling of them makes interesting reading. The books are bound in green and gold and contain numerous illustrations.

Recollections and Impressions of James A. McNeil Whistler. By Arthur Jerome Eddy.

Most of the material in the present volume has been jotted down during the past ten years for use in Mr. Eddy's lectures on Whistler and his art. Many of the anecdotes related were from the artist's own lips, and the reminiscences are, for the most part, personal.

The Life of Horace Binney. With Selections from His Letters. By Charles Chauncy Binney.

Mr. Binney, aside from his eminence as lawyer, held for the last fifty years of his life, from 1825 to 1875, a high place in public esteem, so the publishers consider that his "Life" should prove interesting to all Americans as well as to Philadelphians. The work of preparing the pres-

ent work has been that of selection and compilation, and it is almost wholly as a lawyer and a citizen that he is shown here.

Vir Publishing Company:

Manhood's Morning. By Joseph Alfred Conwell.

A new and revised edition which first appeared about seven years ago. It is addressed to young men between the ages of fourteen and twenty-eight, and it is written with the idea that men's characters can be formed from reading about lofty ideals, the right way to live, and why young men go wrong.

St. Paul.

Keefe-Davidson Company:

Legal Masterpieces. Specimens of Argumentation and Exposition by Eminent Lawyers. Edited by Van Vechten Veeder. Two volumes.

The purpose of this collection is to bring together, from the entire field of legal literature, specimens of the best models of the various forms of discourse and composition in which the lawyer's work is embodied.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between November and December, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Maids of Paradise. Chambers. (Harper.) $1.50.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.10.
5. The Shadow of Victory. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.20 net.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.10.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50 net.
3. Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
4. History of American Revolution, 2 vols. Trevelyan. (Longmans.) $5.00 net.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
3. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of Guards. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday-Page.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of Guard. Merriman. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Daughter of a Magnate. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
3. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Songs of the Trees. Robinson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. His Pa's Romance. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill). $1.00 net.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Castle Twilight. Potter. (McClurg.) $1.50.
5. Goodbye, Proud World. Kirke. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Golden Chain. Overton. (Macmillan.) 50 cents.
2. The Cynic's Calendar. Herford, Mumford & Mizner. (Elder.) 75 cents.
3. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75 net.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
6. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.

Louisville, Ky.

1. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
2. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. Castle Twilight. Potter. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50, cloth; 50 cents, paper.
2. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Southerners. Brady. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

Montreal, Can.

1. Lomai of Lenakel. Paton, B. D. (Hodder & Stoughton.) $1.50.
2. The Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The One Woman. Thomas Dixon, Jr. (Musson Book Co., Toronto.) $1.50.
4. The Plowshare and the Sword. E. G. Henham. (Copp, Clark.) $1.25.
5. The Daughter of a Magnate. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Odd Craft. Jacobs. (Scribner.) $1.50.

New Haven, Conn.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Gawayne and the Green Knight. Lewis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00 net.

3. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
4. The Adventures of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Old Quebec. Parker. (Macmillan.) $3.75 net.

New Orleans, La.

1. The Little Chevalier. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Star Fairies. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. Thistledown. Jamison. (Century.) $1.50.
4. Gayarre's History of Louisiana. (Hansell & Bro.) $10.00.
5. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00.
6. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Scribner.) $1.75.

Norfolk, Va.

1. The Grey Cloak. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Mettle of the Pasture. Allen. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Heros and Spies. Humphreys. (Neale Publishing Co.) $1.50

Omaha, Neb.

1. The Ultimate Moment. Lighton. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes). $1.50.
5. Red-Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover Press.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Pittsburg, Pa.

1. Inside History of the Carnegie Steel Co. Bridge. (Aldine Book Co.) $2.00 net.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Boss. Lewis. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
6. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.

Portland, Me.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Portland, Ore.

1. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Providence, R. I.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Uther and Igraine. Deeping. (Century.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Yellow Crayon. Oppenheim. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

Rochester, N. Y.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
5. When Patty Went to College. Webster. (Century.) $1.50.
6. Red Keggers. Thwing. (Book Lover.) $1.50.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

1. The Lions of the Lord. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
2. Maids of Paradise. Chamber. (Harper.) $1.50.

3. Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Henper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.

San Francisco, Cal.

1. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Voice of the Scholar. Jordan. (Elder.) $1.00 net.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. To-morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Five Nations. Kipling. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.40 net.
6. For the Pleasure of His Company. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.

St. Louis, Mo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure, Phillips.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Toledo, O.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan-Rice (Century.) $1.00.
4. Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Lovey Mary. Hegan-Rice. (Century.) $1.00.
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.

Toronto, Can.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
2. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (Copp, Clark & Co.) $1.25.
4. The Silver Poppy. Stringer. (Wm. Briggs.) 75 cents and $1.25.
5. Over the Border. Barr. (Copp, Clark & Co.) $1.25.
6. When I Was Czar. Marchant. (McLeod & Allen.) 75 cents and $1.25.

Worcester, Mass.

1. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50.
2. Old Paths and Legends of New England. Abbott. (Putnam.) $3.50.
3. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Washington, D. C.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90 cents.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.08.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williams. (Holt.) $1.08.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

					POINTS.
A book standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS.
1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50....	155
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.....	98
3. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	90
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.....	83
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Harper.) $1.50.....	79
6. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.50.....	47



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A Magazine of Literature and Life

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Educational Balloons in Fiction

One of the most lifelike characters of recent fiction is Babington, the plausible college president who figures in *The Torch* by H. M. Hopkins (reviewed in another column), and because he is so lifelike many are making guesses as to his identity and half-expecting libel suits. But pieces of at least twenty college presidents went to the making of that personage, along with sundry chips of sinful human nature wherever found, and we recognise in him many persons whom Mr. Hopkins never saw. That is the beauty of Babington, and of any other well-drawn elemental character of fiction, and it shows the uses of the imagination. You will find Babington in the last report of the Commissioner of Education slightly exaggerating the figures of attendance for his own particular university. You will see him again in the newspapers next summer when extracts from the baccalaureate addresses begin to trickle in. "Young men, you are standing on the threshold. Gird on the armour of righteousness. Go forward and not back. Look up and not down." That is Babington, gentlemen of the alumni, and you will meet him at your annual dinner, where he will urge you to "keep in touch" with university ideals, and congratulate you on the completion of the new grand stand and on the size of the entering class. Great things have happened under Babington—an era of expansion, he will say—as you can see from any recent catalogue. Twice as many students as last year and half as much Latin and Greek, and but for him there would be no summer school of horseshoeing, no butter class or dental department, no marble natatorium, brownstone dormitory, fish-hatchery or cremation plant. It was Babington who said the other day that the university should aim at nothing but the training of specialists. On no other plan can the university grow big so fast, and rapid bigness is the soul of Babington and the key of educational progress—the football key—and why the trustees keep him and the papers print him and the millionaires endow him, and the faculty waits

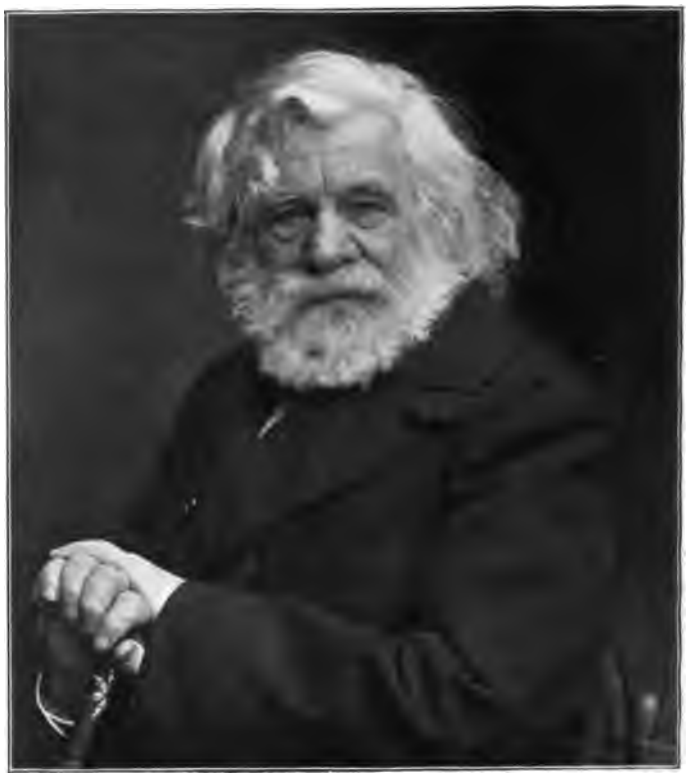


AUSTIN DOBSON,
Whose "Fanny Burney" is reviewed by Richard Garnett elsewhere in this issue.

for a chance to prick him, which almost always comes. Then down goes Babington, but not for long. It is a land of blessed chances with many things waiting for expansion. Out of nearly eight hundred universities surely some would like to swell. And the *popularis aura* is always blowing somewhere (and is especially fresh upon the prairies) and to all punctured and deflated Babingtons democracy is kind. He will rise again if only to run for Congress. There is nothing tragic in the tale. Nor is there anything particular about it—not a personal fling in the whole story—and if certain things look familiar, as in the fight for academic freedom, the resemblance is purely adventitious. Still less is it a sneer at tendency, but a summary of educational temptations, perhaps even American temptations. We never met a Babington all at once or a Choke or a Chollop or a Colonel Buncombe, but we can fancy from certain fragments what the whole of him would be like.

The Late Parke Godwin

Parke Godwin, who died at his home in New York City January 7th, was one of the last links connecting literary and journalistic America of the twentieth century and the first half of the nineteenth. His personal recollections went back considerably farther than those of such men as Edmund Clarence Stedman and Edward Everett Hale, and he had known intimately the conditions and types which Dickens satirised so mercilessly in *Martin Chuzzlewitt*. One of his last appearances in public was at the reception given to him by the Authors Club of New York last winter. His speech on that occasion was mainly made up of odds and ends of reminiscence which amazed while it delighted many of those who heard him. It seemed strange to be listening to a man who had been so closely identified with the remote past; who could tell you how one day a young poet came into his office with a roll of manuscript for sale



THE LATE PARKE GODWIN.

and that the name of the young poet was Edgar Allan Poe. With all the great men of letters of that time—Poe, Hawthorne, Irving—Parke Godwin had rubbed elbows. When, at the age of twenty he began to take an active part in the editing of the *Evening Post*, journalism was in a state of transition. The reaction against the blanket sheet newspapers was not yet in full swing. Of the New York morning papers which exist today, the *Sun* had been started three years before, and a year before James Gordon Bennett had printed the first issue of the *Herald*, but the *Tribune* and *Times* were not yet thought of; Horace Greeley was drifting about from paper to paper, and Henry Raymond was a youngster from whom Dickens is said to have drawn the character of Mr. Jefferson Brick.



PARKE GODWIN IN EARLY LIFE.

Born at Paterson, N. J., in 1816, Parke Godwin was graduated from Princeton in the class of 1834. Afterward he studied law, was admitted to the Kentucky bar, and established an office in Louisville, but did not practise. Instead he returned to New York, made the acquaintance of his future father-in-law, William Cullen Bryant, and became assistant editor of the *Evening Post*. He remained with that paper until 1853; then, after an absence of twelve years, again became its editor in 1865. Meanwhile he had been busy writing books and contributing to various periodicals. He did much work for the *Democratic Review* and was at one time the editor of *Putnam's Monthly*. Among his best known books are *Constructive Democracy, Popular View of the Writings of Charles Fourier, Vala, a Mythological Tale, Cyclopædia of Biography, A Handbook of Universal Biography, History of France*, and *Out of the Past*, a volume of essays printed in 1870. While never a member of the Brook Farm Community, he was an earnest helper from the outside, and edited its newspaper, *The Harbinger*, which was published in New York City. At the time of his death Mr. Godwin was a member of the Century, the Players, the Authors, and the City Clubs of New York.

On the Use of Quoted French

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl's volume of charming little Parisian stories entitled *Zut* has already been reviewed in this magazine, but further reference is to be here made of it because it serves as an illustration of both the proper and the improper use of quoted French. Mr. Carryl's pages are sown thick with Gallic words and phrases, and we suppose that his intention was to add thereby to the perfection of his local colour. The means was perfectly legitimate and, on the whole, it was effective; yet none the less, Mr. Carryl has rather overdone the thing. A French phrase may be properly introduced in English narrative either when it expresses something for which there is no exact English equivalent, or when it is very much neater and more pungent than the corresponding phrases in English, or when in its peculiar associations it is redolent of France. Thus when Mr. Carryl mentions a *horizontale* the word conveys a notion that could not be exactly conveyed by our blunter tongue; *eiffelesque* smacks of the very innermost adyta of Parisian speech; while *sans-toit* brings to mind delicious memories of Murger of which "attic bedroom" is utterly devoid. And so *atelier*,



GUY WETMORE CARRYL.



A RECENT GLIMPSE OF ROBERT BARR.

terrasse, pourboire, épatant, matelote, schampoing and *piou-piou* are all right for one reason or another; but what is gained by calling a grocer an *épicier* or an elevator an *ascenseur?* Take the opening of *Zut:*

"Side by side, on the Avenue de la Grande Armée, stand the *épicerie* of Jean-Baptiste Caille and the *salle de coiffure* of Hippolyte Sergeot."

The effect of this is positively macaronic. The fact is that Mr. Carryl's stories do not need this mechanical insertion of linguistic tags, for their author has in much more subtle ways caught and infused into his pages the



ROBERT BARR SURROUNDED BY HIS FAMILY AND FRIENDS.

true Parisian atmosphere. When one has succeeded in doing this, he must not bother about making his narrative bilingual.

❧

Reminiscences of Literary Paris

A large volume by Mr. A. B. N. Peat, entitled *Gossip from Paris,* published by the Messrs. Appleton, is crowded with all sorts of good things, rather badly arranged, because the editor has unfortunately let them appear in the form of a diary. They relate to every phase of Parisian life under the Second Empire, and naturally the literary and theatrical anecdotes are numerous. It is characteristic of Alexander Dumas that there should be more stories told of him than of any other writer. None of them, however, is especially striking. The following he probably invented. Once, while travelling in Russia and being offered a bear steak for his dinner, he accepted the novelty, and, after eating the whole, remarked on its excellence to the master of the hotel. The latter replied, "Ah, he was an awful beast, and hard to catch; but our best shot killed him last night. He had eaten the young man's father, whole, in the morning!"

❧

Here is a tale showing one of Rossini's well-known traits—persistence in acquisition. It appears that King Louis of Portugal promised to send Rossini a pipe of port, of a vintage of which specimens have been preserved only in the royal cellars. The wine had not arrived, but the great *maestro* was not a man to allow a promise to be forgotten. Accordingly he took up his pen and indited to his Portuguese Majesty the following reminder: "You promised me some port wine, Sire, and it has not arrived. Your Majesty has certainly not forgotten your promise, for Sovereigns never forget; but allow me to remind you that *I* am old, and that at my age there is no time to be lost."

❧

Another anecdote belongs to the humours of collaboration:



WARWICK DEEPING.
The author of Uther and Igraine.

A good story is told of a telegraph clerk to whom a *commissionnaire* delivered a written message he had been desired to despatch. On reading it, the clerk stared and inquired by whom the message was sent, to which the messenger replied, "A gentleman living in the Rue la Fontaine." The clerk requested the man to step into his office and take a seat. Meanwhile a policeman was summoned and the message shown to him. It ran thus: "I have thought of a better and more expeditious mode of killing Faure," signed "Méry." The agent started for M. Méry's residence. He was in bed, but was in the act of announcing to his collaborator, M. Duville, with whom he was writing *Don Carlos*, for which Verdi was composing the music, that he had thought of another mode of despatching the Marquis of Rosa (which part was to be acted by Faure) than by a pistol-shot, as in Schiller's tragedy, and had telegraphed to that effect to him.

Mr. Peat's book was lately reviewed in *The Nation;* and the all-wise reviewer ended his notice with the scornful remark: "The misprints are almost unpardonably thick." This offhand criticism was interesting in the light of the same reviewer's allusion to a gentleman whom he called "the now-forgotten Vicomte Touson de Jerrail." Who would suppose that this mysterious person is our old friend the Vicomte Ponson du Terrail? The truth is that it is a little dangerous to go around flinging stones at typographical errors, even when you read your own proof-sheets with superhuman care. The *Evening Post* of this city, of which *The Nation* is an annex, not long ago alluded to Mr. Roosevelt's absorption in classical study in the midst of the Philadelphia convention of 1900; and it spoke of him as deep in an author whom it described as "Heroditus." Now this involved a double error, for it was not "Heroditus" that Mr. Roosevelt perused while "resting," but Thucydides. The author of *Alone in Cubia* prefers Thucydides. After he has studied him some years longer and learned from him the secret of literary brevity, he will be able to send a message to Congress containing somewhat fewer than 70,000 words. More recently still, the *Post* editorially

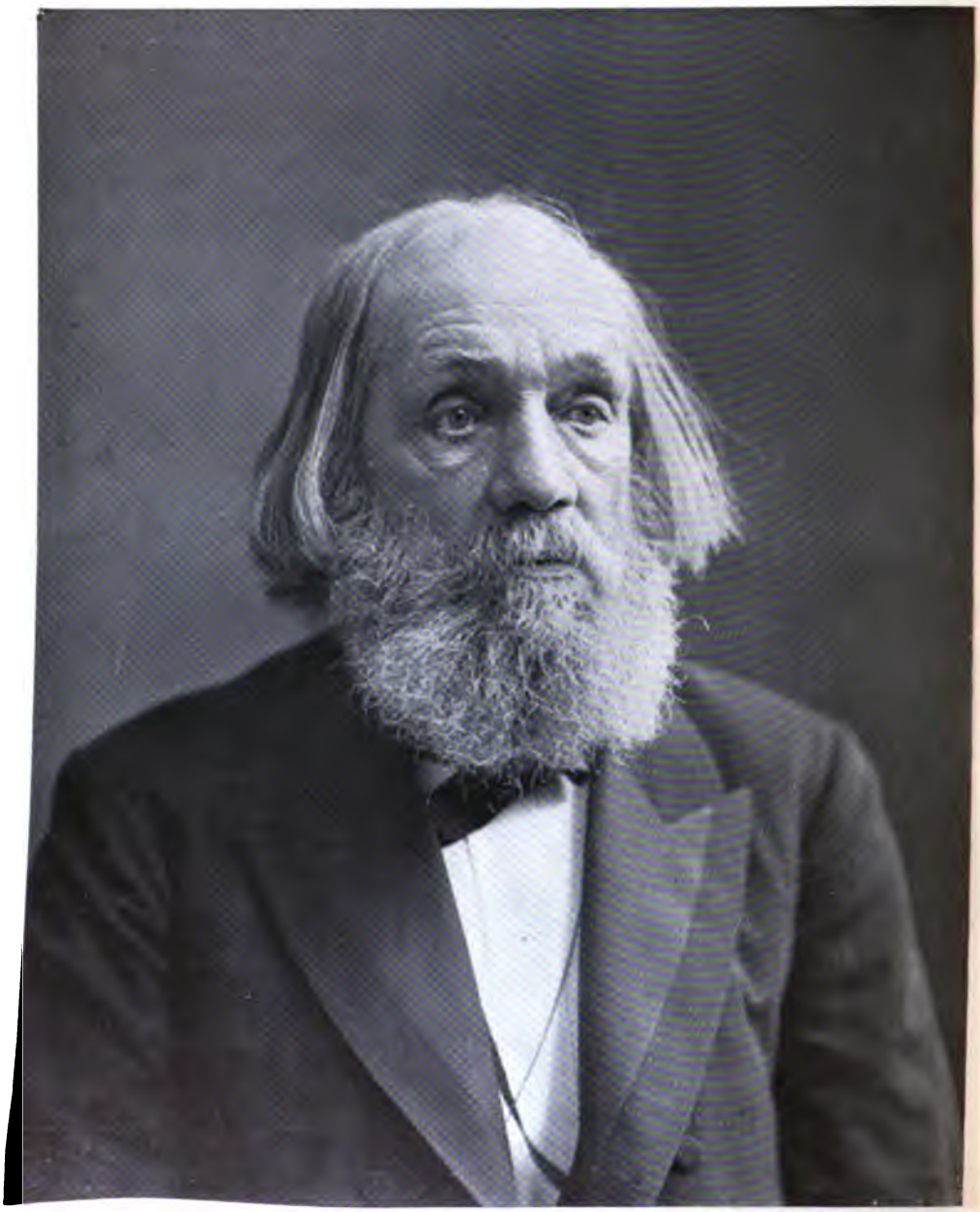


A. T. QUILLER-COUCH ("Q").
A review of Mr. Quiller-Couch's "Hetty Wesley" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

twisted the tail of a famous Vergilian quotation by disguising it as *dux fœmina facta,* which was again a double-ender, for down in the office of the *Post* they still write the word *'fœmina.'* And yet how much fun Mr. Godkin used to poke at Bourke Cockran's *censor mores!*

The Actor and the Empress

This story concerns an actor, another actor, an author, and incidentally, an empress. Also an heir apparent who has since become a great king. The first actor is a mummer of distinction, whose talents are widely acclaimed, but whose



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

A review of Dr. Hale's "We, The People" will be found elsewhere in this issue.

eccentricities of speech and deportment have at times exasperated even the most genial of those with whom he has been thrown in contact. One such was the author, who wrote a short novel which was for many months one of the much discussed successes of the country, and in the dramatic version of which the actor in question starred for an entire season. Although one of the most even tempered of men, there were little irritations, peremptory calls for minor changes, and unreasonable exactions, which were more than the novelist could bear with complacence, and the routine of rehearsal was continually being interrupted by some trivial disagreement. These estrangements, however, seldom lasted for any great length of time, and to celebrate the reconciliation after one of them, the author invited the actor and two intimate friends of them both to a little dinner in the grill room of a club of which all four were members. The oysters were ushered in amid mutual explanations and apologies, healths were drunk, and the period of protestations of undying friendship was fast approaching, when the pleasant harmony was suddenly disturbed by the abrupt interruption of mummer number two, who entered the grill room accompanied by an English guest, a member of the London Board of Trade, and made his way towards the table where the four were dining, announcing in a great voice that shook the ceiling that he wanted his friend to meet some "nice American boys." Now the distinguished actor who was seated had long cherished for his less noted fellow professional the most intense dislike. He had scowled when the latter came in the room, and muttered savagely: "Beast! beast! I do not understand why they allow such beasts in a gentleman's club." The familiar intrusion and remark were consequently more than his nerves could bear, and bringing his fist heavily down on the table: "By dash, sir!" he said, "I'd have you know, sir, that I, for one, am not a *nice American Boy!*"

*

In the embarrassed silence and consternation that followed, the author tactfully came to the rescue with a few polite commonplaces and an order to the attendants that additional chairs and glasses be brought. The great actor glowered gloomily at the intruders, and the nervous tapping of his fingers on the table showed the state to which their presence wrought him up. But he kept silence. He was awaiting his opportunity. Meanwhile, the others at the table had fallen into conversation and the second actor, who had not been greatly disturbed by the rebuff, began to take the lead in the talk. He was a Thespian of the old school, the old school of ranting and heavy men. He felt in an expansive mood, told eloquently of himself, his triumphs, his great parts, his remarkable Hamlet and his extraordinary Iago. He compared himself genially to the great actors of the last generation in a manner that caused the distinguished mummer on the other side of the table to grind his teeth savagely. Then he waxed anecdotal, told of little incidents of his stage career. "It was in 1874. I was playing in Her Majesty's Theatre in London. A wonderful part—wonderful. One night when I was going in through the wings I ran against some one in the dim light. I looked up. To my astonishment it was the Prince of Wales. Yes, gentlemen, it was His Royal Highness. I bowed profusely and said: 'Your Royal Highness, I crave your pardon.' To which he replied most graciously: 'It is I who should apologise for having interfered with the entrance of a great artist'—and speaking of His Royal Highness, gentlemen, reminds me of when we were playing in Paris in 1869. I was breakfasting at my hotel one morning when there came to me a courier, dressed in the imperial livery, bearing a note the purport of which was that their Imperial Majesties, the Emperor and Empress of the French, desired my presence at dinner that evening. Yes, gentlemen, the Emperor, and the Empress Eugenie. And that evening a magnificent equipage drew up for me in the hotel courtyard. I entered it. I was whirled off to the Tuileries. I was ushered in. And, gentlemen, I—I who am sitting here with you to-night, had—the honour—of taking—the Empress—down to dinner." He paused, looked around the table triumphantly, and then added sententiously: "I cannot say that I was narvous." The great man on the other side of the table started. His chance had come. A smile



Gen. Lew Wallace

GEORGE BREHM'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LITERARY HOOSIERS.

Courtesy of Indianapolis Morning Star.



Newton Booth Tarkington

GEORGE BREHM'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LITERARY HOOSIERS.

Courtesy of Indianapolis Morning Star.



Charles Major

GEORGE BREHM'S IMPRESSIONS OF SOME LITERARY HOOSIERS.

Courtesy of Indianapolis Morning Star.

of satisfaction broke over his face and he leaned far over and inquired sweetly: *"Was the Empress narvous?"* Then, without waiting for an answer to his query, he rose, bowed, and strutted majestically from the room.

❧

Plagiarising One's Own

Whether it be legitimate for a man to make use a second time of ideas and episodes that he finds when looking back over his early published work, those authors who are accused of thus plagiarising from themselves have the consolation of knowing that literature can show them some very illustrious examples. For instance, at every turn in Thackeray's later work you may find a familiar echo of the Thackeray of the Paris correspondence days, of *Fraser's* and of *Punch*. The social philosophy of *The Book of Snobs* runs through every chapter of *Vanity Fair, Pendennis,* and *The Newcomes*. The school boy fight between Cuff and Dobbin is almost word for word one of Thackeray's early and fugitive sketches. The same thing is to be found here and there in the works of Victor Hugo and of Daudet, and recurs at every turn in the longer romances of de Maupassant. There is a volume of fragmentary sketches called *Le Père Milon* which is comparatively little known in this country even to those who are devoted to the writings of Guy de Maupassant; and yet, as a writer in a recent number of *The Revue Bleue* points out in this volume will be found countless suggestions of episodes and characters of *Bel-Ami, Une Vie, Fort comme la Mort,* and *Notre Cœur*.

❧

Le Père Milon contains no less than four distinct sketches which were later embodied in *Une Vie*. "An Evening in Spring," is an episode of the courting of Jeanne: the promenade of the lovers by moonlight under the trees of the park, the anxious and tender concern of the young man for his sweetheart, and the sudden emotion of the old maid, Aunt Lison, all the details are identical in the early sketch and in the later novel. But the character of Aunt Lison is more carefully studied in the short story. In the novel she becomes only a chance personage and is kept very much in the background. For that reason the episode seems somewhat artificial. The same can be said of La Veillee: a nun and a magistrate sit up with the dead body of their mother and find in an old chest of drawers a bundle of love letters which the adored dead one had received from her lover. In itself this tragic scene is complete and terribly effective. It could only be weakened by incorporation in a tale filled with extraneous events. The same mournful discovery made by Jeanne at the bedside of her mother delays the action of *Une Vie* because nothing that has gone before had prepared us for it, and because nothing that follows has anything to do with it. Again, the "Saut du Berger" of *Le Père Milon* conforms in many respects to the chapter of *Une Vie* in which the Comte de Fourville kills his wife and her lover when they are shut up in a shepherd's hut. There is, however, one difference; in the novel the criminal catastrophe is an episode introduced purely for the purpose of solving the intrigue of Julian and the Comtesse de Fourville; whereas in the short story the entire action moves about a certain character—that of the ascetic priest, fanatical and violent, whose introduction in the novel is merely an episode.

❧

To give variety to the scene in which he placed his action Maupassant did not confine himself to those landscapes which were to him most familiar, the Norman background in which he had passed the years of his lusty youth. He remembered and made use of also all the places that he visited during his many voyages, Corsica, Sicily, and later Africa and Italy. Being obliged to choose the country where Jeanne should live with her husband during their few short days of happiness, he laid the scene of the honeymoon in Corsica, a land which he knew very well and which he had many times described. Several of his short tales tell the stories of Corsican bandits. The Vendetta, which furnished the writer with material for two tales also is introduced into his portion of *Une Vie*. In addition the impressions of Corsica in the descriptions of the novel and in those of "La Vendetta," of "Bonheur" and of "Bandit Corse" are almost identically the same. One thing above all appears to have struck Maupassant: that strange impres-

sion of astonishment and almost of fear, which comes to one when one perceives suddenly the strange isle across the sea rearing its weird and shaggy form at early dawn, or in the fading twilight. It is interesting to compare two different descriptions of this startling apparition.

Une Vie, p. 85.

Partout la mer. Pourtant, vers l'avant, quelque chose de gris, de confus encore dans l'aube naissante, une sorte d'accumulation de nuages singuliers, pointus, déchiquetés, semblait posée sur les flots.

Puis, cela apparut plus distinct; les formes se marquèrent davantage sur le ciel éclairci; une grande ligne de montagnes cornues et bizarres surgit: la Corse, enveloppée dans une sorte de voile léger.

Et le soleil se leva derrière, dessinant toutes les saillies des crêtes en ombres noires; puis tous les sommets s'allumèrent tandis que le reste de l'île demeurait embrumé de vapeur.

Le Bonheur, p. 211.

Sur la mer, au fond de l'horizon, surgissait une masse grise, énorme et confuse.

C'est la Corse! On l'aperçoit ainsi deux ou trois fois par an dans certaines conditions d'atmosphère exceptionnelles, quand l'air, d'une limpidité parfaite, ne la cache plus par ces brumes de vapeur d'eau qui voilent toujours les lointains.

On distinguait vaguement les crêtes, on crut reconnaître la neige des sommets; et tout le monde restait surpris, troublé, presque effrayé par cette brusque apparition d'un monde, par ce fantôme sorti de la mer.

In *Bel-Ami* it is the Algerian landscape which is introduced for a brief moment. In his earlier days Maupassant had written a number of Algerian tales. "Marocca" is a story, in the form of a letter, relating African impressions and begins very much like the first letter of "Souvenirs d'un Chasseur d'Afrique" which Madeline Forestier dictates to Georges Duroy for his newspaper. Farther on the book is filled with many far more striking resemblances. The painful and repulsive love affair between Georges Duroy and Mme. Walter is built up entirely from the early short story "Mots d'Amour." In each is to be found the same exasperation on the part of the young man at the too ardent devotion, the advances, the idiotic letters of the woman. Then the emotions of Duroy before the duel which he is obliged to fight with an absolute stranger because of a petty newspaper controversy and the emotions of the hero of "Un Lâche" under similar circumstances are substantially the same and you realise that in each case de Maupassant drew much of his material from the recesses of his own heart. In the short story, as in the novel, there is the same nervous curiosity about the odious opponent, the same disgust at the uselessness and absurdity of the affair, the same terrible dread, not as to the outcome of the conflict, but the fear of showing fear, the doubt as to how he shall comport himself which in "Un Lâche" drives the hero to suicide. The only differences to be found are where in the greater maturity of the novel the writer has substituted a more striking word or phrase. For instance, in the short story: "A single idea weighed on his mind: a duel, and yet this idea awakened in him no definite emotion." In the novel he said: "A single idea filled his mind, a duel to-morrow; and yet this idea awakened in him an emotion that was only vague though powerful." Farther on, thinking of the manner he must assume during the encounter to impress his adversary and the witnesses he says to himself, in the short story: "One must be *'ferme,'*" and, in the novel, replaces this word by one that is more picturesque and vigourous: "Come, one must be *'crâne.'*" Again, compare in the two versions the episode of the hero studying the card of his unknown antagonist:

Un Lâche.

Il examinait ces lettres assemblées qui lui paraissaient mystérieuses, *pleines de sens confus:* "Georges Lamil?" *qui était cet homme?*

Bel-Ami.

Il examinait ces lettres assemblées qui lui paraissaient mystérieuses, *pleines de sens inquiétants:* "Louis Langremont?" *qui était cet homme? De quel âge? De quelle taille? De quelle figure?*

Every time we see the announcement of a new yellow-covered novel from the pen of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter we recall the days when Mr. *Barnes of New York* was the most talked of book in the United States and in Eng-

The Real Mr. Barnes of New York

and. In discussion that novel is very often used as the basis for comparison between the popular taste of fifteen years ago and the popular taste of to-day. But it must be remembered that the success of *Mr. Barnes* was not made by what we call the shop-girl class of readers. That class undoubtedly existed then, but it was nourished mainly by writers of the stamp of Laura Jean Libbey, and publications like the *Fireside Companion*. The men and women who found most enjoyment in Mr. Gunter's earlier novels were, for the most part, men and women of education and culture, the people you met on board transatlantic liners, and in Continental spas. They did not think of *Mr. Barnes of New York* as having anything to do with literature, they were not reading it with a view to criticising its philosophy or its style, but simply because they found it to be a very good tale which amused them immensely for the time being.

We were talking with Mr. Gunter the other day about his best known book, and he told us a number of things which we thought entertaining and which we think will prove entertaining also to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. As was the case with all of the author's earlier stories, *Mr. Barnes of New York* was first thought out as a play. The first idea which entered Mr. Gunter's head in connection with the book was that of a drama about the vendetta. To this were due the duel scene at the beginning of the story and the tragic chapters at the end. The character of Mr. Barnes was entirely an afterthought and grew out of a casual remark. Among Mr. Gunter's acquaintances was a well-known New York man by the name of Banks whose main occupation in life seemed to be that of killing time. He was a member of the York Rifle Club and upon a memorable occasion had won an international shoot by showing himself to be absolutely devoid of nerves and scoring bull's-eye after bull's-eye just as if nothing at all depended upon the accuracy of his aim. One day he fell into conversation with Mr. Gunter and the talk turned upon books. "I say, Gunter," drawled Banks, "I'll bet you you couldn't put me in a book and make me interesting." Then and there the author determined to incorporate him in the story which was to be called *A Corsican Vendetta*.

In the first draft, Mr. Banks or Mr. Barnes was called Thomas Jefferson. This was written in New York. On short notice Mr. Gunter's business called him to San Francisco, and he left for the West, leaving the story behind him. His stay in San Francisco proving much longer than he had anticipated and being unable to get hold of the original manuscript, he began the work of writing the whole tale all over again. Try as he would he could not remember the name that he had given his hero, and chancing to meet a friend from New York by the name of Barnes while he was thinking over the matter, Mr. Thomas Jefferson became Mr. Barnes of New York. Most of the episodes of the story had been thought out long before, but the railway journey from Paris to Nice, during which Barnes starves Miss Anstruther into tractability and friendliness, grew out of the writing of that part of the book. The fine and dramatic description of the bombardment of Alexandria, with which *Mr. Potter of Texas* opens, was originally designed for *Mr. Barnes of New York*. On this subject Mr. Gunter had had information at first hand from a naval officer by the name of William who had watched the bombardment from the deck of the *Richmond*. This the author supplemented with his own knowledge of the city of Alexandria and from the most reliable newspaper accounts of the affair. As a result, Mr. Gunter has often been complimented by British officers who have expressed surprise at the accuracy of his description.

Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill Retorts

Mr. Frederick Trevor Hill's reply to our invitation to express himself frankly about his critics in the literary pages of newspapers and magazines, while it does not cover very many points, strikes us as being exceedingly original and happy. The only comment that we have to make is to call attention to the fact that the author of *The Minority*, and *The*



AN IMPRESSION OF THE AUTHOR OF "AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF SEVENTY YEARS."

Web has fallen into the old and seemingly incorrigible error about Frankenstein.

"The telephone as a *deus ex machina* is, we suppose, up to date. . . ."—N. Y. *Sun*, May 10, 1902, criticising *The Minority*.

"In spite of his vigourous descriptive powers it begins to look as though Mr. Hill needed a collaborator to hold him to his plot; . . . the process-server as a *deus ex machina* is a strain on the reader's credulity. . . ."—N. Y. *Sun*, December 5, 1903, criticising *The Web*.

COLLABORATION REGARDLESS.

When "Lit'rachure" and I first met
I couldn't have been greener,
No Sun made hay for me—but yet
No *deus ex machina*.
(A compensation for neglect
As fair as one could well expect).

The next offense to which I own
Found critic—no one keener—
Who conjured up by telephone
A *deus ex machina*.
(I'm sure the call cost quite a lot
Such a long distance from my plot!)

My third enmeshed a legal "limb"
No devil could be meaner—
In vain! The critic saw in him
A *deus ex machina*.
(But (happy thought) since he's not mine
Maybe he'll prove a Frankenstein!)



A RECENT PORTRAIT OF J. M. BARRIE.

Dear Critic:
Next time I am due
Will you please just *once* read me through?
Or if, for this, you're too much pressed
Give your machine-made god a rest?

F. T. H.

Recent Plays and the "Literary Quality"

It is a pity that more of the current plays are not published. We agree with Mr. Bernard Shaw that a good play will stand the test of reading and even in regard to bad plays we have a vicious curiosity to see how they would look in print. "Literary quality" is a strangely misused term. It suggests to many people verbal elaborateness and the need of taking thought, as if there could be no literary quality unless you had a chance to look hard at a sentence and read it twice over. Yet often the reason why a closet play cannot be acted is not because it is too literary, but because it is not literary enough. Stripping a sentence for action as Kipling does his may make it better reading at the same time that it fits it for the stage. On the other hand, the best plays now running certainly have the literary quality in any reasonable sense of the term. The character of Mr. Thomas's prize fighter in *The Other Girl* is quite as much a literary as a dramatic creation, and we would as lief read the lines he gives him as anything of Chimmie Fadden's. Mr. Barrymore's acting simply doubles the pleasure, and there is still a literary quality when you divide by two. The same thing is true of the young reporter of a yellow journal and of the young man who is run down by an automobile and leaves the hospital in a state of etherised loquacity. So agreeable was the mere talk of the characters all the way through, that you hardly noticed the prolongation of the play for an entire act beyond the climax —a crime for which many plays have been pronounced utterly worthless by leading critics of the stage. In other words, here is the best American play of the season and yet it is technically unsound. Words which get close to life read well; and life is so valuable on the



HENRIETTA CROSMAN IN "SWEET KITTY BELLAIRS." ACT I.

stage that we thank any man who gives us scraps of it and forget if he limps in his plot. Again, if you deduct from Mr. Zangwill's *Merely Mary Ann* the qualities that make his books attractive, you will have as cheap a little melodrama as you ever saw. How many times has the forlorn and innocent rustic maiden babbled of green fields without being poetic, and the lover left her without our caring and returned to her without our feeling glad? These ingredients are just what Mr. Zangwill himself as dramatic critic has scoffed at and condemned a play for, as if they accounted for its sins. But there was something in the words that reproduced in you the feelings of the author, something that Miss Robson could take hold of and be carried further than she had ever gone before. Whatever be the right name for this quality, we know that books are hard to read when they lack it, and that when an author writes a play without it actors and stage man-



MARY MANNERING IN "HARRIETS HONEYMOON."

agers have to work like beavers to make us forget our loss.

Again, Mr. Barrie's *Little Mary* seems so foolish when you try to sum it up, that you feel like apologising for enjoying it. He takes the simple proposition that people eat too much and then lets his fancy run. Reform the British aristocracy and restore England's greatness through a knowledge of food values and a regulation of diet. He plays with the idea as if talking to children and treats it as a mysterious discovery which he does not reveal till the end. To any but a first night audience it is a conundrum of which every one knows the answer and it is a notion which has wearied any man who reads advertisements. But all this only shows that the play is nonsense, and not to like Mr. Barrie's nonsense is paying a high price for one's intelligence. He could make a good play out of a doorknob and two spools. You cannot expect him to grow up like the rest of us

Barrie's Little Mary



PETER F. DAILEY
As Waffles,

LOUIS MANN
As Captain Deadwood,

in "Waffles, the Amateur Cracker."



LOUISE CLOSSER AS PROSSIE.



DOROTHY DONNELLY AS CANDIDA.



GEORGE BERNARD SHAW'S "CANDIDA." ACT III.

and have what we call purpose and make sacrifices to opinion and be reasonable and steady and dull. If he happens to have a good idea as in *The Admirable Crichton,* he writes the best play of many seasons, and when as in *Little Mary* he has no idea at all, but only a silly little formula, he has still the power to please. He has a child's gift for self-amusement and an artist's skill in passing it on. The plot is merely an excuse for fancy and the play only a bundle of pleasant details. It does not seem to make much difference what they are about. With Mr. Bernard Shaw, on the other hand, the least word has a purpose, an upsetting, revolutionary design. In *Candida,* as in most of his other plays, he badgers the conventional man, turns on him with his own logic and off goes his dignity and self-esteem. Mr. Barrie takes a convention and gives it a Barrie twist. If he ventures satire, he forgets and falls in love with the object of it before he is half way through. But Mr. Shaw is a better sportsman, being more intent on the game. He knows he can have better fun when half convinced that he is in earnest. So he butts that clever Irish head of his against anything that seems conventional. Some set it down to love of paradox, but it is due rather to affinity for the lonelier side of truth.

Bernard Shaw's Candida

All Mr. Shaw's work is done in an atmosphere of imaginary opposition. He likes to feel the presence of a shocked person when he is writing, and he hates to have any one agree with him on first thoughts. Now, he thinks, as he writes down a sentence, this certainly ought to be unpopular, and when people happen to like it he is sorry he did not say something else. Some years ago he complained that he was growing old and useless because he was coming into vogue. No doubt he is now thinking that there must be something the matter with *Candida,* for when Mr. Arnold Daly tried it timidly on a New York audience one afternoon it was instantly successful and had to be repeated many times. *Candida* is a burlesque with a purpose, a most amusing contest of idea-units. All Mr. Shaw's people are only idea-units and he cares nothing for their irrelevant human side. The intensest of poets (uncompromising veracity) discomfits the robust, conventionally minded, well-meaning parson (self-complacent half-truth), but the parson's beautiful wife (true spiritual insight) while admitting that the poet is the better man still prefers her husband, because he is the weaker and therefore needs her more. Nothing is true that seems to be, and whenever three or four are gathered together in the name of a proposition let us break the meeting up. It is the same spirit as in his essays and *Candida* is of course delightful, with a jack-in-the-box in every sentence. Many regard Mr. Shaw as a higher order of clown. A few insist on his philosophy. It is perhaps easier to explain him as the best of our methodical modern wits, who has made a science of the unexpected and really does surprise. As to his truth, it usually seems a mere chance that he was not arguing on the other side.

Sweet Kitty Bellairs

Subtract these matters of style and there remains only the raw material for a good show. We like *Sweet Kitty Bellairs* because Mr. Belasco is a magnificent stage manager, and *Lord and Lady Algy* because Mr. Faversham makes an ingratiating drunkard, and *The Marriage of Kitty* because Marie Tempest and Mr. Boyne create an atmosphere of good, broad comedy, and Clyde Fitch because we are graceless and read the jokes in last year's newspapers and the advertisements in the elevated trains, and we believe Mr. Louis Mann's imitation of Mr. Holland as the detective, in the burlesque of *Raffles* at Weber and Fields's is the best we have seen. It would be a pity not to have a hospitable heart for these things, but more of a pity to confound them with the other kind.

Literary Quotation

This association of the literary quality of plays or books with what our school rhetorics used to call "elegance" bobs up every little while in newspaper and magazine discussions on the subject of quotation and allusion. Despite the lateness of the hour

there are people who still think that a writer ought to set out deliberately to give proof of his reading by these means. Quote freely for the sake of literary embellishment, was the heartless advice of an English reviewer a year or so ago, and lately there have been signs of a return to the vile old practice. When a thought is travelling in the same direction there is no reason why it should not jump aboard another man's phrases if it can ride more comfortably thereby, but that is a different thing from collaring great men for the sake of being seen in their company. Those who quote of set purpose, and some of them still survive, will snatch at any kind of a sleepy saying provided it comes from a well-known author, and we know of a man who will cite you Samuel Johnson for the doctrine that, Life is short. The other day a newspaper writer left out quotation marks from a dull remark which an excellent author had happened to make. The debate that followed turned solely on the question of plagiarism, and not a word was said about the sin of remembering the thing at all. There is a queer pride in a verbal memory, and a corrupt delight in tracing another's baldest phrases to their deservedly forgotten source.

BALLADE OF SOUR GRAPES.

Oft do I strive with god-like toil
 On clear, Parnassian heights to dwell,
While Smith, the Author, keen for spoil,
 Carpenters novels just to sell.
 His work is drivel, wot I well,
But still his mill grinds golden grist
 The while his sales to millions swell—
The poor, Successful Novelist!

With fiendish cunning, smooth as oil,
 He's robbed the master minds pell mell—
Excerpts from Hardy, Howells and Doyle
 Are peculated by the ell.
 His heroine's a damosel
Just like a thousand more I wist—
 How you succeed I cannot tell,
O poor, Successful Novelist!

It fills my breast with wild turmoil
 That such fat wit success should spell
While at Fame's doorstep I must broil
 With no one there to mind the bell.
 In vain my classic goods I yell;
For when I stop I'm never missed,
 Though friends acknowledge I excell
The poor, Successful Novelist!

Envoy.

Public, I would such luck befell
 That my fair genius I might twist
Like him who claims your I X L,
 The poor, Successful Novelist!

Wallace Irwin.

GEORGE GISSING.

"THE name of Henry Ryecroft, never became familiar to what is called the reading public. A year ago obituary paragraphs in the literary papers gave such account of him as was thought needful: the date and place of his birth, the names of certain books he had written, an allusion to his work in the periodicals, the manner of his death. At the time it sufficed. Even those few who knew the man, and in a measure understood him, must have felt that his name called for no further celebration."

These opening words of the preface to *The Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* the last book by Gissing published during his lifetime, were prophetic of what happened when the man who wrote them actually died the other day, carried away prematurely by the consumption against which he had struggled bravely and uncomplainingly for years. A leading New York daily which prides itself on being rather more "literary" than its rivals disposed of the event in three lines. The rest of the newspapers had little more to say. To the public at large the news carried no significance whatever.



THE LATE GEORGE GISSING.

Gissing was never popular. He knew it and accepted the fact without resentment. Public favour was not his object. At the very beginning of his career as writer, he set up for himself an artistic ideal and pronounced an artistic creed to which he remained faithful to the end. Neither ideal nor creed was of a kind tending to make him one of the public's pampered, much-advertised and much-selling favourites. Both are found in *The Unclassed.*

This was not his first book, appearing four years later than the almost forgotten *Workers in the Dawn.* But it was the first one in which the true temper of Gissing's art found adequate expression. Like his last one, *The Private Papers,* it is largely, if not wholly, autobiographical. The central figure, Osmond Waymark, is Gissing himself. Waymark, who gave up teaching to pursue the literary vocation, just as his creator had done, says:

"Let me get a little more experience, and I will write a book such as no one has yet ventured to write, at all events in England. Not *virginibus puerisque* will be my book, I assure you, but for men and women who like to look beneath the surface, and who understand that only as artistic material has human life any significance."

Gissing wrote not only one book, but many of the kind he promised in that first mature work of his, which appeared in 1884. He wrote *The Nether World, New Grub Street, In the Year of Jubilee, The Whirlpool, Our Friend the Charlatan,* and nearly a score more of novels and short stories. The works just named are those which, in my opinion, reach the highwater mark of his achievement. This means that they must be counted among the strongest pieces of imaginative writing contained in modern Anglo-American literature. But all his works, even those in which his genius seemed to flag and

lose itself under the harassments of an adverse fate, display, although in less degree, the traits that place him so far beyond and above the common herd of caterers to the literary taste of the public. Sincerity of purpose, shrewdness of observation, depth of sympathy and command of form are some of the qualities common to them all.

If they fail, it is in not being entertaining in the accepted sense of the day. Each of them is a piece of life, terrible at times, but never loathsome, in its reality. They are the creations of a man who had the courage to face life as he found it, and who vowed to describe it as he saw it, not as his readers might like it to appear. Of revolting naturalism in details there is next to none. Even when dealing with the life led by the lowest and most unfortunate of human beings, the women of the streets, Gissing shows a reserve in the handling of his material, without ever missing the desired effect, which might be offered as an object lesson to Continental writers. No, what scares away the reader who comes to his pages in search of amusement only is the note of sadness that sounds through most of them, the assertion again and again of the spirit which once prompted Gissing to declare that:

"Art, nowadays, must be the mouthpiece of misery, for misery is the keynote of modern life."

The man who wrote that, and meant it, could of course never be popular, hardly even with the critics. What better warrant could there be for the charge which a New York morning paper brought against Gissing at the end of a dozen obituary lines—that of "taking a gloomy view of life." I might quote *The Town Traveller* and *The Crown of Life* as evidence against the truth of that charge, but I prefer to let it stand. If his view of life was sombre and sober, there was so much in Gissing's own existence to account for it. Of his life misery was the keynote, indeed.

While a mere lad he had to begin earning his own livelihood. After a period of relatively carefree but utterly uncongenial toiling, the day came at last when the voice within could no longer be silenced. Literature was to be his calling. The start was made under conditions that might have deterred the bravest, and for years his steps were dogged by hunger and many-shaped hardships. He lived in cellars. He ate his meals in places that would have offered a way-wearied tramp chances for criticism. His breakfast consisted often of a slice of bread and a drink of water. Four-and-sixpence ($1.12) a week paid for his lodging. A meal that cost more than a sixpence was a feast. The ordinary comforts of modern life were unattainable luxuries to him. Once when a newly posted notice in the lavatory of the British Museum warned readers that "the basins were to be used for casual ablutions only," he was abashed and startled because of his own complete dependency on the facilities of the place. Through all the hard years he remained alone, foregathering with none of the Bohemian cloisters that abound in London and having only one friend to converse with.

And through all that misery and squalor and soul-breaking poverty he pursued the aim he had set for himself with indomitable, never-flinching persistency and courage, quaking at heart now and then but never imagining himself for a moment a hero or a martyr.

"I had a goal before me, and *not* the goal of the average man," he exulted years later in an hour of retrospection. "Even when pinched with hunger, I did not abandon my purposes, which were of the mind."

And again this of his mental attitude at the time: "How surprised and indignant I should have felt had I known of any one who pitied me."

Homer and Shakespeare were his constant companions in those days, lying within easy reach on the corner of "the filthy deal table" that served as his writing desk. To find money for the purchase of books which to him were a necessity, he had often to forego a meal. For six years he trod the pavements of London, "without stepping once on mother earth" or being able to satisfy his passionate love and longing for God's own nature. At times he suffered from long, savage headaches. Medical treatment was out of the question. All he could do was to lock his door, go to bed, and lie there, without food or drink, till he became able to look after himself again.

There can be slight doubt that those years laid the foundation of the disease that killed him at the early age of 47. Those were the days of violent radicalism, when he lectured to workingmen's clubs, "knew what it was to feel the heart burn with wrath and envy of the privileged classes," and fought for the freedom of the poor and the ignorant "because he was himself in the bondage of unsatisfiable longing." Echoes of them are found in *Demos* and *The Nether World.*

Then came better days, with "assurance of food and clothing for half a year at the time." He had, to use his own words again, succeeded in pleasing and making himself a profit to the editors and publishers who represented the vague throng of readers—his actual employers. He was able at last to satisfy his fondness for nature and for travelling. Then he married.

The autobiographical character of *The Unclassed* has been mentioned. It is chiefly the story of a young woman whose love for Osmond Waymark gives her strength to reclaim herself from the life of shame into which fate rather than her own fault had forced her. In the end she is married to him, and the happiness of their union seems assured. Gissing's marriage was not happy. Out of it grew the cloud that overshadowed the middle years of his life, retarding his growth, cramping his powers and embittering his mind still further. But he fought and conquered sorrow as previously he had gained victory in his battle with poverty and distress. Of the appearance and mental and moral make-up of the man who finally emerged from that double test, I like to think in the terms employed by Gissing himself for the picturing of Osmond Waymark:

"There was nothing commonplace in his appearance and manner; one divined in him a past out of the ordinary range of experiences, and felt the promise of a future which would, in one way or another, be remarkable. . . . There was a ring in his voice which inspired faith; whatever might be his own doubts and difficulties—and his face testified to his knowledge of both—it was so certain that he had power to overcome them."

Add to this the description of Henry Ryecroft in the preface to *The Private Papers:*

"He had suffered much from defeated ambition, from disillusions of many kinds, from subjection to grim necessity; the result of it was not a broken spirit, but a mind and temper so sternly disciplined, that, in ordinary intercourse with him, one did not know but that he led a calm, contented life."

Just such I like to imagine the man who, to my thinking, has broken important new paths for the English novel, besides treading the old ones with so much success. Many have already followed where he led the way. As early as 1884 he wrote:

"The fact is, the novel of everyday life is getting worn out. We must dig deeper, yet to untouched social strata."

He did what he preached. That was years before the name of Gorky was ever heard of. Having explored the nethermost depths, Gissing ascended a few steps and began to devote his attention to a social stratum of which he speaks in *Our Friend the Charlatan* as:

"That vague multitude between the refined middle class and the rude toilers, which plays such an important part in modern civilisation. Among these people, energy is naked, motives are direct. There the strength and the desires of the people become vocal."

The results of this new venture were *In the Year of Jubilee* and *The Town Traveller,* two of his most remarkable books, in which we are introduced to a class of people that have never before appeared in literature, as it seems to me. Such figures as the three sisters in the former book and the town traveller himself, the sprightly, irrepressible, wide-hearted Mr. Gammon, have about them a freshness and an originality which lend additional bitterness to the thought that the pen of their creator has been laid down forever.

Gissing's drawing of character was never permitted to become caricature. Whether dealing with some titled aristocrat or some grotesque shape from the slums, half man, half beast, he went about his task with the same unprejudiced regard for truth, and for truth

only. But the final explanation of his success lies in the sympathy which he gave to all his figures.

"The artist should be free from everything like moral prepossession," he wrote once.

This principle may be seen at work throughout his books. There is no judging or sorting of good and bad. Each character is allowed to stand on its merits. The author states facts but does not condemn. Harvey Rolfe in *The Whirlpool*—one of the most attractive figures drawn by Gissing and one of the finest specimens of true manhood that ever captured a reader's heart and fancy—is not treated with more consideration or forbearance than the wretched Harriet Castle in *The Unclassed* or *Our Friend the Charlatan,* the slick Mr. Dyce Lashmar.

Love and art are regarded by this alleged pessimist as the moving principles of life, and only by their pursuit does life get meaning. "Beauty is the solace of life, and love is the end of being," he says in one place. Humour of the conventional kind he never essayed. Yet he is not incapable of comprehending and appreciating the humour that springs spontaneously out of life, as may be seen in *The Unclassed* when O'Gree and his Sally meet and make love in the mummy room of the British Museum for want of a more appropriate trysting-place.

The day will come, I think, and soon enough, when Gissing will be read and treasured according to his desert. In the meantime the admirers of his art—a growing host—will have to bear in mind the manly words he used in *The Private Papers* in reference to himself:

"The world has done me no injustice. Why should any man who writes, even if he write things immortal, nurse anger at the world's neglect? For the work of man's mind there is one test, and one alone, the judgment of generations yet unborn. If you have written a great book, the world to come will know of it."

Edwin Bjorkman.

DOUBTS OF A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

AFTER reading many pages of dramatic criticism, some of it quite serious and bearing a good French stamp, we are still harassed by doubts as to the limits of the personal equation. Why that air of more than personal certainty, as if taste had a constitution and by-laws, and where is the table of weights and measures by which plays and players are so surely gauged? Many a critic is so sure of his ground that he seems more like a committee framing resolutions than a man writing down what he thinks, and he usually wishes to save or elevate the public, direct, sanctify, and govern it, or hold it on his knee. One of them recently remarked that after labouring in the vineyard for fifteen years without effecting the least improvement in other people's tastes, he had abandoned his didactic mission with a sinking heart. A trained and technical public taster, and yet without a single convert, he now lives as a private person, lonesome but correct. Most critics believe that technical experience gives them a certain authority, and the worst of their worries is the presumption of discordant and haphazard persons like you and me, who feel that there is a broad zone of dramatic matters where it is unsafe for a minute to take the word of another unless we know his birth, breeding, family history, associations in early life, the books he reads, his manners at table, and the sort of wife he enjoys. What is the foot-pound of gentility and where is the trigonometry of grace, and why take a man's word for the charm of the leading lady unless we know the man? It is delightful to express one's views on these points but preposterous for others to accept them. It is pleasant to argue but hideous to convince, and for our part we should loathe a convert the moment we had made him, as a mere tedious duplicate when one of us was enough. There is no authority on life, and if we find a certain play lifelike, it is due mainly to the way we have been brought up. Our great-grandmother has had more to

do with our criticism than our studious endeavours to be right, and it would be as shocking to find our tastes repeated in an amiable reader as to see our own nose transplanted on the face of some harmless friend.

Current criticism is mainly an effort to speak impersonally on purely personal affairs. In a region of licensed disorder people still ask for a rule. So the stage critic becomes a priest of prejudice, a little Moses on a Sinai of whim, absolute where everything is relative, sure of a right way and a wrong way where either way will send you fast asleep, a specialist in things that do not matter, and a moral guide through nonsense where the deadly sins seem silly and the devil feels too depressed to tempt. Nothing on the stage is so far removed from human nature as the things we read about it, and the world is not a whit more pompous behind footlights than it is when it takes up its pen. That is why we pause here again in a paroxysm of humility to repeat that any commentary of ours is not true for any other person under the sun but reports things as they seem exclusively to our round and artless eyes, that we mean to be a mother to no man, that *sic vos non vobis* is no motto for us but for sheep, bees, pedagogues, and preachers, the Emperor William, the evening newspaper, and the United States Supreme Court.

Principles may be had for the asking, but in spite of the large population of this planet men and women remain today the most inaccessible things on it. Plays may be true to every dramatic principle, run like clockwork, have a good idea behind them, fit the audience like an old coat, lack nothing in short that you could give a name to. The playwright may be so clever that you can suggest in him no possible improvement except that he be born again. There are dozens of negatively admirable plays and irreproachable playwrights. They lack only the qualities for which there is no formula to make them Shakespeares, every one. It cannot even be explained what makes the difference between *Whitewashing Julia* by Mr. Jones, and *The Admirable Crichton* by Mr. Barrie. Were we writing its prospectus we could make *Whitewashing Julia* look the better of the two, or at least the more novel. Mr. Jones takes the proverb, The pot calls the kettle black, and by means of it saves Julia from her enemies, but he departs from dramatic usage by leaving us certain that the pot told the truth. The fact that Julia is not whitewashed and that he lets us see her to a final triumph over worse sinners, who are also less attractive, than herself makes the play essentially plausible and new. Besides that, it is as the critics say "well-built," which means that the playwright has graciously supplied every effect with a cause, believing that the human reason in a debased form may still perdure even in a playgoer.

Therein also the play is unusual. Contrast it for instance with Mr. Carton's *Clean Slate*, an excellent example of good, every-day dramatic merchandise, where the main point is whether the situations are amusing and not how they came about. A nice woman divorces a worthless husband and a nice man divorces a worthless wife. It would be cheerful, thinks Mr. Carton, to make the two good ones pair off, so in comes coincidence like a fairy godmother, and the thing is done. Though at present unaware of each other's identity it seems that they have known and loved each other long ago—coincidence No. 1. It seems also that the worthless husband of the one has been misconducting himself with the worthless wife of the other —coincidence No. 2. And so from many minor surprises, assumed names, and mistaken identities, there results the typical "comedy of manners," derived from nothing ever seen outside the theatre, but shrewdly based on long acquaintance with the audience within. No one can say whether it is comedy half-drunk or farce half-sober, and nobody cares, except the clever people who are always waking up at the wrong time. Several critics fretted because the worthless husband shammed fits which they called a low trick for the benefit of the gallery. But there is a gallery, is there not? And it has just as good a right to its fits as the orchestra stalls to their jovial divorces. Something for everybody is the kindly democratic motto of a good market play. If by chance an idiot boy should stray into the family circle, even he must not be coldly ignored. On this plane let us make no

class distinctions, and above all let us not be invidiously thoughtful. It is the typical comedy; and the typical comedy is the blindman's buff of the understanding, and the clever people are the horrid little wretches who peek. If we join in the game let us regard the rules. If we stand apart as public enlighteners, then let us be consistently vigilant. Uproot the platitude wherever found. Crucify the comic weekly papers. Perish the political speech and the afternoon tea and the latest novel and the woman's hat. Let there be a total silence to be broken only by brilliant remarks. "The existing popular drama of the day," says Mr. Bernard Shaw, "is quite out of the question for cultivated people who are accustomed to use their brains." The existing popular anything is also out of the question. In fact, the population itself is no fit company for the clever people. If they ever saw things in their actual relations, what a lot there would be for them to do!

But *Whitewashing Julia* belongs to another class of plays, because it bears traces of the author's effort to set down what is in his own head instead of what he finds ready-made in the heads of his audience. Mr. Jones meant to be artistic. He wished to handle an old theme in a light, graceful, and novel manner. There is, however, no recipe for that manner, and though the dialogue was strewn with his good intentions we did not see any sign of fulfillment. It is as good a play in outline as any presented this season, and as well acted. Its construction is undeniably good, and the construction of some of Shakespeare's plays is as critics have often proven undeniably bad. But Mr. Jones has a heavy English middle-class way with him and if he steps lightly his joints crack. He has no special pleasure in living, but he is grimly determined that you shall think he knows life. He never knew an individual but he can gather types. Like the blind man in the Bible, he sees men as trees walking; and he has learned their botanical names. With a good point he is a little too emphatic. His amusing things are a little too prolonged. He is the sort of man about whom you feel instinctively, How like he is to everybody else. It is a deep internal little trouble—no one to blame but Mother Nature—a private matter, a mere accident of birth. For any artistic enterprise to prosper it must receive a subsidy from on high, and Mr. Barrie starts with an unfair advantage. With him "the little gods" coöperated, and so he "found a way." That is the thing that makes the difference—the only thing that really matters—and we defy any man to explain.

These considerations (and a dozen other concrete instances would serve as well or better) should impel critics now and again to lay aside judicial airs and paternal manners and confess that they are quite ignorant of other people's truth, that the best things are always the least definable, that art fails in proportion as we can state its formulas and that the world is a play that would not be worth the seeing if we knew the plot. And when it comes to the conventional drama, the cheese and garlic in the windmill, mere social peanuts and popcorn, his emotions are not very important. They are for the most part harmless little circus feelings which no words in the critical vocabulary seem to fit. And this, as we take it, is a good safe rule for any critic: no matter how many the swans were in his youth, if he would grow old decently he must cultivate a friendly willingness toward a widening circle of geese. Otherwise he will become that saddest of barnyard reformers, the crusader against commonplace, and the world will squeak as it turns on its axis, and he may find himself too serious a person even for the angels when he dies.

Frank Moore Colby.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF A MINOR QUILL DRIVER.

NOTE.—Being the impressions of a magazine contributor who disagrees in many respects with the point of view of Mr. Didier's article, published in the October BOOKMAN. The Editors of the Bookman.

IN his "Confessions of a Literary Quill Driver" (October BOOKMAN) Mr. Didier has added yet another telling item to already existing impeachments of that tyrannical, capricious and indiscriminating middle-man, our enemy the Editor.

Of course I am on Mr. Didier's side. What child of light would be so mean-spirited as to put in a word for an autocratic foe who sits entrenched behind a cohort of malevolent beings known to mythology as Readers, with no more responsible and taxing occupation than to transform your birds of Paradise into homing pigeons? At the same time it does strike me, the least among minor quill drivers, that for a thoroughly unfair man, one only to be moved by personal considerations, the Editor-at-large is singularly willing to let the worm state its case (or perhaps this very willingness is just a cynical display of omnipotence). Nor have I so far received conclusive proof that my many rejected manuscripts are returned unread. To begin with, they often smell of cigarettes; then, although starting with as little pull as any one well could have, by dint of pegging away, I seem to be gaining a modest foothold through the same gradual process by which a beginner creeps up in law, medicine, illustration, every profession, in fact, but marriage or the Church.

In the beginning I knew one editor, and he quite properly felt free to reject whatever I sent him (and habitually did so) until such time as my work suited the pages of his magazine. The strange editors pursued exactly the same course.

The writer's whole position is of its very essence anomalous. He plies a craft which, except with a few rare geniuses, has to be acquired, yet cannot be taught. There is no possible school at which he can graduate and then set out his shingle and practise. He may study English, literature, syntax, rhetoric—every detail, and still, quite apart from the personal matter of ideas and style, there will be much for him to learn. Consequently he proceeds to learn—on the Editor, and feels badly aggrieved, too, if his teacher does not pay roundly for the privilege.

This may perhaps account for a certain inaccessibility, even irritation in the angle from which magazine people sometimes view beginners. The patience of an editorial staff may be frayed thin by such would-be contributors as a gifted young lady, who bitterly arraigned the entire literary world of North America for despising her *Sonnets*. These, she felt confident far excelled many poems occupying places of honour. She had a book full of them—morocco bound, gilt edged, varying in length from *ten* to *forty-two* lines! This was an extreme case, but the same lack of finish may be found to a less degree in the majority of manuscripts from any green hand. It is not the Editor's function to coach the writer. A piece of goods is offered to him, he sees flaws and refuses it. Not seldom he grows so hostile to mere mechanical blunders as to welcome an academically correct story or poem, merely because it breaks no rules. The possession of this negative merit, I'm convinced, explains the acceptance of many more inferior articles than any theory of personal pull or favouritism.

Indeed, a ticklish state besets the Editor, and every newcomer presents a difficult problem. Whether to risk taking unknown stuff which may not prove popular, or to let a promising young writer be snapped up and annexed by a rival magazine. He remembers the legend that Harpers' once damaged its circulation through printing a certain number of *Trilby*. On the other hand, he is unnerved by the recollection that a short-sighted publisher rejected *David*

Harum. If he could tell the positive value of a manuscript on sight, instead of working away for a salary he would be buying on a margin in Wall Street. Hence anything out of line is very annoying to the Editor. Continually pelted with manuscripts, his palate seared by constant abuse, for the life of him he cannot decide whether you will turn out treasure trove or a nuisance. His innocent and tormented countenance often reveals the strain of this dilemma to the least observant tyro. And here another point crops up. The Editor commands, "Always send an impersonal parcel impersonally by mail or express. Visits enrage Us." While the advising writer says, "Never fail to see and know your Editor. It's your only chance of decent treatment. Otherwise, the office boy plays with your masterpiece for a year or so and sends it home dirty."

Now my belief is, that there can be no fixed etiquette in this relation other than the common sense governing ordinary behaviour. If you have a legitimate reason for consulting the Editor, frankly ask him to see you. Otherwise, if it be only a question of offering him a completed piece of work, no more waste his time in superfluous interviews, than you would drop in for a morning's chat at the office of any other busy stranger. Quite unknown, I have never been denied time and consideration when there had been any justifiable cause for asking it. Indeed, the enemy has always been cordial and generous in giving advice. For example: you think of a serious subject demanding long and careful preparation, fit only for a particular magazine. You write to the Editor briefly outlining your plan and asking if the idea recommends itself and also if the same endemic inspiration has already provided him with an article entirely covering your field. My experience has been that such letters are read and answered. The Editor will not order your article, but will politely tell you that the idea is not available (often explaining why), or will encourage you to carry it out and submit him the result. He may even add a word of instruction as to length, emphasis or general character. He will not tell you how to write it and if your conception be better than your execution he will serenely reject the labour of months. That is your risk.

In the matter of pay, sometimes you will be ashamed to tell your family for how small a sum you have bartered a priceless gem of thought. Again, you privately believe that the Editor has been —buncoed, and hope he never may guess how much less you would have taken. On these occasions the most sensitive honesty never prevents your keeping the change.

On the whole, under candid observation, the magnate with the blue pencil is much like other men. As Mr. Didier instances, if a contributor thinks meanly of him and tells him so, the Editor is apt to use his arbitrary power to keep that contributor's name off his index forever and ever. In matters of business, other things being equal, he prefers the people of whom he is fond to strangers, just for all the world as if he were a banker or a railroad president. Also, a certainty, an established reputation possesses greater value for him than a doubtful experiment. Likewise, being human, he has been known to make mistakes.

Mary Moss.

UNIVERSITY AND PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

"That library of brownstone ruddy,
A structured gem, whose alcoves fill
The treasures scholars come to study,
Guided by kindness crowned with skill."
W. R. Alger.

LIBRARIES have always been the centres around which scholars have gathered since the time when the companions of Xisuthros (Adrahasis) returned to Sippara of the Sun, on the bank of the Euphrates, unearthed the buried tablets on which were recorded all antediluvian knowledge, and opened the school for Babylonian savants, the very house and library of which have but recently been found. Aristotle had his library, and Alexandria, Rome, Cæsarea, and Constantinople were ancient seats of learning because of their large libraries. Books and learning were preserved for us through the Middle Ages in the monasteries, especially those of the Benedictines, who provided in their houses first for a library, next for a *scriptorium* or copy-room, where their books were duplicated for sale or exchange, and lastly for a school open to all comers in search of instruction. To this order England owes her earliest library, and at their abbey of St. Mary's, at York, the learned Alcuin obtained the training which fitted him for the work of establishing the libraries and cloister schools at Aix-la-Chapelle and Tours, to which he was called by Charlemagne. All the great universities of Europe have notable collections of books.

The earliest college library in America was that of Henrico, Va., the so-called college for the education of the natives, in actual operation in 1616, but destroyed in the general massacre of 1622. Harvard was founded in 1636 by an appropriation of one-half the annual rates of the colony, but its active impulse came two years later with the bequest from John Harvard of one-half of his property and his *entire library* of nearly 300 volumes. Yale had its origin in 1700, when its ten trustees, nine of whom were graduates of Harvard, met at Branford, and each laid upon the table his contribution of books with the words: "I give these books for the founding of a college in Connecticut." In 1757, ten years after the date of its first charter, Princeton had its first building, with a library of 1,200 volumes. King's College, chartered in 1754, received in 1756 by bequest of Dr. Bristow, of London, his library of about 1,500 volumes, the library of Joseph Murray, and other gifts of books.

Eighteen other college libraries were founded between 1700 and 1800, so that the nineteenth century began with twenty-one college libraries; it ended with thirty times as many. In 1790 Harvard College had only 12,000 volumes, and a year later Yale College had only 2,700. The books in these early libraries were largely very learned and serious in character, being designed principally for the use of the professors. "In them theology naturally held the leading place, as the colleges had been founded mainly to educate ministers. So in the Harvard College Library catalogue of 1790, 150 pages out of 350 are filled with theology, 10 with Greek and Latin classics, 4 with books of travel, but only three-fourths of a page with periodicals. In literature, however, one finds Chaucer, Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Gay, the *Gentleman's Magazine,* Rabelais, La Fontaine, Voltaire, Boccaccio." Twenty-five years earlier, we are told, the library at Yale College was "well furnished with ancient authors, such as the Fathers, historians, Classics, many and valuable works of divinity, history, philosophy, and mathematics, but not many authors who have written within these thirty years."

In the earliest years of our colleges when students were few in number, and all or nearly all were studying for a special profession and in close contact with their professors, doubtless some use was made by them of the solid books in the college libraries; but as the number of students multiplied and classes increased in numbers, an ever-lessening percentage of students made use of the college library, which in all too many instances



THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

was closely guarded against them. Dr. W. F. Poole said in an address ten years ago, "to those of us who graduated thirty, forty, or more years ago, books, outside of the text-books used, had no part in our education; they were never quoted, recommended, nor mentioned by the instructors in the classroom. . . . The college societies, however, supported and managed wholly by the undergraduates, had good libraries, and here was where the students, and the professors besides, found their general reading."

The development of the college into the university was a very slow process covering long years in its accomplishment. Theological, medical, and law schools were early established at the leading institutions. At Harvard it was not until after the election of President Eliot in 1869 that the reorganisation and consolidation of its several semi-independent professional schools began, and it was not until 1890 that the Academic Council was superseded by the University Council. Yale assumed the title of university in 1887, Columbia in 1890, and Princeton in 1896; but prior to these dates real university work in graduate departments had been done at each.

"Americans have always been a bookish people," and the fact that at most of the colleges student societies were organised, which provided their own libraries of books suited to the tastes of their student members, goes far to show that the additions made to the college libraries were not so suited, or that the attractions offered or the privileges granted by these libraries were not sufficient to induce the students to make much use of them. The bulk of the purchases would naturally be of learned books, chiefly for the use of the professors, while the librarian was too often an overworked or broken-down professor, a veritable keeper of books, appointed to the place in order that he might eke out an insufficient income. Occasionally genuine book-lovers like Cogswell, Harris and Sibley were in charge and the library grew apace as did that of Harvard under these master book-collectors.

A new era dawned in the middle of the nineteenth century when the library



THE CORNELL UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.



OLD YALE LIBRARY.



THE CHITTENDON LIBRARY AT YALE.

spirit moved upon the people, and with the establishment of the Boston Public Library in 1852. "Public opinion in that city," says President D. C. Gilman, "demanded a library free, large, well catalogued, adapted at once to the public and to the scholar, dependent partly on the civic chest, partly upon the private purse, fitted to furnish entertainment and pleasure to the weary workman, and fitted to inspire and satisfy the most gifted writer." Later, C. A. Cutter wrote of the same library, "nowhere yet has the happy combination of private and public liberality made it possible to at once so thoroughly suffice for learned research even of the specialist, gratify cultivated curiosity, please the bibliomaniac and the dilettante, foster idle meditation, or stimulate vigorous thinking, while yet not neglecting to meet every want of the general reader, even the want of amusement and illusion, and, more than this, to attract to itself and to train adults who have never been in the habit of reading at all, and children who have not yet learned to read with profit." Here, in a nutshell, we have expressed the opinions of one of the ablest of university presidents and of one of the most expert of librarians on the scope and work of the first and one of the largest and best of public libraries.

Charles C. Jewett, father of the card catalogue, was its first librarian; Justin Winsor followed from 1868 till 1877, when he was called to the librarianship of Harvard College Library. The same success that attended his administration of the great public library followed his management of that of the great university library.

In 1850, Harvard, which for two centuries had been the largest library in the country, was still in the lead with only 70,000 volumes. The Astor Library had not been founded and the Library of Congress was little known. George Ticknor, a prime mover in the establishment of the Boston Public Library, had been for fifteen years a professor of modern languages and literature at Harvard. In a letter to Edward Everett, in 1851, he gave this expression of his ideal of the new institution: "I would establish a library which differs from all free libraries yet attempted; I mean one in which any popular books, tending to moral and intellectual improvement, shall be furnished in such numbers of copies that many persons can be reading the same book at the same time; in short, that not only the best books of all sorts, but the pleasant literature of the day, shall be made accessible to the whole people when they most care for it; that is, when it is fresh and new. I would . . . thus, by following the popular taste—unless it should demand something injurious—create a real appetite for healthy reading. This appetite, once formed, will take care of itself. It will, in a great majority of cases, demand better and better books."

Such was the high ideal of this enthusiastic pioneer in the free public library movement, a movement that has been and continues to be so widely endorsed as to prove that the Americans are indeed a bookish people.

The high ideal of the great Panizzi, *facile princeps* of librarians, with the change of a single word, may well be taken as that of the university library: "I would have," said he, "a public [university] library so complete that a scholar, however rich, will find it a more convenient working place than his own study, however well equipped." A university library with such an ideal might well merit the praise bestowed by President Gilman on one where bibliographical "treasures may be enjoyed with abundant light, in an equable temperature, in the atmosphere of repose, with learned and ready teachers near at hand, and with opportunities to enter those glorified cells of the cloister which we call the seminaries of knowledge"; a place where, to quote him again, "the promptness with which any book among a hundred thousand may be identified and summoned, as if it were touched by an electric wire, is an unfailing surprise to those who are wont to spend hours in their own dens looking for some long-lost friend, and an unfailing gratification to every busy student."

But even with such an ideal, with a full collection of books well housed, the university may fail of its purpose. Carlyle said "the true university of these days is a collection of books," but this dictum is true only for the trained scholar, like Carlyle, who knows how to make use of them. The college man is in training



THE COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

how to make the best use of his mental faculties, and a most important factor in this training is how to use books. On this point Justin Winsor wrote, in 1880: "I fear we have not discovered what the full functions of a college library should be; we have not reached its ripest effects; we have not organised that instruction which teaches how to work its collections as a placer of treasures. To fulfil its rightful destiny, the library should become the central agency of our college methods. . . . The way to avoid being appalled at the world of books is



LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.

what the library of the college is commissioned to point out. . . We must build our libraries with class rooms annexed, and we must learn our ways through the wilderness of books until we have the instinct that serves the red man when he knows the north by the thickness of the moss on the tree-boles. . . Take the students by sections and make them acquainted with the bibliographical apparatus, those books that the librarian finds his necessary companions, telling the peculiar value of each, how this assists in such cases, that in others; how this may lead to that, until with practise the student finds that for his work he has almost a new sense." Following lines of instruction like the above there would soon be no place for the complaint so widely made that the great majority of the students of the colleges and universities of the country graduate with very little knowledge of books or of their uses.

Dr. Wm. Fred. Poole in a B. K. address ten years ago on the relations of the university library to university education, declared "that the study of bibliography and of the scientific methods of using books should have an assured place in the university curriculum; that a wise and professional bibliographer *should* be a member of the faculty and have a part in training all the students; that *the library* should be his class room, and that all who go forth into the world as graduates should have an intelligent and practical knowledge of books that will aid



WELLESLEY LIBRARY.



SMITH COLLEGE LIBRARY.



THE PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY.

them in their studies through life, and the use of books be to them a perpetual delight and refreshment."

"I do not mean," he adds, "that the university student should learn the contents of the most useful books; but I do mean that he should know of their existence, what they treat of, and what they will do for him. He should know what are the most important general reference books which will answer not only his own questions, but the multitude of inquiries put to him by less favoured associates who regard him as an educated man. . . . He should know the standard writers on a large variety of subjects. He should be familiar with the best method by which the original investigation of any topic may be carried on. When he has found it he appreciates, perhaps for the first time, what books are for, and how to use them. He finds himself a professional literary or scientific worker, and that books are the tools of his profession. . . . No person has any claim to be a scholar until he can conduct such an original investigation with ease and pleasure. This facile proficiency does not come by intuition, nor from the clouds. Where else is it to be taught, if not in the college or university?" . . . John Morley in an address at the dedication of a public library a few years ago declared that the object of libraries and books was to bring sunshine into our hearts and to drive moonshine out of our heads; such a training in the use of libraries as that proposed by Mr. Winsor and Dr. Poole would do very much towards clearing both moonshine and cobwebs out of the heads of those who might take it.

The university library of to-day is a thing of quite recent development; in fact, it is but little more than out of its teens; and yet it is really the ripest fruit of the library movement in America, since it represents and requires the best results in all branches of library economy developed up to the present time. The selection of books to be purchased for a university library is or should be made largely by the faculty, each member of which is interested deeply in some one branch of study. A library thus built up will not only be one of general reference, but will also be an aggregation of special libraries. Such a library is not only the storehouse whence the professor may draw increase of knowledge and inspiration for his work, but by the skillful arrangement of seminar rooms with reference to the books in the several departments of knowledge it becomes the workshop or laboratory of both professors and students, and the very centre of university instruction. And just such libraries our best universities now have. The Low Library at Columbia has a capacity for a million and a half of volumes. It has now 352,000 volumes; a central reading room with an open shelf reference collection of 10,000 volumes; a law library of 36,000 volumes in one wing; the Avery Architectural Library of 18,000 volumes in another; 18 seminar rooms, Mr. Winsor's "libraries with class rooms annexed," 10 with rooms for many more under the same roof, and over twenty department libraries ranging from a few hundred to several thousand volumes each, selected with special reference to their constant use by students in their daily work. Books are loaned to professors and students and the library is open freely to all, properly introduced, for reference and study. Cornell has a general library, a forestry collection, the White historical library, and seven seminars, all under one roof, with law and veterinary libraries in their respective buildings, with a total of over 261,000 volumes, including many very valuable special collections. Primarily a reference library, officers and graduate students may take out books, and undergraduates also over holidays on which the library is closed. There is a free reference library in the reading room, and cards of admission to the shelves in the stacks are issued. Lecture courses on the use of the library and in bibliography are given. The Harvard University Library still holds first place with over 400,000 volumes; has ten departmental libraries, and 29 special reference libraries for the various branches of study pursued under direction of the faculty of arts and sciences; loans books to officers and students, and is freely opened to the use of scholars. "'Tis true 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true" that the ruthless hand of death should have stayed the signature that would have given the Harvard Library its much needed new home. Princeton, with its two connected library buildings, has capacity for a million and a quarter

volumes and more than twenty seminars, nine already organised; has four departmental libraries in proximity to their corresponding laboratories. Its general collection numbers 175,000 volumes, with 90,000 volumes additional in department and special collections. Books may be drawn by all officers and students and by any person properly introduced. The University of Pennsylvania has over 213,000 volumes, with 12 seminar rooms in upper part of library building, open till 11 P.M. Twelve department libraries with over 25,000 volumes in other buildings. Officers and students may take out books, and graduates also on payment of $3.00 a year. Free reference to all. Johns Hopkins has a library, for reference only, of 108,000 volumes, "under ten roofs, and in even more compartments," with over 550,000 volumes, accessible within a radius of one-third of a mile, and all the libraries of Washington within easy reach. Glancing westward we see the University of Chicago with a general library of over 263,000 volumes, several branch libraries, and 27 departmental libraries, all aggregating nearly 370,000 volumes. Books are loaned to officers and students, and nearly 1,300 current periodicals and transactions of societies are received. At Ann Arbor is a general library of over 130,000 volumes, including special medical collections, with law and dental libraries in their respective buildings numbering 35,000 volumes additional; 1,000 periodicals regularly received. Officers of the university only may draw books; reference to all others; separate study rooms provided for advanced students. And on the Pacific Coast the University of California has a library of 105,000 volumes "selected and arranged with a view to making it especially valuable as a reference library." An introductory lecture is given to students on the use of the library and of books; and there is a summer school course in library economy. These typical libraries have been selected almost at random and without prejudice to others that might well have been named.

Charles Alexander Nelson.

THE HISTORICAL NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS.

OF all the stock terms and phrases, that are overworked equally by the critics and the publishers, there is probably none that stands more in need of a revised definition than that of the historical novel. Every reader knows in a general way what he means by the term, but no two will agree upon precisely the same book as the representative type. To one it is a story full of dramatic power built up around some big spectacular event in a nation's life, whether it be Sedan or Waterloo, or Nero's burning of Rome. To another it is a carefully drawn picture of the social life of an epoch, the Rome of Augustus, the Paris of Louis XIV., the England of Swift and Addison and of Steele. To a third it is merely a stirring tale of haphazard adventure, such as might have happened almost anywhere or at any time and is placed in a particu- - year or country merely for the sake of picturesque stage effect. It is because of this diversity of opinion that authors of such varied power and ideals and methods as Maurice Hewlett and Seton-Merriman, Winston Churchill and Gertrude Atherton and Cyrus Townsend Brady find themselves grouped together in one *bizarre* and heterogeneous company. Even more suggestive than the varied nature of their books are the different routes by which these writers reach their goal. Mrs. Atherton, for instance, started out a few years ago to write a sober, carefully documented life of Alexander Hamilton; and because she found ample evidence that he was a man of unusually strong human passions and because the extant material, while telling a tale of unusual dramatic interest left numerous tantalizing gaps, she let her creative imagination run away with her and the sober biography was converted into a new type of historic novel. Mr. Brady

reached his result by the opposite road. He had carefully planned a piece of pure romance, one as independent of time and space as *Prince Otto* or *The Prisoner of Zenda*. As he himself confesses in an ingenuous preface, the book was well on the road to completion when it occurred to him that a historical atmosphere would not be amiss, and so casting his eye over mediæval history, he found that the life and times of Frederick Barbarossa coincided as closely as any with his theme and forthwith a few ingenious changes of proper names made Barbarossa the hero of his story.

But quite independently of personal preference, there is probably one definition on which every one will agree: that a historical novel is one that contains an element of historic truth,—either the spectacular events of the romance of history or the less tangible social atmosphere of the time,—and that this historic element is so woven into the warp and woof of the story, so much an integral part of the plot that no amount of ingenious editing could hold the book together without it. And yet a moment's thought will show that with this definition we are no better off than we were before; because every story that is being written to-day, based upon an intelligent observation of life, either is or will become a historical novel, according to this definition. Mr. Howells's latest book, for instance, *Letters Home*, is more truly a historical picture than nine-tenths of the novels of past epochs that are being produced with infinite antiquarian research.

It has been lately said, and very well said, indeed, by Professor Brander Matthews that the best of all historical novels is that which deals with contemporary history. Unfortunately, it is the rarest type. It seems almost axiomatic that any writer can treat best the life that he himself has lived and known, and the further he separates himself from the scene of his story, either by time or space, the less sure must his touch become. Most modern novelists have learned this lesson as far as the locality of their stories goes. The novel of India or of Iceland or the Uganda Protectorate is left to those who have been there, and can write from actual knowledge. Yet it is only a year ago that a young American author of considerable talent confessed to being engaged upon a story of Arizona, the whole plot of which was a study of the effect of climate upon temperament, and when asked how long a residence in Arizona had been required as a preparation for the work, confessed to never having been in that State, but offered as qualifications a six months' knowledge of Southern California and the acquaintance of a man who passed through Arizona on his way back to New York. A curious fact in connection with this book is that it has since enjoyed a considerable degree of popular success.

Now the average novelist who writes a story of the Crusades or of ancient Egypt is more seriously handicapped, more hopelessly in the dark about a thousand little essential details of everyday life than was the author of the Arizona story. Their one advantage is that no one can come back from the past to point out their errors. They are at the mercy of only a few cleverer or more painstaking antiquarians than themselves. Yet, at best, the novel that deals with bygone centuries is an artificial creation that can never become even approximately the sort of book which a writer of that bygone time could have produced, for it is written in the light of subsequent knowledge that he lacked and it ignores countless facts which in his day seriously influenced the progress of events. It would be a good rule for young novelists to follow, to avoid the historical novel unless they aim first of all at a story of great dramatic action, and can find some big crucial moment of the past that will give them the spectacular effect that they need for their final crisis. To attempt to throw a purely psychological story a century or two into the past is to accept a serious handicap without the gain of any appreciable advantage. It is hard enough to be accurate regarding names and dates of mediæval France or ancient Athens, but to attempt to depict the action of the human heart in those remote days is like groping in a fog.

A story by a new writer, Mr. Samuel Gardenhire, is a good case in point. It is a tale of the Rome of Nero and is entitled *Lux Crucis*. It is one of those books which are fated to challenge comparison with earlier and stronger stories and to suffer correspondingly. Taken quite by itself, Mr. Gardenhire's book

shows no small amount of scholarly knowledge of Roman history and Roman social life. He has a wholesome reverence for Biblical traditions and his story will undoubtedly be read with genuine interest by many intelligent and worthy people. It would not be fair to accuse Mr. Gardenhire of a lack of originality. Stories of ancient Rome have come to be written in accordance with a sort of unwritten formula. They must all have a beautiful Christian maiden, persecuted by some one of Nero's parasites and eventually exposed in the arena; a barbarian giant who may or may not be a Christian convert, and who performs prodigies in single-handed combat with wild beasts; Nero's vanity, his craven superstition, his vindictive cruelty, must have whole chapters set apart to their portrayal; and the final scenes must be the wholesale slaughter of the Amphitheatre, the living torches of Christian martyrs, with their flames and smoke curling heavenward. Sienkiewicz, in *Quo Vadis,* was not the first to do all this in fiction. Mr. Gardenhire, in *Lux Crucis,* will surely not be the last; and readers who cannot find a second *Quo Vadis* will probably be very well content with the conscientious and well meant effort of this new American author. But where Mr. Gardenhire fails is in the social atmosphere of his book, the attitude of the men towards the women, and of both sexes towards life in general and religion in particular. It is not necessary to go the length that Mr. Henry Finck goes, when he questions the existence of romantic love prior to the middle ages, in order to realise that there is a gulf between the conditions of modern domestic life and the attitude of the typical Roman towards the women of his household. Mr. Gardenhire's book is essentially clean-minded and wholesome—a quality which certainly ought not to lay him open to censure. Yet, on the other hand, it must be remembered that the age of Nero was a notoriously profligate age, in which no hard and fast line could be drawn between *monde* and *demi-monde,* no simple classification of *matrona* on the one hand and *meretrix* on the other; even the legal status of marriage was subject to varying degrees of dignity and honour, while slave and freedwoman added further complications to the social scale. It is not needful to picture the license of the times with the frankness of a Juvenal in order to make us feel it, and too much euphemism is almost as bad as too little. As we read Mr. Gardenhire's book and see the part he makes his women play in the story, the potent influence they exert in all the ordinary interests of daily life, we cannot help feeling that they are really nineteenth century women masquerading for the time being in effective and becoming antique drapery.

There is no suggestion of masquerade about Florence Converse's quaint and curious story of mediæval England, *Long Will.* In spite of the fact that it is more than half a poem, a sort of prose epic full of a dignified and lofty symbolism, it is none the less saturated with genuine human nature; the atmosphere of the days when Chaucer's motley company gathered at the Tabard Inn, and the more serious minded Will Langland voiced the needs and hopes and sufferings of the people in the poem known so well to-day by name, and so little known in any other way, *Piers the Plowman.* Any reader who wishes to refresh his memory, will learn, if he takes the trouble to turn to his encyclopedia, that Long Will was the nickname bestowed upon the poet from his tallness of stature, and that "though there is mention made of the Malvern Hills more than once near the beginning of the poem, it is abundantly clear that he lived many years in Cornhill, London, with his wife, Kittie, and his daughter, Calete." And this fragment of biography, together with the material of *Piers the Plowman* itself, was all that Miss Converse really needed for the basis of her story. As we read of the dreamy, unworldly lad, leaving the monks of the Malvern Hills, among whom he had been reared, to go down into the valley and bring a message of hope and brotherly love to his fellowmen; as we follow him through the ensuing years, and see him struggling to maintain wife and child in decent poverty, while all the time his whole heart is absorbed in elaborating, revising, perfecting the poem which contains his message; and then as we read how that poem is passed on and on by word of mouth, among the people, gaining converts as it goes, how it finally comes to the ears of the boy king, Richard II.

—the "Richard the Redeless" of the poem—and kindles him with enthusiasm to rebel against the tyranny of princes and ministers, and priests, by whom he is surrounded; and finally how Calete, the poet's daughter, goes through the land in a sort of pastoral *Odyssey,* as full of idyllic charm as any part of Hewlett's *Forest Lovers,* disseminating far and wide the tidings that the time is ripe for a revolt, and that the young king is in sympathy with his people; as we read all this, we really care very little just how much is based upon old chronicles and traditions. Some strong and dramatic scenes are taken bodily from history—the revolt against the iniquitous poll-tax, the riots in London streets, the death of Wat Tyler, and King Richard's gallant bearing at that time. But this part of the book, while it gives the justification which the historical novel should have, is not the part that makes the lasting impression. Rather it is the purely imaginative part that is longest remembered—the scene where Calete reads *Piers the Plowman* to the youthful but enthusiastic King, and the many other scenes of her wanderings, under the guardianship of the King's closest friend, who for her sake is content to masquerade as a peddler and to disguise his voice with a halting stammer. Finally, it is not a book that will appeal to a wide class of readers; but those to whom symmetry of form and charm of style count for more than the mere story, will find in it an enduring pleasure not afforded by stories of robuster and more rapid action.

But, whether you like the type represented by Miss Converse's story or not, you could not imagine it as fitting into any other time or place than the England of Chaucer and Long Will, and Richard the Redeles. Two stories that serve admirably as examples of the opposite type, the novel in which history is not a vital issue, but merely a picturesque accessory are *Blount of Breckenhow,* by Beulah Marie Dix, and Mr. Quiller-Couch's *Hetty Wesley. Blount of Breckenhow* has been pronounced by some enthusiastic and over-sanguine critics, as the best historical novel of the past five years. A strong story, an ingenious story, and one well calculated to sustain the reader's interest, it may well be conceded to be. But what there is about the historical part of it which deserves praise is not so easy to understand. The action is supposed to take place in seventeenth-century England, when the country was still rent with civil strife, and family and religious feuds dating back to the wars of the roses, had not yet died out. The story is told in the form of letters, miscellaneous family letters, written by many hands, but chiefly by one Bevill Rowlestone to his father and brothers, and by Bevill's promised wife, Arundel Carewe, to the members of her family. There is no use in denying the extreme ingenuity of these letters, both in form and substance. At first sight they seem to deal with matters which are of no concern or business of the general reader, miscellaneous and unrelated family matters, beginning nowhere and ending in the same place. But gradually, by putting together a name here, a detail there, we find that a story of big proportions is taking on a definite shape, a story of which the writers of the letters do not fully guess the import. Moreover, in form and phrasing these letters are excellent imitations; you can almost see the faded ink and yellowed pages; you can almost smell the dust of musty garrets upon them. They are more real than a carefully painted knot-hole on a plain deal board, or Egyptian scarabees manufactured in Birmingham. But the fact remains that the story they have to tell might have been just as well told in nineteenth-century English, and enacted in any corner of the globe where hostile armies meet, and the military discipline is lax. All that is vital in the story is independent of externals; it deals with a woman's unconscious love for a man who is not her husband, a man who is a mere private trooper, rude and untutored, but who has in him the material of which heroes are made. And gradually this man's unspoken reverence for the woman, Arundel, his unfailing care and forethought for her, force her not only to recognise that his manhood is something higher and finer than that of Bevill, her husband, but that he represents the ideal which she has mistakenly fancied was represented by the man she married. The dramatic moment in the story comes on the night when Arundel's child is born, the night when the enemy make their long-delayed attack upon the gar-

rison. Bevill, the commanding officer, white of face, and with trembling limbs, haunts the house where Arundel lies, it may be dying. Blount, no less white and trembling, is detailed to guard a ford, the key to the enemy's approach. At the critical hour comes a message from Bevill, a written order which wrings from Blount the muttered words that there are some orders which a soldier is justified in disobeying. Before we learn the purport of that order, Blount destroys it. However, he withdraws his men, retreating to guard the house where Arundel lies, and the enemy are victorious. The sub-title of the book calls it the story of Blount's life, his treason and his death; but really his treason is an open question, upon which hinge the dramatic chapters of the book. Altogether, it is a story to be commended, if only we remember that the change of a few names and dates would make it an equally good story of our Civil War, of the Sepoy mutiny, or the recent hostilities with Spain.

Of *Hetty Wesley* it does not seem necessary to speak at great length. The book belongs to the type inaugurated by *The Conqueror* of Mrs. Atherton, which is nothing more than a romantic biography with the gaps filled in by the author's vivid imagination. The facts in the life of Hetty, the most unfortunate of all the daughters of the founder of Methodism, are no secret from the world. Her miserable and repressed childhood, the prevailing gloom of the family circle, her father's stern and unreasoning opposition to any young man whose attentions seemed to offer her an avenue of escape, all united to goad her on to the desperate elopement that wrecked her life. And when later she crept back broken and ashamed to her father's house, she found that his protection could be had only at the price of absolute obedience and the promise to marry the first man however unworthy or boorish, who would be rash enough to ask her. These facts are amply documented, and Mr. Quiller-Couch has ingeniously woven into his narrative many a corroborating passage from Hetty's own letters. But it is difficult to understand just what is gained by this form of sugar-coated biography. This is not the first time that the life history of a real woman, who loved not wisely but too well, has been made to serve the needs of a novelist. Probably the most successful as well as the most widely discussed instance is that of Mrs. Humphry Ward's *Lady Rose's Daughter*. No one would pretend to claim that if Mrs. Humphry Ward had openly kept the name of Mlle. de l'Espinasse and given the story the necessary French setting of her period, that the book could have enjoyed a tithe of its present popularity. And conversely, had Mr. Quiller-Couch been content to borrow suggestions only from the life story of Hetty Wesley, the chances are that he would have produced a much stronger and more vital story. A book like his is really a piece of psychological research, wrought wrong end foremost. The analytical novelist begins by taking a man or woman of certain known character and temperament, placing them in a situation involving definite difficulties, and then deducing from his observation of life the things they would be likely to do, the words they would be likely to say. Mr. Quiller-Couch, however, starts with all the important acts and even the words of his heroine, cut and dried, so to speak, for his use. His task is the somewhat unsatisfactory one of groping in the dark for the particular series of emotions, the particular combination of mental traits that would serve to explain and reconcile the given words and actions.

Frankly it is somewhat of a relief to turn to such a clever piece of narrative melodrama as the late Henry Seton Merriman's *Barlasch of the Guard*. There can be small question that of all the present day writers who have been trying to give a sterling value to the pseudo-Dumas type of fiction, none has shown a more steady change for the better than Mr. Merriman, and so long as he is remembered at all, his last book is likely to be spoken of as his best. His construction will bear the test of careful inspection. First there is the choice of the epoch timed at the critical moment of Napoleon's projected Russian campaign. But the scene is not Russia; it is Dantzig during the days of that town's memorable siege, and even within its walls attention is narrowed down and focused upon one street, one house, one family—almost, it might be said, upon

one room in that house, one member of that family. The story opens with a wedding between a gay young French officer and the daughter of a grave and taciturn citizen of Dantzig, who passes for a German, but who may be one of the august refugees who escaped from Paris in the Reign of Terror. From random hints and stray bits of gossip we learn two facts of some significance, that there is a vast plot maturing against Napoleon, the head and front of which is a French nobleman in hiding at Dantzig, and secondly that this plot is known to Napoleon, and that one of his young lieutenants stationed at Dantzig is a clever spy, whose task is to run the plot to earth. What Napoleon had not foreseen was the possibility that his spy might love and wed the daughter of the arch plotter. This is the warp of the story. The shuttle which plies back and forth with the cross threads that serve to bring out the pattern of the story is "Papa" Barlasch, of the Guard, veteran of Italy, Egypt and Spain, curious piece of gnarled and weather-beaten humanity, sterling fidelity and unrivalled craftiness. "Papa" Barlasch is quartered upon the particular family in that particular street in Dantzig where the story is enacted; but to tell what he does there, and how he influences the destiny of Napoleon's spy and the girl who had trusted and married him, and the fine old aristocrat who was the girl's father, would be equivalent to telling over again all that has been infinitely better told by Mr. Merriman himself.

There are some other stories besides historical works left over from the Christmas season that well deserve a passing word. One of these is *The Wings of the Morning,* by Lewis Tracy. Now it may be laid down as a sort of axiom that if an author is going to weave a fabric of ingenious falsehoods, the only way to carry conviction is to make them very big indeed, to heap them up, one after another without giving the reader time to draw breath or weigh their probability, and actually to force credence of impossible things by sheer audacity and unchecked flow of words. This is what Mr. Tracy has done in *The Wings of the Morning.* He has shipwrecked a big ocean steamer on a coral reef in the South Pacific, he has saved the lives of just one member of the crew, and of just one passenger, a young English girl. These two he continues to throw into the jaws of death over and over again, and snatch them back each time with unflagging ingenuity; and finally he brings a band of Malay savages, cannibalistic brutes, armed with javelins and arrows and poisoned blow-guns. He gets his luckless hero and heroine into the temporary refuge of a narrow rocky ledge some twenty feet up in the air, and exposed to the full force of a tropical sun. And here for thirty-six hours they broil slowly and pitilessly, all the time dodging the poisoned darts and javelins, and after the hero has, single-handed, killed off three score of the savages, a British gunboat comes up just in time to finish off the rest with a few well-landed shots. Of course when one closes the book, and stops to do a little sober thinking, the impression that comes uppermost is that of the palpable absurdity of it all, but the story does have a certain audacious swing to it which carries the reader right along with it while it lasts. And there is no denying that the picture of tossing waves and waving palms, and tropical sights and sounds, and smells, suggests a somewhat close personal acquaintance with the South Pacific.

Their Child, by Robert Herrick, one of the recent issues in the Macmillan Company's "Little Novel Series," is chiefly noteworthy for what the author might have made of it had he wished. Imagine a young couple happily married, well mated physcially and temperamentally, and endowed with a fair share of worldly prosperity. But the woman has married this man without any definite knowledge of his family and antecedents, and he himself knows no more of them than she does. All he knows is what has been told him by the rough old miner who reared him in the mining camps of the Rockies—a half wild old Scandinavian with the temper of a mad bull, who when roused had an ugly fashion of strangling any one who opposed him, even though it were his best friend. But all this belongs so far in the past that the happy husband has well nigh forgotten it, especially during the four years since he had been a father. But heredity, Professor Herrick would have us understand, does not forget; and

suddenly "Their Child," the child of this happy young couple, develops a strange passionate nature, a homicidal impulse, that causes him one day to seize a knife and give his nurse an almost fatal stab, and on another to catch the throat of a playmate in his tiny hands and squeeze and squeeze until breath is almost gone. The book is little more than a fragment, it is carried only far enough to bring the husband and wife face to face with the situation, and to compel them to accept it. But fragment though it is, it will count as one of the strongest things Professor Herrick has done, certainly the strongest since the appearance of his *Gospel of Freedom.*

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE SOUTHERN WOMAN IN NEW YORK.

By Julia R. Tutwiler.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

WHETHER the Southern woman comes from an inland village or from a Southern city, with the pristine freshness of the provincial or with a vision coloured and enlarged by intelligent travel, her coming presupposes those qualities of courage and imagination which leave her equally though differently open to New York's personality—to its intellectual, material, artistic, and ethical activities. It may make all she has left seem small and slight, altering without cheapening values; or it may only be a widening of her national horizon first distinctly drawn by the individualising line of other horizons. In either case it is a new adjustment in which the old is not displaced, but is made the evolutionary point of the different.

Whatever her environment, if she comes to New York before she has secured a market for her wares her experience is very much the same; she finds that no amount of talent will take the place of workmanship. She has, perhaps, an article or two and a story accepted, and immediately writes and sends off a story to the magazine that has accepted the other, and an essay to the paper that has published her article. She walks on elastic air, with a teeming brain whose ideas she cannot set down half as fast as they spring; and a week or ten days before she has reckoned upon receiving checques, article and story come back to her. During this time of enchantment, she has probably ventured into two or three offices where she has no letters of introduction, and where the busy, tired editor promptly gets rid of her by a promise that any material she may send in shall receive his personal attention. It seems almost a waste of words to say that he as promptly returns the revamped manuscripts she has sent him with cock-sure confidence.

Book reviewing is the first step toward regular work. The days she spends over her first review, the trembling awe with which she sends it in—a third too long at the very least—the rapture with which she sees in the index that it is published, the curdling disappointment with which she reads it shorn of its finest thoughts and most finished phrases, the Olympian heights of expectation from which she falls when she deciphers the gauge, in dollars and cents, of literary work! But the disappointment is momentary. She realises with an exquisite thrill that the pang of unpaid genius is one of the common experiences of literary life, and that she has been accepted by a publication which stands for literature in the world of letters. (Wherever she is accepted she always tells herself this.)

With the acceptance of another story, she mounts from the "printed slip" phase of rejection into the stimulating, to her, inexplicable, period of personal letters from editors so generous in their

se that she cannot understand why story always accompanies the lauda- r letter. That it "is not available for magazine" is one of the stones in rough road which cracks her self- iceit and sends her on bended knees the study of what *is* available. It de- nds upon how much real stuff there is her whether this reverential study shall d in obsequious copy or in the illumi-



VIOLA ROSEBORO'.

nating discovery that it is not by "copy- ing" or "keying," but by the travail of working and reworking without a thought of availability, or of anything except making the best of her gift, that she or it will ever become available.

Before she has had this ground into her, if she has a friend in the editorial world she probably goes to him with an inconsiderate request to read the latest rejected manuscript and tell her what is wrong with it. And he having read it—for there are editors in New York who make time in their overworked lives for generous help and a large patience that mean life itself to the young writer—returns it with a note so like those she has already received that she is in despair. A second petition to be told how to supply the nameless deficiency elicits a frank acknowledgment that he "can't." Without knowing it she has reached the fixed or turning point in her career. If she is able to see what is the difficulty she works harder than ever, more simply and singly, and finally becomes a regular contributor to the best magazines. If she cannot see, or, seeing, cannot remedy the defect, as far as literary success in the matter of writing is concerned, she fails.

This does not necessitate turning away from the literary life. There are other sorts of literary work besides writing, and many Southern women who achieve no success in writing, and many who eventually achieve more than an ephemeral success, are industrious tillers of these literary fields. Readers for magazines and publishing houses, editors and literary advisers, can no more be done without than authors, and influences of circumstance and environment peculiarly fit the Southern woman for some of these departments of literary work.



MARTHA McCULLOCH WILLIAMS.

During these months, or years, she learns in heaviness of flesh and spirit unpresaged by those first lightfooted days that her letters of introduction gain her no more than a courteous hearing, and that this, in most cases, may be had for the asking. For editors, as a rule, are courteous if busy men, and always on the alert for new material in whatever shape it presents itself.

"This very courtesy," said one woman, "falsified the whole situation for me. I felt myself an honoured guest in a community eager to welcome me, the circumstances of my first rebuff confirming me in my delusion. Secure in the cordial interest with which some of the men most prominent in the newspaper, magazine, and publishing world had received me, I started off gaily one day to present a letter of introduction to the head of the ———— department of ——— the ——— branch of the ————. At the end of a long, cold ride during which I had stood up most of the time in a car full of men, a steep, narrow pair of steps brought me out upon a dirty landing flat up against a door on one side, and a dark, tunnel-like passage on the other. Repeated knocks elicited a voice from cavernous distances directing me to come in by the other door. This was at the extreme end of the tunnel passageway, and to a cry of 'What the devil do you keep on knocking for? Come in, I say, come in,' I opened it into a bare, light room of isolated spaces, files of newspapers, and a remote desk with a palely outlined face and figure behind it. Marks of habitation indicated my approach: a rickety washstand with a squinting looking-glass above it; a very dirty basin in which reeled a broken-nosed pitcher supported on one side by a chipped soap tray containing remnants of pallidly pink soap, and on the other, by a dingy twist of a towel; a much whittled table, an inkstand, dry and dusty, three or four decrepit chairs, and upon the wall, facing at right angles and within the immediate vision of the young gentleman—man is too robust a word to risk in juxtaposition with his faintly coloured personality—photographs, cheap lithographs, newspaper clippings, and illustrations of actresses, vaudeville artists, and prize fighters. The young gentleman's feet were on the desk, a cigarette between the edges of his straw-coloured moustache, and he himself in the only substantial-looking chair in the room. I thrilled to the situation—Inexperience and the Man of the World faced each other.'

"'What'll you have?' he asked without removing either feet or cigarette.

"'I should like a chair,' was my response.

"The Man of the World stared a moment in undisguised amazement, then, without rising, with a languid hand he pushed a chair towards Inexperience.

"'I have a letter to you from ——,' I said, and handed it to him.



MISS BEATRICE STURGES.

"While he read it, I surveyed my surroundings with the complacent satisfaction of a justified ideal. This was what I had attuned myself to, what I had been looking for ever since I came to New York—the newspaper office and the newspaper man of fiction and my imagination. The only element wanting to Zola-like realism was myself; there was not an atom of awe in my whole composition—I was stupidly cool and at my ease. My roving eye was recalled by his folding up the letter and addressing me.

"'New York is a large place, a very large place, and the competition is enormous. People come here, particularly Southern people, expecting to find positions waiting to be picked up—why they're just lost in the crowd. And, of course, it's harder for a woman than for a man.'

"I could scarcely restrain my delight within inarticulate bounds. The very words of the play—as it were—and spoken with the kindly condescension that the Man of the World when his mood is kindly bestows upon Inexperience.

"'It *is* large,' I admitted abominably conscious that I was utterly failing to rise to the rôle set for me. Frightened! Why I hadn't been frightened since I came. There was no room for fright in the freshly crowding interest of each day.

"'Our paper is full, crowded, not a pinhole of an opening,' he assured me. And proceeded to enlarge upon the magnitude of the paper in a way that somehow focussed upon the magnitude of the men employed on it, winding up with, 'But you might possibly get something in the fashion line. Though,' with a corrective glance that embraced and condemned every detail of my modest toilet, 'I hardly think you'll find anything there.'

"Enjoyment ceased to be spectacular. 'But I don't want newspaper work,' I declared hardily.

"The Man of the World lifted his sketchy eyebrows.

"'Poetry,' he murmured with an air of patient resignation.

"'No,' shortly, 'literary articles'—I little knew the ineptness of my phrase—'and stories.'

"He roused into a flickering semblance of animation.

"'Ah! stories? I have done a little in that line myself. You should keep them down to three thousand or twenty-five hundred words—better still, one thousand—and always begin with dialogue.'

"And then he told me, with kindness and length, about a man named de Maupassant, a Frenchman, who had written



ELIZABETH BISLAND.

a volume of short stories, *The Odd Number,* which I would do well to study —I could read them, they had been translated. And I was unaware that I proved my claim to the name with which I had derisively dubbed myself and to his attitude when I eagerly assured him that I had read de Maupassant in the original and that I thought Flaubert, etc., etc. I carried away with me a letter to the effect that I had 'a number of breezy sketches and stories to dispose of,' and a flourishing conceit which may be forgiven me because of its scorching pangs of dissolution."

glamour of adventure, the impossibility of anybody's mistaking her position or intentions, the surface frankness of ineradicable reserve, and the relation of protector to dependent—one of slavery's relics in the South—impart to her intercourse with landladies, lodgers, and servants, an *opéra bouffe* quality of which she is happily unconscious.

"From the lodging-house to the flat," said Inexperience, "was the epoch-making period of once more having a home of my own. Having by this time begun to feel myself a naturalised citizen of New York, familiar with all the ways



DRAWING-ROOM OF ELIZABETH BISLAND (MRS. WETMORE) HOME.

But the Southern woman's life in New York is not wholly made up of literary aspiration and literary effort; there is a domestic side whose nondescript unconformity proves extraordinarily entertaining. Its very difference minimizes her difficulties by imparting to them the thrill of adventure—very much the same sort of thrill with which one suffers the inconveniences of a first trip abroad.

In roomkeeping, she is introduced to a condition of life she could never have approached within speaking distance of at home, and for a while enjoys it. The and tricks of it, an apartment house proved an undiscovered country. Everything was strange, delightfully strange, from the occult button which lightly pressed opened the front door four flights down, to the Brobdingnagian range monopolising one side of the kitchen, the dumb-waiter which divided the other side with a three-cornered closet and a stationary ice box, and the stationary tubs which with two doors and a window squeezed themselves into every other inch of wall space. There wasn't so much as a Cratchitt goose bone left over.

Seated at my tiny table, I could reach range, china closet, dumb-waiter, ice box, stationary tubs, everything except the window, and also enjoy (?) a change of climate without moving my chair. From the arctic pole of the dumb-waiter to the Tophet of the range there was less than the length of my two arms.

"But oh, the bliss of seclusion not bounded by four narrow walls, of sleeping in a bedstead—not a folding bed or a divan, or an Oxford couch, but in a real bedstead with a mattress on it that



MISS HEUSTIS IN HER STUDIO.

proclaimed its identity by day in snowy counterpane and pillowcases, and had for its exclusive occupation a bedroom. The prejudiced or ignorant might have mistaken it for a closet, but enlightened by divers and sundry lodging houses I knew it a bedroom of comfortable dimensions and breathed in it the air of landed property and real estate.

"The 'Italian frescoes' in the entry were a horror to me at first, but use dinged them or familiarity blunted the sensitiveness of my æsthetic vision, for

after a while I found myself taking them as much for granted as the foreign lady on one side of me who played the overture to 'Poet and Peasant' from eleven to two every day, making the same discords with a horrible inevitableness, and the baby and the phonograph on the other. Time developed in me a fine flower of gratitude to the musical lady—she had periods of intermission, and, between them, the baby and the phonograph had none.

"It was a little later that I began to have a fellow feeling with the Irishman's excuse for keeping his pig in the cottage —'He pays the rent.' Living in New York was frightfully expensive, reviewing fluctuated and was poorly paid, a story might not be paid for for months after it was accepted, and so many were refused! One small radiator would not heat three rooms, and gas bills had a way of racing up, and coal cost twice as much by the scuttlefull as by the half ton. I learned that it takes money to economise. As the winter went on, that fel-

lowship with the Irishman and his pig enlarged its sympathetic boundaries. I was congratulating myself upon having reached the place where reviewing can be made profitable, when through a change of editors I lost the position I considered permanent, reviewing done for another paper was never paid for, my stories came back thick and fast; hours of enlightenment jostled each other into bewilderment; I began to yawn over the editorial notes that once set me aflame with resolve. Overwork, insufficient food and heat and clothing. the



RUTH McENERY STUART.

nervous strain of trying to stretch one dollar to the capacity of five, the slow corrosion of repeated disappointments, had done their work. I had come to the Dark Tower which crushes a woman out of the ranks of the literary profession, unless she escapes from it into the reasonable rewards of her craft."

The list of those who have received these rewards is delightfully long, and at its head stands Viola Roseboro', more than one of whose short stories has the qualities of the classic, and whose finished workmanship places *The Joyous Heart* far without the limitations of a first novel.

Miss Roseboro' began life in New York as an actress. Fortunately for literature her health failed under the exactions of the actor's life. "Why don't you write?" a friend asked her when she was recovering from an attack of pneumonia, and making up her mind that she could not and would not return to the stage. "As soon as I was able to sit up, I wrote a little story which to my amazement was accepted. From that time I did nothing but write until I entered the McClure House as Reader." Here Miss Roseboro' was rapidly promoted to the important position she now holds, proving that imaginative work can be carried on side by side with the constant exercise of the critical and executive faculties.

A characteristic story is told of her dismissal and reinstatement on the same publication on the same afternoon during the first days of her struggle. The magazine changed hands and the new editor—who had never seen her before—informed Miss Roseboro' that he would not require her services after that day. When she handed in the day's work and received the salary due, she asked, "What will you pay me for space work?"

He looked at her a moment and answered, "You may come back to your desk to-morrow." And there she remained until she voluntarily left upon receiving a better offer.

Miss Roseboro' is also an illustration of the fact that circumstance brings out rather than determines character. The struggle that sometimes makes for a Scotch "nearness" has on the contrary opened her heart and purse to more than one young writer who had no claim upon her except that of great need and the community of womanhood and ideals. She lives at 130 West Ninetieth Street in a sunny apartment surrounded by the books she delights in and breathing the freedom of a mind open to conviction and susceptible to beauty.

"The idea of a literary life," said Martha McCulloch Williams, author of that delightful book *Next to the Ground*, "came to me when I was about five years old, curled up on the trundle-bed that used to be pushed under my mother's during the day. I thought that I would

write a book, and the name of the heroine was to be Queen Abbotts of Appins. Where I got the name I don't know. My first actual story was dictated at six years of age, and was the first and last piece of dictation I have ever done; it was a tragic tale of blighted love ending with murder and suicide. As to my education, I am like the man who said he knew things because he was too lazy to forget them. If it had ever been any trouble to me to learn I should know nothing now. After that first story, I declined, and fell into verse until I was twenty.

"My first serious work was done for *Hearth and Home,* under the editorship of Mrs. Margaret Sangster and George Cary Eggleston; they accepted nineteen out of the first twenty articles I ever wrote. To make up for this, I have had, and still have, heaps of rejections; and if I ever publish a volume of short stories I intend to dedicate it to that patient and long-suffering entity, the American Editor, who by rejecting my own weight in manuscript has taught me how to tell a story.

"Of my life in New York I really have no story to tell. When I first came, I had a very hard time, but I was never oppressed by it—it was all too interesting. Within a few months after getting here, I sent to *Judge* a manuscript of negro dialect and impossible length. In returning it Mr. J. N. Gregory said they could not use that, but the dialect was so good that if I would send them some short things he would publish them. I got his letter at four o'clock, and after dinner I wrote him three squibs and felt richer than Rothschild when I got seven dollars for them. I have never presented a letter of introduction to an editor; on the contrary, to know one personally is immediately to dampen my inclination to offer him manuscripts. I am a housekeeper and cooking is my favourite recreation, and I have taught myself everything I know about both since I came to New York."

Elizabeth Bisland—Mrs. Charles W. Wetmore—declares that she belongs to three centuries—the eighteenth, the nineteenth, and the twentieth. "For my grandmother with whom I spent much of my childhood brewed her own medicines, distilled her own perfumes, and lived surrounded by the ceremony and observance of the past. And, yet, the life was large and simple; I remember a cousin's coming to spend the night and staying three years, and that nobody asked why he staid or why he went away.

"Almost before I was grown, I was thrust out of leisure into the life of journalism. I did reporting, and wrote verse, book reviews, and stories of



NANCY HUSTON BANKS.

all sorts and descriptions. One piece of reporting that stands out in my memory is a supper given to Joaquin Miller in New Orleans, which I attended as reporter, and where I was never once made to realise that I was the only woman present. After some years in New Orleans, I decided to come to New York. I arrived with fifty dollars in my pocket, and was advised by Mr. Chester Lord—who was everything that was courteous, considerate, and charm-



SARAH BARNWELL ELLIOTT.



ELLABEE DIX.

ing—to go home. Finding that I was bent upon staying, he helped me to get work, and accepted himself the first thing that I had published here—a little sketch of a negro funeral. New York proved a great Opportunity; my work was accepted by *Puck*—though Mr. Bunner, under the impression that I was a man, did return my first article on the score that it was too masculine—the *Cosmopolitan, Harper's Bazaar,* and other leading magazines. After my trip around the world for the *Cosmopolitan,* I spent several years in London, where I saw all that was most delightful in the social and literary world, and at the same time wrote regularly for the magazines. What has been pointed out as a fault in my little book, *The Candle of Understanding,* was done with deliberate intention. I intended it as a picture of life, and in real life the influences of childhood detached though they are in fact from later years, are permanent growths which may be cut down but never uprooted."

The Candle of Understanding was written as the mood seized Mrs. Wetmore in the drawing-room at Applegarth, Centre Island, where all of her literary work is now done.

Beatrice Sturges, who at twenty-eight, has been for more than three years editor of The Saturday Magazine of the *Mail and Express* was born in Tennessee and brought up in Georgia.

"Even as a little girl at school in Atlanta I wanted to write, and when at eighteen I found that I had to earn my living, I determined to come to New York and try to get on a paper. My first position was with Mr. Harrison Fiske on *The Dramatic Mirror.* 'I don't want somebody who can write,' Mr. Fiske said, 'but I do want an intelligent stenographer who can spell and punctuate.' Our interview resulted in Mr. Fiske's telling me that if I would learn stenography he would give me a position. At the end of three months I was ready to begin my work. At first I did only the stenography, then I was made Exchange Reader, and later I founded 'The Observer,' a department of theatrical jottings and criticism. I left *The Dramatic Mirror* to become Assistant Editor of *Peterson's Magazine.* I had been there two years when the magazine failed, and then, when I thought I was made in New York, I had to begin all over again. That was my hardest time. I must have applied to every newspaper and magazine in the city before I got a position in a publishing house which before I resigned it—the position, not the publishing house—had virtually become the head of the book-making department. And, oh, it is such fascinating work to see a book grow from a manuscript into a bound volume when you have superintended every inch of its growth! Four years ago I went to the *Mail and Express* as reporter, and six months later I was made Editor of the Saturday Magazine. Do I like the work? I love it! It is so exciting to live in the midst of things—you feel as if you were really doing something. One advantage I have always had; my mother came here with me and we have never been separated a day since."

But there are other Southern women in New York who have known little or nothing of the material side of literary struggle. Ruth McEnery Stuart's first stories—*Lamentations of Jeremiah Johnson* and *Uncle Mingo's Speculations*—published before she came to New York, made for her an audience that has steadily increased until now there is no woman whose work is more widely known and loved, and whose personality has a further reaching influence.

"I came to New York," she said, laughing, "solely on a visit of inquiry; I wanted to see things for myself, and—I stayed."

It is, perhaps, to her blending Scotch and Irish ancestry that Mrs. Stuart's keen and delicate humour and intellectual poise may be traced—the broad sanity that invigorates her work and makes association with her the "human intercourse" which Hamerton defines as "that most helpful element of the spiritual and intellectual life." The mother who upon reading *Sonny* asked when she was going to write "Sissy," "Because I have a little girl, too," epitomises the individual quality of Mrs. Stuart's books just as the eclectic length and breadth of her visiting list, of those who seek and desire her socially, bears unconscious testimony to a spontaneity that gives out freely in one evening of social life enough wit, wise views of life, and clever anecdote for two

or three magazine articles; while her friends know "there's still a warmer place within" where need and sorrow receive as quick and sympathetic response as jest and laughter.

Mrs. Stuart has, however, one irremediable fault—she will *not* talk about herself. The only personal word to be got out of her was, "But you see I have never done anything big—I have never written a great book; my work has been just simple little stories." Does she forget that these "simple little stories" have given her a permanent place in literature as the interpreter of a race whom most writers have idealised or distorted, and as a writer whose vision is large and keen and tender enough to balance and proportion the pathos and the humour of daily living? The days of *The Unlived Life of Little Mary Ellen* and *Moriah's Mourning* are unnumbered.

The author of *Jerry* was spending the winter—her first winter in New York—with Mrs. Stuart at her apartment in Twenty-seventh Street when *Moriah's Mourning* was written.

"We had met but once before, in New Orleans," said Miss Elliott, but when she found that I was looking for an abiding place, she said quickly, "Come here." It is needless to say that I was only too glad to cast in my lot with her. That winter I wrote for the Harpers two of the short stories now contained in *An Incident and Other Happenings, Miss Maria's Revival* and *Faith and Faithfulness.* Occasionally Mrs. Stuart and I read bits to each other; Mrs. Stuart reading me *Moriah's Mourning.* When she came to the speech, 'Fringe is no mo'nin'er 'en bows,' I clapped my hands with delight and cried, 'No one but a negro could have thought of that—it is wonderful!' Over which outburst and heart-deep compliment we both laughed very heartily. Listening to *Miss Maria,* Mrs. Stuart paid me the compliment of wiping her eyes.

"That winter in New York stands out in many ways. It was then that I renewed my friendship with Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, that I met Mr. Cable, Mr. Stockton, Mr. Samuel Minturn Peck, Mrs. Margaret Sangster, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman—whose greeting was to shake my hand cordially and say 'So this is you, "Jerry" Elliott?' A name that has become my name among my friends. I met also Mrs. Burton Harrison, Mrs. Custer, Mr. Alfred Bigelow Paine, and many others of the Guild of Writers; while Mrs. Candace Wheeler and her daughter, Mrs. Keith, our near neighbours and most friendly friends stand out as high lights in the pleasant picture.

"The next winter — 1896-97 — Mrs. Stuart's sister having moved to New York, I took up my abode at 88 Madison Avenue, a very unboarding-house-like boarding house filled with pleasant people. Since then my winters have been spent at the same place, where I have managed to combine my working life as a writer with a most delightful social life. It was during the winter of 1897-98 that I became a member of the Wednesday Afternoon Club, and was asked to read something of my own at one of the East Side Settlements. Never having read in public, I sought for some one who could tell me something about my voice. This threw me with Miss Maud Hosford, a finished actress and a past master in the knowledge of the voice and all its needs, and eventually resulted in our collaboration in a play. This is a new field and a most interesting one, and I hope for success. I had been elected, meanwhile, a member of Barnard Club, where I met all the writers I had ever known, and a number of others equally delightful. Indeed, I had no struggle in New York, for from the Colonial Dames out through all the many and delightful circles that have given me welcome, I have found nothing but the most cordial hospitality and the most warm-hearted friendship."

(*To be concluded.*)

HENRY WATTERSON.

THE publication of a volume of essays and addresses by Mr. Henry Watterson serves to call general attention to the career of one who for a long time has been a public character and who in his own section of the country has exercised an appreciable influence upon American politics. It is, of course, solely as an editor that Mr. Watterson demands consideration. The volume now before us* contains some passages of interest; and the essay on Abraham Lincoln is well worth reading as representing the well-considered and matured opinions of a typical Southern man. Yet, as a speaker and essayist, Mr. Watterson would never have become known outside of his own vicinity. It is in the editorial office of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* that he has made his name familiar to intelligent Americans.

It is usual to speak of Mr. Watterson as the last survivor of those old-time editors whose personality was so powerful as to make the editorial utterances of their journals appear to be always the dicta of individuals. To-day, the newspaper has swallowed up the editor. Few persons outside of the guild of journalism can name the editors of even half a dozen great American papers. In fact, the modern newspaper has no editor in the old sense—a man whose personal power was felt in every department of his paper, one whose subordinates trembled at his frown and rejoiced at his slightest word of praise, one who impressed upon them even the characteristics of his style so inevitably as to make them, under his pervasive influence, write precisely as he wrote. In the old days, in quoting a great newspaper, men remarked "Dana says so-and-so" or "Greeley says so-and-so"; for the *Sun* was always Dana, and the *Tribune* was always Greeley. You could not think of the paper as dissociated from its editor. The newspaper spoke with the voice of a man and of a man who had strength, aggressiveness, and courage, even though these qualities were coupled very often with prejudice and passion, and at times with actual vindictiveness. But it was all clean cut and positive and pungent; and there were no muffled tones, no backing and filling, no cowardice or cringing. The press was a power then, and the readers of a great newspaper swore by the utterances of its editor and they followed him whithersoever he might choose to lead.

In these days of ours, personality has evaporated from nearly all our journals. The editor is a composite rather than an individual, or else he is the owner's hired man who must write as he is ordered, eat his own words at a moment's notice, and lick his master's boots. And this is why to-day men quote the newspaper and not the editor, and why the opinions which they do quote have very little influence on their minds. The news department and the counting-room are the only important divisions of a typically modern journal. It is, therefore, because of the scarcity of journalists and newspapers of the old school, that Mr. Watterson's editorial personality deserves a brief consideration. Not that he represents the highest development that was attained under the old régime. He is very far from doing that. But, take him all in all, he is a characteristic specimen, sufficient for purposes of demonstration and of illustration.

Of the editors who belonged to the individualistic period of American newspaper development, Greelev, Dana, and Godkin stand alone and at the very summit. Greeley's position is perhaps less sure than that of the other two; for, while his influence was quite as great as theirs, it was the sort of influence that could have been exerted only in the days of a crude civilisation. Greeley was a self-taught man, and he made all the blunders and committed all the absurdities of which a self-made man is capable. He succeeded in becoming a power by sheer vehemence and passion; while Dana and Godkin added to native force the gifts which are bestowed by a very high degree of intellectual attainment. Thus, in controversy, Greeley wielded a huge club which he often swung wildly and

**The Compromises of Life.* By Henry Watterson. New York: Pitts, Duffield & Co.

with which he often missed the mark. Dana's weapon of offense was, as it were, a supple, wicked, black-snake whip which he used with an almost infernal skill, now just flicking his victim at the very tenderest point of his anatomy in such a manner as to remove the skin and leave a raw, bare, tortured spot, and now laying on the lash full length across the quivering flesh until the great, livid, bloody weals rose up to mark the sufferer's agony. Godkin's weapon was a stiletto, as fine as any needle; and when he drove it deep into an antagonist, its point was always tipped with a poisoned irony, mordant and corrosive, and inflicting what at first appeared to be a pin-prick, but which became an incurable and festering wound.

American journalism produced no names that can be bracketed with these. Raymond and Thurlow Weed, and Prentice and Bowles, and Mordecai Noah were very able but inferior in every way; while men such as the elder Bennett, Beach and his sons, J. Watson Webb, and most of their contemporaries were often more like mediæval bravos stalking about brazenly and defying both public sentiment and the amenities of private life, with absolute indifference. Their brawls which were carried on with a freedom of language which to-day would make men gasp and stare, elicited from Dickens a memorable paragraph in his *American Notes:*

"Good strong stuff; dealing in round abuse and blackguard names; pulling off the roofs of private houses as the Halting Devil did in Spain; pimping and pandering for all degrees of vicious taste; . . . scaring away from the stabbed and prostrate body-politic every Samaritan of clear conscience and good deeds; and setting on, with yell and whistle and the clapping of foul hands, the vilest vermin and worst birds of prey."

Mr. Henry Watterson succeeded George D. Prentice as editor of what was then the Louisville *Courier.* Prentice was a New England man, a graduate of Brown University, and was subsequently trained for the legal profession; but at the age of twenty-six he had made his home in Kentucky and had fully identified himself with the people of that State, being in politics a Southern Whig. He made the Louisville *Courier* exceedingly well known, not, however, so much by his political leaders as by the inexhaustible and really delightful wit which found expression in a multitude of short, brilliant paragraphs. These were quoted all over the United States, and a large number of them were subsequently published in a volume which may even now be read with pleasure and genuine amusement. Prentice, indeed, was in temperament, training and style totally unlike his American contemporaries; and he was in particular the antithesis of Mr. Watterson, who succeeded him, and under whom the *Courier* and the *Journal* were first consolidated.

From the outset, Henry Watterson was not only a typical editor of his time, but a typical Southern editor. His appeal has been always made not to reason or logic nor by means of argument, but to emotion and prejudice, and with an excess of somewhat rabid rhetoric. The processes of reason, indeed, have no part whatever in Mr. Watterson's editorial writing. He is all feeling and there is something almost feminine in the intensity of his shrieking utterances. In this respect he bears no small resemblance to Horace Greeley; for when Greeley was aroused he used to fling himself at his desk with a volley of oaths emitted in a piping treble, and then scrawl down a violent diatribe in which epithet was more conspicuous than wisdom. His favourite and famous ejaculation, "You lie, you villain, and you know you lie!" is characteristic not only of him but of the whole school of journalism to which he belonged and of which Mr. Watterson survives as a minor and at the same time exaggerated type. For if any one ever opposes Mr. Watterson, or disputes the validity of his opinions, or even courteously points out a flaw in his manner of expression, the Kentucky editor never seeks to meet argument with argument, or to overcome proof with counter-proof: but he flies into a towering passion, and at once proceeds to hurl such epithets as "ass!" "fool!" "liar!" and "scoundrel!" at the head of his opponent. As you read what he writes, you seem to see the bloodshot eyes, the furious face, the shaking hands of the old frontiersman reaching down into his bootleg for the hidden bowie knife. You are carried back to the early days of the Southwest when purely impersonal questions of public

policy were settled by stabbing and nose-slitting and the gouging out of eyes. You never for a moment would suppose that there was a reasonable being back of all these frantic yells and furious maledictions, but you are transported into the presence of the primitive woodsman between whom and his natural enemy, the red Indian, there was only the very slightest line of mental demarcation.

All this accurately represents the attitude of those who have reached only the most elementary stage of civilisation. One would like to have a chat with Mr. Watterson in some of his milder moments and ask him whether he really thinks that there is any force or power in this kind of controversial writing. For whatever he may think, it really shows a lamentable weakness. In the face of a trained antagonist this inarticulate raving is seen to be only the furious impotence of the savage, fighting with bare hands against the civilised opponent armed with a repeating rifle. For, when you differ from Mr. Watterson's assertions and he retorts that you are a fool, and when you advocate a measure of which he disapproves and he screams out that you are a thief, these cheap abusive epithets have no more weight and they carry no more conviction than the hoots of a little blackguard boy secreted behind an ash barrel, or the scabrous words which degenerates scrawl in a latrine.

And so, as a publicist, while Mr. Watterson has won for himself a hearing and while he may even influence the action of those who possess that low order of intelligence to which mere rant appeals, he has shown none of the steadiness and sobriety that produce permanent results. When the Democratic party came into complete possession of the Government in 1893, upon the direct and definite issue of tariff reduction, Mr. Watterson might have done good work in rallying his fellow partisans to the support of genuine reform—reform which he in his florid way had personified as a "star-eyed goddess." But he could not keep his personal feelings out of questions of pure statesmanship. He acquired a bitter personal dislike of President Cleveland, whose common sense and unemotional ways seemed coldblooded to the fiery Kentuckian. And so he gave full play to his feeling, and shared with the sly Gorman the discredit of burking the one measure which could have prolonged his party's hold on power. But in fact, Mr. Watterson is not in his element as a serious party adviser. He has no constructive power. He is most in his element when he is scribbling paragraphs with joyous irresponsibility, cracking poor jests and fulminating wild and impossible charges against all who do not feel as he does.

To what depths he is capable of sinking is seen in the manner of his opposition to the Panama Canal. An editor who wrote from the standpoint of a reasonable man would have attempted to show some reason why that particular route should not be chosen. But Mr. Watterson felt that he had quite sufficiently disposed of the whole question when he had hit upon the brilliant device of always mentioning M. Bunau-Varilla as "Vanilla Bean." That was Mr. Watterson's personal contribution to the discussion of a subject of international importance, and it is possible that some of his readers may really have believed that he had done a clever thing. When Congress voted $40,000,000 to pay the French shareholders for their claims, Mr. Watterson almost dissolved in a flux of words. He said that the whole sum was to be divided between two sets of thieves —$20,000,000 for the thieves in France, and $20,000,000 for the thieves in Washington. He pictured "the grey wolves of the Senate" as standing about and hungrily licking their chops at the prospect of such spoil. Of course, Mr. Watterson was drawing wholly on his trained imagination. Of course, the payment to the French shareholders was made only after a careful consideration of the equity of the case. Of course, Mr. Watterson had not the slightest reason for calling the transaction in question, except that he had advocated the Nicaragua route. And of course he really meant nothing by his preposterous charges except that he was much displeased. But that phrase of his about the grey wolves was rather picturesque, and after he had written it he probably felt that, from the point of view of his kind of journalism, he had made a hit to which his exchanges would give a general notice—as they did.

He is a curious study, this survival of a type now almost totally extinct. There

is something rather full-blooded about the man, whose editorial work is none the less suggestive of a child's unreasoning impulse. He represents the opposite extreme from the colourless and syndicated journalism of the twentieth century; but when we study the two together and in comparison, we come to entertain the hope that same day an American newspaper will be born that shall discover and hold fast a golden mean.

Harry Thurston Peck.

A SHIELD REVERSED.

THROUGHOUT the long day Lloyd was an independent command, with full power to establish his base of operations at will. Indeed, as his modest personal equipment comprised "such proportions of all arms of the service as to be self-sustaining," he might have cited the language of the little brown volume entitled: "Troops in Campaign," to show that he was, in effect, a complete army corps from sun-up till nightfall.

Afterward, when darkness had cast her protecting wings about him, Lloyd would slip from some secret place of vantage, taking cover of log and hummock and dry water course, until he was safely within a circle of campfires. There his individuality ceased; or was merged, for some hours, within that peculiar factor of his country's military service, the sharpshooters attached to the Army of the Potomac.

For days his work had been monotonously nerve racking. The two armies stretched across the land like sinuous, malignant reptiles, from whose every scale deadly venom might be hurled without a moment's warning. Picket narrowly eyed picket; vidette confronted vidette, and constantly the sharpshooters waged their particular form of irritating, terrifying slaughter; seeking at times the death of expert riflemen within the opposing lines, but still oftener devoting their deadly skill toward the enemy's officers — those more shining marks, whose striking down should carry a certain demoralisation to the mass.

Each morning Lloyd and his immediate fellows were inspected and assigned to duty by a ceremony that drillmasters of the European school would have regarded as most naively "American." When breakfast—or what passed for it—was over, a tall, sun-burnt man, noticeable chiefly for his wonderfully clear, china-blue eyes, would shamble into their little group, his right hand fondling the long Henry rifle that reposed in the crook of his left elbow.

"Canteens full, boys?" he would call out, softly, and then after a glance around the circle of nodding heads:

"Biscuits for all day—everybody?" Twelve heads jerked assent and the inspection was complete.

"Come on, then; we'll hunt our holes." The force had its assignment, and without Colonel, Adjutant or Sergeant Major respectively to plan, issue orders or make details.

It is probable that there was none other in that band of men, who saw the day's work through precisely such eyes as Lloyd possessed. It was exacting service; physically hard, apart from the mental strain of making up a gruesome daily tally of death, and the reasonable certainty that some other sharpshooter across the line would, sooner or later, discover through the betraying blue puffs from one's own rifle, the fateful route along which a bullet would find a heart.

That Lloyd's strong, purposeful disposition was not greatly affected either by the deadly August heat when he was ensconsed in a sparse tree-top, or the stifling dustiness of the "sacred soil" when he lay prone under cover of a log, was doubtless due, primarily, to a powerful, uplifting sense of the right and justice of his cause. To this young medical student who had abandoned books for the battle ground, Truth, uncompromising, inherent Truth, was more than the far-away glimmer of a guiding star. She was a sentent, very real goddess, worthy of a lifetime's devotion, and whenever clearly manifest to men, to be followed unswervingly—unquestioningly. In this war he had never doubted

that Truth herself had shown the right; there was, there could be, no argument for the other side.

Perhaps it was this tendency to attribute personality to abstract characterisations that had much to do with Lloyd's fine development along several important lines; that there were self-created mentors ever at his elbow—like embodied Virtues who peremptorily warned, held back, or beckoned him on, though he would have scornfully derided any suggestion that there was aught of the mystic in his make-up. And yet it was just because of this individual viewpoint that he had been vastly pleased when, late in his school life, he happened on these lines in Arbuthnot:

" 'Oh Truth divine, enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.' "

Boy-like, he had scribbled the couplet on the title page of many of his books, and it marked the beginning of his admiration for that whimsical physician; philosopher-poet of a past era—a private cultus whose warmth must have vastly astonished the wandering shade of its object, did it ever hover near this enthusiastic young disciple. Nor was it Lloyd's nature to seek, or to initiate a companion devotee, but rather he felt that by his exhaustive reading of this old author, that he was a man somewhat apart from his fellows; distinguished, as it were, by the fact that he loved and appreciated Arbuthnot.

And so, while there had been no outward sign—save for the couplet's presence in each especially treasured book, a powerful life impulse was evolved from the favoured quotation, and when he confronted for himself the crucial problem that had crystallised redly into War, its message loomed largely in the thoughts that daily, hourly, strengthened and sustained him. Even now, buttoned within his blue blouse was a little prayer book, whose first page bore two legends. In one a woman's delicate, trembling hand had confided her son to God's grace and goodness. The other, written bolder, firmer, but none the less reverently, was Lloyd's rule of life and faith.

It was because he felt himself to be the personification, in some degree, of Truth, Right and Justice, that he continued, unwearied, to adjust the delicate sights of his marvellous rifle; that he peered for hours across the shimmering, heat-blurred fields; that when the chance came he sped quick death to the other side. There was neither exultation nor wrath in Lloyd's heart as he made each target sure; he knew not the savage joy of the natural warrior, nor the sorrow a gallant fighter feels when he sees his opponent fall and knows that he has stilled a heart forever. It was simply a part of the huge, awful, but very necessary method for teaching the enemy that his course was wrong—eternally wrong—and that rebellion must be made odious.

But, perhaps, late one afternoon, Lloyd began to feel a marked personal resentment toward one of the enemy's sharpshooters. Over there, somewhere in the corner of a worm fence, shaded by a few low bushes, someone was palpably showing him a great deal of attention. It was at a most inopportune time, Lloyd felt, for he had brought down one officer that day, and believed from the direction that had been taken by a group of others, that he would have some exceptional opportunities when they should come riding back.

But now this fellow had slipped into a good location, and was coolly making Lloyd's position almost untenable. The thought enraged him, and if his state of mind had been truly analysed, it would doubtless have indicated that the course of Justice was being hampered; was being unwarrantably impeded, for one of three things might happen very soon: Lloyd might be killed; he might kill the man behind the fence, or he might shoot at him and miss. The first proposition meant, unquestionably, the safe return of the officers. The second might disclose Lloyd's position to others, who, for all he knew to the contrary, were watching the work of the sharpshooter on the other side. The third, similarly, might betray the fact—all for nothing—that Lloyd was still perched in that pine tree's ragged top.

He had, therefore, not dared to fire for more than two hours. The sun was slowly gliding down into the west, and though Lloyd made neither sound nor motion, spurts of bluish vapour came at irregular intervals from the fence corner, presaging the ominous hiss of a ball

which either died away swiftly behind him with a spiteful, insect-like humming, or buried itself in the tree trunk near him with a startling, vicious impact. Still Lloyd made no sign, while the sun sank lower and lower, and the light changed from a splendid glare to soft, all-pervading rose, and then, as he watched, he saw a movement on the other side. A man in grey clothes was worming himself away—toward his camp—certain in the belief that he had been wasting good powder and ball for three long hours, but yet still cautious; still playing the game according to the rules.

Lloyd realised that his chance at any more officers was gone for that day. But here was a shot to his hand. Not a notable quarry to lay low—just a modest consolation prize. Easily he extended his rifle along the branch and took aim. There was not a quiver in the air—no need for wind gauge or even a careful adjustment of the spirit level. Indeed, he did not take the trouble to use his peep sight, but glanced expertly along the open bearings and pulled the trigger. Over on the other side he saw the man start convulsively to his feet, swing partly around and fall heavily.

On the following morning Lloyd was early aroused by his bunk mate, who had been himself awake long enough to hear most important news. In the night the army that had lain before them for days had slipped away.

"And us fellows are to go forward," he concluded, "to see if it's a retreat or only a feint."

Lloyd sat up, blinking his eyes. "It's a retreat," he said, solemnly. "It's the beginning of the end—mark my words." This was early in the war years, and there was less belief, later, in prophetic spirits. Then springing to his feet, Lloyd joyously harangued his somewhat astonished comrade to the effect that while Truth had been held back for a time, she could never be defeated. That she was even now bursting her shackles, and was coming into her own. "We have only to follow her devotedly," he cried with ringing enthusiasm, and while his bunkie gaped his bewilderment, Lloyd quoted, exultingly:

"'Oh Truth divine, enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way.'"

Half an hour later, a thin line of sharpshooters was being deployed across the space that up to the previous night had been part of that neutral ground known technically as "between the lines." Lloyd found himself advancing in almost a direct course from the tree he had occupied the day before, and with some sense of repugnance realised that he was approaching the angle of a worm fence, which was shaded by some low bushes. A moment's reflection, however, assured him that the body—if there was one there—had probably been cared for by the other side. A comparatively new recruit, he had as yet seen neither prisoners, nor, at close range, any of the enemy's dead.

But as he climbed the fence he recognised a grey object huddled in a little hollow, perhaps fifty feet away from him. It was too late to turn aside now, and with white, rigid features he moved forward. Lying there was a man who had died quickly, but who had met death open-eyed. The slouch hat had fallen from his fair, curling hair. Lloyd felt his heart throbbing wildly at the sight of that dead man's head, for had the two men been brothers there could have been no greater resemblance betwen Lloyd's soft curls and those before him. The youthful face, too, was as refined and studious. Advancing a little he saw that the body was lying easily on one side, and it seemed that when consciousness had left those eyes, that they had been resting on a little book which was still lying in one half-closed hand. Within, on the open page, lay a photograph—that of a young woman; a dark, stately beauty.

With trembling fingers Lloyd raised the volume and saw that the picture was lying on the fly leaf of a prayer book, which bore its owner's name. Beneath, written in a firm, flowing hand he read:

"Oh Truth divine, enlighten'd by thy ray,
I grope and guess no more, but see my way."

William Harley Porter.

TWELVE BOOKS OF THE DAY.

I.

AUSTIN DOBSON'S "FANNY BURNEY."*

IT would be difficult to conceive two people more happily met as author and subject of a book than Mr. Austin Dobson and Fanny Burney. Mr. Dobson's affection for the eighteenth century has been of great advantage to that century and to himself. It has given him a peculiar niche in literature from which he is not likely to be dislodged, and it has powerfully led the reaction, supervening upon another reaction, which has in our time rehabilitated that unpicturesque but sterling age. No one individual of course, can adequately represent so long a period; but Mr. Dobson could not have found a better representative of the lighter aspects of its latest or Georgius Tertius phase than dear Fanny Burney, a delightful and charming nature when in her girlhood she played kitten to Dr. Johnson, and wrote *Evelina*, "because," as Daddy Crisp told her, "you could not help it"; an interesting figure still when, the reverse of her old literary self, perpetrating the most astounding examples of corrupt and inflated diction in her old age. The result is a thoroughly delightful book, which, even if *Evelina* were not republished (a contingency most unlikely under the present dispensation of revived taste for the things of the eighteenth century), would alone hand Fanny Burney on to the next generation. It is a curious consideration how much her reputation owes directly to criticism, and indirectly to the lamentable literary aberrations of her later years. Their abominable style encouraged the malignant attack of Croker, whose evil star frequently led him into collision with ladies from which he could not possibly derive any honour, and from which he reaped nothing but disgrace. This onslaught produced the generous protest of Macaulay, who did not endeavour to defend Madame D'Arblay where she was indefensible, but vindicated her so successfully on other points, and paid off his old enemy Croker with such gusto, as to carry her name triumphantly forward until the general revival of interest in our early novelists.

Whether Fanny Burney's better writings do or do not continue to be read, her place in the history of English fiction will always be high from her fortunate position as the first classical female novelist. She had predecessors, some, as Aphra Behn, of considerable merit, but from one cause or another they are now all unreadable. She laid the foundation for the more refined and subtle art of Jane Austen, and though she in no respect anticipated the passion of a Charlotte Brontë or the wisdom and intellectual strength of a George Eliot, she paved the way for these by inspiring for, and raising the standard of, female fiction. *Evelina* and *Cecilia*, if not widely read in future ages, will always be treasured as documents of their own. The extraordinary pomposity of their successors was, we fear, principally to be attributed to a decay of invention and fancy which the authoress unwisely strove to hide by an affected manner well characterised by the celebrated definition of "donnishness" as "a carriage of the body assumed to cover the defects of the mind." Yet it may be extenuated by the consideration that it was not peculiar to Madame D'Arblay, but coincided with the degeneracy of a considerable section of English literature. The Della Cruscan school and the poetry of Erasmus Darwin had come into being since Madame D'Arblay had begun to write, and what is now universally ridiculed was then generally admired. Something, too, may be ascribed to the malign influence of Miss Seward, then a popular writer. We are not deeply versed in this lady's works, but a delectable passage on the immersion of Dr. Darwin in the Trent, rescued from oblivion by the late Samuel Butler, resembles, while much surpassing in its own line, the passage on Dr. Burney's blindness quoted from Madame D'Ar-

**Fanny Burney (Madame D'Arblay)." By Austin Dobson. English Men of Letters Series. 2s. (Macmillan.)*

blay's memoirs of her father made by Mr. Dobson:—"This sharp infliction, however, though it ill recompensed his ethereal flight, by no means checked his literary ambition; and the ardour which was cooled for gazing at the stars, soon seemed doubly reanimated for the music of the spheres."

Fine writing of this species ruined what might have been a most valuable book in the Memoirs, but happily did not extend to Madame D'Arblay's own Diary, of which Mr. Dobson most justly says:

> It has all the graphic picturesqueness, all the dramatic interest, all the objective characterisation, all the happy faculty of "making her descriptions alive," which constitute the charm of the best passages in *Evelina*. But it has the further advantage that it is true, and that it deals with real people. We know them more intimately than Mr. Briggs, believe in them more implicitly than in Captain Mirvan, and laugh at them more honestly than at *Madame French*. The Diary of Madame D'Arblay deserves to rank with the great diaries of literature. It is nothing that it is egotistical, for egotism is of its essence; it is nothing that it is minute, its minuteness enforces the impression. It gives us a gallery of portraits which speak and move, and a picture of society which we recognise as substantially true to life.

The general liveliness of the Diary is, however, contrasted by really tragic passages, the martyrdom of Fanny Burney under the rigidity and ungeniality of court life, and the homely but terrible tragedy of the King's insanity. It must be owned that the former is considerably relieved by the unconscious comedy of the situation. We hardly know whether most to pity poor Fanny's parlous state, to laugh at its absurdity, or to scold her for her stupendous but innocent snobbishness. The ultimate situation when, utterly worn out, she departs, an object of condemnation to all right-minded persons, and partly to herself, for not having *quite* laid down her life in Her Majesty's service, can only be compared to that of the canons in Sydney Smith's apologue, whose dinners were eaten by the bishops, and were pelted by the mob because they had not thrown them out. The episode of the King's insanity is an impressive lesson how an undignified person may be dignified by misfortune. We think that Mr. Dobson is hasty in concluding that the Prince of Wales's tears sprang merely from his revered father having knocked the future monarch's head against the wall. The incident had its share, no doubt; but the tears may well have sprung from genuine feeling as well. George the Fourth was not, like some of the other Princes, stupid and boorish, his nature was excessively emotional, and, notwithstanding his native shrewdness, easily influenced for good or ill. Had there been a Dean Stanley at his father's Court he might have been a far different man.

Apropos of Talleyrand, who was known to Madame D'Arblay during his exile in England, Mr. Dobson mentions a scathing attack upon him as among the few prose writings of Rossetti. We have not referred to this, but may remark that it was Talleyrand's misfortune to be obnoxious to persons of genius. There is hardly anything in literature to rival in its way the sustained and terrible invective of George Sand in the *Lettres d'un Voyageur*. That Talleyrand had, after all, saved his country, the eloquent novelist considered of no importance, or more probably did not know.

Richard Garnett.

II.

THE BOOK OF THE SHORT STORY.*

A BOOK that pretends to be scholarly must, in order to be considered seriously, possess one at least of two merits. Either it must add to our previous knowledge of its subject, or else it must simply summarise that knowledge and set it forth clearly, completely, and with ample illustration.

Not long ago Mr. Alexander Jessup and Mr. Henry Seidel Canby put forth a volume bearing the pretentious title of *The Book of the Short Story*. The title is mistaken. The volume is neither *the* book of the short story nor even *a* book of the short story; because its introduction tells us nothing that we did not know before, because only nine of the eighteen narratives which it reprints are

* *The Book of the Short Story*. Edited by Alexander Jessup and Henry Seidel Canby. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company, 1903. Pp. viii. + 507.

short stories in form, the other nine being novels, novelettes, or episodes, and because the long list of "representative" short stories which it contains is made up for the most part of examples of other kinds of fiction. Thus, instead of adding to our knowledge of its very interesting subject, the book serves merely to cloud and confuse the information that we already possessed. This is unfortunate, in a book that pretends to be scholarly.

The sources of our knowledge of the special attributes of the short story as a literary form are primarily two. One of these is Edgar Allan Poe's perpetually quoted review of *Hawthorne's Tales*, written in 1842; the other is Professor Brander Matthews's well-known essay on *The Philosophy of the Short-story*, originally printed in 1885. Poe suggested implicitly what Professor Matthews was the first to state explicitly,—namely, that the short story differs from the novel not only quantitatively but also qualitatively, not only in length but also in kind. Since 1885 many writers have reiterated Professor Matthews's points; but no one added materially to our understanding of the subject until Mr. Bliss Perry published his essay on the short story in 1902. Mr. Perry, following in the footsteps of Poe and Professor Matthews, developed their ideas and told us much about the inherent capabilities and defects of the form.

Lack of space prevents a quotation of the statements of these three authorities; but the results of their labours may be summarised in a sentence. *The aim of a short story is to produce a single narrative effect—an effect either of character or of action or of setting—with the greatest economy of means that is consonant with the utmost emphasis.* This definition is the present writer's and has never before been formulated in these terms; but it is believed to be in harmony with the views of the three critics that have been cited.

This is what we all knew about the short story as a literary form before Mr. Jessup and Mr. Canby published their volume with the large title. Now, in the introduction to this volume, Mr. Canby, as has been said, tells us nothing new. Furthermore, he does not even set forth clearly and completely the thoughts with which preceding critics had already made us familiar. He gives only a passing mention to Poe and never refers to Professor Matthews or Mr. Perry. Starting out in ignorance, or else in neglect, of the labours of his predecessors, he wavers through many pages and wanders through much that is extraneous before he arrives at a definition similar to those with which we were already familiar, but not so concise, compact, and emphatic.

This introduction, however,—flimsy as it is,—is the best thing in *The Book of the Short Story*. The series of tales which makes up the bulk of the book is of no critical value, because exactly fifty per cent. of the stories are not short stories at all, as the form is defined in the introduction. There might have been some excuse for this defect in the earlier parts of the volume if the short story, in the modern critical sense of the term, had not existed from the earliest times. There are numerous examples of the species in ancient literature, however; and if the editors had searched a little longer, they might have chanced upon them. If instead of reprinting the romance of "Ruth" they had given us the parable of the "Prodigal Son," which in spirit and in form is as perfect an example of the short story as any masterpiece of Hawthorne or Daudet [I mention Daudet on purpose, as the editors of *The Book of the Short Story* seem unaware of the fact that he is one of the greatest masters of the form]; and if instead of giving us the story of Cupid and Psyche they had reprinted Professor Peck's translation of "The Matron of Ephesus,"—a story less beautiful, it is true, but better suited to the purpose; and if—— but why multiply suggestions of what might have been?

The weakest thing about *The Book of the Short Story*, however, is its loose list of representative tales. This list is an unscholarly conglomeration of many works of brief fiction both in prose and in verse. The list does not follow the lines laid down in the introduction; and therefore we need not be surprised to find that it contains many more novels and novelettes than short stories. It is surprising, however, that some of the best short stories of the nineteenth century should not be included in a list so elastic as to admit any sort of fiction.

If the volume were prettily printed, it

might well be recommended as a gift book to people whose library of fiction is small; for it contains eighteen very interesting narratives which it is a pleasure to read. But this is its only merit; as a work of scholarship, or as a contribution toward a complete critical understanding of the short story, it cannot be considered seriously.

Clayton Hamilton.

III.

DR. HALE'S "WE, THE PEOPLE."*

IN this interesting series of papers on topics of to-day Dr. Hale has presented his mature ideas on such varied subjects as the Nation and State, Coöperation and Coal, Forestry and Women's Clubs, Sunday and Sunday Schools, and the Five Great Writers of the Twentieth Century. The sources of these essays are as varied as their contents. The bulk were written for the New York *American;* mixed in with these papers are articles written for *Lend a Hand* and the *Christian Register.* Despite the original readers for whom these articles were intended, it would be a mistake to suppose them fit only for the man in the street or—the woman in the pew. Some of the topics may appear socialistic, but the point of view is anything but that of the vapid modern theorist. The tone is rather that of a gentleman of the old school whose mind is enriched with the memories of a hundred years. Again, these "thirty-nine leaders" are no mere thirty-nine articles of an orthodox schoolman. To judge from Dr. Hale's plain language on political ethics the admirers of the new chaplain of the Senate may expect something interesting out of Washington. But if the Panama business be past praying for, we would recommend to the Administration one paper in the present volume,—"We, the People, or War Lords."

The opening essays on the Nation and State and Government by the People explain in clear and simple form the relations of the Federal and State governments and the doctrine of popular sovereignty. Appearing in the pages of a metropolitan daily these teachings must have been to the enlightenment of many naturalised foreigners. But the statement that nobody in the British Empire besides Mr. James Bryce seems to understand the distinction between State and Nation in America is scarcely tenable since the publication of Sir George Trevelyan's *American Revolution* and the Cambridge University *History of the United States.* Again the supposition of how little the doctrinaires affect the average intellect of the American people is contradicted in such late works as Professor Merriam's *History of American Political Theories* and Professor Woodburn's chapters on the *Principles of the Fathers.* However, academic precision would have spoiled the purpose of these articles. The frigid impartiality of the scholar would never do in handling a topic like coöperation and coal. So the author talked in the most effective manner to his fellow sufferers last winter in defining coöperation as the Tom, Dick and Harry Society, and in reasoning that if the people own the parks, the school houses, the hospitals and the water-works it would be no very exceptional thing to own coal mines in common. As the State exercises absolute control over the rights of water to drink and pure air to breathe why should it not acquire the rights to keep people warm? To the coal baron this query may sound like rank socialism, but the writer undermines such objections by pointing out the deeper principles of mutual helpfullness. It is acknowledged that the Rochdale system would not work in this country because the American workman is too much of a rolling stone. Yet it is shown how the genius of America has run in the direction of coöperation. The establishment of free schools was a piece of coöperation for education, so were the whale fisheries of Nantucket and the mackerel fisheries of other ports. In writing for his polyglot audience the author might have employed the theoretical arguments of Fourier or Marx. Instead, he has preferred to point back to the New England town meeting to illustrate the Yankee principle that nothing succeeds like success.

The section on Women's Clubs and the wonders of feminine achievement follows the same line of reasoning, judges the present by the past, points out our for-

* *We, the People.* By Edward Everett Hale. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

getfullness of certain good old times in the consulship of Plancus. As Nestor from sandy Pylos might have turned up his nose at some blue stocking of the age of Pericles so does Dr. Hale poke fun at the shades of one of the first female reformers in these parts. He dares to be critical because he has a longer memory than any of her followers would allow to the dear departed. He has lived from the time when there was only one school in the country where young girls could receive what they now call the higher education to the time of Smith, and Vassar, and Wellesley. For all that there were some things they did better in those days. Our grandmothers may not have had the benefit of "Dr. Prettyman's course in the Elizabethan plays or Mr. Wanderjahre's excavations in Vallombrosa," but through them there came a knowledge of certain concoctions of the kind that mother used to make.

After retrospect there comes a glance into the future. Under the heading of the New Century are gathered some prophecies. A few of these may be counted fanciful. The project of a Pan-American railroad from Hudson Bay to Cape Horn may be as visionary as the supposition that hereafter even the semi-millionaire will be duty bound to do something for his fellow men. The author's zeal for industrial education may be thought misplaced in view of the latest developments of trade unionism; his advocacy of the government taking up old age pension schemes an unfortunate hint to the G. A. R. Yet to foresee the soul of goodness in such things as the New Journalism and even federal legislation is not to be taken as a sign of impaired vision. This prophet is to be honoured because he has lived long in the land.

But to conclude; the title of this book may imply a sad self-sufficiency, its hopeful air regarding "His Majesty, the People," may offend the pessimists of Park Row. Still in such optimism there appears at times the touch of the true seer. In evidence we may quote this passage from the appendix (p. 252):

"Our Anglo-Saxon blood will assert itself in the life of a united people, in its passion for freedom and its devotion to law. The Celtic and Latin races will instil into the whole nation their quickness of perception, their subtleties of thought, the old Roman secret of victory, and the old Greek love of beauty. The African race, as thousands of years have proved, has its special contributions to the harmony of the whole in tenderness, in affection, in arts of expression which the whole requires. And if what are left of the red men can teach the toil-worn Saxon that the most elegant mansion is a prison compared with the blue arch of the temple of God, why, he will teach him something which the poor Saxon sadly needs to-day."

J. Woodbridge Riley.

IV.

MRS. BOOTH'S "AFTER PRISON—WHAT?"*

PRISON reform has been a subject of much thought on the part of philosophers, savants, and scientists. The opinion seems to prevail generally that a term in prison, of whatever duration, is of little moment. Society arrives at the pseudo-conclusion that it is something in which the individual acquires experience that will be of inestimable value to him in after life. In reaching such a decision the blighting effect such an imprisonment exercises over the ex-convict and steadfastly clings to him for the remainder of his life, appears to be lost sight of.

In this respect, no one can speak better than the man himself of what such a life really consists of. He alone knows what it is to be pointed out as an ex-convict. He knows how humiliating it is to be shunned by his fellowmen because of his imprisonment. Although society may not be aware of the fact that an ex-convict's punishment usually begins from the day he leaves prison a free man, nevertheless it is true. When he has served his time, paid the full penalty for his crime demanded by law, it is generally presumed that he is again recognised as an American citizen; that his character has been rehabilitated and that he is looked upon as though he never was sentenced to prison. No one knows better than the ex-convict how untruthful these roseate presumptions really are. Optimists may say that the individual himself is the sole arbiter of

**After Prison—What?* By Maud Ballington Booth, New York: The Fleming H. Revell Company.

what that future should be. That is true. But where there is one charitable person who is willing to forget the past and give him credit for what he is doing in the living present, there are a hundred who will throw obstacles in his way and who will keep burnishing his past prison reputation.

Amid these prevailing sentiments, Mrs. Maud Ballington Booth, wife of General Ballington Booth, general-in-chief of the Volunteers of America, saw the opportunity of alleviating the existing conditions, and for seven years past has devoted her entire time and energy to the cause of the men behind prison bars. Before this prison angel entered upon the noble and philanthropic work, men in prison had but little to hope for regarding their future and all that that word implies. Years before and up to the time of her organising the prison branch of the Volunteers of America, cases of insanity and melancholia were frequently discovered in the prisons, the result of the prisoner's worry and brooding over home and family affairs. Since that memorable day when the Volunteer Prison League was organised, May 24, 1896, by Mrs. Booth, mind disease has become greatly decreased.

These facts of an introductory character bring us to the consideration of Mrs. Booth's latest work, entitled *After Prison—What?* a valuable contribution to present day literature. The author lovingly dedicates the dainty volume to "her boys," a term she has coined in place of "convict," which she abhors and at every opportunity discourages its use. The opening chapter of the book gives a very lucid résumé of the motives that prompted her to place the work before the public—to enlighten society as regards the true and correct status of the men behind prison bars, and points out in plain and forcible language the duty of society towards them. She emphasises the fact that the misconception generally prevalent that men in prison are of that character that cannot be reformed, is absurd, and asserts further in their defense that the audiences that greet her when she visits the prisons are not unlike those outside. Men of education, talent, and refinement are found in the majority, and men in the lower scale of mental and moral conditions are awakened to higher and nobler purposes. One of the most interesting chapters of the book is the one devoted to the Prison League. It very tersely gives its history; its work and how it has grown from a meagre beginning in Sing Sing Prison to an institution of wide influence and power in fifteen other penal institutions throughout the country, and the work is being constantly extended. Her description of how eagerly the men took advantage of the opportunity of being enrolled under the White Standard, the emblem of the order, and the thousands of lives that have been made brighter and sweeter thereby, is indeed touching, and the reader's sympathy is at once stimulated.

Amid the success of the work she beautifully emphasises the fact that the power behind this onward movement is that of the Supreme Being, the work being of Divine origin.

The most touching paragraphs of the volume and which satisfactorily answer the prison reform problem are the letters from the men classed as confirmed criminals who have graduated from the Hope Halls and are to-day leading successful lives, honoured and respected by their fellowmen, set aside in a chapter by themselves. To the thoughtful and sympathetic reader they will appeal with a convincing assurance that the author's work is one of a fruitful character. The word welcome is no misnomer at any of the Hope Halls, the author asserts, no matter of what nationality or creed he may be, the only condition is that he must go direct to the Home upon leaving prison, where a hearty and cordial greeting awaits him and a position secured in due course of time. This may seem to the reader as of doubtful utility, but the test has been satisfactorily made—all for the good of society.

Mrs. Booth's vivid description of her work in the homes of the men who are incarcerated—homes, many of them destitute—is indeed a feature of her volume. The scenes and incidents she pictures that have come under her personal observation in the homes of the prisoners, are touching in the extreme and cannot but awaken the sympathetic chord in the nature of every reader. The author considers this part of her work of great importance and through it has reunited

many families. Even Santa Claus is delegated to visit these desolate homes and carry good cheer by substantial gifts that are accompanied with a Merry Christmas from the "Little Mother," a term of endearment bestowed upon the author by the prisoners.

The simplicity with which the author deals with the prison reform idea, characterises the works of some of our criminologists as possessing a spirit of impartiality. The work of most of these penologists savours of the laboratory and clinic, based upon heredity calculations. Mrs. Booth's remedy consists of the simple methods of better sanitation, kind treatment, more work, better educational facilities, and the parole system. She very emphatically crystallises the whole subject by pleading for the eradication of politics from the management and care of the prisons.

The closing chapter of this excellent volume, entitled "Does It Pay?" is an appropriate query, and a perusal of the book gives an affirmative answer. The question the writer asks is answered by the thousands of men and women who have been reclaimed, and daily make themselves known to Mrs. Booth in her travels through the country. She frankly confesses that she has had disappointments, but the success that has attended the honest purposes of the large number of her graduates more than counterbalances the failures. The reader is readily impressed with the fact that her work has left the experimental stage, and the book forcibly sets forth that the greatest measure of tribute which is paid her endeavours comes from the great minds of representative men; men who handle State and municipal affairs; men who by virtue of superior qualifications to judge as to cause and effect, hold eminent positions; mayors of cities, judges, lawyers, clergymen, and prison officials, and those having large interests to conserve.

From the first to the last page Mrs. Booth holds the reader's honest interest, and her plain, forcible, and earnest language and excellent literary style makes the book one of value for the home and the public library.

Number 1500.

V.

JACK LONDON'S "PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS."*

SLUMMING, once an eccentricity, then a fad, threatens to become a disease. In increasing numbers the sons of our petted aristocracy go down to live temporarily in the most evil smelling municipal bogs and give a boosting hand to the permanent dweller therein in his supposed effort to climb higher. The little sisters of the rich take lessons in settlement work and put interested but embarrassing questions to the people who live in crowded tenements. Sociologists go to the slum for statistics; novelists for "local colour"; painters for pictorial types; and the Higher Journalist for "copy."

Perhaps in time all of this somewhat chaotic and undisciplined interest may result in some good. It can scarcely be too great, so long as it tends in the right direction. But it may easily be misguided. As the sign of an awakening humanity, a broader sympathy for all men, it is a hopeful, inspiring phenomenon. As a sign of a recent tendency toward indiscriminate, fruitless sentimentalising and complacent condescension to the "lower classes," it is not so flattering to our sense or our philanthropy. So much of the printed matter that comes out of the slums bears the mark of this patronising snobbishness that thoughtful people must sometimes in desperation consign the whole of this abundant "literature" to the rubbish heap. This is of course unfair. Josiah Flynt is not to blame because Smith, Brown, and Jones happen to be snobs with a taste for mild adventure and an itch for publicity. But Josiah Flynt's years of patient investigation are to an uncertain extent discredited by the half-baked lucubrations of Smith, Brown and London, who imagine they are making contributions to the literature of sociology.

Most of these respectable gentlemen (and ladies, too, though I grieve to include them) imagine they are at least partially actuated by a pure love of man-

**The People of the Abyss.* By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

kind. Probably Jack London does. He is not. Jack is not a dull boy. On the contrary, he is decidedly precocious. But he is a healthy, vigorous, young nomad, with all a healthy boy's love of adventure. When he descended among the People of the Abyss in the English capital last year the zest of adventure was one of his motives. But the biggest motive of all, if the result of his adventure may be taken as evidence, was his desire for material to make into a book. Of course Mr. London is a very young man. If he were not he would not have revealed himself so frankly. According to the documentary evidence, he may have spent six weeks in his researches, possibly two months; scarcely more. In this time he set himself not merely to gather statistics regarding the people of London's East End, but to get at the very heart of their lives—to learn how they work, sleep, eat, drink, think, love, hate, struggle, and die. To do this he lived, he says, their own life and endured all the hardships that fall to their lot. If Mr. London imagines that he really did this, then his idea of how "the other half" lives is vastly amusing. He confesses that he was never without sufficient money for an emergency, and that he kept within reach of a comfortable room to which he could always retire to rest, bathe, receive his mail, and, most important of all, write up his notes. Mr. London can scarcely believe that the typical East Ender goes about with sovereigns sewed up in his clothes; and that he has a comfortable haven of refuge open to receive him when the tooth of poverty gnaws too keenly. I prefer to believe that his remark about living the life of the slum inhabitant was a mere by-product of his too exuberant imagination, not intended to be taken literally.

One large impression Mr. London certainly contrived to bring back from his little jaunt. He is profoundly conscious of the gulf fixed between the poor denizen of the Abyss and the favoured class of which he is the proud representative. When he dons the ragged clothes and struggles with the unappetising food of the unwashed, he must needs assure the reader that in his own home he is accustomed to his carefully prepared food and good clothes and daily tub—a fact that he might safely have left to be taken for granted. When he sees the hardships undergone by the hop-pickers in Kent, instead of making even a picture of sharing their lot, as he had started out to do, he and his companion "joyfully thanked God that we were not as other men, especially hoppers, and went down the road to Maidstone jingling in our pockets the half-crowns and florins we had brought from London." All this is the manifestation of a rather amusing form of snobbishness, quite harmless in its place; but its place is emphatically not in a book that pretends to a semi-scientific character.

It is not a trivial matter, if we are to take Mr. London seriously, that he dodged the real issues involved in his project. He returned, with his notes written up, ready to tell us just how the people of the abyss feel and think. But what, in heaven's name, can a man know of poverty so long as he has a sovereign about him? What does he know of hunger, with a good meal close at hand? What does he know of homelessness, if after a night on the streets he can go to his room and sleep fifteen hours? Mr. London's stories may be both entertaining and true, but the pretence that their authenticity is due to his having lived the life of the slum is more amusing than convincing.

Entertaining enough they are. They are the work of a born story-teller, a man with a gift for stretching a situation quickly and trenchantly, for bringing a character sharply before our eyes. Such a man, however many mistakes he may make, does not write dull books. If he had only written stories of the East End with no other purpose than entertainment, and left himself and his sociology out, I am sure they would be well worth reading. It is the pretence of Mr. London's book to a character which it does not possess that is exasperating, and that induces a doubt whether nine-tenths of all the slumming books are not sheer rot.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VI.

RICHARD WHITEING'S "THE YELLOW VAN."*

WHAT is most traceable about the novels of Mr. Whiteing is the trend of his own mental development, not as a writer, but as a sociologist. From vague impulses he is beginning to fasten on concrete facts, and although not seeing these facts as yet in their full relationship one to another, he has seen them clearly enough to find inspiration for another book. *No. 5 John Street* was the book impelled by awakening conscience, without realisation of cause or remedy. *The Yellow Van* moves onward a step to the discovery of a single cause although with but a vague sense of remedy. Meanwhile, being gifted with a not inconsiderable literary talent, Mr. Whiteing has made of his impulses two books which can not be classed with ordinary hack-work.

It is not likely that this second book will have the immediate and popular vogue enjoyed by *No. 5 John Street* because it lacks certain sensational elements of the earlier work, and also because the general public can be more easily made to take an interest in a startling picture of poverty, with dynamite to enliven it, than in a quieter portrayal which fixes the blame on a recognised system and an admired class.

The slight plot around which Mr. Whiteing weaves his stories and their lessons, concerns itself here with the life of an American girl, a school teacher in a Western town, as the wife of one of the few great feudal lords of England. We grow quite interested in Augusta Gooding in the opening chapters of the duke's courtship of her, but as Duchess of Allonby she wanders through the pages a beautiful, lifeless puppet, cold and distant. The duke himself is scarcely less vague, and although all their friends are doubtless portraits from well known originals, they do not approach us sufficiently to win our sympathy. The author needed them, but is not himself in sympathy with them, and Mr. Whiteing needs sympathy to draw a good picture. The midnight bridge gambling of a party of young women of high lineage in the ducal house party is the only dramatic sensation of this part of the book. The duchess has a young brother who visits her in England, but he is a sad example of mistaken politeness on the part of Mr. Whiteing. The young gentleman was doubtless intended as a delicate compliment to American men, but in comparison with this impossible little prig, the heroes of Richard Harding Davis are nature and simplicity itself.

As is usual with Mr. Whiteing, the nearer he comes to the soil, the warmer grows the life of his characters. The villagers in Slocum are alive, types and yet individuals, pathetic or amusing, but all real. Mr. Whiteing indulges again in his little laugh at the expense of those who preach to the working class virtues and self-denial they would never think of practising themselves. "Holy Joe" in John Street was a pathetic example of the utter futility of piety, sobriety and all other good qualities, to make the lives of the submerged a whit more hopeful. Holy Joe has a more humorous successor in the person of Mr. Grimber, the retired tallow-chandler who makes Slocum his home and who is a model of all the Philistine virtues, a very pattern of negative qualities. Once in a while, however, Mr. Grimber has misgivings when he sees that "people behindhand with their rent, and actually without hope of mercy for unpaid taxes, seemed somehow to get so much more out of life." Mr. Grimber indulges in one little spree with Job Gurt, the village Incorrigible, whom he was trying to save, and the story of this spree is one of the most delicious bits of writing in the book.

The Yellow Van, which gives the title to the book, is the campaign wagon of a little band of ardent reformers who believe the cause of unbearable economic conditions to rest largely in the question of land ownership. The reformers of the Van are long on cause, but hazy as to remedy, which appears to be Mr. Whiteing's attitude of mind as well. The Van comes and goes, but in very episodic fashion. Were it not for the title of the book, the reader, unless exceptionally in-

**The Yellow Van.* By Richard Whiteing. New York: The Century Company.

terested in the land question, would hardly realise the relation the Van bears to the other incidents in the tale.

There is a noticeable peculiarity about Mr. Whiteing's style in the writing of this book. In the opening chapters, for quite a little way on into the story, and again in the closing scene, his language is brilliant, but somewhat forced. It is full of mannerisms and sparklets of the modern electric, prearranged kind. It is not uninteresting, but it is not spontaneous; we can see the wheels go round. But once in the swing of the story, the style clears itself of all useless ballast. The language becomes simple, unaffected, plain and direct, with a power that carries conviction. The author's power falters near the close, and where the definite moral lesson should come in, if he has had one to give, we find a return to the laboured style of the first chapters. And a return also to the same sort of melodramatic philosophy with which the hero of John Street takes leave of us. Mr. Whiteing seems to want to sum up the matter for his readers, instead of adopting the simpler method of letting the facts he has portrayed speak for themselves.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VII.

MR. HILL'S "THE WEB."*

OF the two classes of criminals, those who make use of the weaknesses and technicalities of the law are more significant, as they are more interesting than those who defy it. Not only because they represent a higher order of intelligence and deal with larger figures, but also because they often raise by their actions those subtle distinctions between what is and is not justified by so-called business enterprise. Their game is comparable in a way to that of the chess player, like him they strive to attain their ends by careful study of every factor in the calculation at every stage, and take instant advantage of every mistake by their opponents. When men of equal intelligence and address are pitted against them the fight which results is not only exciting but well worth study for its exposure of conditions and tendencies which must largely determine the future of our civilisation. When a participant in such legal battles undertakes in the guise of fiction to tell of them his story inevitably partakes of the nature of a document, and Mr. Hill's new book would be entitled to consideration on this account, though as a romantic fabrication it possessed less novel features of entertainment than others. It is in fact the "inside story" of one of those great commercial conspiracies into which law, politics and even the agencies of acknowledged criminal practice enter, and of which the newspapers commonly give only the superficial aspects. It may be added that those who read *The Web* and like it may turn with assurance to that capital story *The Minority* and to those revelations in fiction of the intricacies and contradictions of the law, *The Case and Exceptions*, which have appeared in the past few years from the same hand.

Mr. Hill's title is singularly apt. *The Web* is of double spinning, and it is spun for the same purpose as its prototype of the neglected corner—to secure plunder for its builder. Less tangible even than the spider's filaments, but strong and tenacious and cunningly crossed are the legal threads with which Myrick and Nugent and Rutledge, the attorneys for Searing, the capitalist, weave the meshes that are to capture the unwary Placento Mining Company and hold it fast while the Coast and Gulf Railroad fattens itself thereon. And, like the unsuspecting fly, the mining company enters the trap, and then begins the struggle. For the fly in this instance has an ally—two allies in fact—one a fiery, determined old gentleman named Frayer, possessed of means and orthodox ideas of right and wrong, the other a resolute and resourceful young lawyer, Dave Maddox; and the elimination of Maddox becomes essential to the success of the conspirators' plan. The story of the plot and counterplot are instructive as an illustration of the tremendous negative assistance which the law lends to those who seek to postpone a trial in court until the opposition shall yield from sheer exhaustion; but the interest of the story centres upon the two women and Maddox, whose fortunes so strangely are welded and made the pivot

* *The Web.* By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

upon which turns the great corporation battle. Mr. Hill has here taken advantage of his knowledge of the laws of States respecting divorce to expose an almost inconceivable iniquity—nothing less than the opportunity which the difference between these laws affords to prove a woman who has been legally divorced in one State from her first husband guilty of adultery with her second husband in another State. It is a threat to institute a suit based upon this charge against the wife of Maddox's life-long friend, unless he cease to press the case against the conspirators which brings Maddox face to face with a choice between what is demanded by his duty to his employer, who is the father of the woman he loves, and his duty to Mrs. Evans, the woman whose happiness lies in his hand. This crisis, complicated with the mystery of a murder which almost makes him doubt the woman he protects, is triumphantly met by Maddox; and Mr. Hill has given the closing chapters of his story that excellent quality of cumulative and dramatic interest.

Indeed it is not until the story begins to near its end that the reader realises that more might have been done with the middle and larger portion of the book to fulfill the promise in the first chapter of acute perceptions and picturesque traits in the person of Maddox. Nugent is capitally done, not less so are Myrick, Frayer, and Ainslee; but of Harmony, who plays such a sweet and winning part in court, less is seen than one wishes, and Maddox disappoints again and again. Availing itself of all the chances offered by its chief figure and employing a more leisurely manner in the development of its characters which well deserve it—*The Web* would have been a more even piece of work, and as a story have furnished even better entertainment than it does. *Churchill Williams.*

VIII.

MR. HOPKINS'S "THE TORCH."*

THE latest book by the author of *The Fighting Bishop* draws a most lifelike picture of a University town of the Middle West and of it tells a capital story. Fiction, the scene of which is a college, is apt to be written entirely from the undergraduate point of view or practically without reference to it. When the latter method is used the result often is a little plot with a great network of professors' theories. The former method usually produces a worthless book of "college stories," which modern young—very young—women are fond of collecting. What interest it has it gets from descriptions of scenes and places and happenings like those the reader knew when he—or she!—got tinglings of the blood from the mere mention of the words "Alma Mater."

Of both these kinds there have been a number in the last five years. Professor Hopkins's book is neither. He steers midway. He gives us a real university, with regents and faculty and football players; a Governor of a State, his hostility appeased by a degree; a regent whose $500,000 elects a president; an eccentric possessor of wealth whose favour the executive wheedles himself into. Borrowing here a little and a little there, Argos is typical of the State universities of this country. It reflects the "largeness and enthusiasm of the West," to use one of the book's phrases, though finally its president comes to call it a "big, overgrown, plebeian high school." It is young, and above all, present day.

And on no less plebeian and present day questions than repression of the trusts and public ownership of public utilities and academic freedom of speech does much of the action hinge. A blacksmith's son, who was the president's chum at an Eastern institution, professor at Argos and highly popular, talks socialism. Relations between these two commanding figures become strained and more strained, and their conflict alone holds close attention.

This is complicated by the fact that the two, with another especially striking professor, love, or think they love, clever, tactful, pretty Mrs. Van Sant. One of them wins her, which is to be expected, but aside from that the author lets a remarkable piece of material good fortune come to each of the three within a few days, thus proving, what has been proved often before, that fiction is stranger than truth.

* *The Torch.* By Herbert M. Hopkins. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The love story devised by the author, it would seem, merely because it was expected of him, adds little interest to the book, and there is nothing at all noteworthy in the literary style. The essential things are the character of Babington, the president, and the intimate description of the university as an organisation. Babington makes his showy entrance as one of the "new men," the advanced type of college president, heart and soul for the kind of progress that shows itself in new endowments, larger buildings and bigger classes. He is imposing in appearance and something of a spell-binder.

"After the diplomas had been distributed the president came forward and made the best speech he had yet delivered. He traced the history of the university from its inception. He spoke of the loyalty and faith of those pioneers to whom it owed its origin. None among them entertained a more kindly interest than the late Mr. Lemuel Tupper, to whom the State owed so much. The president raised his hand in a graceful gesture as he outlined in glowing language the history of the late millionaire and made the stirring the text for his advice to the young men before him. There were few of the university constituents who were not proud of their president as he stood there clad in his silk robes, his shoulders squared, his face alight with an infectious enthusiasm for high ideals."

He had an instinct for the winning side and for anything that lends itself to effective advertisement.

"He was determined to be president of the biggest university between the Alleghanies and the Rockies, and he knew the way to accomplish his end. He had studied the sudden expansion of eastern universities and had grasped the secret of success. It was his cleverness in falling in with the tendency of the times that had won him his reputation as a progressive educator and his call to Argos."

He had the politician's tact in keeping close to the greater number, but made the politician's blunder of underestimating the commonsense of his constituency in the long run. He was a "machine" president, a little too incredulous of danger from the "better element," but a good case could be made out for whatever he did. Educational circles are not very acute in appraising adult human nature, and it was proper to give him a long period of success. It was natural also that even after he was found out it should take a long time to dislodge him. The details of his administration recall many items in the newspapers and at some points there seems to be more than a hint of recent events and even an attempt at personal portraiture, but everything that happens grows so naturally out of the character of Babington and his environment and the details are so skillfully modified and combined that the result is general, not particular. The author has not caught the humour of the situation. Things are referred too much to a moral tribunal. But he has set down with remarkable exactness the laws and customs of a tight little world and reproduced its atmosphere. And Babington is a new and desirable acquisition.

IX.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN'S "REBECCA"*

"ANGELS are not just the same as seraphims. Seraphims are brighter, whiter, and have bigger wings, and I think are older and are longer dead than angels, which are just freshly dead and after a long time in heaven around the great white throne grow to be seraphims."

This masterpiece of theological definition is not taken from the writings of the Fathers, but is to be found in Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's book, *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,* an effective study of a gifted, artistic child, growing up among the unfavourable surroundings of a small New England village and under the cramping tutelage of her aunt, the typical New England spinster.

Rebecca Rowena Randall is the second child of an unsuccessful singing-school teacher and a well-to-do farmer's daughter. No better indication can be given of the romantic nature of this pair than the names they gave their children. Rebecca thus describes her family to the friendly stage-driver on her way to Riverboro, where live the two maiden aunts, her mother's sisters, who have undertaken to bring her up and educate her.

"We are all named after somebody in particular. Hannah is Hannah at the Window Binding Shoes, and I am taken

* *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.* By Kate Douglas Wiggin.

out of *Ivanhoe;* John Halifax was a gentleman in a book; Mark is after his uncle, Marquis de Lafayette, that died a twin. Jenny is named for a singer, and Fanny for a beautiful dancer, but mother says they're both misfits, for Jenny can't carry a tune and Fanny's kind of stiff-legged."

Rebecca's mother is very poor; there is the usual mortgage on the farm, and so the aunts offer to take one child and do for her. Hannah is the one asked, but she can not be spared, so Rebecca goes, and the book deals with her life in Riverboro from the day she arrives, a quick-witted, imaginative, impulsive child of ten or thereabouts, down to the time, seven years later, when her Aunt Mirandy dies, and her will reveals the fact that Rebecca had won what heart she had.

Not only is the character of Rebecca skillfully portrayed, but the minor personages are also well drawn. Miss Dearborn, the Riverboro school-teacher, who "can answer more questions than the Temperance one, but not so many as I can ask," Emma Jane, Rebecca's friend, who "can add and subtract in her head like a streak of lightning and knows the spelling book right through, but has no thoughts of any kind," Uncle Jerry Cobb, the kindly stage-driver, the forlorn Simpson family, all these are put plainly before us by means of their own acts and words and not by what we are told about them. In this respect the book is quite remarkable, for it is a trick of the incompetent writer to tell of the brilliancy of his characters without being able to prove it from their own mouths. This Mrs. Wiggin has avoided; Rebecca is convincing from first to last.

Mrs. Wiggin understands that individualism which is the keynote of American education and achievement. This she has realised, and in her description of Rebecca she has made it plain that it is her all-pervading personality which she brings to bear upon her severe New England surroundings which transforms them. Rebecca infuses a new spirit into the Friday afternoon recitations at school, furnishes the Simpson twins with a suitable "piece," gives the timid Emma Jane confidence by reciting a dialogue with her, dresses the schoolroom with flowers, and turns what was formerly considered a trying ordeal into a festive occasion.

One of the most amusing episodes is that of the banquet lamp. The forlorn Simpson family, not having enough to eat or to clothe themselves with, are fired with a desire to possess the banquet lamp offered as a premium by a soap manufacturing company to whoever should sell a certain number of cakes. Rebecca and Emma Jane volunteer to help, and the account of their trip into a neighbouring village with a horse and buggy is most entertaining. It is while on this excusion that Rebecca meets the young man who proves a staunch friend to her and furnishes the only hint of future love-making to be found in the book.

Rebecca writes poetry and encloses this gem in a letter to her mother.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS

BY

REBECCA ROWENA RANDALL

This house is dark and dull and drear
No light doth shine from far or near
Nor ever could.
And those of us who live herein
Are most as dead as seraphim
Though not as good.

This is a good description of a New England farmhouse on a Sunday afternoon, and yet it is quite the sort of thing that a clever child might write. So is the verse about the mortgage.

Rise my soul, strain every nerve
Thy mortgage to remove,
Gain thy mother's heartfelt thanks
Thy family's grateful love.

The first part of the book is perhaps the best. Rebecca's life as a child in Riverboro is more interesting than her career at the Academy at Wareham, and yet we lay the book down with regret. It naturally suggests that other study of imaginative childhood, *Sentimental Tommy,* about which opinions differed so strongly. Perhaps it is because we are more familiar with the *mise en scène* of *Rebecca* that it seems the better book and rings more true. Mrs. Wiggin has done nothing better than this for a long time. *Mary K. Ford.*

X.

MISS HARRADEN'S "KATHARINE FRENSHAM."*

MISS HARRADEN'S recent work was beginning to show a decided tendency to mannerism, which caused a reasonable distrust towards the newest novel from her pen. The distrust is not justified, however, and will be speedily dispelled by a reading of the book. With the exception of some few set phrases which are used unnecessarily, and therefore become boresome, *Katharine Frensham* is a very readable book, and productive of more quiet pleasure than is much of the recent fiction. The worst fault of mannerism is the constant and irritating reiteration of such an unusual word as *aura*. One or two people, in circles one would meet ordinarily, might be supposed to think and speak of such a thing as "temperamental aura," and discuss differences of "aura" and the sad results of too great a disparity of aura in a married couple. But within the limits of an average visiting list of average social standing, a list made up of some of the nice and very real people in this book, it is hardly likely that almost every one of them would be forever discussing auras, and temperamental differences, and conflict of auras and so on. But this is merely one of a very few faults in a book which has good qualities fully offsetting such little tricks of mannerism. There are some decided elements of novelty in it, for one good thing. The heroine herself supplies the strongest novelty, and she is a most charming and delightfully real person, whom we would like to have on our more intimate list of friends. Katharine Frensham is a distinctly modern type of woman in the best sense of that much abused term. She is the New Woman, a product of the twentieth century, but not in the sense of those who do pioneer work in the open. Katharine Frensham is one of the many women who have lived at home, and yet have profited more than the world realises by the work of their sisters who have dared ridicule and opprobrium for the sake of a wider mental horizon for the sex. But for their courage it would not be possible for a woman like Katharine Frensham, cultured, of good social standing, to enjoy life at forty, being still unmarried, with the calm independence of a man in the same position. And beginning, as she does, to feel that cultured ease cannot fill her life, she turns naturally and easily to the thought of taking up actively the organ business of her brother, in which she had been thus far but a silent partner. She is poised, harmonious, mature, and yet absolutely young at heart, because she has not frittered away the gold of her affections, and the reader finds her fully as interesting as the maiden of twenty or the matron of thirty who up to recent date were considered the only possible heroines for fiction. The unmarried woman of thirty, without a past, has scarcely dared as yet to bid for our interest as a fiction heroine, and here comes an unmarried woman of forty, with no past, no corroding grief, no resignation to speak of, and we find her delightful and are charmed when she meets the man whom she can love and finally wins him. This man, Professor Clifford Thornton, is not so lovable, although we must respect and admire him. But his nature has been warped by sixteen years of unhappy marriage (this was where the difference of auras got in its fine work), and the author succeeds in convincing us that he is worthy of better things, meaning the warm-hearted, harmonious Katharine. The story of their slow courtship in Norway is charming, for the fine psychology of the courtship itself, and for the delicious description of summer life on a large Norwegian farm in the mountains. Miss Harraden has performed a literary *tour de force* here, considering that she is an Englishwoman. She has left insular prejudice behind her, and has given us a wholly delightful glimpse of an alien race from the inside, seen not in the caricature of the British papers and the usual British novel, but seen from the point of view of one who has lived among the people she is portraying and learned to see them somewhat as they see themselves. For this, and for her charming heroine, Miss Harraden deserves gratitude, a gratitude that should entirely wipe out memories

**Katharine Frensham.* By Beatrice Harraden. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

of unsatisfactory performances lying between this book and her successful first effort. *Grace Isabel Colbron.*

XI.

PHILIP PAYNE'S "THE MILLS OF MAN."*

THERE is a distinct element of power in this novel. There is also originality, and there is insight. Such a combination could hardly fail to carry interest in its train. The motive of the middle-aged woman, the social leader, over whose head hangs the physician's sentence of death, devoting herself to the political ambitions of her father and husband, is, I think, new in fiction, where shallow critics are wont to proclaim there can be nothing new. Mrs. Corlis is a wonderfully good characterisation, as is also the old senator, combining in his make-up, which is by no means all "make-up," the spirit of the early statesmen of the Republic and the spirit of its later-day politicians. Even at the end there is just a shadow of doubt as to which is the ultimate controlling force, and this strikes me as good art. I do not think the most interesting novel is the one that shows us just what every character thinks and is, way down in his inmost being. We would rather see them as we see men and women—perhaps a trifle more clearly, but surely not with all the problem in their natures solved to hand. Grant this, and you will understand me when I say Senator Dawes is well drawn, and yet not fully expressed. We can sense thus more clearly the sickening doubt of his integrity that creeps over his daughter's mind—a doubt she can never feel to be quite verified and that she puts bravely away against the evidence that seems to point it.

Mrs. Corlis's uncle, the great capitalist, is well done, but without features of special interest, and McBride, the Irish boss, is conventional. The weak spot—a very weak spot in the story—is Corlis, for his characteristics, as described by the author and as shown by himself, are constantly at odds. He jars from beginning to end. One cannot conceive of a man whose poise, policy and cleverness are so insisted upon, going and *staying* out of his way to insult and sneer at the wife who is necessary to his success and who is, above all, his companion, confidant and helpmate. In trying to make Corlis a villain, Mr. Payne has lost sight of his values, and his contrasts, instead of being illumining, become contradictory.

After all, it is in this nice balancing of cause and effect, constituting in so large a measure the merit of the novel of life, that the author loses his grasp. He can create a character and he can express it, but he does not seem to be quite able to mould the expression of several characters into a consistent whole. He is constantly throwing them together so as to jar the entire fabric in a way that realistic fiction must not be jarred. The political convention scene is particularly crude, all the way down from the great financial magnate taking so prominent a position among its leaders. Magnates like J. J. Jarrett do not do such things now-a-day, for, if they did, the joy of the enemy would be great and deep, and the trainers of the so-called Octopus are wise enough to seclude themselves from definite charges of direct influence. This is but a sample of the errors which the author heedlessly makes. The presence of Ruggles, the poor reporter, at the dinner of the leaders at which the inside policy of the campaign is freely discussed, merely because Ruggles happens to be a man in whom Mrs. Corlis feels an interest, is also baldly impossible: that is, impossible in fiction. Nothing is impossible in life, but the novelist must learn, like the painter, that the realism of art must be either consistent or logically inconsistent. Freak scenes and freak sunsets must be vigorously barred, because realistic art must not only give what is real, but must also convince us of its reality; a responsibility which nature can afford to ignore.

These are the faults of the book: a lack of fitting together, an irrelevancy of values, and a tendency to shape events too violently in order to meet ill-considered purposes of the moment. There is a sort of submerged love story between Ruggles, the reporter, and Hildegarde Brown, a non-descript business woman;

**The Mills of Man.* Philip Payne. Chicago and New York: Rand, McNally & Co. $1.50.

but it does not take hold of you, because its principles never seem quite to live. Mrs. Corlis is the centre and merit of the story, and amid all the defects, she is good enough to preserve the interest and to make our ultimate verdict a compromise.

Duffield Osborne.

XII.

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S "CHERRY."*

VERY few of us will read *Cherry* without getting something of the thrill of surprise and of genuine pleasure which came to us when, for the first time, we picked up *Monsieur Beaucaire* and were carried delighted to the end by the charm of style and by the dash and fire with which the author spun his yarn of Beau Nash and old Bath and Lady Mary and the self-willed young cousin of King Louis XV. who, to escape the royal wrath, crossed the channel with the passports of the French Ambassador's barber. *Cherry* is not *Monsieur Beaucaire.* It lacks the earlier book's touch of pathos and the romantic setting. But it is an exceptionally well-told tale, as tales go, delicate, original, and quaintly humourous. Above all, in this book Mr. Tarkington has caught what to us seems the spirit of the colonial life of the state and the period with which the narrative deals. We feel the loneliness of existence in the years before the War of the Revolution when habitations were few and far between, when people wishing to make swift journeys did so on horseback, and when there was the constant menace of the men of the road.

The story is told by the impossibly priggish Mr. Sudgeberry, nineteen years of age, and finishing his third year of study at Nassau Hall, who being enamoured of Miss Sylvia Gray and her cherry-coloured ribbons, urges his suit by a fine display of the erudition that he has wrung from the literature of the ancients, ignoring the beauties of nature to point out to her the allegory of the lowly cobweb. Although such thick-skulled pedantry as Mr. Sudgeberry shows would be outrageously impossible in real life, it gives to the narration of this whimsical tale an irresistible humour. Miss Sylvia's other suitor is William Fentriss, a fellow student of Sudgeberry at Nassau Hall, a rakish blade, fond of fine raiment and hot punch and merry companions. Of course Mr. Sudgeberry cannot possibly see that such a roysterer could possibly be a serious rival for the esteem and regard of a decorous and serious-minded young woman, and when Fentriss, on account of a misunderstood toast, is banished and in disfavour, the Sudgeberry complacence is supreme. A ride over the Delaware, an attack upon the coach in which Miss Sylvia and her father are journeying, by pretended highwaymen whose purpose is to enable Fentriss to come galloping to the rescue like a hero of the most approved romance, and final confrontations and explanations are the contrivances by which the real state of affairs are forced into Mr. Sudgeberry's dull mind. The book is a delicate one, and if it does nothing greatly to enhance Mr. Tarkington's reputation it will in no way decrease it.

Beverley Stark.

**Cherry.* By Booth Tarkington. New York: Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

THE BALLADE OF DEAD SELLERS.

(With Apologies to Villon.)

Oh, tell me now, past all debate,
 Just where "The Right Of Way" may be,
Or what dim lands are consecrate
 To "Harum's" rustic chivalry?
 By what strange ways of land or sea
Doth "Audrey" shed the casual tear,
 Or "Janice Meredith" take tea:
Where are the books of yester-year?

What "Crisis" now makes desolate?
 Where's "Eben Holden's" word of glee,
Or "Mrs. Wiggs's"? Who doth prate
 To-day of Vernon's Dorothy?
 "To Have and Hold" them one time we
Were glad enough, but now, I fear,
 We chant their dirge right merrily:
Where are the books of yester-year?

Who'll now "The Christian's" woes relate?
 Poor "Knighthood's Flower," you'll all agree
Is "Run to Seed" and much that fate
 O'ertook the whole "White Company."
 "Red Rock" is lost; inaudibly
"The Choir Invisible" makes cheer,
 And "Trilby" sobs th' insistent plea:
"Where are the books of yester-year?"

L'ENVOI.

O, Publishers, on bended knee,
 I ask: Where did they disappear,
All these and more past memory—
 Where are the books of yester-vear?

Reginald Wright Kauffman.

SOME TRUTHS ABOUT AMERICAN READERS.

IN a recent number of *The Outlook*, Mr. Brett raised several interesting questions which may roughly be classed as follows: Is the American nation steeped in an optimism which is reflected in its literature? Is the reading public of the United States of a higher average intellectually than that of thirty years ago? Is its rejection of the pessimist and decadent literature of Europe a sign of superior health, intelligence, and a brighter material outlook? Mr. Brett cheerfully answers these questions in the affirmative, and so no doubt would any other publisher who had distinguished himself in a difficult field; but it seems to me that there is more in this subject than appears on the surface, and I am sure Mr. Brett will forgive me for amiably differing from him.

That, superficially, we are a race of optimists no one will deny; but how near to our roots does this optimism extend, and is it reflected in our literature? In a vast and populous country we have just one first-class humorous illustrated weekly, and I never look through a copy that I am not struck by the sadness or tragedy behind most of the cartoons, and the apparent poverty of amusing material in the United States. The *nouveau riche* and the snob are its principal resource, the callow society youth, who could only inspire humour in a desperate humourist, the hurry and heartlessness of our great cities, the rapacity of politicians and monopolists. Almost never does one see a page inspired by a bubbling well of inherent fun, such as informs nearly every page of the *Fliegende Blätter*, for example. Indeed, since I have lived in Southern Germany I have grown to question if we Americans are really humourists or merely a race with a strong youthful sense of the ridiculous —a vastly different thing from true humour. As for the several second-class humourous weeklies their butts are the Jew, the negro, the hayseed, and the politician. They are drearier than Gorky Russia.

In our literature of the moment even—and excluding Mr. Howells, who is distinctly the most depressing author of his time—I fail to find that note of redundant optimism. It is true that most American novels "end well," but that, I fancy, is due to artistic pride; the poorest writer can make his ending "strong" if he invokes the aid of death or severed hearts; moreover, being eminently sane, the American knows that the great law of compensation doles out a sufficiency of bright spots in life for the author to draw upon for satisfactory climaxes. He knows that for all whose fortunes "end badly" at some given moment, there are many compensations ahead, that every sane mortal recovers from the blows of death and ungenerous fate, and goes on to new adventures—that, in short, no climax, except death for all, is final; and that unless the tragic note is struck at a book's very start it is more artistic, in other words, more natural, to leave the last of all climaxes, as well as many that may precede it, to the imagination of the reader. And the American writers who win their way, are, with few exceptions, artistic. That and a certain distinction are their salient characteristics. They are often thin and narrow, cold and quite lacking in objectivity, but their high literary average is astonishing. One result of this is that some six or eight popular English writers I could mention have little or no circulation in the United States. They are more abundant in invention than the average American author, more successful in creating an illusion, more objective; but their loose and often offensive style, their incurable use of "different to" and other solecisms, their utter lack of native distinction, their platitudes and inartistic construction, disgust the fastidious and often finicky American. To succeed with the greater public indifferent to niceties they would have to write on subjects popular with the American people; who either want to read about themselves or to be instructed

in such of their history as puts them into a pleasing glow without taxing their understanding.

But this is a digression, and leaving out the small group of known novelists who frankly cater to this class, I find very few who write as if this were the best of all possible worlds, and the United States "God's Own Country." Doubtless those who think see little in the country to induce a reckless hilarity. It is true that we are not oppressed by monarchy and its willing tools, the police, that our books are not censored in search of possible truths about majesty and government. Liberty of conscience is a beautiful and inspiring factor in the temperament of a nation, and no doubt we fully appreciate this supreme advantage. But on the other hand we are skating on thin ice over portentous problems: the Labour, the Jew, the Negro, the Monopolist, are a few of them. We know there is corruption and venality in our highest courts, and that in any it is difficult for the under dog to obtain justice. In all but a few sturdy States honesty in politics is as unknown as genius in the magazines, and it is a truly tragic fact that the well-meaning reformers have neither the cleverness nor the numbers to win a permanent triumph over the magnificently organised forces of evil. In our great cities a man sacrifices his youth, health, a good third of his life, makes himself hard, obnoxious, impervious to happiness, that he may not be overwhelmed by the competing flood. No more interesting hero of a novel could be made use of, except as a contribution to social history. The American novelist is, perforce, driven to psychology; or if he attempts romance he does the best he can with an unprolific but mellow past. Psychologically, the United States is the most promising country in the world, but for that very reason it does not inform the heart with perfect joy, nor the roots of the national optimism with vitality; although freedom, lack, as yet, of overpopulation, and a certain evenness of opportunity—in theory, at least—saves us from such a novel as *Jude the Obscure*, and from the morbidity of the often hopeless European.

Mr. Brett maintains that the present reading public of the United States is more intelligent and educated than that of thirty years ago because it encourages such first-class psychologists as Mrs. Wharton and Mr. James Lane Allen, and so purely literary a romanticist as Maurice Hewlett. But thirty years ago did not the American public devour in huge pirated editions the works of Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, the Brontës, Hugo, Balzac? Did it not read Hawthorne and Poe, Mark Twain, and Bret Harte? The truth is that the population of the United States has so enormously increased in the last thirty years that to-day there are all sorts of audiences; every author worth his salt will obtain a hearing, and those well above the average will have the success they deserve. A book is popular in one set and ignored in another, may even have a vogue in Philadelphia and practically be unheard of in New York. Personally I have never met anybody who has read the huge successes of recent years, and all my friends and acquaintances appear to have had the same experience.

In regard to Mr. Brett's last point, that the pessimistic and decadent literature of Europe has no vogue in the United States, and that the fact is greatly to our credit, I am inclined to think that the cause lies not in a healthy and disdainful optimism, nor yet in our ineradicable purity of mind, but in a certain provincial lack of interest in "the world," in "life." We should be reminded that the so-called decadent literature of Europe which survives ephemeralism—the fate of most of it—has a certain historical significance. Inasmuch as it reflects the tendency of a nation, and the spiritual development, or disintegration, of a people. Therefore, no matter how disagreeable, it is worthy of study by those who have the intelligence to appreciate it. I will venture to assert that all that is notable in this class of literature is overlooked by no cultivated American who is interested in life as it is. He may read it as he would read the latest developments in bacteriology or in wireless telegraphy, but he reads it.

The novels of D'Annunzio are the most notable instance in point at the present moment. In spite of their poetry, their incomparable style, their penetrating psychology, the really great thoughts scattered through them, they are prob-

ably the most repulsive works of art ever achieved by the uncompromising realist; repulsive in their monotonous unmorality, in the mental, spiritual, and bodily disease of every character portrayed, in unrelieved pessimism, in their nauseous atmosphere of decay. But were they without the high qualities I have enumerated, still should they be read for a far more vital reason—*they are Italy*. All the stories and novels on Italy, by authors foreign and native, do not in bulk express this dead country as does one chapter of any of the works of D'Annunzio. The vast horde of sightseers who go to Italy, Baedeker in hand, who bore themselves in the picture galleries and try to feel romantic among the ancient smells of Venice, return home to swell and perpetuate the legend. But any person born with the faculty to see must recognise Italy for what she is—an old corpse. She reeks with rottenness, degradation, disease; she is a thing of the far past, gangrene, crying out for decent burial. And, consciously or not, this hideous fact is epitomised in the novels of D'Annunzio; and surrounds them with the same sinister glow that rises from the corruptions of the marsh and the sea.

In Northern Germany, no doubt, the heavy pessimism, the gloomy spirit of discontent, is due to the crushing weight of the military, the censorship of the police, the barriers between conscience and speech, and the inexorable laws of caste; but is it the less worth reading because it expresses the genius of a people? In Norway, Sweden, and Denmark the long night for so great a part of the year, and the impossibility of lifting one's roots from the hole where callous Nature planted them, the barrenness, the meagreness of mere existence, are sufficient reasons for the spirit which produced *Beyond Human Power*, and any one of Ibsen's depressing but most truthful performances. Reading them doubtless makes matters worse, and the gloom of an eternal night would seem to be the ultimate fate of Scandinavia; but when I hear an American denounce these plays as unfit for the boards I am grateful for the hint of another narrow-minded bore to avoid in the future.

Most so-called French literature is Parisian, and Paris is not France. Of Russian literature almost all has been said. No one need be told the causes of decadence and pessimism in that criminal among nations. If the few authors of note it has produced could have risen above Russia then they would have been great indeed; but because they could not, the greater the value of their work as historical documents, the more reason for us to read it. The world is our oyster. Those of us who open it lose little and gain much. *Gertrude Atherton.*

THE REVELATION OF HERSELF.

By Mary Farley Sanborn.

Part IV.

Sunday, September 5th.

I have fulfilled my various duties for the day, and now may sit down at nine of the clock, post meridian, to write to you. No letter *from* you, of course, it being Sunday. Would you like to know how I have spent the day? First, after breakfast, I paid the usual visit to my grandmother, who looked blankly at the ceiling while I talked to her. (I kept Miss Burden beside me all the time I was in the room. She is getting to understand me.) From eleven to one I read aloud to Bonnie, who ruined her own sight years ago by refusing the aid of glasses. At one-thirty we dined (the Sunday custom) and by the time I had finished my dessert, Myles was at the door with the carriage and pair, Maidie on the back seat which she insisted on my sharing with her. We drove till I was tired to death, and after we came home I read Jungle stories to her under the trees. They both stayed to "tea," as it is called here.

Observe that I have not seen Lawrence

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since Friday, and Sunday is his holiday too, poor fellow—I mean poor in resources, for he claims there is no one in Pullen whose society is of interest to him but me. He said, "It's a shocking dull hole, don't you think, Miss Madge?" and I said I thought it must be if it was really so bad as that. Then he began to protest, he didn't mean, I knew he didn't mean, he was sure I understood he didn't mean —until I had to help him out. I gave him permission to practice making graceful speeches on me, provided he would take his experiences to heart and profit by them. He replied significantly that he *would* take them to heart, and gave me a look to match the words. I said, "Don't be silly, please; and remember that you are not to come near the house on Sunday, even to walk past and look at the windows, as you did last week. Pullen is stupid enough to live in, but it isn't blind, and it sees with magnifying glasses, too."

"Oh, do you think they gossip about us?" he cried, his face lighting up.

How funny men are—so literal! Even you, for though you seem to have the most good-humoured tolerance for Larry, you persist in regarding Myles as somehow important. How can I disabuse your mind of the extravagant fancy that he figures at all significantly in *our* exalted life? He is walking about here, to be sure, and a very useful person he is. Our income reaches us through his hands, and I have not the faintest idea where it comes from—my grandmother's investments, of course, but I don't know where or what they are, or how I should get at them by myself. He says, "Do you want some money?" and I say yes. He takes out a roll of bills and gives me as much as I require—the transaction is beautifully simple. But truly, once for all, dear Tony, I want you to feel convinced that he has no authority over me, no right to meddle in my affairs, none, that is, except what he himself assumes. You would have to know Myles to know how much he can assume. You see, he has known me ever since I was a little girl, and he is by nature dictatorial. I suppose he considers my grandmother's illness to have deprived me of a much needed guardian, hence his counsel, which I regard myself as having taken very sweetly. I shall speak plainly to him by and by. Just now, he is giving me nothing to complain of. He has been altogether neutral and colourless in his manner since the little passage-at-arms I wrote you about. I wish I did not have to explain so much, or rather, that I had not so much to explain, it leaves so little space for that which is worth saying.

I am so glad, dear, that you will soon be having it cooler in New York. When Aunt Letitia opens her house I shall run over there for a couple of weeks, that is, unless by that time I am finally released. My grandmother seems to be gaining very slightly in strength, but there cannot be any real improvement, the doctors say. Miss Mackillay is back on night duty, and I am thankful for that. The little that I see of Miss Burden is soothing and reassuring to my spirit. She is the only person I have to do with in these days who does not make some demand upon me. I am using a very subtle and skillful diplomacy to interest Myles in her. Fancy me as a matchmaker! Neither of them suspects—unless it is Miss B. and she smiles her Mona Lisa smile, and lifts her drooping eyelids in the demurest way that I ever saw that eloquent action performed. She has the quiet, gliding movements of a woman who can keep her own counsel.

How gratifying to receive all those letters appreciative of your work! I shall be there to hear the course of talks you are preparing to give next winter, yes, in any case. There is a limit to all sacrifice. I shall tell them the simple truth and come to you. Don't I know, better than you, even, how you need me? For twenty-eight years you have had to make the best of life without me—long enough. I owe my life to you, and there is no other claim upon me that can count against that.

Oh, the little things I think of that I shall do for you! You would laugh that dear, quizzical laugh of yours if I should try to tell you them in detail. They include every possible service from cooking your meals to typewriting your manuscripts. Oh, I shall spoil you, I suppose —make you detestably selfish like the men one hears about. I have heard married women talk of spoiled husbands; they are awful monsters, it seems, equal in their atrocities to the wicked giants of the fairy tales. Tony, would you drop a

collar here, and a necktie there, and put your feet on the sofa cushions, and run the shades up to the top of the windows, and leave cigar stubs on the piano, and kick your slippers under a chair, and then put on your coat and go out in the cheerful expectation that your wife would consider it a privilege to restore order? Well, *you may do all those things.* I suppose I should fold the necktie and pat the pillows lovingly into shape, and go down on thankful knees to brush up the cigar ashes and burnt matches you had scattered about. It doesn't seem as if there could be too much to do for you—the more the better. If you should lose one of your arms I don't believe you would ever miss it, if I were with you—as I should be.

Ah, well, you *are* laughing at me after all! I can see the light in your dear eyes while you read. Laugh if you like, sir, but I can tell you what perhaps you do not know, that every woman, unless she is a beast of selfishness, is part mother as well as all sweetheart to the man she loves. Never fear but you will have to take care of me too. One of the things I mean to do after I come to you is to be just a *little bit* ill, so that you can sit by me and look big and protecting, and feed me my beef tea with a spoon. Tony, don't laugh at that, please. I do mean it. I am so alone, you do not know how alone I feel. . . . There, now, that's all of that. For my sake, dearest, and the respect I think you feel for me, bear in mind that all this nonsense could only be written for your eyes and for no others. I recollect saying once, very wisely and confidently, that whatever else I might do I would never write love letters, oh, no, never would I commit myself to folly with pen and ink. And now you see. Well, the wisdom of those days is foolishness to me since I knew you, and surely if you were to leave my letters about and the chambermaid should read them, she would be willing to admit that love cannot always be held in check by prudence—any woman would.

* * * * *

I have been sitting here and thinking, thinking, oh, ever so long. Now it is eleven o'clock and I begin to feel sleepy. A few hours of forgetfulness, and then comes morning and your letter.

By the River, Thursday, Sept. 9th.

I have brought my writing things out here in order to be secure from interruption while I write, and now I am going to answer all the questions you have been asking me. You say in your dear, kind, last letter, that you don't think you have catechised me so much as I have imagined. You simply trusted me to be in all things as frank with you as you would be with me (no woman on earth was ever that, Tony), but that now you do ask me to put still more confidence in you and unburden my mind of all that is troubling it. It is easily said! I know that to you the request seems a simple one, and you cannot know how difficult it is for me to accede. I wanted to be with you when we talked. You and I came together with the suddenness in which all the *real* things happen; we never had time to talk of anything but our love, and besides, there *was* nothing else after that. A few weeks, which did nothing to make the great thing seem less wonderful, and then I was called away here, so abruptly that we had only time to say good-bye, and ever since I have been held fast in my false position, helpless to explain myself to you by letter, unable to see you even for a day, and knowing all the time that you feel me to be lacking in frankness, the one quality that you value most in yourself and in others.

It has been terribly hard, and now comes the hardest thing of all—the task of making myself clear to you by written words, with no chance of making any appeal but that of reason, without even your eyes to reassure me, nothing to tell me how far I am incurring your displeasure—just bidden to tell the "simple" truth—as if the truth were ever simple!

I don't know how I feel to-day, much as if it did not matter what happened, I think. I wrote you yesterday what you must have thought a very superficial letter; but somehow through the long hours of the night I found myself slowly, very slowly, but at the same time quite steadily, as if I were being led by some power outside myself, coming to the conviction that the truth—in so far as truth can ever lie in mere facts—was something you had a right to know. Of course your right has always included everything, but what I mean is that I came to the point where I saw that I must unburden

my mind of all it contained, and hand the whole over to you to deal with according to your judgment. This may be mere weakness in me, or it may be an awakening regard for what you call truth, a term I am not sure that I understand, but something in me has broken down.

How you should have guessed that I was concealing anything from you I cannot imagine, unless it is that love has made me transparent, but it is true that I have concealed something, and you knew that as you know all things, simply because you are you. I am trusting you to see as I see, and you are under that obligation, are you not, Tony dear? You could not force me to tell you anything that you would suffer to injure me in your eyes.

Well, then, it is a fact (but not *true* if I know what the word means) that before I met you I was engaged to M. H——. I cannot write his whole name in such a connection. It happened last February, the day before my grandmother's will was made. She arranged it with M. in a perfectly coldblooded way, telling him it was her wish that her property should not be divided, nor that portion of it invested in the mills be withdrawn, therefore she would leave all except a few small legacies to me on condition that M. would marry me and assume the guardianship, a legal protectorate over myself and the property. This condition was understood between ourselves, not stipulated in the will itself.

Tony, you *know* that marriages cannot be made in that way, but I did not know it then, nor think about it as it seems to me now any girl of my age and intelligence would inevitably have done. I had never loved any man but my father, and how should I know what was lacking in this man? Moreover I had always been more or less dominated by my grandmother's passion for ruling everything. I knew that M. could never dominate me in that way, and I was not in the least afraid of his lording it over me as he had over poor Nellie. So I consented, lightly enough, as I believe many girls do who have had no previous experience to teach them how to judge a man when he presents himself in the light of a possible husband. I made two or three conditions; first, that the engagement should be kept strictly private until I chose to announce it, and second, that I should be allowed to pay Aunt Letitia a prolonged visit. M. readily consented to both—you can judge how much he *cared.* The principal feature in the whole arrangement was that my grandmother's property would not be divided among several heirs, and so cause inconvenience to his business—I should be such a docile stockholder!

Well, there you have the "truth." This much I will swear to—the word love has never been spoken between us—do I need to tell you any more of him? What does such a man want with a wife at all? It is well for him, indeed, that he is not to have me, for I should lead him a dreadful life, not of deliberate intention, but by reason of the eternal laws that govern attraction and repulsion, the laws that made me turn to you, dear, as the embodiment of all I required in a man—goodness, truth, strength, and sweetness, and that make me turn from him in spite of all there is in his character which one is forced to respect. He is older and wiser than I: he should have known that a woman like me could not be happy with a man like him. No, he is not wiser, for he is without intuition, and it is not with one's *reason* that one perceives the eternal laws. He has no insight. He could give me much that he himself values and consequently thinks would satisfy me, but I, the real Madge, would be forever unknown to him. He asked me because he felt the arrangement to be appropriate. Besides Grandmother Pullen led him up to it, and when Grandmother Pullen leads, the horse not only goes to water, but *drinks.*

Even I was led to the water, but one swallow was enough. And Tony, the moment I saw you, I began to perceive the difference between loving a man and not loving him. Now, you see, here is the distinction between a fact and the truth—I am engaged to M. and I love you. Could there be a simpler illustration? A bare, cold, lifeless fact, and the warm, radiant, living truth. You *see,* do you not?

I know what your next question will be—What am I going to do about it? Dear Tony, I can't do anything just now. To mention the matter to my grandmother would kill her at once, if she un-

derstood the meaning of what I said at all. So I must be silent for the present. M. will be told at the very earliest opportunity, as soon as this strain of suspense is over. He will be very much displeased and disgusted; will think me fickle and erratic and unaccountable, and will probably tell me so; but he will go his regular way just as he did before, or for that matter, is doing now. Believe me, Tony, he is not in the least like one's fiancé. Of course I should speak out before them all, rather than allow *that!*

Oh, well the thing is off my mind, and I am so glad! Write me a good letter and tell me you love me better for having been honest, then I shall realise, as I cannot now, the advantage in having put into words this most unreal of facts. You see it is not in any degree important, a mere shadowy thing which is soon to fade entirely away in the light of our great love. I have had a sleepless night thinking how I could write so that you would be sure to understand, and now I can only *hope* that I have succeeded. You do understand, Tony, do you not?

I shall be restless until I have your answer to this, then I shall feel comforted. It does free one's mind to tell out what is in it; I think I can realise something of what the confessional is to a good Catholic. Now you know, dearest, all there is to know, and after this we can give our attention solely to ourselves. Will you tell me more about the lectures you are planning to give? You dear, red-handed socialist! But in the next letter write only of the love.

Saturday, September 11th.

I will try to reason as you would have me. You say: "I am glad you have told me all there was to tell. It is what I more than half divined when you first went back to Pullen. My dear girl, I make allowance for our different ways of looking at things, which are natural ones on both sides. For myself I cannot reason along any lines that would justify you in holding your present position with regard to the people there, while you still consider your future to belong to me. Now, do not misunderstand me. I do not for one instant mean to imply that you are deliberately deceiving any one, only that you are deluding yourself in clinging to the belief that you ought for any reason to keep further silence. I am not putting forward any claim for myself, or even for the others. I am thinking solely of you, and your accountability to your own true self. I want you to act from within, because only by your so doing can any of us obtain that part of you which justly belongs to us. I must not advise you; it would only be overruling your will with my own; and to ask you to act from my notions of the right course would be to influence you to do something which was outside your own lines of conduct, and for which you might very justly blame me in the future. It must be Madge who acts. My word to you is, Be honest and straightforward, considering results as little as possible. Confer with the best in yourself—that is the utmost any of us can do."

And that is all—all you have to say to me. I don't know how to answer. I know as well as if you had told me so, that you think I ought to go to Myles and perhaps to my grandmother also, with a plain statement of the whole case, as it stands. Well, perhaps if you had told me to do it, I could do even that, though it would be to take her life in my hands. If you had bidden me, I should feel that I had had the message. But in cold blood, and of myself alone, I cannot do the thing. Once more Tony—oh, I beg of you to think of it in this way!—it cannot be judged from the outside, and according to fixed principles. Everything is modified by surrounding circumstances, is it not so in all your experience of life and conduct? It would have been far better if I had not told you what I did, for you who are outside cannot see, as I from the inside see so plainly, that it makes no difference to anybody whether Myles is enlightened now or a few weeks later. Tony, he does not love me, or even care for me. He is too self-centered to care for anybody. He respects himself first, and his duty because it is a part of himself. Surely you know the type.

Won't you trust me a little longer? You say you leave it all with me. Then wait a little. I cannot, for your sake I cannot, make any change in my position here. All these things will in the end adjust themselves, and along what you call natural lines. How much better to

let it all be settled that way! If he were in any sense my lover!—but he is not. It would be hard to imagine a man more self-contained. I am doing all I can to divert his alleged interest in me into Miss Burden's direction. I have already told you I mean he shall marry her. I was really serious; the plan is most appropriate and quite feasible. She has no love for her profession, *per se*, and she could not hope to do better than marry Myles. Neither she nor any one else in Pullen outside the three persons immediately concerned, knows of this queer engagement, so to her Myles is simply an eligible man and a possible husband. Depend upon it, she has turned the idea over in her pretty head.

I cannot hope that my reasoning will make any appeal to you. That must be because I have not the ability to make it clear and logical rather than because it is faulty in itself. If you would only tell me what to do—but then I might have to refuse you, and that would kill me. Simply, there is only one course to keep. Oh, it seems incredible that a wretched cobweb should fall between us and look to you like a network of iron, while I am powerless to brush it away!

I walked over to South Pullen yesterday, and there was no letter. I suppose you thought it best not to write until you should have mine of Thursday. Well, all you do is true and right. But your letter has chilled me, and I cannot speak of myself. I know you are greater than I, but it cannot be I am altogether unworthy of you when I love you so.

Tell me what to do!

Friday, September 16th.

Against the inevitable there is no prayer that can prevail. This, then is my last letter to you for the present, perhaps forever. You say you cannot consider yourself to have any claim upon me so long as I am supposed to be engaged to another man, and that with such complications as make it imperative I should act with more than the scrupulousness required in an ordinary case. I have said everything I could say, made every appeal. You can see only one course—absolute, plain, uncompromising truth-telling, and that course I cannot pursue. Therefore you leave me in the silence where you found me, only it is deeper and more intense, because the music has stopped. Not forever; I know it will sound again, and that is why I would not give up my position if I could. You love me, and love never changes. I have learned that, knowing as I do the difference between an eternal love and the earthly substitute that so many women accept because they must fill their lives with something.

I do not understand how it is that I am not unhappy, but such is the strange fact. Nor have I any fear for the future. A wonderful power seems holding me up. It is as if I looked out from a mountain-top, and saw, far off, the peak where I was one day to stand with you. There are valleys between, deep and dark, and I must descend into them, but I am brave and strong, "I am captain of my soul."

Tony, I shall write to you each day just as I have done, and the letters, or diary, if you would rather call it so, will be laid away till the time comes when you wish to see them. These have been five blessed months, in spite of the separation and the misunderstanding and the pain. God bless you, my own Tony. It is not good-bye. I shall feel you near, and I shall come to you in my thoughts. The power that led me to you five months ago will not allow the bond to loosen by absence. And our Day *will* come. Till it does, and forever, I am your own Madge.

Saturday, September 17th.

This is a letter to you, to be written and addressed, and laid away till you can have it. When you read it, I shall be sitting beside you, leaning my head against your shoulder. All the way along as you read you will be stopping and asking me to explain, and as you turn your head your cheek will rest upon my hair. It is only to wait a little while and then I shall come to you with all that belongs to me, and it will be yours. I can tell you now, for you will not see this until all is made right, what my real reason is for not making things plain to the people here.

In the first place, as I have so often said, it is not their affair; but the one thing I am thinking most of is that I must come into possession of my grandmother's property, which in both the legal and moral sense rightfully belongs

to me. I could not explain this to Myles, for he would say that she had intended the will to be conditional upon our marriage—oh, the word!—and he would never be generous enough to admit that I had any right to the advantage of the will unless I complied with the conditions literally. And heaven knows the place is uncomfortable enough now, with my grandmother grimly silent as if she could help me, but would not; and Myles's exalted air of being the one person about whom the whole situation revolves.

And so, to state the matter plainly, I intend to remain silent until my rights are legalised, when I will at once make myself clear to Myles. He could certainly not wish to take an unwilling wife, and the readjustment will be simple. Now no more of this. I do believe that even before you see me again you will understand me better, so it will be quite unnecessary for me to clear myself to you.

Larry was here last night. I was glad to see him, for I was in a strange condition of mind that made me a little afraid of myself. Not sad in the least—exhilarated, rather, with the kind of solemn joy one feels in dying, I imagine. I did not like it to go too far; I could not feel quite sure what it would do to me, so when he came I let myself be as flippant and inconsequent as any schoolgirl.

He said, "Miss Madge, I have never seen you like this before. You have as many moods as the New England climate."—not bad, was it?

I don't remember whether I thought to mention to you at the time—my mind was always so full of more important things when I was writing to you—that one day when Mr. Norrice and I met in the road he talked to me more seriously than ever before about Larry, begging leave to be perfectly frank with me and going on to ask me "for the boy's own sake," as he said, to be as guarded as possible in my manner with him.

I opened my eyes and said, "I don't quite know what you mean, Mr. Norrice. Do you think me too free?"

By no means, he hastened to say, only—there was a look of consciousness in his eyes, a young man of Larry's age did not always understand a woman's kindness, and might mistake it for something more significant.

I laughed so hilariously that I think he was rather annoyed, and a little disconcerted—it must have been one of my happy days, because there have been days at a time when I couldn't laugh at all. We had met on my way home from South Pullen, and I had a big letter from you in my chatelaine bag—I remember I felt at peace with the world, and in a humour to be amused at anything. It struck me as simply funny that I should be accused of leading Larry on when I had snubbed the boy so unmercifully, sending him away again and again, and forbidding him the house almost.

"I think it is you who are mistaken instead of Larry," I said.

His eyes flashed with a look that made his face for the time being quite interesting; but he bowed as if he would concede the point rather than argue it—with a woman, I suppose he thought.

"I have been with him every day since the first of June," he said, quite firmly and evidently much in earnest. "He is a good fellow, and he has the making of a man. I should consider it very deplorable if at this time in his life he were to come by any experience that should sadden or embitter him."

I wanted to laugh again; Larry, saddened and embittered, was a person difficult to imagine. However, I saw that Mr. Norrice was serious and his feelings were at that time more to be considered than Larry's. He is one of those persons who look at everything in the aspect of its deepest significance, a man you could safely turn to in trouble, but who might be rather out of place when there was any fun going on. However, I had my own dignity to defend, you see. I said, "What are you accusing me of, Mr. Norrice?"

"And I know you would be very sorry afterward if you were unintentionally to mislead him," he went on, very quietly.

Now, it is funny, is it not, that while I was engaged to two men I should be accused of misleading another? What I wanted most at that moment was that Mr. Norrice should go his way and leave me to sit down and read your letter. So I answered, as simply as I knew how:

"Indeed, I should, Mr. Norrice. I don't think I know the first principles of coquetry. There never was a girl, I believe, who was less of a flirt. I like

Larry just about as I do Maidie, and I think, as you do, that there is the making of a man in him. You know you wanted me to use my influence to get him to study, and I did try to use it, such as it was. I talked to him very seriously. I told him I should be dreadfully disappointed if he failed to pass, and that you and his mother would both feel that it was my fault that he had wasted his time. Wasn't that what you meant I should do?"

He was looking down at the ground with his hands behind him, and he did not raise his eyes for an instant. When he did so, I was surprised to see a humourous twinkle in them.

"Well, something like that. I think you may give yourself the credit of having furnished Lawrence with a motive for work. He has said several times that he would shoot himself before he would go and tell you that he didn't pass."

"That's good. He'll only be here a little while longer, and I'll try not to undo my beautiful work. Where is he this morning, by the way?"

"I left him cutting asters," said Mr. Norrice, dryly, and I knew by his tone that the asters were for me. Sure enough, they arrived in an hour's time, their stalks still wet with the dew.

Now there are no more walks to South Pullen. I don't think I can ever bear to go over that road again—not until I have made my peace with you. I shall avoid walking in that direction, for I must not allow myself to be unhappy. It would make me weak, and I need all my strength for what is before me.

Sunday, September 19th.

I folded yesterday's letter, put it in an envelope and sealed it. I didn't go as far as to put a stamp on, but I wanted it to look like a real letter. It didn't; no letter does without a stamp. After all, I need not keep up such a childish pretense. You will have all that I write some time, and the form will make no difference to you then, and so need not to me now.

This is a lovely September afternoon—or might be under happier circumstances. I did not sleep so very well last night, and feel a bit dull to-day. I have performed my usual duties, and presently will come the inevitable drive. To-morrow Maidie begins school. I wanted her father to let me teach her; it would occupy the time that I don't know what to do with, and be a real pleasure. But he believes in public schools and the stimulating effect of competition, and perhaps it is just as well. I am likely to go away from here almost any time at a week's notice.

I wonder what you are doing this beautiful strange Sunday. Do you miss me? We cannot be really separated, ever, in this world, nor in any other. I have been trying to say some things to you—in the silence, as one talks to God. I close my eyes and sit trying to reach you until I almost lose consciousness of where I am, and then I try to conjure up your face. I am sure you are aware of me, and that in the true sense we are together. Space and time mean nothing except to our poor finite conception. I know you think of me and love me, which means far more than to be with you without the love. As long as you are in the world and love me, I can never be unhappy or really alone.

Tuesday, September 21st.

Would it seem foolish to you if you knew it, my writing to you just as I have been in the habit of doing, and putting the poor little letter away in a drawer to lie in the dark until our own particular Judgment Day? Well, the sun will not be cold, nor the stars old, *then*. It is always possible that to-morrow may bring the Judgment, and that thought upholds me.

Only the inspiration to write seems lacking a little. I have not your reply to anticipate, and that takes away the zest. Still, when the time comes you will want the history of each day. I wish I had asked you for a list of books to read. I have begun *Mill* upon my own recommendation, and I find him fascinating. I keep thinking of questions I want to ask you. I am writing those down in a note book. I shall come back to you bristling with information and queries. How we shall enjoy comparing notes! I am sorry I did not ask you to keep a journal for me,—perhaps you will think to do it. I might write now and suggest it, only I don't quite know whether you would wish to hear from me.

Oh, Tony, how that sounds! After I had written it I sat looking at the sen-

tence. What can have come between us? Nothing, nothing, nothing.

I have just picked up one of our favourite volumes to divert my mind for a little. And the first thing my eye rested on was something that made me shut the book:

"Ah, Love, but a day,
And the world has changed!"

I don't want to think one thought like that. Nothing is changed. Nothing could be unless the love changed first, and that cannot be. It can never be.

Saturday, September 25th.

I have not been able to write as regularly as I thought I should. The difference between a letter you will read the next day, and one you may never see, is significant to a loving woman whose one wish is to be loved in return for the love she gives. But to-day my spirits are a little lighter. I have not been able to eat or sleep, till last night. I was too worn out to lie awake, and this morning I woke somewhat refreshed.

But, oh, my heavy heart! the days drag slowly! If it were not for Lawrence and Maidie I do not know how this silence and suspense could be borne. They are young and full of the abounding vitality that makes one hopeful for the world, despite one's own bitterness and trouble. Larry has been working hard. He has taken his exams, and will go back to Cambridge next week if he passes. If he does not pass, I don't know what will happen, except that I shall probably be held accountable.

I have had all the week an almost irresistible desire to write you. Nothing but the fear of your displeasure kept me from it, not my pride nor my judgment. I think I have neither where you are concerned. It is a week since you heard one word from me.

Monday, September 27th.

It is all too true. Larry is a goose, and I have really something to answer for, it seems,—poor I, made a criminal in my own despite!

Yesterday was rainy. Maidie was housed with a slight cold. Myles came over in the afternoon, but went home to "tea." At eight Larry's card came up. He had called in the face of my express injunction,—I had told him he was to spend the last evening with his mother. Mr. Norrice has returned to New York, his services being at an end.

Bonnie and I were sitting in my room before a crackling wood fire, listening to the pattering rain and mourning our lost youth. I had a mind to send Bonnie down in my place, she looked so much younger than I felt, in her pale-blue silk jacket trimmed with swansdown. I wore the shirt waist that Bonnie says is unbecoming, and had not done my hair over since morning.

I walked to the door without so much as glancing in the mirror, leaving Bonnie with her eyes bent upon Larry's card, trying to decipher it without her glasses. She was horrified when she found I had really gone down in the objectionable blouse, but then, Bonnie would think it worth while to dress for the grocery man.

Well, it makes little difference to any man, I believe, whether one's costume is becoming or otherwise. Lawrence sat on the music stool looking strung up and, for him, quite miserable. I jumped at the conclusion that he had flunked his Latin after all, but he said no, he had passed that and geometry, too. They had wired him the day before, and he wanted to come right over and tell me, only he saw Havenden's carriage at the door.

I began to congratulate him in guarded terms, with an uncomfortable prescience that Mr. Norrice was coming right.

"And your mother is so gratified, I am sure," I finished, in the most elder-sisterly tone I could assume.

"Yes, she is pleased. You know, I've done all my work in these last three weeks, Miss Madge, since you talked to me so beautifully about it. I told Norrice that if I didn't pass I'd shoot myself."

"Oh!"—rather contemptuously.

"I meant it. I should have done it. You would have thought I was a stupid donkey, and I couldn't have borne that."

"Well, there is no use talking about it. Everything is all right now. You've got rid of your conditions—isn't that good? I feel quite proud to think I had any part in it."

"You did the whole of it. If it hadn't been for——"

"Larry, you absurd boy, trying to flatter me. If you didn't work simply and solely for your own sake and your

mother's, you ought to be ashamed to tell it. Don't sit perched up on that music stool; my grandmother's easiest chairs are none too comfortable. You mustn't stay long, anyway. And so you are leaving us on Tuesday?"

"I've got to. That's what comes of passing the exams. Miss Madge, you will let me write to you sometimes?"

"I'll see. Perhaps, just to tell me how you are getting on."

"And you'll promise to answer?"

"Oh, no, I never promise anything, I'm so likely to change my mind. I should have nothing to write that would interest you. We only talk of how much nourishment my grandmother has taken, and there won't be anything going on here this winter, will there? I've never been a winter in Pullen before. How your mother will miss you!"

He was walking about the room with his hands in his pockets, and at this he wheeled around and faced me. "I'd give the world to think that you would!"

I was simply vexed with him. I'm so tired of people! Maidie is the only person in the world I really care for, except the one I love. Everybody else only makes trouble for me.

"Oh, Larry," I said, "please don't talk that way. And don't stand there and look at me. If you only knew how tired I am!" And all at once my voice broke.

"Miss Madge!" he said, in tones full of sympathy. I had to lower my eyelids to hide the tears. One did run over, I think, and roll down my cheek.

"Yes, I'm tired. Don't mind. I oughtn't to speak of it to you. We are so miserable and dreary here, and I dread the cold fall days unspeakably. It is morbid, of course. My part is by no means the hardest one. I have my health, and I am not obliged to stay in a sick-room or sit up nights ruining my complexion. Don't imagine I'm in a state of permanent depression." And I tried to laugh the situation off.

But he looked quite serious. He took a chair near me, and bent over with his elbows on his knees looking at the carpet as he spoke.

"Miss Madge," he said, very simply, "there is something I want to say. Not very much, I won't make you uncomfortable. It's just this. In a year and a half I shall come of age, and then I shall have enough money to make me independent. I don't ask anything of you in the meantime, not a word or sign of encouragement; I just want to tell you that when the time comes I shall feel exactly as I do now—that you are the most perfect woman in the world, and I shall be in a position to say to you what I know you would rather I didn't say until then."

Could anything be manlier? He looked so good, so fresh and strong and true. He seemed to have become a man all at once and to be worthy of the consideration one would show to a senior. If I had planned beforehand what to say in reply it would have been something like this: "Oh, Larry, have I been responsible for your getting such a notion into your head? Because you know it can't possibly ever be."

But I didn't say that. I got up, and he was on his feet in an instant, and we were clasping hands.

"Larry, I feel the honor—I do. I know just how much it means. It means that all you have and are is at my service. Thank you, just as much as if I could accept it. *I* know that when you are twenty-one you will realise that I am twenty-six, but you do not know it, and it is because you're not so worldly now as you will be then. I shall be proud to be your friend, and I don't believe the world will change your willingness to take me in that capacity. Now, I'm afraid you must go. Don't come to see me again, but write me as soon as you feel like it. I *promise* I'll answer."

He goes to-morrow, and I shall miss him, but it wouldn't have done to tell him so. It is never best to tell anybody anything. I wonder if that is an epigram. If it is, I am growing old. It's a sign of age and experience to begin to formulate views of life.

Saturday, October 2d.

If I could see it as you do, Tony, the problem would at once solve itself. If from my own conviction I could determine to act as you think it my duty to do, I might in two hours' time be a comparatively happy woman. I find it a strange and puzzling thing that I cannot act thus, simply for your sake. A month ago, I should have said that your wish would have far more power to move

me than my own. Now I perceive that in at least one matter, it is not so. I should be only too glad if I could act singly, but I do not find it possible. Why, I cannot tell you. It is certainly not that I am setting my own will against yours, —oh, no, the price is too great to pay for a simple indulgence. But there is nothing in *me* which responds to your sense of what in this particular case it would be right to do, and to undertake a great action one must feel the motive power from within. It would not be enough that I knew you were probably right—as indeed I do feel sometimes—I must be right in and of myself.

I cannot see that there is anything for me to do at present. If I break what we for convenience sake will call my engagement with M. there is still the will, upon which the whole matter really rests. I should have no moral right to the money, as he would see it, and yet it would come to me legally, for the will cannot now be changed—unless it were to be destroyed outright, and certainly, you could not expect me to enlighten my grandmother. However I look at the case it only turns over and over like the revolving of a cylinder,—no beginning and no end. There is a chance, meanwhile, that a natural readjustment may come about. M. *may* fall in love with Miss Burden, that is, with her admirable qualities. That would settle it all.

Friday, October 8th.

It is useless to keep up the attempt to write every day. Nothing happens, and my thoughts if put on paper would make but dull reading. I do not get on with Mill. He is so obscure that I do not often understand him, and the things I can understand he reiterates until I am tired of them. I think I will give him up till I am with you again, for I have the impression that you do not agree with him in all points. If you do not, Mill must be wrong, and who knows but I might accept some of the very statements that you disagree with?

There are difficulties in this matter of reading. The poets won't do; they have too much to say of separation, and that brings the thought of fear, for I do not know what is happening to you, now that I no longer have any word from you. Essays are cold reading unless one has a companion. They need to be munched slowly, like walnuts and raisins, with somebody across the table. Emerson I can't read now; he has more philosophy than I want. I would rather suffer than forget how empty life is without you. And Stevenson is too sympathetic. I feel as if I wanted to tell him all about it and have a good cry. He would understand perfectly how I am placed, and why I cannot do as you ask.

I found a set of Lecky in the library, and at present I am reading ten pages a day, and the same of Windelband, which I borrowed from Larry. My grandfather had a very good library, as far as it goes, wholly British and German and American, nothing French, and more history than imagination. The room will be a comfortable place to shut myself in when the winter comes. It gets the morning sun, and there is a big fireplace where I can burn logs from our own woodland. It will be a refuge from Bonnie's prattling, for she regards it as only a degree less dismal than a tomb.

I have a project—to form an evening class of young women for some kind of helpful study. They could bring their work, and I could read to them. They would be working women, of course. I wish I could get your ideas on the subject, you know those people so well. I am not sure that there are many of them in Pullen, though. M. is very sceptical as to my attempt proving successful, but he is not sympathetic in anything, and he believes only in such schemes as can be figured out mathematically. I mean to ask the minister. I want so much to be of service to some one.

Larry is heart and soul in football—bless the boy! He has written me twice, and I am grateful to him for remembering me, and for giving me a glimpse of the world of freedom and activity that lies somewhere outside this place. His letters were frank and friendly, with an interval of two weeks between. The breezes that blow across Soldiers' Field have swept the clouds of sentiment from his brain. That is as it should be. Larry won't forget *me*, he will only forget that he ever thought of me as anything but an agreeable friend.

Friday, November 12th.

It is a long, long time since I wrote,—

five weeks. Maidie has been very ill with typhoid fever. She was ailing when I wrote last, and a day or two after that I begged M. to let her be brought here. He consented, for which I can never thank him enough. In a week's time she was delirious, and another nurse seemed called for. But Agnes Burden offered to help; she said they really had not enough to do for my grandmother, and so between us we took care of the child. Everybody has been very kind; the maids were devoted, and even Bonnie, after her first panic of terror lest we should all come down with fever, was persuaded to stop wringing her hands and behave sensibly. Of course she deluged herself with disinfectants, and would eat nothing that had not been sterilised.

For three weeks there was no respite from anxiety; the time seems like one long, unbroken day. I suppose Maidie was not in actual danger at any time according to the strict interpretation of symptoms, but one can never be sure in that disease what an hour may develop. We watched the crisis of the fever so eagerly that when the first real hope crept into the fear, it was almost as painful as the suspense had been. Then fear fell into step with hope, and for a few days they walked side by side. We said little, only plied the nourishment and prayed. Myles looked as if he had fasted as well; his features came out sharply, the line of his lips narrowed, and his eyes grew stern with the strain of anxiety. He has a heart, if it is only for Maidie. A note of love and understanding seems to have been struck between them. She turns to him from me when he comes into the room, and he feels, I am sure, as if he had plucked her from the very brink of the grave.

Well, they are here for the winter, in all probability. No one knows how the disease was contracted, and of course the sanitary arrangements come under suspicion. Myles will close his house until spring, when the plumbing is to be overhauled. It is the best plan we could think of, for he has to be here so much, and Maidie needs a woman's care,—she has never had anybody nearer than a housekeeper, poor, dear little girl! So we are gathered together under one roof, and it really makes hardly any difference except at mealtimes, the house is so large.

My grandmother showed no concern whatever throughout all those weeks. Miss Mackillay tried to tell her that Maidie was ill and was to be in the house for a time under my care, but she paid no attention. She seems removed from everything, except for those periods of unrest which still occur at times. Then she will lie for hours at a time staring at the safe; and if M.'s name or mine is mentioned, or if one of us comes into the room, she begins that nervous flutter of her one living hand, and the questioning look comes into her awful eye. I have grown so to dread and fear that look that I shrink when I see it and get out of the room as quickly as possible.

Myles says nothing to me, and Miss Mackillay evidently considers that she has relieved herself of all the responsibility belonging to her, and realises that it would be unwarrantable officiousness to assume any further duty in the matter. For my own part, I understand perfectly that if my grandmother could use her voice she would send for the minister to come and marry me to M. at once. He himself, I have no doubt, divines quite as clearly what is in her mind, but will do nothing to force me to comply or to refuse. It is possible that he has no more inclination to come to the point than I have—how could he look upon me with any wish to possess me?—a colourless, lifeless, sad-eyed image,—no more than a faded copy of the Madge he knew a year ago. I have grown so dull and uninteresting that even Maidie has learned to look to Agnes for entertainment.

Of course it is only for the time being. These conditions will right themselves and I shall come back to you. It will take me perhaps a week to recover my old spirits, then I shall be not the old self, I hope, but something better. At present I feel quite useless in the world. I seem to be one of those creatures to whom happiness is a necessary condition of development. I have returned to my reading, but it is purely mechanical. At night I have very little idea of what I read in the morning. We have had our first snowfall, a soft, slow dropping down of furry flakes that lay on the

roofs and lawn all the next day. It gave me a shut-in feeling. How am I to bear the winter—how?

Thursday, December 2d.

Larry came home for Thanksgiving, and broke in upon our provincial quiet like a being from another world. It was good to see him. We walked and drove together, nobody making any protest. I think it may at last have dawned upon M. that the life here is wearing upon me. I have found him studying me sometimes lately; and then, too, he has seemed less hard since Maidie's illness. Well, Larry's visit did me a world of good. He was in great spirits, and not in the least sentimental. I wondered if he had forgotten how he *thought* he felt when he went away. He was just like a big, comfortable, strong, healthy, sensible younger brother,—of course I was glad to have him so, only the change came rather quickly and gave me a sensation of having my own prophesy forced down my throat,—I was perfectly willing to swallow it! And so, whatever Larry may be looking forward to when he arrives at his majority, he is not going to spend the interim in mooning and moping. Athletics are over, he tells me, and there is nothing to do from now until time to plug up for the mid-year exams,—except, as I should gather, to join societies. Bonnie and I are talking of going up to Boston some day and having lunch with him. It would be a wild adventure, but I really think no one would object.

After all, the winter will pass, and spring will be here again. One cannot think of spring without hope. By that time, if no change has occurred, I shall come to New York for a little visit to Aunt Letitia, and who knows but I may just chance to meet you? If I did, you would not turn away your face, would you, Tony? Oh, dearie, I shall see you some day, soon,—I feel it. The eternal laws are all the time drawing us together, and these other conditions are gradually giving way. One by one they will yield, and we shall move a little and a little nearer together, until the last step is taken and we stand face to face. Tony, I sometimes feel that I cannot wait. Fears skulk in and rise up to confront me. On cloudy days and at night they are the worst, but when the sun shines it has power to drive them away. And I know always, in spite of the fears, that I am coming through the dark and the loneliness, by way of many turns and by trembling steps, at last, at last, to you.

Wednesday, December 15th.

I have managed to initiate one of my philanthropic plans, on a rather small scale, to be sure, but I hope it will grow. I could only get ten girls together, even with the minister's coöperation; however, that is not so very bad a beginning, and as others hear about our class, I am hoping they will be attracted to it. We met in our library, and they appeared rather frightened. I had asked them to bring some fancy work, thinking they would feel more at ease to be somewhat occupied while I read to them; but only one of them brought anything. It was a piece of crochet edging, and when she found the others had nothing she seemed anxious to hide it. I found difficulty in getting them to talk about what they would like to take up for a course of reading. Whenever I suggested anything, they only looked at each other and said yes. Two or three of them seemed wanting to laugh all the time,—embarrassment, I suppose. At last I had an inspiration,—Longfellow. Of course you would know, Tony, that it would not have been my choice, and I could not take up a *study* of Longfellow with any enthusiasm, although I like some of his poems. I should have preferred Spencer or Emerson for them, either would have been so helpful. However, when I saw how unenlightened they were I didn't dare mention The Data of Ethics. Some of them have copies of Longfellow, and I could not learn that they had anything else. I shall take up a few of the shorter poems first, and I hope when we begin to read they will show a little interest.

Maidie is absolutely well again, to all appearances, and goes out every day. She would be glad to get back to school, but Myles is suspicious of the sanitation. I don't know what will become of her superfluous activity; she is running wild at present.

And I—I am feeling more alive since Larry's visit. I got rather unstrung during Maidie's illness, and the habit of

sleeping has not wholly returned. But I'm quite contented. I am so sure that this is only a necessary part of the Plan that was made for our ultimate blessing. It is all working out in its own way, which we shall see to have been the best way when we come to look back upon it as a whole. I have the *Gazer* every day, and it is next to hearing directly from you. I wish you would mark everything of your own in it, but I suppose you never see the copy that comes to me,—I am like any other subscriber. Still, it's something to have the paper. I read it over and try to find you in the different articles. They are not a substitute for your letters, but they do give me the assurance that you are alive and at your post.

Tuesday, December 21st.

My grandmother is having one of her restless days and the whole house is affected by it, not one of us but feels the disturbance. Maidie is cross, Bonnie is tearful, Myles looks stern and says nothing, Agnes Burden does not smile, and the maids break dishes. I ought to have made one exception,—Miss Mackillay; she goes her way unperturbed by personal moods or atmospheric changes. We had at breakfast an account of her patient's wakeful night; how she lay watching the door and making inarticulate sounds in her throat, how once she succeeded in almost lifting her shoulders from the pillow. I turned sick and the food choked me. My grandmother has not slept, so the nurse says, for twenty-four hours. Oh! it is horrible, and I cannot bear it! Why should it come upon me to be the cause of a dumb suffering that I can do nothing to relieve? God knows I would end her anxiety if I could. But it is out of the question.

Myles knows what her trouble is, and he will say nothing to me. If he would only ask me to marry him I could refuse; that would at least be taking a stand. Then he could act if he thought best, at any rate, the responsibility would be partly with him, and not as now, resting its whole horrible weight upon me. Sometimes I think I will give him the facts. He could do no more than cast me off, and that is what I want. Perhaps he would think it impossible to do anything about the will, as my grandmother is incapable of changing it. Yet I dread to speak, and after all there is always the hope that he may come to see what an undesirable wife I should be for him. There is Agnes, a sweet and amiable contrast to be marked every day.

Sometimes, too, I am seized by a fearful impulse to go straight to my grandmother and tell her in plain words that I cannot marry Myles. What then? She would die of the shock, or cause the will to be destroyed, in which event her money would be equally divided among her grandchildren—myself and the offspring of her renegade son and the inferior woman he married. Impossible! It would be a wrong and a shame. I cannot do it. Yet the thought keeps coming back to me, and these restless days of hers set it humming in my head. I am in a cage and there is no way out. Some one must die before I can be free. It will not do to think of any solution; there is too much silence here, and time for brooding. Any thought that takes complete possession of one's mind has power to drive one insane. People have gone mad on the most trivial subjects, and this is not trivial.

This house is one in which a tragedy might naturally occur. Large rooms with deep window seats, where a murderer might hide behind the curtains; heavy mahogany doors, dark with age; thick carpets on which one's footfall makes no sound, sombre furniture, and gloomy old portraits. As I go about the rooms I see in them a certain air of expectancy, like a scene set ready for the actors to come on and play the dreadful story. There is a half-moon over the tall window in the upper hall, just outside my grandmother's door. I hate the sight of that half-moon. It has a wicked look like the old moon itself, three-quarters dead in the early morning sky. It has a shade of green silk drawn tightly into a big rosette at the middle of the bottom; when the afternoon sun shines on it the sashes cast their shadow on the curtain in sinister bars. As a child I was afraid to go near it because it seemed to be frowning at me.

When you read this, Tony, you will laugh, or else you will feel a lump in your throat. I think you will call me a foolish girl, but yet be a little bit sorry for me at the same time. But you left me free to act, you said, withdrawing

from the position where you might interfere with the absolute freedom of choice you wished me to exercise. I was to choose which I would serve, the Truth, or my own weakness. You did not put it in those words, but that is what you meant. It is three months since I heard from you, and I am weary with the loneliness, but I cannot think what I shall do to end it. At times I doubt whether we have any right to outrage our love to this extent, or whether it can be love that will submit to such an outrage. You remember the Watts picture, Love and Death,—poor Love with his wings crushed against the doorway? But Life can be crueler than Death.

My pitiful though well-meant efforts to organise a reading class have failed dismally. Yes, already. Only five girls came to the second meeting, and one of those told me she should not be able to come again. The store where she worked was going to keep open evenings till after Christmas, and after that she thought she should take lessons in dressmaking. Next time the three bravest came, but they wouldn't take part in the reading, and they didn't ask a single question. I found out there was a dance over at South Pullen that night and that was where the rest of them had gone. The following week it was stormy, and the next meeting hour I passed in the library alone, wondering if there was anything in the world I could do to please anybody, except the one thing that seems impossible.

Miss Mackillay has the truth of it, I guess. She said:

"That kind of girls can't be helped by anybody that is very far outside of their own life. I suppose they were rather afraid of you to begin with, and perhaps they weren't so much interested in the reading as they ought to be. You could see what they needed, but if they didn't know they needed it, all your willingness couldn't give it to them."

I think I said something a good deal like that in one of my letters to you back in the old days. But my heart aches to be of service to somebody.

Larry is not coming to Pullen for the Christmas recess. His mother is in New York, and wishes him to join her there. He is "awfully sorry, you know I am, Miss Madge. New York is a jollier place than Pullen, but there's *one difference,* and if it wasn't for the mater being so disappointed, I'd make a break and come to Pullen, but you know what she is, and I expect I've got to go. When are you coming to Boston for that little lark we were going to have,—you and Mrs. Boniface? I suppose it wouldn't do without a chaperone, eh?" And so on.

I shall not go to Boston, either before Christmas or after. I've no heart for it. Larry won't care. He wrote one letter without mentioning it at all. He had been going through an initiation and had been taken in the evening to call on a girl with his hair all tumbled up, in a collar he had worn three days, with a morning suit on, and no necktie whatever. The girl was a swell, Miss Madge, and awfully pretty, and she was mighty nice to me, by Jove, and treated me better than she did the fellows that were with me.

When Larry comes of age, he will love me in very much the same way he does his mother.

Friday, January 28th.

Something has happened. It was three nights ago, and this is the first time I have been able to write of it. I have not been ill, but I have felt as one does in a dream, everything strange and unnatural about me, and I have drifted through it, having no power to collect my thoughts and recollections into shape. To-day, however, the events of that night appear in a hard clear light, and I will try to give them to you as they happened.

My grandmother had been having another restless day, and we were all responsive to it in our several ways. I went to my room at night, shivering as if I had taken a chill. I told Bonnie, to get rid of her, that I was going straight to bed, but I knew I was too nervous to sleep, so I let down my hair and braided it, got myself into a wrapper, turned out my light and sat down by the window. The sky was clouded over, but the snow made it light outside, and there was a little fire left in the grate.

I sat quite still, with my head leaning against the back of the chair, thinking of the past, and trying to fit the present to it in some natural sequence. Somehow, I have failed thus far to piece the two

together, there seems a ragged break between them. I can only think that once I was happy, and that now I am forlorn.

All day I had been apprehensive of something about to happen. I started at every unusual sound, and whenever any one looked at me I thought, "Now it is coming, now they are going to say it." It was like the feeling a guilty conscience is said to give, but I have never been on terms of understanding with my conscience, hardly thought whether I had any. I did what seemed best at the time, and troubled myself no more about it.

In the afternoon I went out for a long walk, hoping to get rid of my nervousness, but the moment I set foot in the house again, the horrid, deathlike feeling came over me. At dinner I couldn't eat, and no one, I think, had much appetite. Maidie spilled her glass of water across the table, and cried at her own clumsiness. Agnes was in bed with a headache,—her absence made, as it always does, a sad gap at the table. If she is not very talkative, she is always cheerful, and her very presence is soothing to me. Maidie has been more or less under her charge ever since she got well. They have lessons in the library every morning, and occupy the same room at night, this arrangement having grown out of the child's need of watchful care while she was convalescing. My grandmother's requirements did not really keep two nurses busy, and so, with a little help from Agnes, Miss Mackillay gets along alone. At first, I felt a good many pangs at seeing Maidie pass into other hands than my own; but now, though I don't care what comes of it so far as Myles is concerned, I do feel it to be best for Maidie that she should be out from under the influence of my irritable nerves. Of course I do not mean by this that I am fretful or complaining outwardly, but so much, oh! so much is pent up within me, and how could she help feeling it?

Well, to go on with my story. I sat looking out into the black-and-white night,—black tree trunks against the dead, opaque whiteness of the snow. I wondered if I should ever sink inertly into the place that is waiting for me here, and give up to the sluggish fate that seems to have been slowly paralysing all my faculties of late. I think I fell asleep in my chair, for I came to myself with a start. My own name was ringing in my ears.

I sprang up, not exactly frightened, but bewildered. The fire was all out but one small round patch of glowing coals set in the middle of the heap of ashes. My heart was beating thickly, but I put on a show of bravado for my own sake. I went over and laid some fresh coal on the remnant of fire, lifting each piece carefully with the tongs, so that no sound from outside the room should escape me. I had a vague idea that it was time to go to bed, but I was trembling so that I sat down for a moment on the edge of a chair till my legs should be steadier. As I sat there, the tall clock in the hall began to strike, in the dry, hoarse voice it has since we muffled the striking bell,—just like the noise my grandmother makes in her throat when she tries to speak. It kept on till I thought it would never stop, but I suppose it was only sounding twelve. To me, it seemed to last a long time, and then to cease abruptly, as if its breath was gone.

My door was partly open. I could hear Bonnie snoring steadily. What a blessed thing to be asleep! She seemed a hopeless distance away from me, and I had a horrible consciousness that I was left helpless, and that no one would defend me from what might come. Then I did a strange thing—something I can't account for. I got up and moved toward the door, quite of my own accord and yet in another sense irresistibly drawn. I didn't want to go, and yet I went. Can you understand?

Lights are kept burning dimly in the halls all night since my grandmother's illness. As I stepped outside my own door, I could see quite distinctly the figure of Miss Mackillay standing at the farther end of the hall, right under that frowning window. She was fully dressed as in the daytime, so I knew she had not been in bed. When she saw me she began to walk briskly along the hall in my direction.

I stood a moment as if spellbound. Then there came a frantic impulse to save myself, and I slipped into my room and shut the door. I don't know why I didn't lock it. I suppose I knew it

would be of no use, but I remember pressing my fingers against it to hold it.

Presently I heard the rustle of her skirts outside, and then a tap, light, but imperative. I did not answer, and she called in a whisper, "Miss Pullen!"

"What do you want?" I said.

"Mr. Havenden asked me to come and tell you that your grandmother wishes to see you."

This time I did not ask her how they could possibly know what my grandmother wanted. I felt cold and hard, more like defying them.

"Tell him I am very sorry I cannot come. I am going to bed."

For a minute she hesitated.

"Well, you see, Miss Pullen, he knows you're up. I told him." She was whispering this with her lips close to the crack of the door. "If your grandmother could get quiet, it would be a blessed thing for the poor old lady. She's been stirring all day. Excuse me, Miss Madge, but I'd come if I were you. Perhaps she won't want you but a minute."

I threw the door open wide, so suddenly that I think she was surprised out of her stolid calm.

"Come in," I said, "if I am to have no peace, either day or night."

I went over to the glass and began to wind up my hair without unbraiding it. There was a Japanese dagger lying on the dressing table, one that Larry had given me. I have never seen one just like it; the handle is red and crusted with green jewels. I suppose its mission in life was to be a paper cutter, but we all wander from our original destinies. I caught it up and thrust it through my hair, letting it cut its way through the thick braid. Miss Mackillay gave a little gasp, but did not speak, and I never looked at her. I picked up a fur-trimmed wrap and threw it over my shoulders.

"Sit here," I said, pointing to a chair, "till I come back." And I went out.

I hurried along the hall, entered my grandmother's room and walked straight up to the bed. Myles stood in the door with his hand raised, but I passed him without paying any heed. The moment toward which we had been rushing for the past seven months had come. I was caught into the whirl of it, and nothing could stop me.

My grandmother seemed to wish me to come nearer, so I knelt. Myles had slowly followed me and when she turned that terrible eye up at him he knelt, too. I don't remember thinking anything except that I should probably never be able to get up again, because my knees were turning to stone.

They had lifted her in bed a little, and had got an extra pillow under her shoulders. Her helpless old head tied up snugly in a nightcap, sagged a little to one side. The useless hand was covered by the bedclothes; the other lay on the counterpane, the fingers moving feebly and purposelessly. I held myself upright; Myles's head was bowed. She fluttered her hand out to mine as well as she could and I raised my own and let her have it. It fell like a piece of clay where hers had been. Then she groped for Myles's. He shrank, I could feel that he did, and no wonder. He knew the inhuman advantage that her helplessness gave her. Talk of the weak ones going to the wall! It is the strong who crush themselves against it, in order that the weak may pass by unharmed.

Her hand slipped over the edge of the bed and fluttered there, and still he did not move. His head was bent, but mine was up, and I watched. I felt no desire to help her, but a grim sense of the awful humour of the situation urged me on to my part in it.

"Let her have her way," I said; "it is fate."

He laid his hand beside mine. Her fingers closed eagerly and tremulously on his wrist, and she tried to pull it towards her, all the time making that whimpering sound and peering with her one eye down across the bedclothes to where my hand lay, heavy with the chill that had crept into my very bones.

The scene was at once tragic and grotesque. Her head had fallen still farther to one side, her eye wandered aimlessly in the attempt to calculate the direction of the movement she was trying to make toward a spot she could not see. Her distress became quite pitiable,—if only my own case had not been more so. In the power of her helplessness she was trying to order my young life for me according to her own selfish will. I wondered as I looked at her how I could ever have been afraid of her even when

she had had her health and strength. But I had, and she had been hard with me whenever my will had crossed hers, and never in her life had given me a word or look of love. Now all she was concerned about was to have her own way about the disposition of her property. There was no consideration for my happiness in that panic of anxiety to get the thing settled once for all.

At last after a moment of painful effort her fingers came in contact with mine. They were like the tentacles of a cold clammy sea-creature, and their touch almost caused me to scream aloud. I drew my breath in sharply, but I controlled myself. Myles looked up. All sense of the humour of the scene had left me. I could only stare straight before me with my lips shut. I think he put his hand over mine and lifted them both where she could see. I didn't seem to care any more. I had begun to feel strangely, and it was growing difficult to breathe. One of those fugitive winds that come up from nobody knows where, and pass on into the void, swept by the house rattling the blinds and howling over the chimney. As it went, it sucked away the breath from me, and I felt myself growing blind.

"For God's sake end this, Myles," I broke out. Suddenly it seemed as if I were alone in the room. The air had cleared. It was dark and quiet; there was only a gentle ringing in my ears, and I sank into a most heavenly state of rest and peace.

I awoke—after a time, I suppose—to a subdued light and a miserable sense of discomfort. The taste of brandy was in my mouth, and there was something hot at my feet. I discovered myself to be lying on my own bed with Agnes Burden bending over me. I tried to laugh, but the attempt was a failure. All I could says was, "Will you get me some ice, please? I'm horribly sick."

Myles was just outside the door, I think; at any rate the ice came very quickly. Agnes stayed with me the rest of the night. If she had been with my grandmother instead of Miss Mackillay, that wretched scene would never have been enacted. Agnes Burden would have averted the thing by instinct.

(*To be continued.*)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

New York.

American Book Company:

Field and Laboratory Exercises in Physical Geography. By James F. Chamberlain.

A series of laboratory and field exercises designed to lead the pupil to interpret the geographical forms and processes about him, and to give him a practical knowledge of their principles. Each exercise is preceded by a list of necessary materials, which are easily obtainable.

Reynard the Fox. Adapted by E. Louise Smythe.

The latest addition to the well-known series of Eclectic School Readings. It presents the old "Reineke Fuchs" in simplified form for elementary reading.

King Lear. Edited by W. J. Rolfe.

This edition, prepared for use in schools, was first published in 1880. As now revised, it is practically a new edition on the same general plan as the revised "Merchant of Venice," "Macbeth," and other plays that have preceded it.

Bonnell, Silver and Company:

A Christmas Stocking Being a Stocking-full of Stories of Girls and Boys. By Annie Flint.

A little book for little people.

Brentano's:

Random Verse. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

The same whimsical charm which illuminates Mr. Vielé's prose work is to be found in this collection of "random verse." Persons who scoff at books of poetry should not turn from this little volume without first having read at least two of the poems: "A Ballade of the Five Wits," and "Borderland," both of which are delightful. After having read these they will not be satisfied until they have read all the others.

Clode:

The Wings of the Morning. By Lewis Tracy.

This is one of the "best-selling" novels of the season, and a review of it appears in another department of the present issue of "The Bookman."

Trelawny. By Holman Freeland.

Trelawny is an artist with Greek features, close-curling hair, and wide grey eyes. Margaret Johnstone, a married woman, with a dull husband, is the woman in the case. A Parisian atelier, a London house, and the Swiss Alps, form the background to the story.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

French and English Furniture. By Esther Singleton.

The publishers have brought out this book in an elaborate manner, with illustrations from original sources by H. D. Nichols. Miss Singleton describes distinctive styles and periods of French and English furniture since the Renaissance. Any one who wishes to furnish and decorate a Louis XV. boudoir, or a Heppelwhite dining-room, or an Empire bedroom, will do well to consult this work.

Fischer's Foreign Letter, Inc.:

Private Lives of William II. and His Consort and Secret History of the Court of Berlin. From the Papers and Diaries Extending Over a Period, Beginning June, 1888, to the Spring of 1898, of Ursula Countess Von Eppinghoven. By Henry W. Fischer. Two volumes.

There is something about these two volumes which recalls to our mind George Reynolds's "The Mysteries of the Court at London," although the series of stories dealing with the third and fourth English Georges was in parts frankly fiction, whereas this purports to be entirely a truthful record of the secret history of the Berlin Court under the present German Emperor and Empress. The style is breezy and journalistic and the books

make amusing reading for those who take a malicious delight in court scandals.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Esarhaddon and Other Tales. By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude.

The three tales in this volume have been contributed by Tolstoy for the benefit of the sufferers at Kishineff and at Gomel. They were intended at first for publication in a Miscellany which was started for the benefit of the Jewish sufferers by a Jewish writer, but it was decided to publish them simultaneously in several languages. All profits from the sales are to be devoted to the cause in question.

Grafton Press:

Woman's Unfitness for Higher Co-Education. By Ely Van de Warker.

The author of this book is a physician, and Commissioner of Schools at Syracuse. In his preface, he writes: "The commingling of the sexes on an educational basis was at one time a matter of education of the higher kind; but so energetically has the idea been forced into college life, and so deeply have thinking people been stirred by a discussion of its relative merits, or possible dangers, that it is now a problem in sociology."

Months and Moods. By Edward Curtis.

This is a fifteen year calendar, versified and diversified. Dr. Curtis was at the deathbed of President Lincoln, and he wrote the music for the Twelfth Night Celebration of the Century Association in New York some years ago. On the opposite page from the verse may be found calendars for every month in the year from 1901 to 1915.

Tamarack Farm. The Story of Rube Wolcott and His Gettysburg Girl. By George Scott.

A semi-biographical story of the author's experience in the Civil War. The book is dedicated to the memory of Miss Jenny Wade, who was killed at the Battle of Gettysburg.

Singoalla. A Romance Written in Swedish by Viktorrydberg and now Translated into English by Axel Josephsson.

A thirteenth-century romance, illustrated by Carl Larsson, the Swedish painter. The heroine is a gypsy, and the action of the story is laid in and around one of the old castles in the Province of Smaland.

Anacaona and Other Poems. By John M. Morse.

There are quite a number of poems in this book, some of them classified as "Devotional," "Voices of the Snow," and "Patriotic."

Health Culture Company:

What Shall We Eat? By Alfred Andrews.

In a sub-title, Mr. Andrews describes his book as follows: "The Food Question from the standpoint of Health, Strength and Economy. Containing numerous tables, showing the Constituent Elements of over three hundred food products and their relations, cost and nutritious values, time digestion, etc., indicating best foods for all classes and conditions." In spite of this lengthy explanation, the average person will very likely go on eating what he feels like eating.

Holmes:

Elsieville. A Tale of Yesterday.

A simple tale of American rural people published by the author, and of which he says: "Many of the incidents mentioned are of actual occurrence, and really happened among the quaint old-fashioned country people, with whom I spent so many happy days."

Knickerbocker Press:

The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song. By Robert Loveman,

A small book of verse by a Southern poet whose work appears here and there in various magazines.

Lane:

After Sunset. By Rosamund Marriott Estrangement. By William Watson.

A book of poems by the author of A Summer Night and Vespertilia.

For England. Poems Written During Estrangement. By William Watson.

There are twenty-four poems in this collection, most of them having already appeared in the "Daily News," the "Speaker," the "Westminster Gazette," the "Saturday Review," the "Fortnightly Review," and the "Cornhill Magazine." Mr. Watson dedicates these verses to the Right Honourable Leonard Courtney.

The Natural History of Selborne. By Gilbert White. Edited with Notes by Grant Allen.

In his Introduction, Mr. Allen wrote: "Gilbert White was one of the few eighteenth-century naturalists who struck

the key-note of a higher conception of biology. He was in many ways the forerunner of Darwin and of Müller." The volume is illustrated with line drawings.

Macmillan:

The Art of Cross-Examination. By Francis L. Wellman.

Mr. Wellman is a well-known member of the New York bar, and in his work he gives the cross-examinations of important witnesses in some of the celebrated cases with which his name has been connected. In his preface he says: "In offering this book to the legal profession I do not intend to arrogate to myself any superior knowledge upon the subject, excepting in so far as it may have been gleaned from actual experience. Nor have I attempted to treat the subject in any scientific, elaborate, or exhaustive way; but merely to make some suggestions upon the art of cross-examination, which have been gathered as a result of twenty-five years' court practice, during which time I have examined and cross-examined about fifteen thousand witnesses, drawn from all classes of the community."

McClure, Phillips and Company:

Great Masters. By John La Farge.

A large and beautifully illustrated volume in which Mr. La Farge gives the record of the working life of the great artists, with an explanation of the genius of each. These essays appeared about a year ago in "McClure's Magazine," but in a condensed form.

Outlook Company:

The New American Navy. By John D. Long. Two volumes.

This work is complete in two large volumes, illustrated with drawings by Henry Reuterdahl and with photographs. Mr. Long tells the story of the start and progress of the New Navy, and he gives a pretty adequate idea of the work done in the last half dozen presidential terms by members of Congress, by secretaries of the navy, and by naval officers and seamen. Mr. Long was Secretary of the Navy from the fifth of March, 1897, to the first of May, 1902.

Putnam's Sons:

The Gentle Art of Making Enemies. By J. McNeil Whistler.

An attractive new edition of the work which will be associated with Mr. Whistlers name so long as his reputation lasts. The case of Whistler versus Ruskin, growing out of the defendant's caustic criticism, in which he said "he never had expected to hear a coxcomb ask two hundred guineas for flinging a pot of paint in the public's face" will always remain one of the great cases in the history of literature and art.

The Odes of Anacreon. Translated by Thomas Moore.

A "Paraphrase of Anacreon's Fifth Ode," by Moore, appeared in the "Dublin Magazine" as early as February, 1794. The present edition of the Odes is embellished with designs by Girodet de Roussy.

Scribner:

Donatello. By Lord Balcarres.

An imported volume, in which the author shows the position and character of Donatello's art in relation to that of his contemporaries and successors. He quotes a number of authorities, and in his preface he states that most of the books to which reference is made can be consulted in the Art Library at South Kensington, and in the British Museum.

Thomas Shadwell. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by George Saintsbury.

An imported volume belonging to the "Mermaid Series," which contains four of Shadwell's plays: "The Sullen Lovers," "A True Widow," "The Squire of Alsatia," and "Bury Fair." According to Mr. Saintsbury, this is the only attempt which has been made to give first hand knowledge of Shadwell, by selection of his plays, that has been made since the appearance of the practically unedited collection of his works, now difficult to procure. "I am very glad," writes Mr. Saintsbury, "being a professed servant of Dryden, that it has fallen to my lot to do this service to Dryden's enemy."

William Wycherley. Edited with Introduction and Notes by W. C. Ward.

This is also imported and of the "Mermaid" series. It contains, besides the Introduction and a biographical sketch of Wycherley, four representative plays. "Wycherley was, before Congreve arose to surpass him, the most eminent master of that artificial school of comedy which commenced with the restoration of Charles II., and which may be said to have perished, in a blaze as of a funeral pyre, with Sheridan."

James Shirley. With Introduction by Edmund Gosse, M.A.

The third in the imported Mermaid Series. The five printed herein are: "The

Witty Fair One," "The Traitor," "Hyde Park," "The Lady of Pleasure," "The Cardinal," and "The Triumph of Peace." Of Shirley, Mr. Gosse says: "As a purely literary poet, although one that went down to address the public on the boards with great skill, he stood aloof from the theatre, and in the retirement of his study he was unaffected by the tempests of the times."

Faust. A Dramatic Mystery. By Wolfgang von Goethe. Translated by John Anster, LL.D.

One of the Pocket Classics imported by the Scribners. It is uniform with "The Cavalier in Exile" and "The Poems of Thomas Gray."

The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D. By James Boswell. Two volumes.

An edition of Boswell's "Life of Johnson," bound in limp leather and belonging to the Caxton Thin Paper Edition of classics. The books are imported.

The Story of Seville. By Walter M. Gallichan. With Three Chapters on the Artists of Seville, by G. Gasquoine Hartley. Illustrated by Elizabeth Hartley.

An attractive little book with line drawings. In the story of Seville the author's intention is to interest the reader in the associations of the buildings and thoroughfares of the city. The book is one of a series of "Mediæval Towns." (Imported.)

The Plot of the Placards. 1802. (Le Complot Des Libelles.) By Gilbert Augustin-Thierry. Translated by Arthur G. Chater.

The work here offered to the English readers appeared first in the "Reveu des Deux Mondes," October-December, 1902. It forms the first of a series of studies which are to be brought under the general title, "Conspirators and Police Under Napoleon." (Imported.)

Morals: A Treatise on the Psycho-Sociological Bases of Ethics. By Professor G. L. Duprat. Translated by W. J. Greenstreet, M.A., F.R.A.S.

A work which contains a general view of the foundations of ethics and some of the directing ideas of "really human" conduct. The book is imported.

Forerunners of Dante. By Marcus Dods.

An imported volume which gives an account of some of the more important visions of the unseen world, from the earliest times.

Stokes Company:

Friendship. The Good and Perfect Gift. by "Ruth Ogden." (Mrs Charles W. Ide.)

A short essay on Friendship, which Mrs. Ide considers a Christmas message.

The A. B. Z. of Our Own Nutrition. By Horace Fletcher.

A new volume in the A. B. C. series. The books which have preceded this are "The New Menticulture," "The New Glutton or Epicure," "Happiness," and "That Last Waif, or Social Quarantine."

The Nile Quest. By Sir Harry Johnston.

Sir Harry Johnston, president of the African Society, gives the story of the exploration of the Nile and its basin in a volume which belongs to a series on the history of great geographical discoveries. The book contains a number of maps, as well as drawings and photographs by the author and others.

Taylor and Company:

The Novels and Poems of Charles Kingsley. The "Memoirs" are edited by Mrs. Kingsley.

These are the concluding volumes of the Library edition of Kingsley's works. The "Memoirs" are edited by Mrs. Kingsley, and the introduction is by her son, Maurice Kingsley.

Wessels:

Why Love Grows Cold. By Ellen Burns Sherman.

A collection of essays, in the first one of which Miss Sherman tells a few of the reasons why love does grow cold. Some of the other chapter headings are: "The Salt Lake of Literature," "Ethical Balances," "Several Words to the Wise," "Nature's Economics," "The Devil's Fancy Work," and "The Lifting of Veils in Literature." Miss Sherman is an occasional contributor to the magazines, and several of the articles in this volume have appeared in the "Critic" and the "Lamp."

Boston.

Badger:

Relishes of Rhyme. By James Lincoln.

A collection of poems, which the publisher states is the first to contain "noteworthy echoes in American verse of the Boer War."

The Grown Baby Book. By F. Strange Kolle.

Verses for children, with six full-page pictures in black and white.

Pot-Pourri. Spice and Rose Leaves. By Miranda Powers Swenson.

A small volume containing about forty poems upon a wide range of subjects.

Footprints on the Sands of Time. By Mary Shaw Baker.

There are over seventy poems in Mrs. Baker's collection, and they are supplemented by an autobiographical sketch of the author. Mrs. Baker began to write verses when she was seven years old, and through a long and varied career she has kept faithfully at her work.

A Spray of Cosmos. By Augusta Cooper Bristol.

A book of poems about "Spirit Hunger," "The Promised Kiss," "Love's Album," "What the Roses Said," and other subjects usually chosen by "poets."

Poems. By Ben Field.

These are poems of California and the West.

In a Poppy Garden. By Charles Francis Saunders.

This is also a book of verse. There seems to be no end to the verse-makers who are being continually introduced to the public by Mr. Badger of Boston.

The Quest. By Edward Salisbury Field.

Voices and Visions. By Franklin Baldwin Wiley.

Both of the above are books of poetry.

At the Rise of the Curtain. By Francis Howard Williams.

There are three "dramatic interludes" in this volume, entitled "Holyrood," "Nemesis," and "Marie del Carmen."

Educational Publishing Company:

Stories of Rocks and Minerals. By Harold W. Fairbanks, Ph.D.

An illustrated school book for use in the grammar grades. The chapters are short and involve no definitions, and there are simple directions for testing rocks and minerals.

Four New York Boys. By John W. Davis.

A story for boys about New York in aboriginal and colonial days.

Bobtail Dixie. By Abbie N. Smith.

Dixie is a fox-terrier, and his story is told in the form of an autobiography.

This is the fourth edition, the book having first appeared in 1901.

Ginn and Company:

Elementary Guide to Literary Criticism. By F. V. N. Painter, A.M., D.D.

A book for schools and colleges which aims to show the student what to look for in the study of any literary work.

Little, Brown and Company:

From Kingdom to Colony. By Mary Devereux.

A new and popular edition of the romantic story of an old Massachusetts town in the early days of the Revolution. The book was first published in 1899.

The Colonel's Opera Cloak. By Christine C. Brush.

A new edition of a story which was first copyrighted in 1879. It has had a steady sale during all these years, and some persons think it the best kind of an antidote for the blues.

Pilgrim Press:

Liturgical Services Containing Prayers, Ancient and Modern, for use in the Churches.

A book of devotion for use, principally, in Congregational Churches. It has been prepared by Reuen Thomas, D.D.

John Robinson. The Pilgrim Pastor. By O. S. Davis.

A biography of one of the leaders of early Congregationalism, who was considered, more than any other, a moulding force in the training of the founders of Plymouth.

Pioneer Days in Kansas. By Richard Cordley, D.D.

A series of sketches illustrating the early times in Kansas. The book was written at odd moments, "snatched from the rush of a busy pastorate."

Sermons on the International Sunday-School Lessons for 1904. By the Monday Club.

Sermons for every Sunday in the year, prepared by different clergymen.

The Old Puritanism and the New Age.

A collection of addresses delivered before the Woburn Conference of Congregational Churches at Malden, Massachusetts, April, 1903. The speakers were B. Alfred Dumm, Ph.D., Charles S. Macfarland, Ph.D., Thomas Sims, D.D., and Stephen A. Norton, D.D.

Events Publishing Company:

By the Way. By Agness Greene Foster.

A small book written in the form of letters. The writer of these letters while travelling from place to place in Europe jots down in a chatty manner her various emotions and experiences.

Chicago.

Green:

My Painted Tree and Other Poems. By Allen Ayrault Green.

A book of rhymes, some of them intended for children, illustrated by the author. Mr. Green has very courteously sent to the Editors of The Bookman an autograph copy.

McClurg:

Sketches. By Hazel Martyn.

A portfolio of sketches by a young artist who has but recently sprung into prominence. It contains ten reproductions by lithography, largely from drawings made in France by Miss Martyn since her exhibition.

Hennepin's "A New Discovery." By Reuben Gold Thwaites. Two volumes.

This is the reprint of the second issue of 1698, with introduction, notes, and an analytical index by Mr. Thwaites. Mr. Thwaites was selected to edit these volumes because of his prominence in all matters connected with the history of the West. The volumes are illustrated and contain two large folding maps.

Rand, McNally:

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Stephenson. Edited by Theda Gildemeister.

This edition of Stevenson's story belongs to the Canterbury Classics, which aims to provide good reading for use in schools. Katharine Lee Bates, of Wellesley College, has written an explanatory introduction to the series.

Stone and Company:

A Book of American Prose Humour. Being a Collection of Humorous and Witty Tales, etc., composed by the Best Known American Writers.

Some of the writers whose humorous sketches have been selected for this collection are: Artemus Ward, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bill Nye, E. W. Townsend, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry M. Blossom, Jr., George Ade, Mr. Dooley, Hayden Carruth, George V. Hobart, and Billie Baxter.

A Book of American Humorous Verse. Being a Collection of Humorous and Witty Verses composed by the Best Known American Writers.

A companion volume to the above, in which over eighty writers of humorous verse are represented.

Dallas, Texas.

Worley and Company:

The Humour of the Court Room. Or Jones vs. Johnson. A Lawful Comedy by Philip Lindsley, Esq.

In a small book, Mr. Lindsley gives the humorous story of Jones versus Johnson and their experiences in a lawsuit. At the back of the volume may be found a number of letters from lawyers, requesting that this "case" be brought out in book form.

Indianapolis.

Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Courtship of Miles Sandish. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

A holiday edition of Longfellow's poem, illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy, a copy of which the Bobbs-Merrill Company have very courteously sent to the Editors of The Bookman.

Ithaca, N. Y.

Andrus and Church:

Sunny Memories and Three Pastorates. By William Elliot Griffis, D.D., L.H.D.

Dr. Griffis offers this work as a "souvenir volume" to his friends and former parishioners in New York, Boston, Schenectady, and Ithaca. In addition to the "Sunny Memories" there may be found sermons and essays which the author has delivered from time to time.

London.

Frowde:

The Pilgrim's Progress. By John Bunyan.

The drawings in this imported edition of "Pilgrim's Progress" were made by George Cruikshank more than forty years ago and have been in the possession of Edwin Truman for the last thirty-three years. The volume contains a biographical introduction by Edmund Venables, M.A.

Siegle:

The Colour-Prints of Japan. An Appreciation and History. By Edward F. Strange.

A new volume in the Langham Series of Art Monographs, edited by Selwyn Brinton, M.A. Mr. Strange is assistant

keeper in the Victoria and Albert Museum and Member of the Japan Society.

Madison, Wis.

Chase:

Poems. By Wilfred Earl Chase.

A small book, containing six poems, published by the author.

Milwaukee.

Young Churchman Company:

Twenty-Four Sermons from St. Ignatius's Pulpit. By the Reverened Arthur Ritchie.

These are sermons which Father Ritchie, the rector of St. Ignatius's Church, this city, has preached from time to time.

Oxford.

Clarendon Press:

A Brief History of the Indian Peoples. By Sir William Wilson Hunter.

The twenty-third edition of this history, which has been translated into five languages, including a literal rendering in Burmese, and a poetical version in Urdu.

Philadelphia.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Book of Psalms.

A pocket edition of the Psalms, bound in limp leather. It belongs to the twenty-four books of the Holy Scriptures, translated from the Massoretic Text for the Jewish Publication Society of America.

Lippincott:

Old Testament History. By Reverend O. R. Barnicott, LL.D.

The Religions of India. Brahmanism and Buddhism. By Reverend Allan Menzies, D.D.

The above are small imported volumes belonging to the Temple Series of Bible Characters and Scripture Handbooks.

Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D.

Wisdom and the Jewish Apocryphal Writings. Edited by W. A. Stevenson, M.A.

These are also imported volumes of pocket-edition size, with frontispiece illustrations reproduced from paintings by Botticelli.

Princeton, N. J.

Princeton Historical Association:

The Poems of Philip Freneau, Poet of the American Revolution. Volume II.

The second volume of Freneau's poems represents his maturer work, from the first poetic period through the era of the "Freeman's Journal," and is representative of his best work.

Rahway, N. J.

Mershon Company:

The Girls of Banshee Castle. By Rosa Mulholland.

A novel of a somewhat melodramatic order, with the scenes laid in an English castle.

One of the Fighting Scouts. By Captain F. S. Brereton.

Boys will enjoy this tale of guerrilla warfare in South Africa.

Under the Star Spangled Banner. By Captain F. S. Brereton.

Another story for boys by the same author. This deals with the period of the Spanish-American War.

The Defense of the Castle. By Tudor Jenks.

A romantic tale of the siege of an English castle in the thirteenth century.

Sweeping the Seas. By Dr. Gordon Stables, R.N.

A story of the cruise of the Alabama by a surgeon in the Royal Navy.

With Boone on the Frontier. By Captain Ralph Bonehill.

A book for boys, which tells of the pioneer days of old Kentucky.

The Secret of The Everglades. By Bessie Marchant.

A tale of adventure for boys and girls with the scenes laid in Florida.

A Popular Girl. By May Baldwin.

A story for girls, the heroine being an American schoolgirl in Germany.

The Rover Boys on Land and Sea, or The Crusoes of Seven Islands. By Arthur M. Winfield.

A story for boys which is complete in itself, although it forms the seventh volume of the "Rover Boys Series for Young Americans."

The Manor School. By L. T. Meade.

The story of a little English girl and her school days.

Richmond, Va.

Presbyterian Committee of Publication:

Pioneering in Central Africa. By the Reverend Samuel Phillips Verner, A.B.

The author of this book is a member of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, and he was for six years a missionary in Central Africa for the Southern Presbyterian Church. The publishers consider that this work is "an original and powerful addition to the literature on the Dark Continent."

Life and Letters of Robert Lewis Dabney, D.D. LL.D. By the Reverend Thomas Cary Johnson, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. Dabney was a conspicuous figure in Southern affairs from 1845 to 1894, and the story of his life is of especial interest to persons who study the history and development of the Southern Presbyterian Church.

San Francisco.

Whitaker and Ray Company:

Omar and Fitzgerald and Other Poems. By John G. Jury.

In a preface, Mr. Jury explains what suggested the writing of these poems. The "Vignettes" are "little studies of great men, and some of them reflect only uncertain and passing impressions."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between December 10th, 1903, and January 10th, 1904.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists, as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

New York City.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Gordon Keith. Page. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.

Albany, N. Y.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Wings of the Morning. Tracy. (Clode.) $1.50.
5. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
6. Real Rhymes of Real Children. Goodwin. (Fox, Duffield.) $1.50 net.

Atlanta, Ga.

1. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Bar Sinister. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.

Baltimore, Md.

1. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
5. Two Little Savages. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
 The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Boston, Mass.

1. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Gentle Reader. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25 net.
3. Autobiography of Seventy Years. Hoar. (Scribner.) $7.50 net.
4. The Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
5. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Buffalo, N. Y.

1. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6 The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Cleveland, O.

1. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.

2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Adventurers of Gerard. Doyle. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
6. Hesper. Garland. (Harper.) $1.50.

Dallas, Tex.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The One Woman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. She That Hesitates. Dickson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

Denver, Colo.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
5. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
6. New American Navy. Long. (Outlook Co.) $5.00.

Detroit, Mich.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Long Night. Weyman. McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
4. Barlasch of the Guard. Merriman. (McClure-Phillips.) $1.50.
5. The Lightning Conductor. Williamson. (Holt.) $1.50.
6. Jewel. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

Indianapolis, Ind.

1. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Main Chance. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. To-Morrow's Tangle. Bonner. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Sherrods. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

Kansas City, Mo.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Rome. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Los Angeles, Cal.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Captain's Daughter. Overton. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Life of Gladstone. Morley. (Macmillan.) $10.50 net.
4. The Land of Little Rain. Austin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Call of the Wild. London. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

Louisville, Ky.

1. The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Rebecca. Wiggin. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. Colonel Carter's Christmas. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cherry. Tarkington. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. A Checked Love Affair. Ford. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.00.
6. The Forest Hearth. Major. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

Memphis, Tenn.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
2. The Courtship of Miles Standish. Longfellow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $3.00.
3. The Fortunes of Fifi. Seawell. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of Hyacinth. Watanna. (Harper.) $2.00 net.
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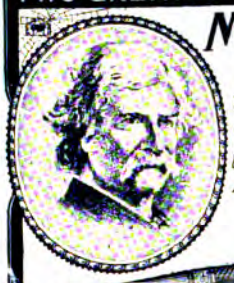
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